

What if this  
were your  
Sister?

---

or What  
Constitues  
a Devil Man?

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**THE WHITE SLAVE MART**

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**The Grime that Separates Man from God, Wife, Children, Church**

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**Property of**

**The Pilgrim Bible Circle**

**AKRON, OHIO**

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**To be returned if not used to save Youth and Men**

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**PILGRIM BIBLE CIRCLE**

**AKRON, OHIO**

**What if this were YOUR child?**

## Panders and Their White Slaves



# Panders and Their White Slaves

By  
CLIFFORD G. ROE



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*To*  
*My Mother*





## Preface

**I**N the past those engaged in the girl slave traffic have managed to cast a veil of mystery about that business by keeping their operations secret. In their attempt at concealment they have been unconsciously aided by the public at large, by ministers, reformers and social workers, since the latter too often have been unwilling to talk about the details of a subject so revolting. Yet, this very secrecy has been the chief cause of the success of the nefarious system, for it has hidden from the young girls, who are in the greatest danger, all the methods and devices by which they may be entrapped.

Since this, the aiding of the evil elements in their worst phases, has been the effect of our scrupulous nicety and dislike for discussing ugly things, it is evident that we must pursue a different course. In order to save hundreds from a life, horrible beyond words, we must cast aside all false notions of modesty. We must bring to light the methods of those engaged in the business, for we can eliminate it only by education, publicity, legislation and law enforcement.

With the earnest belief that this is the only means of exterminating the panders who procure girls and sell them into slavery, I have tried in the

following pages to set forth thoroughly and honestly the details of the white slave traffic and to explain the artifices and methods of the panders.

The facts which appear in these pages were thrust upon me in the court room. There I heard the terrible stories of the victims, and when I learned of the vast proportions of this atrocious business, I felt I would indeed be unmindful of my duty if I did not use every effort within my power to eradicate this evil. In mentioning specific immoral houses in the following pages, I have purposely omitted their names and locations in order to prevent advertising these places. The surnames of girls who were procured have likewise been omitted for obvious reasons.

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# Panders and Their White Slaves

## I

### A WHITE SLAVE

**T**HE court room that morning was crowded. "The next case," called the judge. A thin, frail young woman, aided by a physician, walked slowly into the court room and took her place on the witness stand. Her face seemed care worn, and her languid expression suggested that she had passed through some terrible crisis.

It does not matter what this girl's name was. Suffice it to say that her first name was Agnes. She said that she lived with her parents on the north side of Chicago; that she was twenty years old and was a high school graduate.

"Do you remember meeting a certain young man about a month ago?" I asked her.

"Yes," she answered. "I was then employed in an office down-town and one of the girls working in the same building with me suggested that we attend a dance on Saturday night. We went unaccompanied, my friend saying that she knew a great many of the boys who would be there. This dance

was held at a dance hall, I believe, near the corner of Thirty-first Street and Indiana Avenue. It was there I met this young man, whose first name was John."

"Will you please go on and state what occurred after you met this young man?"

"We were dancing waltzes and two-steps, and after one of the dances this young man asked me if I wouldn't have some soda water or lemonade to drink, to cool me off. I asked him if there was any place near by where we could get some, and he said, 'Yes, we can get something down-stairs.'

"We went down-stairs. A great many other young men and young women were going up and down at the same time, and when we got to the bottom of the stairs he took me into a sort of café. There were several couples seated at the tables and I noticed some were drinking beer and wine.

"I asked him where we were, and he said, 'Oh, this is just a café.' Looking about me, I saw that this café was in the rear of a saloon.

"He asked me what I would have, and I told him that I would have some soda water.

"'They don't keep soda water here, but you can get a lemonade.' Then he ordered two claret lemonades, and we drank them, through straws, after they were served.

"The music for the next dance had started and we hastened up the stairs. While we were dancing, John jollied me and told me that I was very good looking. I thought he was just fine and began

to get sort of 'mashed' on him. After another dance or so he asked me if I wouldn't like another lemonade, and we went down to the same café and had two more claret lemonades.

"When I began to drink the lemonade I noticed a peculiar taste about it this time and asked John if it were intoxicating, and he said that it was not, but was just like the red lemonade you get at the circus. After drinking it I felt dizzy. It seemed as though my head was whirling round and round. I was sick, and in a few moments I entirely forgot where I was.

"When I came to, I felt weak and tired. It seemed all darkness about me. My head was sore and I put up my arm to feel for something and my hand clutched bedclothing. For a moment I was startled. I couldn't remember anything; where I had been or how I got to this room. I tried to raise myself up and look about me, but sank back. I knew I was in bed but everything seemed strange.

"In a moment a door opened and a bright light shone into the room and a person passed through the door towards me. She turned something on the wall and the room became brilliantly lighted. I gazed at her steadily, trying to recognize who it was. She was dressed like a servant and she was a dark negress. She came over and put her hand upon my head and soothingly said, 'Dearie, how are you?' I tried to answer, but my voice failed me. I lay still for a while, and finally I gasped out, 'Where am I?'

“‘You are all right,’ said the negress, ‘and you will like it here.’

“She then went out and came back in a short time with a glass of wine, which she put to my lips, and I drank it and fell into a sleep.

“A day or so later I became stronger and it was then that I first learned where I was.

“‘Where is my father and mother? Am I in a hospital or where am I?’ I asked.

“The negress, who was at my side, smiled and said, ‘I haven’t seen your father nor mother, dearie.’

“I asked her for my clothes that I might go home and she told me that the madam had them locked up.

“‘Madam,’ I said, ‘who is the madam?’

“‘Why,’ answered the negress, ‘she is the lady that runs this place.’

“‘Please, may I see the madam?’ I cried out, for I was becoming terribly frightened. The negress disappeared and came back with a stout, blond woman, wearing a kimono and a great many diamonds and other jewels.

“‘I don’t know where I am,’ I said, ‘or how I got here or how long I have been away from home, but I wish to go home right away, because I know that my father and mother will be awfully worried about me if they don’t know where I am. I have never been away from home over night in my life.’

“The woman came up to me and took me by the hand and said, ‘Why, you know where you are;



you can't go home now. You owe me a debt and until that debt is paid you cannot leave this house.'

" 'I owe you a debt,' I cried, 'and for what?'

" 'Why, don't you think you owe me anything for taking care of you here and for the clothes I have bought for you and for the money I have paid the young man who brought you here for his trouble and expense? Of course you do.'

" Then she told me to get up and dress and when she handed me a little short red satin dress and some silk stockings, the idea dawned upon me that something awful had happened and that I was in some horrible place.

" The negress assisted me into my clothes and there I was, gaudily dressed, in a little short skirt that scarcely came to my knees. For what purpose, I knew not."

" Well, what did you do then? " I inquired.

The girl seated upon the witness stand flushed and turned from me to the judge in a most appealing manner. She seemed almost exhausted from relating her story and appeared about to faint, as she recalled the memory of those terrible days which followed after she put on her first "house dress" and before she was liberated.

The bailiff brought her a glass of water and, thus refreshed, she continued to tell her story.

" I really don't like to tell the terrible things that happened to me there."

Then, as though lost in thought, the girl sat motionless for several minutes, her face resting on

her hand. The muscles in her face began to twitch with emotion, her lips quivered and her hands trembled. She was struggling to keep back the tears that rolled down her cheeks. Finally, in a faltering voice she said :

“For days and days I pleaded with the madam to let me go home. I was sick. I could not endure the drinking and the awful life any longer.”

Again she hesitated for a moment. “Must I tell how she refused to allow me to write letters to my family at home or to any of my friends?” she asked. “How she refused to let me use the telephone? Oh! It is too awful.”

“Were you ill treated there?” I asked.

“Yes. They knocked me about and even whipped me. They watched me as a cat does a mouse for fear that I would say something or tell something which I had been forbidden to tell.

“At first they sent a man to me, whom I thought from his manner I could trust, and I told him of my trouble, and he sympathized with me in my terrible plight and said he would help me escape and tell my family where I was. It was for this that I was whipped, for I found that he was what they called ‘a ringer,’ and had been sent to me purposely to see whether or not I would tell that I was being kept in this place against my will. I found out that they do that with all the new girls, so that they can find out whether or not the girls are disobeying orders to keep still about how they got there.

“The girls are cowed into submission in this way and are afraid and suspicious of every man they meet, because they do not know whether or not he is ‘a ringer,’ and they have been whipped and have seen others whipped until they become overpowered and their spirits broken, because they find that they are forced into a life from which they cannot escape.

“I heard other girls in the house tell of how closely they were watched until time had elapsed sufficiently to convince the keeper that they were willing to stay without compulsion.

“Do you recall where this place is located?”

“Yes, it is located at No.— Armour Avenue.”

“Do you remember when your father and mother came out to this house on Armour Avenue?”

“It was one afternoon. I had finally got a letter slipped out, addressed to my father. When he received it, he and my mother must have come out immediately, for it was the next afternoon. They wouldn’t let them see me, but I heard them talking to the madam down-stairs. They demanded that I be turned over to them.

“The madam said that she did not know of any such person there.

“I was going to call out, but I was afraid, both for them and for me because they do such terrible things there. After a while they went away, but were not gone long, and when they came back they had a police officer with them. When I saw the

officer, I mustered up courage and ran down-stairs to where they were all standing, and my father threw his arms around my neck and said, 'Oh! My daughter! My daughter!' I could not speak for fear and shame.

"The police officer asked the meaning of all this and the madam told him that I was in debt to the house and could not leave until the indebtedness was paid. She dared any one to take me away from the house as long as I was in debt to her.

"I was so weak that my knees trembled and shook.

"The officer looked kind of puzzled and didn't say anything for a little while. Then he told me to go up-stairs and get my clothes.

"'I don't know where my clothes are,' I said.

"Then he turned to the madam and told her to get my clothes quick and to get dressed herself and come to the station with him.

"I was so overjoyed that I fell sobbing and fainting in my father's arms. I dimly remember a ride in a carriage to the Beulah Home, where I have been ever since my escape from this house, until I was brought into the court this morning."

"Do you recognize the madam here in the court room?" she was asked.

"Yes, I do." And then Agnes pointed her finger at Panzy Williams, who sat in the front of the room, and said calmly, "That is she."

## II

### THE CONVICTION OF A SLAVE TRADER

**W**ITH groans of sorrow and sobs of joy, the mother of the girl, who had lost her daughter and had found her, told how she had gone to the house on Armour Avenue with her husband, and was rebuffed and insulted by Panzy Williams, the madam, who refused to liberate Agnes, because she owed a debt to the house.

I glanced from the tear-stained face of the mother to the defendant. She, the dealer in misery, sat there, bland and cold, shameless and unmoved by the mother's appeal made to protect other girls from her own daughter's suffering.

After other witnesses had testified against the defendant, and the prosecuting attorney had presented all of his evidence, the defendant went upon the witness stand and made a full denial of most of the facts testified to by Agnes.

She said that Agnes had come to her house of her own free will, and that the girl did not seem to be dazed or unconscious, or even drunk. The defendant said that she had kept Agnes just as she would have kept any other girl. She admitted that Agnes was indebted to the house, this fact having been testified to previously by other wit-

nesses. She said it had been customary for years for the houses to protect themselves against the girls' running away and not paying the debts they owed, by holding their street clothing or something of that sort.

After the defendant had concluded her testimony and had been cross-examined, the lawyers for the defendant rested their case.

As usual in criminal cases, the attorney representing the people made an opening argument, outlining the evidence introduced, and was followed by the lawyer for the defendant, who summed up his case as follows :

“From all the evidence in the case it seems, Your Honour, that this defendant has done nothing that has not been sanctioned by years of custom. If she is to be arrested and prosecuted, why single her out? Why not arrest and prosecute the scores of others, who are doing the same thing? The system of indebtedness has been recognized for years. Although I know that under the law the landladies of these places cannot hold the clothes of the inmates, their action is sanctioned by a precedent and custom. It is a matter of self-protection. They do it in order to prevent being cheated out of hundreds of dollars every year.

“In order to get out of paying a just debt, this girl has drummed up a charge that she is being held against her will. The whole case is a farce. The story of Agnes is a myth. It is ludicrous from start to finish.

“Is it not more reasonable to believe that this girl, anxious to see the glitter and tinsel of one of these houses, desiring to taste the forbidden fruit, went there at her own request, and then, when found by her parents, in order to make them think she was innocent, in order to gloss over her own shame, and right herself with her family and friends, told this story of being drugged and taken to the house on Armour Avenue unconscious and against her will? Could that be done without attracting attention in a large city like Chicago, where people are passing to and fro almost every minute? I say, it could not. She is either trying to square herself for her own misdeeds, or she is a notoriety seeker, telling a horrible tale in order that she may be the central figure of sympathy and the head-liner in the newspapers. This, Your Honour, is my theory of this case, and I believe Your Honour, looking at it in the same light, will find the defendant not guilty.”

As the lawyer for the defendant sat down, a murmur ran through the court room, and I could hear those in the audience making remarks in favour of the counsel's argument. Some whispered, “She must be a notoriety seeker.” Others, “She is trying to square herself with her folks.”

I admit that as I sat there listening to the able argument of the defendant's counsel, I was puzzled to know how to answer him. It seemed to me almost impossible that such a story as the girl had told could be true, that in this great city a person could be held practically as a slave.

But I remembered that a month and a half previous to this time, I had heard Henrietta B—— of Duluth, Minnesota, tell how she had been lured to a life of vice by Morris Goldstein. I recalled also the simple, sincere, convincing way in which Agnes had told her story in this case.

Then as the attorney concluded and I sat at the counsellor's table, vaguely conscious of the stir in the court room, and of the defendant's attorney gathering his notes in his hands and again taking his place at the table, I saw certain points in his argument, things which he had nonchalantly assumed and which hinted at a great iniquitous business. Then the firm conviction came over me that this case touched upon a terrible wrong in our social life. As I rose to make my closing argument, I knew by the demeanour of the judge and the murmurings in the court room that I had the labouring oar and that I must convince the judge beyond a reasonable doubt that the girl's story was true.

“In conclusion, may it please the court, let me say that I conceive it to be the duty of a State's Attorney to aid the court in arriving at a just and honest verdict. If the evidence did not convince me beyond a doubt that this defendant is guilty, I believe in all fairness that I should have the courage of my convictions and so state to the court. Many times in this court room when some defendant has unwittingly committed a crime, through mistake, or perhaps by compulsion of adverse circumstances, I have asked for leniency in his behalf, but never



as long as I can raise my voice will I ask for anything but the full penalty of the law for a defendant who has committed such a heinous crime as has been committed by this defendant. If the defendant did not mean to hold Agnes in captivity, why did she deny the presence of the girl in her house, when the father, the mother and Mr. Richards came there after her? To me there can be no greater crime in the world than the selling of a girl's soul for so many paltry dollars.

“If a custom has grown up in this or any other community, such as counsel for the defendant admits to be the fact, shall the owners and mistresses of these houses of shame set up their own laws and their own interpretation of the laws? Why, as a class, shall they not be subservient to the same laws that all other classes are? Why have they a right to hold girls' clothing for an indebtedness, except it be for the sole and only purpose of holding over the girl a club to make her become indeed a slave? They have the same rights to go into courts and collect their debts as any other person, but it is larceny for them to take the girls' clothes and keep them without their consent in order to protect themselves from a self-imposed loan.

“The defendant, of course, is interested in her own behalf. She is interested in becoming free and she admits only so much as has been shown conclusively by corroboration of other witnesses. But on the other hand, what motive has the girl to lie and to misinform the court?

“Nothing is sweeter to womanhood than honour. Nothing is grander than the virtue of our American women. Has it come to such a pass that they revel in parading their shame before the public? No one can believe that this girl has come into court and told the truth about this nefarious business for any other reason than that it is the truth and that she may help the others whom she has told about and who have been forced into this terrible life.

“She tells us that the girls’ spirits are soon broken down and that they soon become ashamed to face parents and friends, and give up the struggle to better their condition and therefore slave away to pay the indebtedness that has been incurred by their sale. Would a girl tell such a story as this to right herself with her family and her friends? Would she not rather avoid publicity? Is that not the true instinct of womanhood?

“As Your Honour knows, we must watch the demeanour of the witnesses upon the stand, and you yourself have seen how frankly and straightforwardly this fragile girl has told her story.

“Counsel has said that this defendant should be a free woman.

“I say, yes, let her go free when she can return to this little girl her virtue; when she can turn the clock back and make this little girl as pure in mind and body as she was before she was taken to this resort.

“But this she cannot do. A wrong has been

committed. She has taken from this girl that which can never be restored, her chastity, her honour and purity.

“ If this girl be a notoriety seeker, as counsel has said, if she is merely trying to right herself for her own misdeeds, I am going to find it out. If, as counsel has intimated, other women are doing the same thing, as this defendant has done, if they are dragging girls into houses through a systematic slavery, if a system of indebtedness holds girls in all these houses, then as an officer of this court, I pledge myself here and now to investigate this matter to the very end, to ferret out the inner recesses of this underground world. If girls are sold as this girl has been, it is slavery, and I shall pursue it to the very end, and if it be a system of slavery, I shall drag it from its hiding place to the light of the day.”

The case was concluded, and on the thirty-first day of January, 1907, the judge rendered a verdict of guilty against Panzy Williams.

The defendant, after being convicted, was taken to the bureau of identification, popularly known as the “Rogue’s Gallery,” to contribute her photograph, finger prints and measurements to the collection there. The woman who had been so calm and suave during all the ordeal of the trial now broke down completely and wept bitterly. She promised then and there to abandon the loathsome business in vice, and is to this day living a decent and upright life.

### III

#### SUSPICION AROUSED

FROM the murmurings just outside the court door in the large outer room where policemen, professional bondsmen, court room visitors and the denizens of the underworld mix in one babbling throng every day, it was evident that the decision of the judge was unpopular. Many of these people said that the judge had made a mistake in believing the story of this girl and finding the owner of the resort guilty.

It was probably not generally believed that Agnes' story of her own experiences was true, and certainly few believed her charges that a systematic traffic and sale of girls for immoral resorts existed in Chicago. Although for a long time there had been perhaps a suspicion among the people that something was wrong, to the vast majority the story of procuring slaves for immoral houses seemed to belong to the realm of romance rather than to that of actuality.

During my argument in this case, I pledged the court to investigate the charges which Agnes had made, and if there was a systematic sale of girls I proposed if possible to expose it.

It seemed to me that this was a just decision because I recalled that it corroborated two similar

cases that had come into my experience, one December 15, 1906, and the other a year or so before, when I was not in the State's Attorney's office, but was engaged in the private practice of law in Chicago.

At the time when these earlier cases came to my attention, I thought they were isolated cases, but, as I heard the corresponding and parallel testimony of Agnes, I began to suspect that girls actually were being imprisoned in immoral houses under our very eyes.

As the junior member of a law firm in the year 1905 I had to try most of the criminal cases that came to our office. One day a barber, who was employed in a shop near the corner of Wabash Avenue and Twelfth Street, retained our firm to defend a girl named Stella R——, who was imprisoned in the county jail, charged with larceny. During an interview with this girl regarding her case, I learned that she had been an inmate of a disreputable house and had been kept there against her will. She said that the keeper of this house had placed a large debt against her and would not permit her to go in the streets without a guard from the house as long as she was in debt.

A frequent visitor to the house was the barber, who had retained us, and he was well acquainted with the "Madam" of the place. One night, the girl said, she had confided to the barber the fact that because she owed a debt to the owners of the house, she was detained and not allowed her lib-

erty. He had heard stories of this sort before without paying much attention to them; but on this occasion he was moved by the sincerity and the apparent misery of the girl. That very night he promised that he would aid her in making her escape from the place. They talked over various plans and finally decided that he would ask permission to take the girl to a theatre the next evening, and that, after they were out of the house, neither of them would ever return there again.

After some discussion between the barber and the madam, the desired permission was granted upon the promise of the barber to guard the girl carefully from any one who might speak to her and to return her to the house again after the theatre. The girl was not allowed to wear her own street clothes but was forced to wear the clothes of one of the other girls in the resort. This of course was a means of preventing her escape and making it necessary for her to return with the other girl's clothes.

Once outside the house the barber secreted Stella in a hotel and she did not return to the disreputable house again. The madam of the house sought the aid of the police department and obtained a warrant for the arrest of the girl for larceny by bailee, that is, for the taking of the clothes that belonged to some one else which had been given to her to wear and to be returned. Thus although her own clothes were locked up and she was not allowed to wear them, she was charged

with stealing the clothes of another inmate of the house, which she had been inveigled into wearing. The madam knew where the barber was employed and gave his address to the police, who by following him ascertained the hiding place of the girl, and arrested her.

After Stella had told this astounding experience, Hon. Judge John Gibbons of the Circuit Court of Cook County was petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus. The petition was granted and the case came up for trial upon this writ. The madam and the inmates of the house were summoned into court, and the judge, after hearing the facts, censured the madam for such a vicious practice, saying that it was a misuse of the courts of justice to have a girl arrested under the circumstances in this case, and he then ordered the madam to turn the girl's clothes and belongings over to her and advised the girl to return the borrowed clothes to the girl who owned them. The writ of habeas corpus was thus sustained and granted and the girl was released from custody.

The case of the girl from Duluth, Minnesota, which I recalled during the trial of Panzy Williams, came to the notice of the courts December 15, 1906, just ten days subsequent to the opening of the Municipal Courts.

Morris Goldstein, alias Leroy Devoe, in the latter part of 1906, met Henrietta B—— in front of the St. James Hotel in Duluth, Minnesota. Goldstein approached the girl and said :

"Good-evening. Where are you going?"

The girl told him that she was going home. He answered:

"Well, can't I talk to you a little?"

The girl said, "I don't know you."

He then explained that he was the manager of a play and would like to get some more girls for his company. Henrietta asked him if there was much money in it, and Goldstein answered:

"Yes, we pay good prices."

He then gave the girl a card and told her he wanted to talk with her some other night. He made an appointment to meet her on the second night after that at Second Avenue and Superior Street, near the Roller Rink.

The rest of the story I quote in the girl's own words.

"I met him that night at the appointed place and he walked home with me. On the way home he talked about the play and asked me if I had ever had any experience. He said nothing out of the way that night and I then made an appointment to meet him the next Saturday night at the Minnesota Candy Kitchen at six-thirty P. M. I had told my folks that I was to meet the manager of a play before I left home Saturday. He never talked to my folks but sent letters and contracts to them; some of them he sent by me and some he mailed to them. I wanted him to go out and talk to my folks but he said he was too busy.

"I left Duluth one week later with Goldstein



at night on the day coach, sitting up all night. We left Duluth about seven o'clock, P. M.,—Goldstein paid the fare,—and we arrived at the Northwestern Depot in Chicago in the morning about nine o'clock. He then took me to the Teco Hotel on West Madison Street. We then went out and had lunch and went to the Haymarket Theatre in the afternoon; then we had dinner at the Empire Restaurant. We then went down-town and looked at different buildings and things, and then took an elevated train, arriving at the hotel shortly after eleven o'clock.

“He told me that he was out of money and I would have to support him by sporting. I told him I wouldn't be a sport and ruin my life for any one, and he said sports didn't have their lives ruined. He said he was going to put me in one of the swell sporting houses, and he named a couple of them, but I don't remember the names. He said, 'I brought you here to earn my living, and I have not done any work for five years and have been a cadet for that time.' I asked him what a cadet meant, and he said it was a man whom a woman supported by sporting. He said he would be my cadet, and that I was to give him what I made and he would put it in the bank, and while he had time nights he would go out and gamble and that we would soon have eight hundred dollars.

“Goldstein brought a woman up to my room who was a sport named Porter. She came up

with an Italian who seemed to be a friend of Goldstein's. The Italian and Goldstein left the room and left the woman in the room with me and she asked me if I wanted to go to sporting. She said there was a lot of money in it and she wanted me to go down to her house. This woman remained with me all night. The next morning Goldstein awakened us and as the woman was leaving the room she tried to get me to go with her. He said I had a yellow streak and threatened to kill me. My reason for remaining after he brought me here for sporting purposes is that he threatened me if I left and I was afraid to leave. I am at present nineteen years old. I will be twenty years old the thirteenth day of May."

The record of Morris Goldstein, who lived on Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, shows that he was arrested on December 15, 1906, for attempting to pass in a Chicago store a check which he had forged. It was after his arrest that the Duluth girl was discovered. Goldstein was found guilty, and the girl was sent home.

Were these isolated cases, or were they specific instances of a well defined traffic? They had aroused in me the suspicion that a slave traffic in girls had been secretly developed and was being carried on, hidden from the public notice.

## IV

### BEGINNING THE FIGHT

**W**E started an investigation, which was the beginning of the fight against the panders, immediately after the experiences of Agnes had been related in the court. This investigation was greatly aided by the fact that on the fifth day of December, 1906, the old Justice and Police court system had been abolished in Chicago. In place of the old courts, seething with obnoxious practices and customs, was created the Municipal Court with wider latitude and more power than the former Justice and Police Courts had.

The comfortable salaries paid, and the excellent standing of the court, invited lawyers, high in the profession, to become aspirants to the Municipal Court bench and consequently skilled lawyers were elected to serve as judges in the new court. These judges originated various reforms and gave their assistance to the investigation.

In the latter part of January and also in the months of February and March, we quietly inquired into the methods of the underworld.

First we turned to those good mission workers, who had been labouring in the brothels and slum regions. With all the good people of this type

whom I could find I held many extended interviews in my office. The tales they told me of the underworld were terrible and at first I was inclined to believe that they were somewhat coloured by prejudice. The Reverend Ernest A. Bell, who aided in the trial of Panzy Williams, and Deaconess Lucy M. Hall, known as the "Mother of outcast girls and women," in particular, told me of their experiences in the districts.

Deaconess Hall had worked in the red light district for over ten years, personally visiting houses of ill repute and talking with the inmates wherever she was allowed to do so, and in these years she had gathered a great fund of information which now she submitted to me. In her quiet way she had gone about unmolested. She had come to be regarded almost as an angel by the victims of the vice system and many of them had confided in her when they would not and could not have confided in any one else. Her protests in the past against this unspeakable slavery in girls had been unheeded. She had laboured almost alone and was powerless to do much more than sympathize and console.

The Reverend Mr. Bell had established a Midnight Mission in the heart of the underworld district. With a little band of co-workers he had preached on the corners and prayed at the front doors of the dens of shame. From the outside he had heard the cries of the inmates when they were whipped. He had watched those who would escape

as they were caught in the meshes of the law upon the complaint of the resort proprietors, who contrived to prevent these girls from wriggling out of their clutches. He had followed them down to the jail and watched the proceedings in the court room. He had seen them fined and the fines paid by the bondsmen who were in league with the resort owners, or their paid managers or hirelings. He had seen these same girls led back to the same resorts, free from the entanglements of the law but again captives and slaves of the disorderly house landlords.

I supplemented these interviews by talks with the hangers-on about the court rooms, men who had known the districts for years and had grown up and become a part of them. As I gathered this information I discovered that I was entering upon a fight, practically single handed, against some of the most skillful and shifty men that the office of the State's Attorney had ever dealt with.

There were no funds at the disposal of this office with which to employ detectives, and the only detective force the State's Attorney's office had was four men from the police department of the city. These men were always kept busy in going out of town and bringing back prisoners who had been arrested in other cities.

Because of this lack of funds and lack of detectives, I often found it necessary, as had other Assistant State's Attorneys in other matters, to act in the rôle of detective. The information which I

personally gathered served me well, because I refused to be misled by misrepresentations of existing conditions.

The Citizen's Association and the Chicago Law and Order League, to which I appealed, frequently loaned me their detectives to work on special cases. Neither association, however, felt that it had sufficient financial backing to make a thorough investigation of the slave traffic problem.

From time to time I called upon some of the influential men of Chicago with the idea of interesting them in a fight against the panders; but these men were too busy to go through the evidence which I had collected, and instead of gaining their support I generally received rebuffs and jests at the expense of my attitude towards the white slave traffickers.

Men, who as well by their active as their moral support, failed us at that time, should have been the first to rise and strike down white slavery.

Mr. Robert Catherwood, however, studied the question thoroughly and became convinced of the existence of a traffic and sale of women for immoral purposes. Together we discussed many plans for the elimination of this slavery. While neither of us realized at that time that it would be a warfare of years and not a battle of days, we were agreed that the public must be awakened to the seriousness of the situation.

In attempting to arouse the public I appealed to different ministerial associations and conferences

and I addressed a great many of them, calling their attention to this insidious slave traffic. At each of these meetings the good men gathered there seemed astonished and horrified by the facts which were brought to their knowledge concerning the panders. Often the ministers passed resolutions condemning this social evil and gave them to the newspapers to be published, but few of them ever made any public denunciation of the slavery in girls. Apparently they considered it a subject too unclean to touch.

These momentary denunciations on the part of the ministers, while they served well in the growth of public opinion against the traffic in girls, were also detrimental in a way. They gave to the slave traders more confidence in themselves, because the latter began to realize that they were strong enough to weather these little squalls, which blew up and soon died away.

An early white slave case, which succeeded in making the public begin to think about this evil, came to light in May of 1907. This case brought much information which aided me in beginning the fight against panders. This is the story of the case :

One afternoon in the latter part of March, Mona M——, who was working in one of Chicago's large department stores, had just finished selling a bolt of ribbon and the purchaser had turned away from the counter when a tall, blond young man stepped forward.

“I would like to see some ribbon, please.”

“What kind of ribbon do you wish to see?” inquired Mona.

“Oh, any kind, just so you sell it to me,” he said. Mona smiled and looked inquiringly at this well-dressed, handsome fellow.

The conversation which followed at the store that day is not recorded, but we do know that on that very evening Mona was sitting beside this young man at one of the leading theatres, enjoying a play. The young man was Harry Balding, to Mona M—— a lover, to the underworld a well-known agent of houses of ill repute. To this trusting and confiding girl he told of his wealth and bachelor apartments, and of the elegant life she could lead if she would but marry him.

When the theatre was over and they had arrived at her home on Elmwood Avenue, she gladly accepted his invitation to go driving the next evening. No improper suggestion was made by Balding, and to Miss M—— he seemed the “best and dearest fellow in the world.”

The next evening they went driving and Balding continued to shower her with his protestations of love. Before the evening was over Mona was almost won. On the evening following they attended a dance at the —— Dance Hall and Mona, being then completely won over, placing her entire confidence in Balding, drank with him. She asserted later that the wine she drank was bitter, and that she became unconscious.

Whether or not Mona was drugged that evening



may be a matter of controversy. Balding asserted that she was so completely in love with him that she went to his apartments on Wabash Avenue without making any objections, and voluntarily at his request. However that may be, the fact remains that she was with Harry Balding at this dance hall and that she was in his bachelor apartments after the dance. She said that her downfall and ruin had been complete when she regained consciousness and that she awakened to find herself in a flat, which was occupied by Balding and several of his "pals."

After she had been away from home all night, she was afraid to return and because she cried and felt so badly Harry promised to take her to a minister and get married right away.

After they had started, as she thought to the minister's, Harry suggested stopping on the way and getting "a friend" to accompany them. She did not know that the place to which he took her to see this friend was a house of ill fame, but soon she found that she had become a captive.

She told that she was ordered to remove her clothing, and in protesting against this, she was struck by Balding, who advised her not to make an outcry or try to escape, if she knew what was best for her.

As in nearly every case when girls are procured, her street clothes were locked up, and she was not allowed to communicate with the outside world. In this statement Harry Balding disagreed with

her and asserted that she was allowed to communicate with her mother, and that in his company she was permitted to go to and from the house of ill repute to which she had been taken and his apartments, but only in his company and under his guard and surveillance. However that may be, like the piteous moan of Agnes from the underworld, she sobbed out the story of indebtedness and told of the system of holding girls against their will.

During the weeks she had been in this house, Balding visited her at regular intervals, often threatening her with dire punishment if she attempted to escape. On the twenty-fifth of May, however, she did succeed in escaping and made her way, thinly clad, to the police station.

On the same evening as I sat reading law books and making notations of my cases in my library, the telephone rang imperatively. I hurried to the receiver.

“This is Captain McCann. There is a girl down here who claims she has been sold as a white slave. I have sent out officers to pull the flats, which she says are the nests of procurers. Can you come down the first thing in the morning and investigate the matter?”

“All right,” I said, “I shall be there.”

The next morning I went down, and after hearing the girl's story I called in Harry Stephens, William McNamara, J. C. Baxter, Edward Daily, R. R. Leonard, Harry Balding and Henry ——, who were occupants of the two flats that had been

raided in the hope of obtaining from them statements that would corroborate the girl's story ; but these young men were very reticent and uncommunicative.

Warrants were taken out for the arrest of the proprietor of the disorderly resort and his manager. The next morning the girl faced these men, who were charged with being responsible for her downfall.

This girl of medium height, with full, round, pretty face and light brown hair, was accompanied by her mother as she came into the larger of the two court rooms located in the old, time-worn building which houses the Harrison Street Police Station.

The walls of this musty old room, if they could speak, would tell many stories of how for years more criminals have been tried there than perhaps in any other place in the United States. It is the most dismal place imaginable, with scarcely any light except the artificial light, and teeming with more odours than could possibly be concocted by the ingenuity of man. Each day it is filled with the garlic and tube-rose of the Italians ; the mysterious opium scent of the Chinaman ; the highly perfumed sport is there, and the lodging-house bum, reeking with tobacco and whiskey ; all this is mixed with the gases from the open sewerage in the underground cells, which are worse than any of those of the dark ages. Then there are the fumes from the stables next door and adjacent, and stifling smoke

from the ever-present puffing engines across the narrow street which separates it from the La Salle Street Station. To top it all off comes the steam from the corned beef and cabbage and the frying of the odoriferous onion, which the cook in the cellar below is going to dish up to the prisoners for their noonday meal.

In all this odour and the misty gloom of the court room, the judge was sitting, listening to the constant grind of cases which the State was prosecuting, when Mona M—— and her mother came into the section reserved for witnesses. Finally Mona was called to the witness stand, and she told in vivid language of her sale into an immoral life for fifty dollars, which she said was charged against her by the owner of the house to which she was sold. She said furthermore, that the mistress of the house also put a debt of one hundred dollars against her for parlour clothes, and that to fasten the chain of debt around her more securely, Balding had come around every week and borrowed money from the proprietor which was charged up against her.

She told of the sale of many other girls into vice slavery for prices ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. She detailed to the court how she had attempted to escape and how she at last had succeeded. She charged all these men who were arraigned as defendants before the court with being engaged in the business of bringing about the downfall of girls.

“How long were you in that place?” I asked her.

“I was there from March twentieth until last Saturday. Harry kept telling me that he would get me out and that we would go to St. Louis and get married. He didn't do it, however, and kept on taking my money from me. I had no street clothes and could not get out.”

“What did the people at the house say to you?” she was asked.

“They told me I would have to stay unless Harry said otherwise.”

“Did they keep you in the house all the time from March twentieth to May twenty-fifth?”

“No, they took me out one night and took me to the flat on Wabash Avenue near Twenty-third Street again. This is Willie McNamara's place where they take all the girls. I found some more young girls there. One of them, who was named Dolly, has since escaped.”

“Did you know any of the other girls there?”

“Not well. There was one named Gillette, who was later sold to a place. Another, named Burns, was sold to the same place I was in, for twenty-five dollars, and she is there now. There was another one, Hazel Daily, whose husband put her in this house also. Then there is another little girl, named Gladys, out there still.”

“Did you have any jewelry?” asked the court.

“Yes, I did, and they took it away from me and pawned it.”

One of the surprises of the trial was occasioned when Mrs. Wm. H. Johns, wife of "Lefty" Johns, one of the confederates of Harry Balding, went on the stand as a witness for the State. She stated that she was a bookkeeper and was now living with her mother.

"My husband married me to sell me into one of those places," she testified. "I know that he and Harry Balding work together in this business, and that he sells girls, as has been told here, and as he tried to sell me. I do not believe that he ever did anything else."

"Do you know any girl he sold?" she was asked.

"A girl named Lilly was caught by him and Balding and put in a house in St. Paul, where she is to-day. She was a good girl too," was the startling response.

Several of the defendants took the stand in their own behalf, among them William McNamara, a former prize-fighter and reputed leader of one of the gangs of procurers. Under cross-examination he was compelled to admit that he had furnished the bachelor apartments on Wabash Avenue near Twenty-third Street and that he and his associates in the procuring business took their victims there before delivering them to the houses. Pressed and plied with questions, he told a most cold-blooded and daring story, and without hesitating admitted the part he played in securing a certain consignment of fourteen girls, presumably to go on the stage with a Southern road company, when he

knew their ultimate destination was a questionable resort in Beaumont, Texas. At the conclusion of his testimony, Judge John R. Newcomer, turning fiercely towards McNamara, said :

“Don't you think you ought to be taken out and shot dead for this ?”

McNamara cowered in his chair. He was still on the witness stand and seemed terribly frightened. This big, burly man, seemingly seized with abject fear, finally whimpered :

“Yes, sir. Since the reverend gentleman,” pointing to the Reverend Ernest A. Bell, “talked to me about my sins last evening, I feel that I should be punished.”

After he left the witness stand, all the cases were continued until June first. When the case was called again, they were compelled under the evidence in the possession of the State to admit that they had been trafficking in innocent young women. And when they had all drawled out their morbid tales concerning this awful traffic, each was found guilty by the court, Harry Balding receiving the longest sentence, one year in the house of correction and a fine of one hundred dollars.

These admissions from the defendants, who had been implicated in the downfall of Mona M——, furnished the most astounding feature of the case. If this case did nothing else, it served to bring to the notice of public officials the fact that the procuring of girls for immoral houses was done systematically, and also to give the names of other

slaves, who could be rescued and their captors avenged by the might of the law.

Thus ended the case of Mona M——, with its story of gaining a girl's confidence by pretended love at first sight, the easy deception of a girl, and the hazardous results. The case is ended, but its effect upon the public mind will live for many years.

On Friday morning, the thirty-first of May, a young girl, a striking blonde, was led, weeping, into the court room by detectives Considine and Thomas. I turned in my seat and saw the officers bringing the girl towards me.

"Here is another white slave case, which is going to be on trial this morning in Judge Fake's court," said one of the officers.

Since we frequently do not have much time to prepare our cases in the State's Attorney's office, I was ready at once to go over the evidence with the officers and had just finished when Judge New-comer stepped to the bench.

"Let me know when the case is called," I said, "and I will come in."

It was perhaps an hour later and I had just finished trying a case, when the bailiff touched me on the shoulder and said :

"They want you in the next court room to try that white slave case."

A young man who answered the call of the name of Jaeger stepped out of the doorway and was led in front of the court. The pretty blond girl,



whom I had talked with earlier in the morning, was seated in the witness chair. After the preliminary formalities of signing the jury waiver had been disposed of, she was asked to state her name and age to the court.

“My real name,” she answered, “is Adelaide McD——. I was so ashamed last night when Mr. Bell, the missionary, found me in that horrible house, that I didn’t give my right name. I gave the name of Wilson. I am twenty years old.”

“Will you tell the court where you are from and about your experiences with this defendant?”

“My home is in ——, Illinois, where I live with my parents. My father is a contractor. He is wealthy. I have never been away from home before. I was induced by this man I met two weeks ago to go with him to Rockford. He said he loved me and I thought I loved him.

“We had dinner in Rockford, and at dinner he persuaded me to drink wine. It made me ill and I could not sit up. He took me to a hotel. I cried and he told me his father owned a bank in Zitka, that he was heir to five hundred thousand dollars, and that while he knew he had done wrong in taking me away from home, he would marry me and make it all right. He brought me to Chicago, where he said he would furnish a fine home for me.

“When we got to Chicago, Mr. Jeager said he was going to show me the town, and we went to several places, but I had never been in such a part of the

world before, and I did not know what sort of people they were. When we reached the place on Dearborn Street, Jeager began asking me if I did not like the crowd, and whether they weren't a jolly lot of people. He said if I would like to live in that house with the gay crowd he'd fix it so that I could. I told him I would not like to be with such people. Then he got me to take some drinks, and as I wasn't used to it, I didn't know what I was doing."

At this moment Jeager spoke up from where he stood before the court and in an excited voice cried :

"Your Honour, this was a slumming tour ; the girl knew where she was going. This is not her first experience."

"He lies, Your Honour," interrupted Detective Considine. "When he was arrested he told me that this young lady was a perfectly innocent girl when he met her and he made this statement several times since."

The judge, usually so calm, hit the desk with his fist and said in sharp tones :

"Don't interrupt the witness again, Mr. Jeager, while she is testifying."

The pretty complainant, flushing with rage, pointed her finger at Jeager and said :

"You know I was an innocent girl when you met me. You told such glowing stories of your father's wealth, and told me you had fallen in love with me on sight and that you would elope with me. That's the way you deceived me."

"Just be calm and don't get excited," said the

court. "I'll listen carefully to what you have to say."

The girl, half crying, stopping now and then to wipe her eyes, completed her story of how she had been a victim of the white slave traffic. Then the trembling girl stepped from the witness stand and sat down by the police officers.

The Reverend Mr. Bell, who was next called to the stand, told how he had found this girl in a certain disorderly resort on Dearborn Street, and that upon learning that she had been lured there by Jeager, furnished the police the information upon which they acted in making the arrest. The police officers also testified as to what Jeager had told them and what the girl had said in the presence of the defendant.

Finally the defendant, being called to the witness stand, told the court that he did not know that he was committing any offense against the law and promised never to do it again. Then the witness stepped down and Judge Fake rendered his decision.

"I believe the girl is telling the truth," said the judge. "This is a flagrant illustration of an atrocious traffic in girls that has come to my notice. In the face of this the prisoner asks the court to let him go free. He assures the court that he will not repeat the offense. This court will see that he does not repeat the offense. A crime of this sort should place a man where he could never so offend again. In this case the court finds the defendant, Neil

Jeager, guilty, and assesses the fine at the maximum, two hundred dollars and costs. I realize that this fine is inadequate to the crime, and I tell you now that the punishment would be heavier if the law would allow me to make it so."

The court ordered telegrams sent to the father of the girl and he came to Chicago and took his daughter home.

Probably no one who reads of these cases of which I have just told will doubt that there is a traffic in girls and women for the purpose of supplying the markets of vice, but many who read the daily papers at that time, who professed an interest in the public welfare, who saw accounts of the trials from day to day, and kept closely in touch with current affairs, were not convinced or perhaps did not care to be.

## V

### THE CONFESSION OF A PANDER

**T**WO weeks after the Mona M—— cases had been disposed of, as I sat in my dingy little office between the larger and smaller courts of the Harrison Street Station, a short, fairly stocky man probably about fifty years old, entered the room.

I did not know him. I asked him to be seated; and as he sat down I noticed that his face was anxious and sorrowful. It was etched with lines of trouble covering a frank, honest, open countenance.

“What can I do for you?” I said, as he nervously twisted his short gray mustache.

“I have come to beg for mercy for my boy. Like a good many other boys, my boy has been wayward, but at heart he is a good boy. I have just come up from the cells; they let me go down to see Henry and he has promised to tell all about this affair.”

“Is your son Henry ——, who was mixed up in the Mona M—— case?” I asked him.

“Yes, that’s my son, and to think of that boy being down there in a cell, and for such an awful crime, after the splendid education and opportunities I have given him! Why, do you know he attended one of the high schools in Chicago and

was getting along fine until he got in bad company and ran away from home. He went West some place and I hadn't heard from him for months until I got a letter from him to come down here to the jail to see him. I had no idea where he was or what he was doing. He says he has not been very well, and if you will let me take my boy home, and give him another start, I will try to make a man out of him."

"I am afraid, my friend, that will be impossible. I cannot let your boy off, because the offense he has committed is too grave."

"But it will kill him to stay in jail," interjected the father. "Just let him go this time, for the sake of his old mother at home, if not for my sake."

"His mother and you have my deepest sympathy, Mr. ———, as have all mothers and fathers whose boys have gone wrong, because it is the parents who always have to suffer. The relatives and those dear to the defendants must bear the burden of crime, as well as those who have offended against the law."

The old father looked downcast and dejected for a few minutes; then suddenly his face seemed radiant, as he said:

"Well, if he has done wrong, perhaps it will do him good to suffer some for it, but I am going to make him tell the truth about this whole business just the same."

"Yes, it will do his conscience good and be of great service to the public," I said.

“Will you send for him,” he asked, “and have him here with me in the room so that I can listen to what he says?”

I told him that I should be glad to send for him, and told him to come back that night after supper and I would have the boy there in the office. After the visitor had departed I took up the telephone and called up Mr. Shelby Singleton, the secretary of the Citizen's Association, and asked him if he would stay down-town that evening as I wanted him to be present at a conference, which I was going to have with some men. He said he would do so. I then called in a police officer and asked him to bring Henry —— up from the jail and have him in my office that evening at seven o'clock.

At the appointed time, the officer was there with the young man, and there was also present with me the boy's father and Mr. Singleton.

I asked the boy's father and the police officer to step into the court room for a few minutes while Mr. Singleton and I talked with the boy. I did this because I thought the boy would probably hesitate to make a full statement in the presence of his father. In this case it was a wise precaution because the young man told me a great many things, which he said he did not want his father to know about. I made notes of all the statements he made.

Most startling was the confession made by Henry —— that night. I purposely omit this

young man's surname because his father informs me that his son has since reformed and is living an honest, wholesome life. It was the evening of June 13, 1907, that I began the examination of this young man by saying:

"You have been brought here at your father's request; as I understand, you want to make a full statement in regard to the system used by the agents of vice resorts in securing girls. If you do so, you make this statement without any promise of immunity, of your own free will, and without intimidation, threats, or force, and with no consideration of reward whatsoever."

"That is what I want to do, make a clean breast of the whole business," he answered.

"I have worked in this business for about a year with several different fellows, lately mostly with Billy McNamara and Harry Balding."

"Name all the fellows that you can think of that are procuring girls," I interjected.

"I know I am going to get in wrong by telling the names of these fellows," he replied, "and the names of the houses sending them out and buying the girls from them. They never will let up on me, and when I get out of this trouble I surely will have to leave Chicago. I know one fellow who gave away some of their secrets and they had him followed all through the West until they got him."

(Here followed a list of twenty-six names of agents who were actively engaged in this business; also the names of the girl slave traders who were



sending out the procurers and the names of a great many girls who had been procured.)

“Will you tell me of the girls that you have procured yourself?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, “not long ago Billy McNamara and myself got several girls and shipped them out of the city.

“Billy came around to see me one day and said there was a woman staying at the —— Hotel, whom he met when he was down South, and who was up here to get some girls to take back with her. He said he would divide up with me if I would help him get some. Between us we got fourteen girls in about a week and delivered them to her at the —— depot here in the city. I did not go to the depot but Billy McNamara was there to take care of that end of it. We told the girls that this woman was the leading lady with a musical show which was to travel through the South, and that she was to take them to the place where they were to start from, and that they were to be chorus girls in the show. That is the way we got the girls, because they were ‘stage-struck.’

“McNamara said that this woman was from Beaumont, Texas, and was going to take them down there. Her name was Myrtle —— and she runs a ‘house’ down there.”

“Well, tell how you got the girls,” I asked.

“The ones I got I met in dance halls and by hanging around nickel theatres. At the dance halls I would size up a girl and get a dance with

her and see whether or not she was stage-struck and, if she was, I would tell her about the chance there was to go out with this road company through the South. There are always a lot of girls hanging around the nickel theatres who are stage-struck and it is dead easy to get them.

“They didn’t know who I was for I gave them a fake name; so I never heard from any of them after they went South. They may be there yet for all I know.”

“Will you explain the various methods used by all these fellows you have named in securing girls?” I inquired.

“Yes,” he replied; “they all have about the same system; only they change it to suit the girl. In the summer time they go out to the amusement parks and summer gardens around here. They also work the country towns and near-by cities. In winter time they roam about the large stores, attend nickel shows and dance halls, and get the girls in these places. Different methods are used according to the girl they are trying to get. Sometimes they invite the girls to the theatre or out for a drive, or something like that, and ‘con’ them along by telling them that they are the sons of wealthy men or that they are representing some theatrical management, or something,—any way to get them. If the girl is one of the ‘love sick’ kind, they pretend they are in love with her, and in most cases they promise to marry her. If the girl is looking for a job, they are always ‘Johnny

on the spot' with an offer of a good position. The fellows offer the girls employment to their liking, which of course is a trick, which they never intend to carry out. The whole idea is to get the girl's confidence and the fellow will say anything in order to do this. I know fellows who have gone across the Lake to some of the summer resorts and got girls to come back with them, the girls thinking that they were going to go upon the stage, and in one case I know of, they took the girl out to measure her for a theatrical dress and put a 'house dress' upon her and in that way got her street clothes away.

"After they have handed out a line of talk and once got them started, if the girls are hard to land, they use 'knock out' drops. Sometimes they tell the girls they are going to take them out to meet a 'lady friend,' and if the girls are flighty and wayward, the boys argue with them, telling them of the big money they can make. After they get them to their flats (clearing houses) they get the woman who runs a house to come over, and she shows the girl her diamonds and fine dress, and tells how easily the girl can get some like them without any work, and the girl is induced to go with her. But of course they could only do that when the girl has a sort of leaning that way and wants to see what the inside of one of those houses looks like.

"When the fellows make the girls think they are in love with them, they take them out to

dances, dinners and the theatres several times, until they get the girls' confidence and then they finally get them to their flats, and later sell them into the houses.

"Sometimes they really marry the girl too, because they say they cannot arrest a fellow for putting a married girl into a house. One, for example, is Jack Daily. He married a girl by the name of Hazel. He took her to Indiana some place and married her, because they thought she was too young to keep in the house and he got paid for marrying her. Harry Balding knows all about it. There are lots of other fellows who have married girls, but I can't remember what their names are now."

(Then he gave a list of flats and hotels where these men might be found.)

"Well," I said to him, "how do they keep the girls in these houses?"

"You see, the girls are in debt. From the time they first get into the house they are in debt, and they generally keep them in as long as they are in debt.

"They don't let them out until they are sure they won't run away. If they do let them out the pimp, or the fellow who put them there, goes with them to see that they come back all right. They can't tell any one when they are out with them how they are being kept. You see, most times they are afraid to, and, if they did, people wouldn't believe them anyway. After they have been there for a while they don't care to leave, either because they

learn to like it or because they are ashamed to go among respectable people again."

"What are they in debt for when they go there?" I asked.

"First they are in debt for the money the proprietor of the house pays the fellow who brings them there," was his reply.

"Do they make the girls pay for being brought into the houses?" I continued.

"Sure. The girl has to pay the amount that it costs the house for getting her. Then, after that she has to pay for all the parlour clothes that she wears, and she always has to buy them from the house. They charge them about five or ten times more than they are worth and that makes the amount run up pretty high right at first. Then, the pimp that puts her there and keeps her there, keeps borrowing money from the house on her and that is charged against her. I guess the house allows the pimp to borrow money on her for two reasons. One is, that the house wants to keep her in debt; and the other is that they like to have a pimp look after her so that if she gets unruly or anything like that he can make her behave. It is up to him to keep her from running away until she gets so that she doesn't want to."

"Are the fellows cruel to the girls?"

"Oh, yes," he drawled. "They often have to beat them to make them obey. In this way the girls are afraid to try to get away, and besides they have the only clothes that they could wear out on

the street locked up and they won't give the clothes to them. I have seen them beat the girls and kick them too, when they got too fresh and wanted to go home."

"Are there any women as well as men securing girls?" I inquired.

"Yes, a good many of them," was the way he answered. (He then gave the names of two women, the only names he could recall, who were procuring girls.)

"How many fellows were up in the flat when you were arrested?" I asked at last.

"We were not all in one flat when we got caught. They raided two places after Mona got away from that house and told the police. They caught seven of us in two flats. When the boys in the first flat got arrested, one of them called up on the telephone and 'tipped it off' that we were about to get 'pinched.' But we thought they were 'kidding us,' or otherwise we might have got away.

"I know Mona M—— well. She was Balding's 'brod' and he had her in a house, but I did not know that she had got out of there until we all got arrested."

In order to protect this young man, I did not allow this confession to become known to the public, but used the information which I received from him to great advantage. It was the first real, detailed information that I had received from a procurer for vice dens that an enormous system in the traffic in girls existed.

It is now over two years and a half since Henry made this confession, and I feel certain that the fear which he evidently felt so keenly at that time has been cast aside.

For some weeks afterwards I was busy working on the "tips" which I gleaned from his statements, and in checking them up I found his confession to be absolutely true and trustworthy.

That evening for the first time, perhaps, Mr. Singleton's eyes were opened to this great problem, which society must sooner or later face in the most bitter fight, not with arms and musketry, but a fight against the shrewd and cunning men that would make degenerates of our young men and boys and prostitutes of our women and girls.

As the boy was returned to his cell that night, his father put his arms around him and kissing him, said :

"I hope you have told all you know about this affair."

I took the old father by the hand and told him I would do all I could, taking into consideration my duty to the people of the state, to help his boy become a better man.

As we closed the door of my office and walked out into the court room that night, Mr. Singleton said :

"I believe that you have unearthed the greatest curse to society that civilization has ever known, and I hope you will stick to it to the finish."

## VI

### SECRETS REVEALED BY OTHER PANDERS

**T**HE next morning an excellent opportunity afforded itself of checking up the truth of the statements made to me by Henry.

Making my way through the little groups that gather every morning in front of the Harrison Street Police Station to watch the patrol wagon back up to the sidewalk and unload the prisoners who are brought from various parts of the city, I had turned to the steps which lead to the court room, when a tall lady dressed in black touched my coat sleeve. She said she wished to speak with me. I told her to come into my office.

Turning on the lights I noticed that there were tears in her eyes, which she struggled to keep back. Her lips were quivering with suppressed emotion, and her refined face bore the expression of deep grief. She seemed at a loss for words.

“What can I do for you, madam?” I inquired.

She then told me that she had come there in behalf of her son, who was Harry Balding. She said that she had advised him to make a complete confession in order that young men might be saved from becoming the cat’s-paw of the denizens of vice, and that other mothers might be spared the shame and disgrace that she was enduring. She



did not ask for leniency, nor did she ask for mercy for the boy, for she realized that that was hopeless. Her mission was that of bringing out the facts concerning the custom of servitude in the red light district, which her son had confided to her. I told her that I would talk with her son that afternoon.

Then I heard the sound of the gavel, and the cry of the court bailiff:

“Hear ye! Hear ye! This honourable court is now in session.”

I hurried to the court room as the first case was called.

The same afternoon, at about four o'clock, in the presence of Mr. LaBree, a court reporter connected with the State's Attorney's office, I took the confession of Harry Balding.

Balding was then confined in the county jail, waiting to be sent to the house of correction to serve his sentence for his connection with the Mona M—— case. He had been convicted June first and we had held him in the county jail for two weeks pending the investigation of more serious charges, involving imprisonment in the penitentiary, but we failed to get the additional information upon which to predicate another charge against him.

As he was led into the office by a deputy sheriff from the county jail, I looked at him steadily and wondered how such a fine-looking fellow could have been led into the business of girl slave trafficking. He was rather tall and well dressed, and had light hair and clean, even features. His complexion

was clear and rosy, and he had the bearing of a young man who had come from a good home and had been well brought up.

I excused the deputy sheriff and asked Balding to sit down. I then told him that his mother had requested me to have him brought up to my office and that he must understand that any statement that he might make could not in the least lessen the sentence that had been imposed on him and that it must also be understood that he was making the confession of his own free will and accord.

He said that he understood all that and for his mother's sake he wished to clear his conscience as much as possible and "tell the whole business."

I had been fortified by the facts given me the night before by Henry ——, and I had in my possession the names of several girls who had been procured and the names of a great many of the traffickers and their haunts. Having these, I was able to interrogate Balding better, and to get from him facts which I wished to know. He did not know that I had the confession which the young man made the night before, and I was interested to know whether or not he might verify the statements that Henry made. I knew that they had not had a chance to talk with each other, as they had been separated and neither had seen the other since the trial.

As the full confession comprises many typewritten pages, it seems best not to reproduce it here in full. The confession in part is given exactly as

Balding told it, no attempt being made to correct grammatical phrases :

“ All the fellows around there (meaning the red light district) were doing that. We did nothing else but just go out and look around town and see if we could get a girl and take her out there. Whenever we got a girl out there, they would give us so much money and promise all the police protection in Chicago and tell us that if we got arrested they would go down there and get us out, and everything like that, fix it up for us. That is what they would keep telling us all the time, if we got into trouble, but when I did get into trouble they tried to make a ‘ fall guy ’ out of me.”

“ How long have you been securing girls ? ” I asked.

“ About a year.”

Then he continued in answer to another question :

“ Yes, I know Hazel Daily ; she was not of age when she went into the house, and of course they cannot keep them when they are not old enough. She was all right ; she was a good-looking girl and she was a good girl for the house, but she was only seventeen years old, and they thought the police some time might suddenly run across her and find out ; so the proprietor got this Jack Daily, Stephens and Billy McNamara, and they took this girl to Hammond, Indiana, and this girl gets married to Jack Daily, and they brought her back there to the house and Jack Daily got ten dollars for marrying her.

“I know other fellows who brought girls there and the keepers gave them money for bringing them there.” (Here he named several of his fellow procurers, several of them being the same that Henry —— had told about the night before.)

“Then there is Jack Pitt, who was found guilty the other morning for procuring girls.” (He also told the names of those for whom Pitt has procured.)

“Then, Billy McNamara was up at Cripple Creek last fall and he brought a girl back to Chicago. I can't remember her name; anyway he brought her back and put her in a house on Armour Avenue. This girl was not of age either. She is now in Buffalo, New York. McNamara sold Ruby Shea in the —— house too. He used to come over and he would tell us how he used to get her money. He went down there and got a hundred and fifty dollars on her at one time. Billy McNamara also had a little girl named Babe LaBelle in the same place. I think that was her name; I know they called her Babe anyway. I know he had her there; I don't know whether he put her there or not; I suppose he did though.”

“Where is she now?” was asked.

“I don't know. Her folks found her and she was taken out of the house.”

“Did you ever have any women helping you secure girls?” I asked.

“Yes, sir,” Balding answered, “but I don't know where they are living now. We were in a restau-

rant one night eating supper and a girl was sitting over there, I don't know her name. The woman who was helping me went over to her and got acquainted, and made an appointment with the girl to meet her down-town one day and this girl came out with her and they came over to my flat and I took her to a sporting house.

“‘Lefty’ Jones worked with me most of the time, and we got from ten to fifty dollars for bringing in girls. They used to come to us fellows and say: ‘Go around and get some girls.’ They would always tell us that and give us boys money to go out and spend and see if we could get any girls.”

I then asked :

“Where would you usually get these girls ?”

He gazed at me a moment and casually remarked,

“Oh! The majority of them were girls we met on the street. We would go around to these parks, penny arcades and nickel theatres and sometimes in the stores and if we saw a couple of girls that looked good to us we would go and talk to them. I will say this much for myself, that I never took any girl away from her home and took her down there. The girls I took down there I met in the stores and on the streets.”

It was evident from the confession of Henry —— and Harry Balding, and from the facts which had been brought out on the trial of the cases in which Mona M—— had figured so prominently, that the procuring, selling and enslaving of girls and women had reached enormous

proportions. Not only were the cases, which had heretofore been tried, not exceptional instances, but the facts which missionaries and slum workers had found to be true in quite a few cases were probably true in the lives of countless unfortunates. Not only was there a system of holding girls by means of an unjust debt thrust upon them, but there was a system as well of procuring girls. Here were the names and addresses of nearly a hundred men who were engaged in this nefarious system for their livelihood, and all of them working along practically the same lines. Under our loose social system, they had little difficulty in becoming acquainted with their proposed victims in all the places where they were to be found unescorted, in public dance halls, nickel theatres, amusement parks, and even in places where they were employed in their honest efforts to make a living. The procurers, knowing human weakness, worked along lines of least resistance to secure the confidence of the girls. They appealed to their most evident desires: love, vanity, ambition, "any way to get them." And once started, they stopped at nothing in their efforts to land the girls in houses of ill fame. And further, here were the names of fifty girls who had been procured and sold into lives of shame.

Another confession, that of Dora Douglas, made soon after she had been sent to the Bridewell, in January of 1908, probably throws more light on the true condition of enslaved girls than any

amount of testimony adduced upon the trials of the various cases. Her confession, as here reprinted, was written by this procuress for the *National Prohibitionist*, and was published in the issue of that journal for January 28, 1909. Previous to this time, however, Dora Douglas had made similar statements to Miss Florence Mabel Dedrick, the rescue worker who has been doing a great deal of work in the district in the last several months, and to Honourable James P. Harrold, the Assistant State's Attorney who prosecuted the case.

The particular case in which Dora Douglas had been found guilty was that in which a young girl by the name of Kitty S—— was brought from Milwaukee to Chicago and sold into one of the South Side resorts. Dora Douglas was sentenced to one year in the house of correction, where she was when the following confession was made.

“I am writing this confession to the world from behind the bars in that gloomy pile of buildings alongside the Drainage Canal, where Chicago every year spends some millions of dollars to protect herself from the criminal classes which she constantly creates and breeds.

“I am in prison convicted of being what is commonly known as a ‘white slave trader,’ and I was justly convicted and was guilty of the offenses charged.

“And having made this confession, let me introduce myself.

“Behold me, a very common sort of a woman, twenty-nine years old, an ex-school-teacher, born and piously brought up in the good state of Arkansas, fairly well educated, and, until within the last few months, almost inexperienced in the ways of the wicked world.

“Six years ago, in my Arkansas home, I married a man whom I believed to be in every way worthy of the respect and love that I gave him, and, bidding good-bye to my mother and my childhood friends in the old home, went with him to St. Louis.

“I wonder if the good men who let the saloons flourish in all our cities and excuse themselves with the assertion that if a man will drink it is his own business, and that if he makes a fool of himself he is the only one that suffers—I wonder if those men really know what they are doing for thousands of women who do not drink but who suffer?

“Years ago, somewhere I read an article about the saloons written by some great minister or bishop, whose name I have forgotten, and, indeed, I have forgotten most of what he said, but I remember he did say that the victims of the saloon are willing victims.

“Great God! I have been a victim and God knows I never was willing!

“I found that my husband was a drunkard. A railroad man with a good ‘job,’ able to earn a comfortable living for himself and me, he never for a day could be depended upon. Many a morning



did he kiss me good-bye, leaving me the impression that he had gone to his work, when it would be three days, a week, a month, sometimes three months before I saw him again, though I might be in the sorest straits for the necessities of life. Three times he did this when he knew that I was soon to become a mother. Once, after three months' absence, I heard from him in a hospital in another city. I went to him, brought him home and when he was able to work, gave him out of my own earnings money to pay his board until payday (for his work would oblige him to work in another town) and he went away and I never saw him again for months.

“Forced to work for a living, I came to Chicago, finding a position in a legitimate business, although, unfortunately it was the sort of a business that brought me into contact with many people of bad morals, and tended to deteriorate my own ideals.

“Here in Chicago, while I was buying a railroad ticket one day in a ticket broker's office, I was introduced by the clerk to a man who appeared to be a gentleman, with the suggestion that he would be willing to do for me a slight service which I needed at the moment, regarding my baggage. A few weeks later, this man, whom I had no reason to suspect of any evil motive, sought me with the offer of a good place to work. He promised me a good salary, and the offer was specially attractive in view of the fact that I was then without work, and I accepted the place in perfect good faith.

“I want to emphasize what I now say for the benefit of those who may read these lines who are parents of young girls.

“I suppose I may claim to be a reasonably intelligent woman, with a fair education, some years of observation of the world and a little opportunity to know the world’s wickedness, but I was at that time absolutely ignorant of the existence of such a thing as a business in vice.

“I had never heard that girls were bought and sold.

“I did not know the character of what are called ‘disorderly houses.’

“It seems to me that good people, pious fathers and mothers, who let their girls grow up and go out into the world without a word of real instruction that will protect them in such crises which may come in life to any woman, are not wholly innocent,—I am tempted to say are frightfully guilty of the destruction of their own daughters.

“Shall I not say, too, that the pious fathers of this great city who allow the enormous slave markets where girls are bought and sold to exist, who allow the city government and the police power to remain in the hands of men who are fattening on the bodies and souls of these girls,—must I not say, and must I not say it so that it will sound like a shriek coming from these dismal old walls, that these fathers are murdering and damning their own daughters?

“To make a long story short, and to tell a hide

ous tale in a few, plain words, I accepted the proposition and found myself installed in one of the protected vice dens of Chicago as housekeeper and the special personal slave of this man, whom I now found to be a slave trader, the practical owner of other women and girls in various dives, as well as the driver of gangs of procurers. This man almost owned me. My salary—such small parts of it as I got—went into his pocket upon one excuse or another, while I was subject to his brutal will constantly.

“I will not shock my readers by telling the details of my horrid life in that place, but I must give them some facts that ought to be in the possession of the unsuspecting decent people who sit quietly and virtuously in their own homes, while a slaughter more terrible than Herod ever dreamed of goes on unceasingly.

“I am asked to say whether the unfortunate girls in these places are slaves in the sense that they cannot get away. My answer to that must depend upon your interpretation of ‘cannot.’

“In my own case there was never a time when I could not have walked out of the building, had I chosen to do so, but my promised salary was always in arrears and I was penniless, with nowhere to go and no friends.

“To walk out on a winter’s day into the streets of Chicago with nothing with which to buy a meal and no shelter and no friends under the wide, pitiless sky, is a heroic course to which some res-

olute Spartan matron might be driven in protection of her virtue, but it's a course which can hardly be expected from a mistreated, deluded, ignorant, disgraced, modern American girl.

“And it must be understood that my situation was very different from that of the ‘girls.’ I was in the position of a superintendent. They were under me. What would have been possible for me was practically impossible for them.

“To begin with: No inmate of these vice dens is allowed to have clothing with which she could appear on the street. It is taken away from her by fraud or by force, as soon as she arrives, and is locked up. She never sees it until she is regarded as thoroughly trustworthy and sure to come back if she gets out.

“Then, too, she is in debt. As soon as she arrives at the house, an account is opened with her, although, perhaps, she never sees the books. She is charged with the railroad fare that has been paid to bring her to the city; she is charged with the price that has been paid for her to the thief who betrayed and stole her; she is charged for the alleged garments that are given her in exchange for her clothing—charged four times the price that they cost.

“Of course, the police will tell you nowadays that the old debt system has been abolished, and that girls are not allowed to be in debt to the house where they are kept, and it may be that a sort of fiction is maintained, by which, if an investigation

were forced, the dive keeper would pretend to be an agent for the storekeeper that sells the supplies. But the condition of debt is none the less real, although as always it be fraudulent. The dive keeper, the storekeeper, and the police are all in partnership in it.

“Of course, it is not lawful to keep a girl a prisoner because she happens to be in debt, but she is made to believe that it is. She is told strange stories about laws that are enacted for the government of her ‘class,’ and she recognizes, all too plainly, the power of the arm of the police always outstretched in behalf of the dive keeper.

“Police officers come and go in the dive. They register all ‘inmates’ upon arrival and give formal, though, of course, unlawful, sanction to the business. If a girl becomes refractory and the dive keeper threatens her with the vengeance of the police, she has every reason to believe that the threat is well founded, whether it is or not.

“If, in spite of all this, a girl should be brave enough or rash enough to try to make her way out of the dive, and escape, almost nude, as she is kept, into the street, perhaps she would be allowed to go. Perhaps, too, the police might not bring her back, but they certainly would not assist her escape; and if they did not force her back into the den from which she had escaped they would certainly send her to prison.

“I have seen dozens of girls who wanted to get out from these dives, wanted to leave the life that

they were living, but who, under the conditions that I have enumerated, did not—I think I may fairly say—could not do it.

“I had been in my position as housekeeper but a little while when my owner discovered that I could be profitably employed in another line, that is, in importing slaves from other cities.

“Some months before, the firm for which I was then working had sent me to Milwaukee to sell toilet preparations, and this business had brought me in contact with a considerable number of foolish young women. I knew that some of them were anxious to come to Chicago and I was sent to Milwaukee to induce them to come and bring them with me.

“I made several such journeys to Milwaukee and other cities, bringing a number of victims for Chicago’s slave market. I attempt no defense for this infamous work. I ask for no moderation of judgment against me, but I feel that I have a right to call the attention of the public to the glaring injustice of the situation that puts me behind these bars, with long months of imprisonment before me, and leaves others who are equally guilty with me, and who are equally well known in their guilt, to go on with their wicked work.

“I know that ignorance of the law is no excuse for its violation but I was certainly ignorant that I was breaking any law. I never dreamed of it until, just before my arrest, the proprietress of one of the houses from which a girl whom I had

brought to the city had run away, told me of my danger. I asked her why she was not also in danger, and she replied that it was because she carefully followed the instructions of the police and maintained an ignorance concerning the sources from which the girls were brought who came to her house.

“I may or may not be believed but I state the truth when I say that I never brought to this slavery a girl whom I believed to be an innocent girl. I brought only girls whom I found in bad surroundings, usually in disorderly saloons, and girls who claimed to be and appeared to be beyond the protection of that extremely virtuous law, which our wise lawmakers have given us, known as the ‘age of consent’ law. How any sane person must hate such cursed nonsense as such a law !

“Now, let me ask why, why, when I was sent as a mere agent of others, when I brought girls from well-known dens, where they had been ruined, brought them into a recognized slave market, where they were used to enrich their owners and the police—why, while the slave market goes on and while the slave owners drive their new gangs, and while the police keep up their system of protection and graft—why am I locked up here alone ?

“Now, let me make it perfectly clear on just what ground I have been sent to prison. I was convicted under what is known as the ‘pandering act,’ which makes it an offense to secure an inmate for a disorderly resort in the State of Illinois.

“I was guilty and the protest I make is the protest of a convict, but I cry out to the good people to know why, if I must be behind prison walls for procuring an inmate for such a place, they walk free and grow rich and hold offices who allow such places to be.

“If it be a crime worthy of the prison to secure an inmate for a vice resort, is it a sure proof of public and private virtue that vice resorts cover square miles of this city and the city government ‘regulates’ them?

“Ten long months hence, when, broken, disgraced, without a cent, without a friend, they turn me out into Chicago’s cold, November storms, will justice have been vindicated, will some great and good ends have been attained by the punishment of me—a tool, a cat’s-paw, while seven thousand saloons and square miles of houses of prostitution have gone on in their bloody, damning work under sanction of the government run by pious men?”



## VII

### HOW WHITE SLAVES ARE WON

**I**N the making of white slaves there are three stages. The procurers must win the girls by becoming acquainted and gaining their confidence. Then, they must get them into the immoral houses. Finally, the girls must be kept in those houses.

White slaves are won principally by three methods used by the panders. The baits which the procurers flaunt in the faces of their proposed victims are love, vanity and ambition.

The procurers, by pretending to be in love with the girls whom they meet, gain their confidence and often upon a promise of marriage entice them away from their homes. Mona M—— and Adelaide McD—— were victims of the love method.

Those girls who think it is smart to flirt are won by the procurers who appeal to their vanity by praising and flattering them, and by telling them how good looking they are, how beautiful they would look in elegant clothes, which, they say, can easily be had if the girls will follow their advice. This was true in the case of Agnes T——, who, with her girl friend, went to a dance unaccompanied by an escort and after she was there flirted with a

young man. She said the young man "jollied" her and told her how pretty she was. The compliments thus paid caused her to esteem his friendship, and when he invited her to a café in the back of a saloon she went with him willingly, simply because he had pleased her by his artful gratifying of her vanity.

The panders make no distinction between girls who are innocent, quiet and modest and those who are more wayward, flirtatious and frivolous. The procuring of the former adds zest and sport to the hunt, while the latter are easy prey for them. Girls, who flirt merely for the fun of flirting, who go to dinners with strangers and roam about the streets at night, are those who are most easily won by flattery and the appeal to vanity.

It is undoubtedly true in many cases that the girls have a leaning towards immoral lives before they are procured by the panders. Oftentimes it requires little effort on the part of the slave traders to induce such girls to enter houses of shame, and once in they are held as slaves in the most revolting sense.

Sometimes the girls are mystified by the glare and light of the large cities after night. They love to be among fashionably dressed and amusement-loving people. It is something new which has come into their lives. They have a feeling of unrest until they have tasted of the fruit of gaiety, until they have known and become a part of this new, dazzling world. When the pander meets such

girls as these he has little trouble in deceiving them and leading them astray.

Such a girl was Olga H——, who came to Chicago just to see the sights. She had gone one evening to the general delivery window in the post-office. Standing in the lobby there was a little woman, who has done much for women who are outcasts of society. This woman was Florence Mabel Dedrick, who was on the lookout for young girls who might be approached by white slave agents. She stepped up to Olga and giving her a card asked the girl where she was staying. The minute that the girl gave the address Miss Dedrick recognized that it was a disreputable place. She asked the girl to go with her and she would get her a better room. The girl, who could speak very little English, immediately consented, showing that she was very easily led.

Then Miss Dedrick learned the story of how the girl had come from Racine, Wisconsin, "just to see Chicago." When she arrived here she flirted with a young man, evidently a pander, who took her to this disreputable place to get a room. Miss Dedrick went over to the room, packed up the girl's clothes and communicated with the aunt and uncle of the girl, with whom she had been staying in Racine, Wisconsin. At first these people seemed to be very little concerned about their niece, and it was with difficulty that they were finally interested to send for her.

The girl was sent back to Racine in charge of the

conductor on the train and the police of that city were notified to meet her. On her arrival there she told the police that she didn't like it because she was not allowed to remain in Chicago and that she was fully able to take care of herself. She said she had come to America in the first place, leaving her father and mother back in Denmark, "just to see America."

Had Olga remained a day or two longer in Chicago at the place she was staying, which was filled with people of unsavoury reputation, there is little doubt but that she would have been procured for a disorderly house and would have gone as easily as she went with Miss Dedrick to the Pacific Garden Mission.

Flirting just for the fun of it, Lydia K—— became acquainted with a street car conductor as she was riding out to her home on the North Side of Chicago. This girl, who was less than eighteen years old, thought it was great fun to carry on a flirtation and so she rode on the car with the same conductor many times. He flattered her vanity and she became enamoured with the fellow and finally he took her out one night to a wine supper, got her under the influence of liquor, and then placed her in a disorderly resort in the South Side red light district.

When her daughter did not return home, Lydia's mother became greatly worried and went to Captain Kane of the Sheffield Avenue Police Station and secured his aid in hunting her daughter. Captain Kane suspected that the girl had been caught by a

pander and he made inquiries at the police stations located in the red light districts. Finally the girl was found in a house run by Frank Lewis and his wife, Regina Lewis, who were tried along with the street car conductor at the Harrison Street Court. They were charged with "harbouring a girl under the age of eighteen for immoral purposes," and the conductor was charged with "contributing to her delinquency." The conductor turned State's evidence and testified against the Lewises and they were held to the grand jury. The girl was returned to her home where she could be looked after by her mother.

In February, 1908, one hundred girls, nearly all of them under twenty years of age, were arrested in a series of raids in the tough districts of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The police of that city discovered that many of them were employed in restaurants, shops and department stores.

Promises of good times and fine clothing had been made to them by women engaged in the white slave traffic.

Chief of Police McQuaide appealed to the city's charitable institutions to care for the girls. He said that most of them were so young that there was still hope for their reformation.

One of the drill rooms at the Central Station was converted into a dining-room, and there the girls were fed. Another room was turned into a sitting-room and a third into a dormitory. The chief sent the following notice to charitable organizations :

“Now is the time for philanthropic institutions and charitably disposed women to come forward and show their sincerity in stamping out vice. A helping hand and respectable shelter will do more towards the moral uplifting of this city than anything else. We ask all persons to volunteer their help.”

There are advertisements in the papers almost constantly inquiring for daughters who have disappeared. Fearing that their daughters, after disappearing from Galesburg, Illinois, had been sold into vice slavery, two mothers not only advertised but also journeyed to Chicago, February 11, 1908, to make a personal search for the missing girls.

The parents of the girls said that their daughters disappeared in January after being seen in the company of a man who was a stranger in Galesburg. One of the women learned that the girls had been brought to Chicago. Upon getting this information the two women immediately made preparation to follow the girls here.

While attending school in Galesburg the daughters were known as the most beautiful girls of the school. It was feared their beauty had attracted the attention of white slave agents who induced them by flattery to come to Chicago and then had sold them into immoral houses. Both of the girls were sixteen years old.

Search for her daughter that at first promised success ended when the mother of Clara F——, whose daughter had disappeared from Chicago, dis-

covered that the body of the girl had been buried in a St. Louis cemetery after death had ended the disgrace into which she had been forced.

The mother, whose daughter had been a victim of the vanity method employed by the panders, made a vow over her daughter's grave that she would devote her life to avenging the wrongs suffered by her girl and drag to justice those whom she charged were responsible for her fate. She saw her hopes partially realized when the grand jury returned indictments against Mary Engelsberg, alias Mary Schwartz, and Israel Zerber, alias Schwartz, on charges of abduction.

A white slave investigation, following the fifteen-year-old girl's death, led to the charge against these people.

When mother and daughter, left penniless and practically starving in a little Russian village by the death of the husband and father, came to America and found a home in the Chicago ghetto, Clara F——, then fourteen years old, was large for her age and remarkably beautiful. Her beauty was envied by her girl companions and she was much admired by young men.

Among the latter, according to the story told to the jurors, was Israel Zerber. He whispered words of flattery and adoration to the girl, and won the friendship of the struggling mother. Then it was charged he took the daughter to a St. Louis vice resort.

For months the heart-broken mother, not know-

ing where her girl had been taken, travelled about the country in search of her child. Finally she obtained trace of the girl in St. Louis.

Confident of seeing her daughter again, she went there only to find in the end disappointment. She discovered that her daughter had died. Bit by bit she secured the required evidence, returned to Chicago, and aided by Miss Minnie Lowe and Miss Minnie Jacobs of the Bureau of Personal Service, wove a net about the accused man and woman and caused them to be indicted.

A story of a flirtation, misplaced confidence, and a dinner with wine and song was told in court by Anna H—— :

“I came to Chicago from Pittsburg, expecting to have a position in a department store. On the day of my arrival I met a man who told me that he knew the proprietor of the store where I expected to find work. He invited me to dine with him that evening and I accepted. I drank a glass or two of wine. Later he proposed an automobile ride. The next thing I knew I was in a house on Armour Avenue. They gave me some short dresses and took away my street clothes. When I appealed to the madam to let me go, she said I owed her two hundred and fifty dollars and refused even to let me communicate with my friends. I was forced to stay in this house because they said they would beat me if I tried to get away. I would be in the place yet but for an older girl, who has been there some time, lent me some street clothes



and I was able to run away. If I can get back to my family in Pittsburg, I will stay there."

When this girl escaped from the resort she appeared at the police station thinly dressed, in the clothes she had borrowed, and appealed to the police to help her recover her clothing and jewelry from the keeper of the place. An investigation was made immediately and the madam was arrested and convicted.

Dr. Caroline Hedger of the University of Chicago Settlement once told the story of two girls who were also won by desire for good times and wine dinners.

"I know of a girl now in the school for girls in Geneva, Illinois, who was lured into a disorderly place by a man and sold to the proprietor there for twenty-five dollars," said Dr. Hedger.

"This man visited the waiting-rooms of big stores and in this way got acquainted with the girl. She went to a 'dinner party' with the man, in whom she had placed confidence, but she did not escape from the place in which he left her for five days."

She told another case of how a New York woman went to work in a large mail order house and lured several employees to dens of shame. She took a young country girl, who had recently come to the city and had obtained work in the same place, out for a night of revelry with men. The girl, upon finding herself in a resort, escaped, and Dr. Hedger and others protected her until they got her back to her country home.

The testimony which was given in the trial of John A. Castel and Thomas Harris, who pleaded guilty and were sentenced to a year each in the house of correction for luring Mary K——, a girl of sixteen years, into a life of vice, tells another tale of going to dinner with strangers.

“They told me they would give me a nice dinner,” sobbed the white-faced, big-eyed girl, “and that I could have some good things to eat, but they only gave me a mite to eat and kept me locked up for three months,” she said.

She told also of tortures which had been inflicted upon her, and when she finished her testimony she fell fainting, almost in front of the desk where Judge Himes sat.

A similar case which was brought to the attention of the courts was that of Andrew Dupiquer. It was before Judge Torrison, at the Chicago Avenue Court on February 17, 1908, that this man was arraigned on a charge by the parents of Johanna S——, fourteen years old, and Josie S——, fifteen years old, for luring these girls into lives of shame.

The evidence was conclusive that Dupiquer had flirted with girls and invited them to a restaurant for the sole purpose of making them white slaves. The defendant asked for time to prepare a defense and the case was continued until the next day. Dupiquer in the meantime asked permission to go to the scene of his offense.

“I want to get some clothes in the closet,” he said.

Detective Eugene Hezner, who accompanied him, watched his prisoner closely as he opened the door leading off the room where the girls had been held prisoners.

In a moment there was a convulsive struggle. The man fell to the floor, a stream of blood oozing from his throat. Detective Hezner rushed to the man and lifted him to a sitting posture. His head was all but severed from his body.

"My picture will never be in the Rogues' Gallery," he gasped in defiance as he fell back dead.

Such was the tragic ending of a slave trafficker who chose death rather than a prison cell.

This same day three young girls, who were found in a place on West Randolph Street, were rescued from a life which they said was worse than death. The girls were Veronica W——, thirteen years old; Rose M——, fourteen years old; and Celia V——, sixteen years old.

Two weeks before this, the latter two girls had disappeared from their homes. Police had searched for them without success. They had become acquainted with the young men, who lured them, at a five cent theatre on Milwaukee Avenue and had been persuaded to accompany the men on a trip down-town to get some chop suey at a restaurant. Their journey ended at the West Randolph Street house.

In a room at the West Chicago Avenue Police Station the youngest girl, while weeping, told her experiences.

“Oh, it was horrible,” she said. “I was enticed into the house by a man named Lawrence. I thought I was going into a nice house. When I tried to leave they barred the door and threatened me. I met the two other girls there and they told me they also had been fooled into the place. They were afraid. Celia told me she had been there for five days.

“We were not allowed to get out. We were always accompanied by the woman. I had been there only two nights when I hid in a room in which the telephone was kept. While the others were in front I called up friends of my mother’s and told them where I was. Then the police came.”

“A veritable clearing house in the white slave line,” said one of the detectives, who descended upon the resort where the girls were found.

It was New Year’s Eve as the year 1908 was dawning when another girl, Elsie N——, disappeared from her home. She had gone down-town for the big celebration.

“Here’s where you get the horns and the rattlers,” shouted the street fakirs, amid the din and the tumult and the joyous shouts of those who were passing up and down the principal thoroughfares of the city. People, carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion, were jamming and crowding their way through the streets. The surging multitude was hilariously extending the happy new year tidings at random. Girls and boys, men and women

were hoarsely yelling, "Happy New Year," to every passer-by. The air was filled with confetti, which hoodlums were throwing in the faces of women and stuffing down the necks and under the coat collars of the girls. As the night wore on the merriment became more intense, and as the bells and whistles welcomed the new year, the screaming and the shrieking became almost deafening.

The new year had come and with it drunken boys and girls were reeling their way down the streets, going somewhere, some place. The joyous shouts had turned to curses, and the merry greetings into coarse and vulgar epithets.

Like many other girls that night, Elsie N——, enchanted by the brilliant lights of the streets, exhilarated by the enthusiasm of the hour, was swept along in the great throng, and stopping now and then in some café to drink a toast to the new year, she had become dazed and dizzy and almost before she realized it she had become indeed a slave.

So completely had she vanished from the scenes of her usual haunts that no trace of her could be found by those who had gone out from her home to search for her.

It was not until Annie Z——, who was employed in the same factory where Elsie had worked, also disappeared with strangers that Elsie was found hidden in the meshes of the vice districts, at the same place to which Annie Z—— had been taken.

In tracing the methods to show how white slaves

are won by panders it is significant to note the changes in customs as cities grow larger and more complex.

The cases just mentioned could be supplemented by scores of others to illustrate the intricate problems the girls of to-day have to face.

I could tell of Lawrence DeMas who on October 30, 1909, was sentenced to nine months in the house of correction and fined three hundred dollars and costs for luring Lillian B—— to a house of ill repute.

Further, I could tell of Thomas England, Jr., and John Paul, who were each sentenced by Judge Hugh R. Stewart, November 16, 1909, to one year, and fined six hundred dollars.

There were also Richard Dorsey and Andrew Sietke, alias Andy Ryan, who were each found guilty by Judge Newcomer, January 8, 1910, and given prison sentences and fines.

These pandering cases, and many more, bring out clearly that the cities are indeed great melting pots where foreign girls are cast in the crucible to be made Americans, and where the country girls are being transformed into city girls. Most of them want to imitate elegantly dressed women whom they see on the streets. Most of them, too, crave companionship, gaiety and pleasure.

Unfortunate indeed is it that in seeking all these things they flirt to acquire companions, and they go to restaurants where there are no scruples about serving liquor to girls of any age.

With new customs developing girls are constantly in greater danger.

Not so very long since girls entertained their young men friends at home dinners. After the theatre a light supper was served in the home. But now the men take the girls to dinner; after the theatre they adjourn to a restaurant where an orchestra is playing and often singers and vaudeville artists are entertaining. Customs have changed and it's a gay life we find in the new order of things.

The girls are not to be blamed either, for many of them toil from early morning until late at night. Tired out, they go home to a little hall room and a meagre meal. Strange indeed would it be if they did not seek something different. They crave amusement, they must have it, and we cannot deny them that right.

The solution of the problem is found in the public amusement halls, social settlement houses, public club houses, and public amusement parks properly conducted and watched over. In these places, under proper supervision, good, wholesome acquaintances can be made, the desire for pleasure can be appeased, and good meals can be had at a very reasonable price.

The panders will not dare to go there, and the methods by which they win girls will thereby be frustrated.

## VIII

### THE WAY TO SLAVERY

**F**ROM the foregoing chapters it will be seen that white slavery is the procuring, either with or without their consent, of girls and women for immoral houses and for lives of shame and detaining them against their wills until they become so accustomed and hardened to lives of vice that they do not care to leave, become diseased, or too ashamed to face decent people again.

The way to this slavery is varied, but perhaps more girls, craving amusement and fun, have travelled to their ruin over the smooth, glistening floors of innocent looking public dance halls, than in any other way. Not that the dances in themselves are so bad, but the surroundings are bad. The beautiful, graceful dance is not in vogue there, but the bawdy sham, trying in its limp, lame fashion, to mimic society and the good, wholesome, refreshing merrymaking of a refined social evening.

The dance hall, with the saloon or bar in connection or adjacent, is the curse of the present century. Young people, mellowed by liquor, who cannot still the inflamed and overheated passion, go from the brilliantly lighted halls out into the darkness of the night.

In such places the pander finds every means of



misleading an unguarded girl. Such a girl was Annie W——, who was lured to a house on Armour Avenue from a dance by John Pitt, whom she had met there.

On the trial, which was conducted before Judge Fake, this nineteen-year-old girl said that after Pitt inveigled her into a vice resort she was not allowed to leave the place. She told that she was beaten and whipped several times for trying to escape; however, she finally eluded her captors after being kept in servitude three months.

“In all the time I was a prisoner,” she testified, “I received not more than two or three dollars. At one time I was in debt sixty-seven dollars and at another ninety dollars. I know three or four girls, where it was the same way. They were put there in debt and the girls didn’t know anything about it. The only explanation was that the fellows who put us there had borrowed money in our names.”

In deciding this case Judge Fake said :

“Pitt, I am going to give you a lesson which I hope you will remember a long time. I cannot say that you are any better or any worse than any other men who are engaged in this same debasing business, but there are not extenuating circumstances for any of you.”

He was found guilty upon two charges and fined four hundred dollars.

How many young folk, innocent enough that night, like Annie W——, were floating easily

down the bubbling, laughing stream, perhaps to be engulfed soon in the waves of sin, shame and dishonour? If those jingling old public dance hall tunes could speak, they would give the answer; they would tell how many sweet lives they have charmed into misery and trouble.

In the autumn months another girl, Myrtle B——, became acquainted with a young man in Chicago in a dance hall. He told her of the beautiful clothes and jewels she could have if she would go away with him. She ran away from the city with this young man and for months nothing was heard of her. Her heart-broken mother advertised in newspapers, pleading with her to return. Circulars were sent broadcast in the United States to police officials in the hope that Myrtle might be found. After a search of eight months it was ascertained that the young daughter was in a resort in Sioux City, Iowa, and Mrs. B——, accompanied by a Chicago attorney, went there and rescued her daughter.

Upon going into the house the mother, white with rage, sprang upon Cora ——, the proprietress of the resort, but was caught and held back by the attorney. Then the mother, who had been brave throughout all the months of her search, exhausted and worn out, broke down and had to be assisted to a hotel.

The mother's attorney said after returning to Chicago that the girl had been found after she had written a letter home and in some way managed to

get it mailed. In this letter she stated that she was being held as a prisoner in the resort, that her clothing was locked up and that she was not allowed to leave the place without a guard. Proceedings, both civil and criminal, were begun against the resort keeper, but it was too late to catch the pander who had taken her there.

Like the dance hall, the summer excursion boat attracts many young people, and there, too, mingling in the crowd, is the pander.

The most astounding disclosure regarding this way to slavery came with the arrest of Leona Garrity and Bessie Lee. It reveals the story of a woman, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

A girl of sixteen, by the name of Belle W——, was enjoying a trip on an excursion boat one day, when Bessie Lee, who was sitting by her, engaged the girl in conversation. Soon the acquaintance ripened into friendship and Bessie Lee, the wily procuress, told Belle that she would take her to see her beautiful home, but when the girl arrived in the home, she found herself a captive in a clearing house of vice, conducted by Leona Garrity.

Belle W—— was found after a long search. It was then learned that Leona Garrity, of the red light district, was none other than Mrs. Lemuel Schlotter, of Glencoe, a fashionable suburb of Chicago, where she lived in luxury.

This woman presented a pitiable and almost pathetic appearance in the criminal court one morning, not long after Belle W—— was dis-

covered in the vice resort. Hers was not a vicious face. Her eyes were large and they looked at one openly and almost frankly. In a public place she would be taken for a quiet matron, with love for her neighbours and scorn for acts that were immoral. She was dressed in a tailor-made suit of blue; her hat was modestly trimmed. No one would take her for an outcast who buys and sells girls. Bessie Lee, who sat beside her, looked the part of a procuress. She was thin lipped, cold featured, with a complexion the colour of a faded straw hat, and eyes that were black enough to spot the wings of a crow. She flashed them too as she almost couched in the big armchair given her by the bailiff. In her countenance was written the story of days spent in sorrow and nights in utter shame.

During the trial a circumstance occurred which shows the extreme measures that those engaged in the white slave traffic will adopt to prevent their fellow members in this intricate system of crime from being caught in the toils of the law. At noon, during the first day of the trial, Belle W—— went to one of the State Street stores and, becoming separated from her companion in the great throng which crowds the stores at noontime, she was caught by the arm and addressed by a young man who said he was from the State's Attorney's office, and that she was wanted over there at once. Knowing that the State's Attorney was prosecuting her captors, she went with him.

Using her own language :

“He took me by the arm and tried to force me to go with him. Once on the street he attempted to shove me into a saloon just as we were passing it, saying that I looked weary and needed a drink of whiskey. I knew then that he was not from the State’s Attorney’s office, and broke away from him. I went back to the store and tried to find the lady I was with, and when I could not find her I walked to Forty-first Street, not having car fare. I went to the home of a friend and borrowed money to get home with.”

When the police heard that she was missing, a “hurry up call” was sent to all the police districts, and late in the evening she was found at her home in the arms of her mother.

This case, like most of the white slave cases that we have had, was bitterly fought with able and experienced lawyers representing the defendant. Like many of the other cases too, it brought forth the story of gaining a girl’s confidence by deceit, luring her to a disreputable house by false pretenses, and keeping her there by force. In brief, this is the story of the trial.

The girl had made her accusations and told of her sad experiences while in captivity, and the defendants had made their denial and told the usual story that the girl had come there of her own free will, and the jury, after listening to the testimony, scrutinizing the faces and observing the demeanour of the witnesses, went to the jury room and re-

turned later with a verdict, finding Leona Garrity, alias Mrs. Lemuel Schlotter, and Bessie Lee, guilty of harbouring a girl under age in a disreputable house. The verdict carried with it from one to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

While the experiences of Belle W—— illustrate that panders procure girls from excursion boats, the story told in the summer of 1909 by two sixteen-year-old girls shows another way to slavery.

On the fourth day of July, when the people were celebrating the birth of independence and liberty in our country, May, one of the girls, was visiting Forest Park, one of Chicago's amusement places. During the evening she met Jacob Jacobson, a young man who later asked to escort her home. As he left her that night, she invited him to call again. He did so two or three days later, bringing with him another young man, Louis Brodsky. The boys suggested that May get another girl and they would all take a walk in Garfield Park. May called on Adele, a girl of her own age in the neighbourhood, and the four spent the evening in the park.

The boys, who were panders and adept at the business, soon succeeded in making the girls believe that they were in love with them. The girls were charmed at the thought of love at first sight, and were fairly dazzled by the pictures the boys painted to them of their homes in New York City where they said their parents lived. Before the evening was over they had all planned to elope together,

the boys promising to marry the girls and take them to New York, where they said the girls could live in fine homes and wear elegant clothes.

The next morning they met, as was agreed, but instead of going to the marriage license office, the boys took the girls for a trip to Dunning, one of the suburbs about twelve miles from the centre of the city, where the County Insane Institution and Poor Houses are located.

The gates to this place being closed to visitors that day, they roamed around until the latter part of the afternoon, when they went to the offices of the company where one of the girls had been employed and she drew out the wages that were due her and turned the money over to the boys. They then went to a down-town restaurant, and while there Brodsky excused himself, leaving Jacobson to guard the girls. Going to a drug store he called up Abe Weinstein in South Chicago on the telephone, and told him that they had the two girls which he had told him about over the telephone the night before.

"They are good lookers," said Brodsky, "and we'll soon be out with them; meet us at the depot."

Weinstein replied, "Bring them out right away and don't let them get away from you."

The boys then took the girls to the Illinois Central Station at Randolph Street and went out on the train to South Chicago. On the way out the boys told the girls that they were on their way to New York City, but were going to stop off at South

Chicago and meet some friends and bid them good-bye.

According to the arrangement made over the telephone, Abe Weinstein and Jennie Sandusky were at the station to meet them, and the girls were told to go with the Sandusky woman and the boys would be around a little later. This they did, and before they knew it they found themselves captives in an immoral house on The Strand. Two days later, however, the girls were found, rescued and restored to their parents and the slave traders and their agents were arrested.

The last week in July, Jacob Jacobson was tried in the criminal court building and found guilty.

The following week, on August fourth, Abe Weinstein was tried in Judge Walker's court. After other witnesses had testified, Louis Brodsky, who had previously made a confession, was called on behalf of the people and testified as follows :

"My name is Louis Brodsky, and I live at No. — York Street; I have been in jail over two weeks; about two months ago I first met Weinstein at Van Buren and State Streets, he being introduced to me by a fellow that I knew. Jacobson was with me at the time and we went with Weinstein that same day by the Illinois Central to South Chicago; Weinstein paid our fares and took us to No. — The Strand, where we stayed three or four hours and had supper with Weinstein. It was at that time that he asked us boys if we wouldn't like to make some money by getting girls



for him, and he mentioned the fact that there was no particular danger. In fact Weinstein said to us that if we could get him some girls that there would be no chance of us getting into any trouble, and that we would never regret it, because he said, 'I have got more influence around here than any one else. I am known all around on the West Side, the South Side and everywhere else.'

"After that he told us we could walk around the amusement resorts and parks and get acquainted with girls. He said if I got anybody to bring out there everything would be all safe, and he was well protected, and to go ahead and call him up by 'phone if I heard anything; he wanted girls and told us he was very short of girls and that he did not have enough at that time.

"After this conversation Jacobson left with me and we went back to the city. The next day I spoke with Weinstein over the 'phone, and he says if you get any one, either bring the parties out to me and 'phone from the depot, or let Jacobson bring them out and he would see that somebody was there to meet them.

"Yes, I know Dolly —— (Adele) and May ——. I first saw them about three weeks ago. Jacob Jacobson was with me and we took a walk around the park and talked to the girls. After we took the girls home I called up Weinstein over the telephone and told him about the girls. He said it was all well and fine and to 'phone him again the next day and he would tell me exactly how to get

out there with them. The next day we met the girls, and towards evening I telephoned to Weinstein and told him we were on our way with the girls, and he says, 'I expected you a couple of hours earlier, but it is all right, bring them right out. I, or somebody else, will be at the depot waiting for you.' We took the girls out there on the train and when we got to the depot in South Chicago we sat around about five minutes, when Weinstein and Mrs. Sandusky came in and talked to the girls three or four minutes and then we departed. We did not go with the girls from the station; Weinstein told us to come back later. About an hour or so after that we went to Weinstein's place on The Strand and saw the girls at his place. After we had a couple of drinks, he said, 'Don't worry about anything for everything will be all right, at least I hope it will, as I never had no trouble before and there will be no trouble now.'

"When I met Weinstein first I was looking for a position, but after that I did no work.

"Nothing has been said to me about my going free for my testimony. I know I am guilty, partly. My lawyer told me to make a clean breast and tell the truth about the whole story; he told me I am bound to get a sentence, but I haven't the least idea what the punishment is. On his advice I have taken the witness stand."

Following Brodsky the next witness called to the stand was Adele.

"I am sixteen years old," she said. "May, Brod-

sky, Jacobson and myself went on the Illinois Central train and the boys took us off the train at South Chicago. About five minutes after we got off the car I saw Weinstein for the first time at the station, and Louis Brodsky introduced him. May and I went to No. — The Strand with Miss Jennie. I don't know where Weinstein went. However, I saw him later the same day at this place on The Strand. Weinstein asked me where I was from and what my name was. He bought me some underwear, some face powder, some soap and other things. They kept me there until the police came and took me away.

“Louis Brodsky was the first one to speak to me about leaving my home and told me that he would take me to New York and I would have fine clothes. When they took May some place else she and Brodsky got arrested, and she told them where I was, and then the police came and got me out.”

May was the next witness. She told about meeting Jacob Jacobson at Forest Park and about his coming out to her home several days later when Brodsky was with him, and about the walk in the park, and about the promises that were then made.

She said that they had kept her at this house on The Strand only one day and then had taken her down-town to another house.

“Weinstein wanted to take me down-town to some house,” she said, “and I would not go. I told him I wanted to go home, but they took me just the same.”

Abe Weinstein was found guilty and Louis Brodsky entered a plea of guilty.

It may seem strange that girls can be led astray so easily ; that they will fall in love at first sight and go so unhesitatingly and confidingly with almost utter strangers, but truth is stranger than fiction. And while we may not sympathize altogether with these girls, believing that they were perhaps partly responsible for their own downfall, we cannot help but realize the terrible traffic which the stories of these cases reveal. They reveal the systematic intrigues of the procurers to make good girls bad and bad girls worse.

It seems that this system is about as vicious and dangerous to society, when men and women plot and plan to make bad girls or wayward girls more degraded, as it is to procure innocent girls for lives of shame.

It is undoubtedly true that in many cases the girls have a restless desire to pull aside the curtain and peep into the labyrinths of sin before they are led into them by the panders. It is equally true, however, that many good and innocent girls seeking legitimate amusement and fun become victims of procurers.

It has been interesting to watch girls who have been procured and rescued and to learn that they lead honest and wholesome lives. This is evidenced by this note which I received last Christmas, accompanying a holiday gift :

“MR. ROE :

“Only this token can express my gratitude, a letter never would, as words are expressionless. I am working and doing only as I should. Therefore feel as though I am worthy of only kindly thoughts, and entertain only such for you.

“Sincerely,

“ADELE.”

This and many other tokens and letters of gratitude which have been received by me show that the work which has been done for more than three years in rescuing the helpless is indeed appreciated.

## IX

### SUPPLYING THE DEMAND

**A**LL inmates of disorderly houses are not slaves and all of them are not procured by panders. The question is naturally asked, How many voluntarily go into such houses? The answer to this question gives the very reason why a traffic in girls exists. The proportion of those who lead lives of shame voluntarily, differs in various communities, but it is safe to say that in no American city are all the inmates in houses of vice there of their own volition. Figures and estimates regarding this phase of the vice question are as a rule illusive and conjectural.

The supply for immoral houses, of girls who enter such places of their own free will, by no means equals the demand. But for this difference pandering, procuring white slaves, would never have existed.

The fact that the average life of fallen women is exceedingly short is a great element in the demand for girls. It is not the purpose here, however, to detail the horrors and the dread diseases which make their lives short. They go as they come, secretly and without notice. Very seldom the public hears of the deaths of women of the under-

world, but they are dying by the scores in the hospitals and county wards every day.

The places of those who are gone must be filled. New girls are wanted; and the resort owners send out their procurers to exploit and recruit girls to meet the demand.

The demand is steadily increasing, and the cause is economic as well as social. The deferring of marriage, brought about by the increased cost of living and low salaries paid, has made the demand much greater. These economic and social causes operate as well to aid the panders in obtaining the new supply. The desire for finer clothes and better living, and the great increase in the number of girls earning a livelihood make many girls easy prey for the panders. Girls are recruited for this supply from factories, stores, offices, and even from homes, because they crave higher social position, which they think money will give them.

A case which illustrates how a mother sacrificed her daughter upon the altar of gold developed in the court room the day following the Christmas of 1908.

A young man was arrested for making an attack upon an old man and was charged with an assault with a deadly weapon; I walked into the court room on the twenty-sixth day of December to prosecute him upon this charge. I asked him why he had gone out to the home of this elderly man and made an assault with a revolver. He said:

“I went out there to get my girl.”

I then asked him what his girl's name was and then he became confused and mumbled some words that no one could understand.

Seeing at a glance that there was something wrong in this case, I sent for the girl and this story developed.

In the summer of 1907, a graphophone agent went to the home of Ely S—, who was employed by the Pere Marquette Railroad and lived in a humble house in Benton Harbor, Michigan. The agent saw there the pretty little blond daughter, only sixteen years old, whose name was Maggie.

The next day this graphophone agent went back to the house and this time he brought with him a young man, whom he introduced to Ely S—'s daughter as Frank Kelly. These two men told Maggie and her mother that they could secure a fine position for Maggie in Chicago. They said it was foolish for her to stay there in Benton Harbor when she could make so much more money in a larger city. The mother, thinking that it would perhaps be better for Maggie to have a better home and that their social position would be raised and that they could live better if Maggie went away and sent money home to them, gave her consent and bade her daughter Godspeed and allowed Maggie to be brought to Chicago by Frank Kelly. The girl came presumably to get work, but when she got here instead of getting work she was placed in an Italian resort of the lowest character on



South Clark Street, not far from the Harrison Street Police Station.

She then discovered to her amazement that Frank Kelly's real name was Alphonse Citro and that he was an Italian who had been in America only a few years. She had fallen into the hands of a pander who placed her in this house where the usual entrance was through a back alley. The place was frequented only by Italians, most of them labourers. She found herself surrounded by twelve or fourteen scrawny, half-clad, miserable girls, part of them Italians and part Americans. Here Maggie was kept until the following summer, the summer of 1908. Citro, the pander, had sold her there and he came often to collect money from the proprietor of the place, which was charged against her under the old debt system, so long in vogue, and also to see that she did not get away.

The girl's father in some way obtained information that she was in this resort. Citro learned that the father had come to Chicago in search of his daughter. He took the girl out of the resort, and in order to circumvent the law then existing in Illinois, which protected only unmarried females, he married her legally, under the name of Frank Kelly, and took her to Gary, Indiana. When the girl's father reached the Chicago resort, he was told that his daughter had just left. After hunting her for several days, he went home heart-broken, giving up the hunt. Citro kept the girl in Gary two months and then brought her back

and put her into the same Italian house of ill repute.

Here she was kept until the following winter when she finally escaped from the house on the twenty-first of December, ran to a near-by barber shop and asked for protection. One of the barbers took pity upon her; invited her out to his own home and put her under the care of his mother and father, until a way could be found to send her to her own home safely. Citro, learning that she had gone to this barber shop and ascertaining that one of the barbers had taken her to his home, went out there after her. He went to the door and knocked and, when the father of the barber opened the door, Citro demanded that the girl be turned over to him, saying in the words of the testimony, "I am losing money every day that she is gone." The old father refused to give her up and then Citro drew a revolver and tried to intimidate and brow-beat him. A daughter in the house called for help and soon several people gathered around and a scuffle ensued. Citro got the worst of it, and, becoming frightened, ran down the street and threw his revolver away as he ran. He was caught by a negro who held him until officer John C. Kaliher arrived on the scene and arrested him; thus on the day following Christmas he was brought before Judge Going for trial.

After I had heard this story from the lips of the girl who had been kept as a slave for a year and a half, I changed the charge against Citro to pandering.

ing. This was on Saturday and the following week he was tried upon that charge before a jury in Judge Going's court.

When a jury was secured, Maggie S—— told of her procurement, captivity and escape. Among the other witnesses who testified was Sam DeJohn, the barber who protected her after her escape.

Alphonse Citro was found guilty January 6, 1909, but, because the evidence was not considered sufficiently strong, he was granted a new trial. The following week he was tried again by another jury. At this trial several more witnesses were brought in to tell what they knew about the case.

One was Minnie Fox who said she managed a hotel on South State Street where Citro lived. She told that he loitered around the hotel oftentimes all day, and did not seem to be doing any work.

Another witness was Robert Leonard, a porter who worked in the house into which Maggie was sold. He told the character of the place, and also testified that he had seen Citro around there very often. "There were a lot of other panders hanging around there," he said, "and Citro knew them all well."

After Leonard had concluded his testimony Maggie's mother and father went on the witness stand.

When all the witnesses had finished giving their testimony and I was addressing the jury, I saw one of the saddest sights I have ever beheld in the court room. I heard some one moaning and I turned from the jury and looked over to where the

mother and father were sitting. There sat Ely S—— with his arm around the old mother, both of them weeping. The mother was clutching a little shawl that was folded across her breast, and sobbing as though her heart would break. Perhaps she was thinking of the day that she had allowed Maggie to leave home with a stranger in order that she might have more money. That mother had certainly sacrificed her daughter upon an altar of gold.

Citro was again found guilty and sentenced under the pandering law.

Battista Pizzi, the owner of the resort for which Maggie was procured, was indicted by the grand jury for harbouring a girl under the age of eighteen in an immoral house, but before he was arrested it was reported that he had fled to Italy. It was learned afterwards, however, that he had gone only to New York where he stayed for a while until he thought that the matter had blown over. He came back, was arrested and finally convicted by a jury in Judge Edwin K. Walker's court.

Only recently three more procurers giving the names of Frank Romano, Antonio Colafore and Clara Klein were convicted in Judge Fake's court, and were given the maximum sentence under the amended pandering law of one year in the house of correction and a fine of one thousand dollars and costs each, for selling a little girl by the name of Ethel A—— into the same resort. Since then this place has been closed by the police.

A woman by the name of Alice Alva was tried in Judge Fake's court for attempting to procure a young girl, a clerk in one of the large department stores. The woman, who was fine looking and well dressed, discovered that the girl was interested in music; and pretending to be attracted by her beauty, she told the girl that if she would come "home" with her, she would have an opportunity to hear and learn music. The woman promised her good company and fine clothes while the girl was acquiring a musical education, which she promised to give her, and the girl was finally induced to go with the woman.

The girl obtained permission to go home, and as she was leaving the store in company with this woman, the attention of one of the house detectives was attracted to the elegantly dressed woman, leading towards the entrance a young, poorly clad girl whom he recognized as an employee. He stopped them and engaged them in conversation, and upon learning the unusual story of a fairy godmother and a poor Cinderella, his suspicions were aroused.

Questioning the girl, he discovered that she knew nothing whatsoever of the woman and the woman finally admitted that she had deceived the girl in promising to give her a musical education. Thereupon the detective arrested the woman, Alice Alva, and later investigation showed that she was the agent of a vicious resort owner.

Another case which happened about the same time was that against George Simouese, a Greek candy

maker, who was caught after attempting to sell Daisy H—— to a resort keeper on The Strand in South Chicago.

The girl testified that she was formerly an inmate of a resort at Princeton, Illinois, but had left that place and had come to Chicago to earn an honest living. She was employed by Simouese to take charge of his candy store and had been working there about a week, when, she said, the Greek told her he knew a place where she could make more money than she was earning while working for him. He induced her to accompany him and the moment she entered the place she recognized that it was an immoral resort. While the Greek was bargaining with the resort owner for her sale she ran out and went up the street until she found an officer, and the officer went back and caught the Greek.

Judge Petit, in passing sentence upon the man, said that it made no difference whether the girl had been a former inmate of a house or not, as long as she wanted to reform and was willing to work for a living. The man was found guilty under the disorderly conduct act, which was the only charge which could be placed against him in those days, as she was not of previous chaste life and conversation.

“My only regret,” said the judge, “is that the maximum fine is too small in cases which deal with such snakes as you. I fine you two hundred dollars and costs.”

The story of another girl who sought to better

her position in life was that of Marie M——. She was marked for sale and lured by subterfuge to a resort on Wabash Avenue by alleged procurers. She was only a little girl, fifteen years old, who had been in America but a short time and could not speak English. Marie worked in a factory on the west side of Chicago and was going home from work one day when she was approached by a woman who spoke her mother tongue and promised her better employment.

“You work so hard, my dear, and get only a small amount each week,” said the stranger. “Come with me. I can give you pleasant employment and pay you twice as much.”

The girl refused the offer at first, and went home. The woman, Emma Mosel, alias Marie Smith, brazenly followed her to where she lived and there renewed her importunities. The girl at last yielded. She boarded a car with the woman and, knowing nothing of Chicago, except as it lay between her home and the factory, she walked unsuspectingly into the trap.

She was taken into a levee resort and when her companion escorted her into a room, where there were five men, rough of aspect and powerful of stature, they leaped at the victim and bore her into an inner room. The girl struggled violently and finally freed one arm. She drew her long hat pin from her hat and with it stabbed two of her captors, who released their hold sufficiently to permit her feet to reach the floor. She sprang towards the door.

The men followed. Again the girl faced them with the uplifted hat pin, and they stood back and cowered in fear. She sprang for the door and escaped, screaming.

Upon reaching the street she ran into a policeman and fell into his arms, but as she could speak no English he could not understand. Finally detectives were found who could speak her language and they hunted down the pandress, who was well known to the police, and also caught two of the men.

The resort where the girl was taken was closed, as it had long been one of the fester spots of Chicago.

Mrs. Mosel, after a preliminary hearing before Judge McKenzie Cleland, was held to the grand jury. While in the county jail pending action by the grand jury, she was discharged by Judge Kersten upon a writ of habeas corpus because of a flaw in the commitment papers, growing out of the careless manner in which the papers had been drawn up by a court clerk.

The error was declared to be fatal to the validity of the papers. The court sustained a contention of her attorney that the papers should specify the offense exactly, that no false pretense was alleged and that other important legal terms were omitted.

The hope of rearresting the Mosel woman sank hopelessly out of sight when it was discovered that the statutes provided a penalty of one thousand dollars for rearresting any person discharged on a writ of habeas corpus. The woman whose offense was particularly flagrant thus escaped punishment be-



cause it was impossible to cure the flaw carelessly made by a court clerk.

Another revolting instance, which revealed the horrors of this slave system, was brought to the attention of the court when Mrs. Stella Papa, a twenty-two-year-old white slave, swore that Dominick Papa, after marrying her, sold her to the proprietor of a disorderly house in the so-called "segregated district," compelling her to support him, beating her and taking the money which she earned from her.

This case was unique in that the woman assisted in the cross-examination of her husband. It was a laugh, meant to be scornful and to discredit the words of the pretty witness, that brought the avalanche of questions upon the head of her husband. The young wife was seated upon the witness stand and the question was asked:

"Why did you have your husband arrested?"

"Because he beat me," answered the girl.

"Why did he beat you?" queried the judge.

"Because I asked him for a dollar and a half."

As she said this, the husband, who was seated in the defendant's chair before the court, looked up at the court and laughed.

The woman turned upon him with these words:

"Where did you get the money you had last night?"

"From you," came the faltering answer of the defendant.

"How much did you have in your pocket when I asked you for a dollar and a half?" cried the wife.

"I don't know," stammered the husband.

"Oh, yes, you do," and the woman looked as if she would like to leap at his throat. "You had fifty dollars. It was my money. You got it when you sent me to that house at — Armour Avenue. How long have you worked in the eleven months of our married life?"

"But —" began the husband.

"Don't say you couldn't get a job. You haven't done a day's work. You sold me and you lived on me. You promised to support me. Instead I have supported you."

"Enough," said the judge. "We must have order in the court room."

When the testimony was finished the judge who tried the case found the defendant guilty, after administering the severest rebuke probably ever heard in a Chicago court room.

These cases prove that the traffickers in girls have been clever. They have acquired a knowledge of the things which appeal strongly to young and impressionable girls. The desire of girls is to better their social condition, a wish which is laudable and honourable, and one which should not be discouraged for a moment.

Necessity often causes parents to encourage their daughters to seek employment, but the deplorable feature of this condition is that many girls are encouraged and even forced to go to work when it is really not necessary. They are allowed to leave home without any safeguard being placed around

them. The parents often do not take the trouble to inquire where the girls are going, or for whom they are going to work, or with whom they go away to get this work.

A careful survey of the situation throughout the United States reveals the same conditions. The number of girls in America who are procured because of these conditions is almost beyond belief.

When the girls are procured and placed in vice resorts they cannot leave. Their stories are about the same after they are made slaves. The hardening process during which they are held as slaves varies. It depends upon the girls and the circumstances of their procurement. Sometimes they become acclimated to their surroundings in a few weeks, and sometimes many months elapse before the owners become convinced that they can trust their victims.

As we have seen the panders frequent public dance halls, amusement parks, stores, factories, and other places visited by girls or where they are employed. If in their efforts to supply the demand the panders stopped there this traffic might be more easily checked, but they go further, and even devise various opportunities and schemes to enter our very homes. In fact no matter how, where, or in what manner girls are procured, the question of the traffic in girls goes right to the home, undermining the fairest heritage of life, and the very foundation of all government.

## X

### A NEW ENEMY

“**N**EAR-THEATRES” are those which to all apparent intents and purposes furnish only vulgar theatrical performances. They are a menace to society, however, in more ways than by furnishing to men and boys exhibitions of lust. There are hundreds of them in this country. Some are known as “concert halls,” and others parade under the name of “burlesque houses.”

To the casual observer who might chance to look in upon a performance at a “near-theatre,” the place would not present a different appearance from other theatres. If the visitor should chance to go into the balcony, however, he would find there boxes partitioned off, making complete rooms in themselves, where the occupants were quite secluded and alone. In each of these boxes would be a table, around which would be arranged half a dozen chairs or more. In the entrance to the boxes curtains would be hung which entirely cut off the view within to any person who might pass up or down the aisle which flanked the walls surrounding the entire balcony.

Upon request the usher would gladly show the

visitor to one of these boxes which happened to be vacant, and when the visitor was comfortably seated a waiter would appear and wiping off the table, would look inquiringly at the visitor, suggesting the question :

“What will you have to drink ?”

The order for the drink having been taken, the waiter and his ever-present tray would disappear from view, and a moment later a much powdered and painted lass, in a theatrical costume, perhaps with abbreviated skirts, would appear on the scene. As a rule she would pull aside the curtains gently and poke her bleached head into the box and pass some commonplace remark. Unless the girl were timid, which would hardly be the case except with a new girl, she would not even wait for an invitation, but would walk in boldly and plant herself down in a seat beside the visitor, shove her chair up as close as possible to his and whisper in his ear :

“I’m awful thirsty ; won’t you buy me a drink ?”

Scarcely would the words be uttered before the non-committal waiter would appear again, with the remark :

“Shall I bring in the drink, sir ?”

The order that the visitor had given was placed upon the table. The waiter, suspicious that a stray drop of liquor or a speck of dust had stealthily found its way to the top of the table would get busy with his towel again and proceed to polish the table so bright that the visitor might use it for a looking-glass. As the waiter did this, he

would look inquiringly at the visitor, suggesting the question :

“ What will the ‘ lady ’ have to drink ? ”

The “ lady ” would order the highest priced drink in the house and the waiter would return with it so quickly that the visitor well might surmise that he had only gone out in the hall and taken it from his pocket, or had produced it with a magic wand.

The visitor now glances for a second at the performance. Almost immediately he turns his attention once more to the “ fair one ” at his side. To his astonishment the drink has disappeared, almost as mysteriously as it had been produced ; and again he hears the refrain :

“ Buy me another drink, kid ? ”

If it happens that she had just taken part in one of the Egyptian dances, which are frequently given in this class of houses, she will doubtless be adorned with the thin, flimsy gauze drapery which hangs loosely over the skin-coloured tights, which we are told is indeed the costume that is worn in the part of the world where the desert of Sahara is located.

After a few more drinks and the girl has probably told the history of her life, which may or may not be fiction, and she has nestled closely to the visitor, she again whispers in his ear, and together they leave the box.

All concert halls and burlesque theatres are not like this one, but it was to such a place in Springfield, Illinois, that two girls were sent in December,

1907, with contracts from a theatrical agent in Chicago. They reached the former city just at dawn, found the theatre with difficulty, and on account of the earliness of the hour applied for a room at a rooming-house next door, conducted by a good Scotch lady, Mrs. Stratton.

She asked them where they had come from and what they intended to do.

They did not hesitate to tell her that they had come from Chicago, where they had been working in a department store, to go upon the stage. They were jubilant over the very idea of becoming actresses, and seemed to be fairly radiant with joy. They did not understand the Scotch lady's frown and worried expression as they told her with great enthusiasm of their hopes and aspirations for the career into which they thought they were about to be initiated.

Mrs. Stratton assigned them to a room and said that they had better go to bed and sleep for a while, and that she would awaken them about ten o'clock. The girls, worn out from their long, sleepless journey on a day coach, gladly acquiesced and went to bed.

Sad indeed was the Scotch woman who turned away from the door she had just closed upon those two happy, tired girls. Slowly she descended the stairs, wrapped in thought.

It was just two weeks and two days later when this same Scotch lady, Mrs. Stratton, was seated in the box-like witness stand, in the larger of the two

rooms at the Harrison Street Court in Chicago. Judge Wells, one of the judges of the Municipal Court, was listening to the proceedings.

As I turned to address her, Mrs. Stratton started to rise from the chair, and I said :

“Just remain seated, if you please, and state your name to the court.”

“My name is Isabelle Stratton. I live in Springfield, at — East Jefferson Street. I keep a rooming-house there and this has been my business since my husband was killed.

“I know the two complaining witnesses, Miss Ida P—— and Miss Evelyn K——, for they came to my house on the twenty-ninth of December. They came on the morning train and were there until New Year’s evening, when I sent them home and paid their way. They wanted to go home.”

Then I asked her the question :

“Do you know what these girls did there in Springfield ?”

“I am generally in the habit, if any young lady comes to my place, to ask them what their position is, so that I will get the right people in there. So I asked the girls what they were going to work at, which I thought was my duty.”

“I object to her thoughts,” shouted the counsel for the defendant.

“Yes, just tell what was said,” I remarked.

“They said Mr. Henderson sent them down from Chicago to go to McCann’s theatre,” continued the witness, “the ‘Big O’ or the ‘Olympic.’ I said to



them, 'Well, you can go, girls, but I advise you not to. You can suit yourselves.' And they reported at the theatre at half-past seven o'clock at night. I know that they went at half-past seven o'clock and they came in ——"

"I object," interposed the defendant's counsel.

"Did you watch them?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir, I did," was the response. "My house is right adjoining the theatre and I can see right in."

"Go ahead and state what you saw," I then said to her.

"Well, the girls went there, but they came back a little after eight and they were crying. They stopped in the hallway and I went out and asked them what was the trouble. They said, 'We have to sell drinks over there,' and they said they had never done that before and were not going to work at that now. They said that Mr. McCann, the owner, the head gazaboo, told them that.

"I said, 'Girls, don't you go.' They said, 'We have no money; what can we do?' Then I answered, 'You've got my room, haven't you, and you have my table, and I will see a way of getting you back to Chicago, but if you go in that theatre, that is the last of you; you are down and you will never be right again.' After I had advised them not to go, they said they were not going to go there to work and would go home. At quarter to nine they were in bed. At one o'clock in the morning a young man came to the front door and knocked. I went out and asked him what he wanted. He said

he wanted to see those two girls from Chicago. He said Mr. McCann had sent him over there with a note. I told him to give me the note and I would pass it to the girls, and then he said he didn't have any note. 'Mr. McCann said,' he says, 'for them to come over there at one o'clock in the morning.' I went and told the girls and they said they wouldn't go. They said they didn't want any more."

"What did they do the next day?" I then asked her.

"Well, on the thirtieth they went to the police station and the humane officer came to look after them and he came over to my house at eight o'clock at night. Except when the girls went to the police station they were in the house most of the day, and the only time they went out was to go down below to a fruit store to buy some bananas. They were home that evening and went to bed at nine o'clock.

"The next day they got up at eight o'clock or something like that and just sat in the parlour all day until they left for Chicago on the midnight train. A friend of mine went with them to the depot and saw them away on the train. During the day they left, the humane officer came to my house and said they told him over at the 'dump' that these girls were dope fiends, and he said to me, 'Mrs. Stratton, come up to the girls' room with me.' I said, 'All right,' and went up. He searched their valises and whatever they had, but there was nothing of the kind there, for I sat and watched him all the time.

“After that Mr. Golden, the chief of police, came to my house. He came up and talked to the girls and asked if the girls had used some kind of dope, and the girls said, ‘There has been one man here searching our things, and you can too.’ He said, ‘No, I want to do what is justice towards you girls and towards Mr. McCann,’ and he said, ‘if we find that you girls are all right, we are going to pay your way back to Chicago.’ Well, he was going to come back, but nobody came, and the girls got to crying, and I said, ‘Dry up your tears; I’ll find a way of getting you girls back home. If they don’t pay your way back home, I will do it;’ so I sent the girls home.”

“How near do you live to the ‘Big O’ did you say?” I inquired.

“There is a thin brick wall between us,” she answered. “We can hear them talking and singing and we can see into the top floor, where all the ‘monkey shines’ is. In the warm nights they have the windows pulled down and I looked in from my porch. Well, about maybe a quarter to three in the morning, they kept this ‘dump’ going until three o’clock in the morning that day, but they are getting better now. On that morning I seen young boys not more than eighteen or nineteen years old sitting on seats and all naked, and the girls in their laps, and I think it is a disgrace to humanity. Now, that is the kind of a ‘dump’ they run and this was why I was embittered against the girls’ going there.

"They were all drunk," she continued, "and I have seen them do things just as bad as they could."

"How often have you seen such actions as that?" I asked.

"Well, that is once and I never looked to see any more. I got enough. I got my eyes filled for being inquisitive."

I said to her:

"Now, was this room that you looked into right in the theatre?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "It is above the theatre, just like a big circle all the way back and little tables set, and the girls going around among the men and hugging the men and getting them to buy drinks. I had seen them several times before that, but this is once I have seen what I told you. I guess I have seen them not less than five times anyhow."

"Could you ever hear what they said when the windows were open?" she was asked.

"Yes, sir, I could hear the girls coax the men to buy drinks, and that is what I would call 'hustling for the drinks.' I have heard them swearing and calling the men pets. The girls were swearing too. One morning between two and three o'clock I woke up and heard a girl screaming. I thought at first somebody was fighting in my house. I couldn't tell where it was. I ran out on the back porch and there she was over in the 'Big O' and she was screaming, 'For God's sake, leave me go home!'

For God's sake, let me go home!' I hollered to them to leave the girl alone.

"At other times I could hear the girls singing, but I couldn't see the stage. I could just see in the part where they hustled drinks. They have rooms right there in the theatre where the girls go to."

Mr. David Ross, who had come up from Springfield in behalf of the Illinois Free Employment Bureau, which is a state institution, took the witness stand after the examination of Mrs. Stratton had been concluded. He was followed first by Mr. Charles Tinlin, of Riverton, Illinois, seven miles from Springfield, and then by Mr. E. B. Putnam. All of these gentlemen testified in no uncertain terms as to the unsavoury reputation of the Big O.

The next witnesses were Evelyn K—— and Ida P——. As their testimony was so nearly alike, I shall let Evelyn K——, who was the younger of the two girls, for she was only seventeen years old, relate their experiences in the theatrical world. Evelyn told that she had been working in the —— store, where she was selling dress linings. The day before Christmas, when the store was crowded, a woman came up to her counter and asked to see some goods.

"I showed her the goods," Evelyn testified, "and the woman asked if that would be enough for a stage costume. I said, 'I don't know.' She began to talk to me about going on the stage, and

asked whether I would like to go on the stage. She said I could make a whole lot more than working in the store. She told me I was too good looking to waste my time behind the counter and gave me a card with Mr. Henderson's name on it, with the address, — La Salle Street.

“That night Miss P—— and I got to talking about the stage and I showed her the card and told her what the woman had said to me. We were both working at the same store.

“The day after Christmas we made up our minds to go and see Mr. Henderson and we found him at the address given by the woman. When we got there we met some girl standing in the hall and she asked us what we were applying for. We said we wanted to go on the stage, and she says, ‘I will tell Mr. Henderson.’ I saw her go in and talk to Mr. Henderson and then she came out and said, ‘Girls, it is just the thing. You can go on the stage.’ Mr. Henderson came out then and we talked to him. Mr. Henderson said, ‘Sure, you can go on the stage.’ He says he would send us to Springfield. He told us to get our clothes ready and go the following Saturday. He said he would pay our way and would get our tickets from the theatre in Springfield and when we got out there he would advance our board and we would get twenty-five dollars a week.

“I cannot say whether we signed a contract that night or Saturday morning. When we got to Springfield Mr. McCann called our attention to

the part of the contract where it mentioned twenty per cent."

"Did you know anything about the twenty per cent. before you started?" I asked.

"No, sir. That was after we got to Springfield. We hadn't read our contracts carefully.

"Saturday morning, the morning we were to start, we went to Mr. Henderson's office and he said the tickets had not come up yet. He told us we would have to stay over Sunday and go the following Monday. We said we could not, that our board had run out. He said, 'I have a place in the —— Hotel, where I stay, and you can go there.' We did not want to go there. We said, 'No,' we wanted to leave Saturday night. Then he said, 'All right;' to go out and spend that afternoon and come back at four o'clock and the tickets would be up there then.

"We took a train that night, I think it was the 11:45 train, and got to Springfield at five o'clock the next morning. When we got there we saw Mrs. Stratton's place and went in and asked to rent a room. In the evening we went over to the theatre and Mr. McCann told us that the next day we should come to rehearsal. That was on Monday. We told him we were to have our board advanced us and Mr. McCann told us they had advanced our board there. He says, 'When girls come from Chicago they have to board at the theatre. If you want to work for me you will have to take a room here.' We says we will not room there. Then he

says to us, we were to be chorus girls and we were to sell drinks and we were to room over there, and then he explained about the twenty per cent. He says, 'When you girls are not on the stage you will have to hustle drinks and you get twenty per cent. on all the drinks you get the men to buy.'

"We went back to Mrs. Stratton's and started crying. We told her we did not want to work there and did not like the place. We told her we had to sell drinks over there. She said, 'Girls, don't go there because it's not a nice place.' We did not know how to get back to Chicago, and she said she would help us get back. So the next day she sent us to the chief of police and he came up to the house."

During the trial, which lasted several days, twenty-one witnesses beside Mr. Henderson were called by the defendant's lawyer in the endeavour to show that the Big O was a regular theatre and not a "near-theatre," or a cross between a theatre and a disreputable house, and also to establish the fact that William F. Henderson was a theatrical agent in good standing.

Among these witnesses were Cornelius J. McCann, one of the owners of the Big O. Many of the defendant's witnesses were theatrical people, most of them variety actors and actresses. Every one of them testified that they did not live in the theatre while they were acting there and usually remained only a week, giving some special act during the performance. But they also reluctantly



acknowledged upon cross-examination that the chorus girls lived at the Big O.

A typical cross-examination of these witnesses in this regard was that of Lillian Emmett McNeill.

"My specialty," she said, "is singing and dancing and I performed down in the Olympic Theatre in Springfield the third week in September last, and my engagement lasted a week. I lived about six blocks from the theatre."

The question was then asked by me :

"Were you informed by Mr. McCann that the actresses were living in the theatre?"

"No, sir."

"Did you associate or mingle with the chorus girls there?"

"No, I just saw them around, and they me."

"They lived in the theatre there, didn't they?" I asked.

"Some of them may, and some of them may not; I never was back in their rooms. I think they had rooms up-stairs, but I was never back there. I never was asked to go out and drink with the audience."

"The high class actresses would not live up there, would they?" she was asked.

"No, sir," she answered.

The evidence in this case was concluded on January twenty-eighth and William F. Henderson was held to the grand jury upon the charge of attempting to entice unmarried females of former chaste life and conversation to enter an immoral

house for immoral purposes, this being a preliminary hearing by the court.

Henderson was indicted by the grand jury, but the night before his case was to be tried in the criminal court, Ida P—— and Evelyn K—— mysteriously disappeared.

The Chicago Law and Order League had generously looked after the girls since their return to Chicago from Springfield. In fact, it was to this organization that the girls had first applied for help, and its officers had brought them to me. Mr. Arthur Burrage Farwell, of this organization, and Mr. William H. Cruden, of the Illinois Free Employment Bureau, volunteered to aid the girls until the case was called for trial. They had sent them to the home of Mrs. Lizzie Levy, who lived on Lill Street, to remain during the interval between the preliminary hearing and the trial in the criminal court. Two detectives from the assistant chief's office had been assigned to aid in securing evidence against Henderson and also to the duty of looking after the welfare of the two girls, who were the principal witnesses. These men had called almost daily at the Levy home and were convinced that the girls were comfortable there.

On the morning that Henderson's case was called for trial in the criminal court the detectives went to the Lill Street house to get the girls and take them to court. Upon arriving there, however, Mrs. Levy evidenced great nervousness and hesi-

tatingly told them that she thought the girls had been kidnapped. Mrs. Levy said that she had gone to bed as usual and the girls were sitting up, talking, and that to her great surprise in the morning they were nowhere to be found.

Telegrams were sent broadcast throughout the country and pictures of the girls were published in newspapers in many different cities.

The Henderson case was full enough of sensation, but the mysterious disappearance of these girls added the greatest sensation of all. The fact that the girls had disappeared the very night before the trial naturally caused the suspicion that some one connected with the case had taken them away. The fear was entertained that the girls had been dealt with foully. The newspapers gave such prominence to notices of their disappearance that the affair was discussed in all quarters of the country.

Mrs. Levy and others in her household were cited into court by the judge and closely questioned as to any knowledge of the girls' sudden departure, but everything had been covered up so well that nothing could be learned. Weeks and weeks passed and although detectives of various cities as well as the detectives of the Chicago Law and Order League followed up many clues they were unsuccessful in locating the girls.

One morning I was sitting in my office opening my mail when I came across a letter from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The letter was from a woman

and stated that she had seen articles in the newspapers about the disappearance of two girls who were wanted in Chicago as witnesses, and had seen the girls' pictures also in the papers, and that there were two strange girls in the house next door to where she lived who looked very much like these pictures. She believed they were being kept there.

I sent for Frank Hultz, one of the detectives for the Chicago Law and Order League, and in company with a representative of the Illinois Free Employment Bureau, he went to Milwaukee that evening to follow up the clue. They found the girls there and brought them back to Chicago.

When they arrived the next morning, the girls were brought directly to my office. It was ten weeks since they had disappeared. They then told me the story of how they were induced by deception to leave the city. They said that a man by the name of Herman Keller had come to Mrs. Levy's home several times while they were there and he seemed to be a friend of Mrs. Levy. The night that they were taken away the girls overheard Mrs. Levy and Keller making plans to take them out of town. Keller then told the girls that the trial had been put over several weeks, that he had secured an excellent place for them to work in another city and that they could come back any time and appear as witnesses at the trial. Mrs. Levy advised them that it would perhaps be the best thing for them to do, and as they were getting tired of living at Mrs. Levy's without working and

with many restraints upon their liberties, they hesitatingly accepted the proffered opportunity of obtaining employment.

They said they were suspicious that something was wrong, but they knew that the officers had great confidence in Mrs. Levy and since she had told them that this plan would be a good one for them, they reluctantly went away with Keller. A carriage was outside the door, waiting, and the half-persuaded and half-forced girls were pushed into the carriage, which took them to the station at two o'clock in the morning. There the girls said they saw Henderson lurking in the background. Keller got on the train with them and took them to Milwaukee. After they arrived in Milwaukee, Keller took them, as he said, to the home of a friend. The girls were kept in this house practically as prisoners.

Keller remained in Milwaukee a day or two and during this time he told the girls that if his advice was worth anything to them he would recommend that they stay in Milwaukee, because if they came back to Chicago to the trial they would be subjected to all sorts of insults. He gave them each a hundred dollars and told them that he would send them more money and later on would take them to New York City.

The girls said they were watched every minute so that they could not get word to Chicago.

It was not a surprise to us to learn that the girls implicated Mrs. Levy in the plot to spirit them.

away from Chicago. We had suspected her all the time. We had even sent a woman detective to her house to see whether she could not get some information from her, but she was not to be so easily trapped. We gathered some other facts which convinced us that several other people were in the ring of conspirators who planned this trick against the courts. Although there are lots of things which we may know, we cannot always prove them, and though we were convinced that certain others were implicated we could not gather direct evidence with which to prove their guilt.

Mrs. Levy and Herman Keller were both arrested for inducing the two girl witnesses against Henderson to leave the state and both were found guilty.<sup>1</sup>

In the face of all this, while Ida and Evelyn were in the Harrison Street Annex, the dormitory where girl witnesses are often kept while awaiting a trial, the friends of Henderson were bold enough to try to get the witnesses away from the control of the authorities and to prevent them if possible from testifying in court; a writ of habeas corpus was applied for, stating that the girls were being kept in the Annex against their will. When the girls were taken before the court they told the judge that they did not want to leave the Annex and were staying there of their own free will and accord.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lizzie Levy afterwards obtained a new trial. In March, 1910, her case finally came to trial again, and the judge, after hearing the testimony of the state's witnesses then available, discharged her.

The writ was, of course, denied and the girls were returned to the Annex, where they were safe from kidnapers.

Later on, when McCann and Henderson were tried for conspiracy to commit an act against public morals and to procure these girls for an immoral house, the court decided that it was without jurisdiction so far as McCann was concerned, because he had done nothing in Cook County to aid the conspiracy, and there was not sufficient evidence to show that Henderson knew that this place down in Springfield, to which he had sent the girls, was an immoral resort, and accordingly both these men escaped punishment.

The Illinois State Labour Commission, however, was not bound by any legal technicalities, and after a special hearing of the facts, revoked Henderson's license as a theatrical agent. He has never been allowed to conduct an agency since that time. About the first of November, 1909, Henderson made an heroic effort to regain his license and employed at least two attorneys to accomplish this result for him, but his petition was met by a stubborn resistance, and no license was granted.

This was the first case I had discovered in which a licensed employment agent had used his advantageous position to supply the vice markets with girls unacquainted with these resorts, but I saw that this might be an effective instrumentality for the pander, and knowing his cunning, I kept on the lookout for the new enemy.

In the following February, Rose DeS—— and Helen F—— applied to theatrical agent Harding for positions, and were sent by him to Bruder's "concert hall" on the west side of Chicago.

Upon finding this place to be a "near-theatre," where they were expected to "hustle drinks," they refused to stay. They slipped away, leaving part of their clothing there, and brought this affair to the attention of the proper authorities.

Two sixteen-year-old girls, Alice LaB—— and Olga R——, were a short time after this booked by John J. Deering, a licensed theatrical agent, and sent to a resort. It was found that false representations had been made to these young girls. This resulted in the revoking of the agent's license and he was fined fifty dollars and costs.

An employment agency, conducted by M. G. Enright and Margaret Hoen, an assistant in his office, sent Mary S——, a German girl, to one of the resorts in the underworld, for which they were both arrested. When the case came to trial, the defense was made that a young man, whose mother kept a hotel at Fox Lake, Illinois, had applied to the employment agency for a servant. The employment agent said that he knew the boy's mother and had supplied her with help for a long time, and when the young man, whom he knew, made a request for a servant girl, he did not distrust the motives, and gladly complied with his request.

Both Enright and the Hoen woman disclaimed any knowledge of the fact that the girl was to be taken



to an immoral house. The girl was taken by the young man to a resort in the levee district, where she, expecting honest employment, was forced into a life of shame. After the young man had placed her in the house he disappeared and was never heard of again. Because it was not clear as to whether or not the employment agency people had made arrangements with the resort owners directly, Enright was given a fine of only fifty dollars, and the woman employee, Margaret Hoen, who had transacted the business with the young man, was fined one hundred dollars, and sentenced to one day in jail.

Thus it came to the attention of the people that not only panders like William McNamara were parading in the guise of theatrical agents and managers, but actual agents having a license to supply theatrical companies with help, and licensed employment bureaus, were really a part of the vice traffic system.

## XI

### NEED OF NEW LAWS

**B**EGINNING early in the year 1907 girl traffic cases streamed constantly into the courts, and it was soon found that the laws of Illinois were inadequate to meet the situation. Under these archaic, moss-covered laws the dealers in girl slaves had grown rich and powerful. The laws were so full of loopholes, through which the slave traders crawled, that it became almost a farce to bring them into court and try them under the law for enticing females into immoral houses. They were even successful in eluding the vagrancy law. To make convictions sure, the only charge to place against them was for corrupting the public morals under the Disorderly Conduct Act, which carried with it a fine of not more than two hundred dollars as the highest penalty.

In order to supplant the state law, which the traders had ridiculed for so long, with a more modern law, it was necessary to prove to the people and the legislators the defects of the law as it then existed. Under the law as it stood there was a combination of facts which had to be perfect in order to secure a conviction. To prosecute the panders

successfully, the girls whom they procured had to be unmarried persons of previous chaste life, and they must have been procured by false pretenses and deception. If they were brought from another state, it was necessary also that the girls be under the age of eighteen, and if they were harboured in immoral houses they must be under the age of eighteen. The same conditions had to be met if the panders were charged with abduction or seduction.

Because married women could not testify against their husbands, and it was a crime to place unmarried women only, in houses of prostitution, the slave traders would have their "cadets" marry the girls. We have seen that Jack Daily got ten dollars for marrying Hazel, and that "Lefty" Johns married a girl in order to place her in a disorderly house. Another man was said to have married six girls, whom he afterwards forced into houses of ill repute.

Among other victims of the bigamous marriage system was Alta P——, who was rescued by Detectives Egan and Norton, just as she was ready to go to Indiana Harbor to be married to a pander. She was returned to her parents who lived at Bradley place.

Three other girls, Pearl C——, Rose M—— and Edith McL—— were not so fortunate. All three were married before they discovered their husband's purpose in marrying them. The last two were from Elgin, Illinois. Rose went home, while Edith was placed in the House of the Good Shepherd,

and her husband, who eluded the police, continued plying his trade of enticing other girls to a like fate.

Advantage was thus taken of the fact that under the law as it existed, those who procured or kept a married woman in an immoral resort, no matter what her age might be, could not be prosecuted by the state. Even a girl of fifteen could be married off to some pander for the sole purpose of being sold and kept in one of those places, where she was subjected to the most foul and nauseating practices, and no prosecution could be had.

The panders changed their names so frequently, and assumed so many aliases, and travelled about the country so much, that it was practically impossible to hunt them down and prosecute them for bigamy. In order to do this also, it would be necessary to have the first wife in court, and it would be like "hunting for a needle in a haystack" to attempt to find one of these girls to whom the pander had been married a year or so before. The girls, after they had been in the houses for a few months, were migratory and changed about often. Therefore it would be impossible in most instances to bring into court both the girl and the pander to prove former marriage and establish a case of bigamy.

Just because a girl had not been of chaste life, it did not necessarily follow that she wanted to sell her honour for money, and certainly was no justification for her sale by a pander into a disreputable house. One wrong step and she was no longer

chaste, and then, according to the law, she must shift for herself, because the law did not protect a girl who had made even one mistake, and the pander, who had taken advantage of this mistake and sold her into vice slavery, could not be prosecuted.

This was the main weapon used by the slave owners, who sought to have their agents blacken the character of the girls before they entered immoral houses so that they would not be of chaste life when they came into their dens and they could therefore evade the law. This was the reason, too, that the panders had "bachelor apartments" and flats to which they took the girls before selling them into immoral lives.

In order to prosecute the panders it was necessary that the words, "previous chaste life," be erased from the law, and all female persons, married or unmarried, whether under eighteen or over eighteen, could be protected from the slave traders.

Without the backing of the public, we were convinced that new laws could not be enacted. Public opinion had to be aroused if we expected severe penalties to be imposed or hoped to have more stringent laws passed. It seemed a farce to fine a pander a hundred or so dollars for the crime of selling the body of a human being to be tormented by sin and tortured by disease. And a fine, in most instances up to this time, had been the penalty imposed.

Beginning the year 1908 an investigation, headed

by Dean W. T. Sumner, of the Cathedral SS. Peter and Paul, was made of the conditions in the West Side levee district. There it was found that the panders had been exceedingly busy for some two years in the crowded Jewish district, which bordered on this levee, and that in that time the character of the West Side levee had undergone a great change. Heretofore there had been very few Jewesses in the immoral resorts of Chicago.

Such eminent jurists as Judge Julian W. Mack, Judge Philip Stein and Honourable Adolph Kraus, who had interested themselves in this matter especially because it had been charged that the men engaged in the business of supplying the West Side levee district with new girls were chiefly young Jews, joined in the view that the law must be changed.

"The only way to reach them (the panders)," said Judge Mack, "is to make their business a crime. The vagrancy law will not touch them. This is an evil which must be stamped out at once."

A public campaign to get people aroused to the situation was decided upon, and to this end I first turned to the churches for aid. Through the efforts of the Reverend M. P. Boynton, of the Woodlawn Baptist Church, and the Reverend Ernest A. Bell, a convention of ministers from all parts of the state of Illinois was arranged. Careful preparations were made for almost a month to make this meeting a success. Ministers, heads of churches of all faiths and creeds, were invited to be present.

February tenth, in the auditorium of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, over five hundred ministers were gathered. At this time I entertained the conviction that I must impress these good men with their responsibility for what Whittier calls the "deeds which well might shame extremest hell." I heaped upon the clergy on this occasion the charge that a traffic in women existed because of their idleness and apparent lack of interest. Confessions were read to them and specific instances were cited to illustrate how secretly and smoothly the traffic was carried on.

The startled ministers took their curtain lecture good-naturedly and when I asked all those to stand who would speak out boldly upon this subject to their congregations, nearly every person present stood up, and I then felt assured that this was the beginning of the great campaign to bring the girl slave traffic to the public notice.

A resolution was adopted at this meeting to form an organization for the purpose of combating the girl slave traders. Late in the afternoon of the same day this new organization, known as the Illinois Vigilance Association, came into being as the result of this resolution.

The chairman of the National Vigilance Committee, Dr. O. Edward Janney, was present when the new organization was formed.

At the first meeting of the Illinois Vigilance Association, held soon after this, a motion was made to appoint a legislative committee. After

this motion was carried, I suggested the name of Mr. Robert Catherwood as chairman of this committee. He was made chairman and Mr. Daniel Trude and I composed the other members.

It was known at this time that a bill, called the Juul Bill, designed for the purpose of punishing persons who place girls and women in disorderly resorts or use their influence to keep them there, had been presented to the legislature at Springfield. Even the people who had been instrumental in drafting this bill, however, were using their influence to have it side-tracked, because they realized that the law, as it had been amended, would be far worse than the old law then upon the statute books. It was for this reason that the Illinois Vigilance Association deemed it expedient at its first meeting to organize a legislative committee.

Action had to be taken quickly, as the "white slave" bill had been presented at the regular session of the legislature, which had then adjourned, and it was known that a special session of the legislature was to be called some time during the month of May. The legislative committee thus appointed by the Illinois Vigilance Association was expected to have its bill drafted in order that it might be considered at this special session.

The committee met a few days later and formulated plans for a campaign to secure new laws upon the subject. At this time it was decided to send out notices to all the large clubs and associations,



which might be interested in this subject, requesting them to appoint committees of from one to three members to represent their respective clubs upon a "joint club committee for the suppression of the white slave traffic."

The following responded to our invitation: The Union League Club, The Hamilton Club, City Club, Iroquois Club, Jefferson Club, Press Club, Quadrangle Club, B'nai B'rith, Chicago Law and Order League, Citizen's Association and the Illinois Vigilance Association.

At the first meeting of the joint club committee a subcommittee was appointed to draft a law to be submitted for discussion at a later meeting.

Prof. Ernst Freund of the University of Chicago, who represented the Quadrangle Club on the joint club committee, and Mr. Catherwood joined me in the preparation of the new law. The committee suggested a bill providing for punishment by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a period of not less than one nor more than ten years.

When the joint club committee met to discuss this proposed law, the committee representing the B'nai B'rith, who were not present at the first meeting of the joint club committee, informed us that they were responsible for the original of the Juul Bill, which Judge Mack had caused to be drawn up.

It was learned that this bill had passed through the second reading of the House of Representatives and had been referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Adolf Kraus explained the provisions of the Juul Bill, which he said could be called up for the third reading in the House, and while admitting some defects he urged its adoption until further legislation might be secured.

As the bill as presented had the good will and endorsement of Honourable Edward D. Shurtleff, Speaker of the House, it was decided by the joint committee to use this bill as a foundation for a new law, eliminating the objectionable amendments, which had been appended, reviving the original bill, with slight changes, and broadening its title. The committee recognized the defects of the bill, but on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, they decided to aid in its passage until they could present a substitute bill to the legislature the following year.

The question of the penalty to be included in the bill was discussed thoroughly by the joint committee. There were arguments in favour of the first conviction carrying with it a penitentiary sentence. Other members of the committee favoured a lighter sentence upon first conviction because they believed that sentences would be more readily obtained. It was also brought out that if the lighter sentence was imposed upon a first conviction the Municipal Courts would have final jurisdiction and a speedy trial would thereby be guaranteed, inasmuch as it would not be necessary to go before the grand jury, which met only at certain intervals, and obtain an indictment

before the case could be tried. In the Municipal Court the case could be tried upon an information, either by the State's Attorney or any citizen, filed in the court. After a lengthy discussion the joint club committee decided to recommend the lighter sentence upon first conviction.

It was then decided to send a committee, composed of Messrs. Adolf Kraus, Robert Catherwood, Philip Stein, Benjamin J. Samuels, and the Reverend William A. Waterman and the writer to Springfield to be present at the meeting of the special session.

Mr. Catherwood, who had been made secretary of the joint club committee, was appointed to prepare press notices and to enlist the aid of the newspapers in the passage of the bill. That night the committee left for Springfield and the next morning every Chicago paper appeared with strong editorials and articles supporting the bill.

The bill passed the House unanimously, one hundred and two members voting, May fifth, and the Senate sent it to the Governor by concurring in the amendments, and thus Illinois became the pioneer state to pass a pandering law, directed at the slave traffic in girls and women. The law became effective on July first.

Elated by the success which attended the passage of this bill, the joint club committee met and perfected a permanent organization.

Under the new law a great many of the panders refused to be tried by the judges and called for

jury trials and the cases were sent to the criminal court building. To follow up and try the jury cases I went to the criminal court, and the Honourable James P. Harrold, who had been prosecuting for the state at the East Chicago Avenue Municipal Court, was assigned by the Honourable John J. Healy, the State's Attorney, to the place I had left at the Harrison Street Court, inasmuch as he had prosecuted several panders and was thoroughly familiar with the work.

About the first of December the Honourable John E. W. Wayman became State's Attorney and under him I continued my activity against the girl slave procurers in the courts.

Before the next session of the legislature it was decided by the joint club committee that the bill, which Prof. Ernst Freund, Mr. Catherwood and I had drawn, should be appended to the act then in force, though not adopting the penitentiary sentence. As a supplement the Honourable Harry A. Parkin, of the United States District Attorney's office, had drawn up an act to prevent keeping girls in immoral houses under the "debt system."

Mr. Henry P. Heizer, who had been made a member of the joint club committee, and the writer were appointed to go to Springfield to assist in the passage of these laws, which were introduced by the Honourable Charles Lederer, a member of the House of Representatives. We went before the Judiciary Committee, and the laws were reported out to the

House favourably. They were passed by the legislature, and went into effect July 1, 1909.

The Illinois pandering law now reads as follows :

(1) "Any person who shall procure a female inmate for a house of prostitution or who, by promises, threats, violence, or by any device or scheme, shall cause, induce, persuade or encourage a female person to become an inmate of a house of prostitution, or shall procure a place as inmate in a house of prostitution for a female person, or any person who shall, by promises, threats, violence, or by any device or scheme, cause, induce, persuade or encourage an inmate of a house of prostitution to remain therein as such inmate, or any person who shall by fraud or artifice, or by duress of person or goods, or by abuse of any position of confidence or authority, procure any female person to become an inmate of a house of ill fame, or to enter any place in which prostitution is encouraged or allowed within this state, or to come into this state or to leave this state for the purpose of prostitution, or who shall procure any female person who has not previously practiced prostitution to become an inmate of a house of ill fame within this state, or to come into this state or to leave this state for the purpose of prostitution, or who shall receive or give, or agree to receive or give, any money or thing of value for procuring, or attempting to procure any female person to become an inmate of a house of ill fame within this state, or to come into this state, or to leave this state for the purpose of prostitution,

shall be guilty of pandering, and upon a first conviction for an offense under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail or house of correction for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year and by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars and not to exceed one thousand dollars, and for conviction for any subsequent offense under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a period of not less than one year nor more than ten years.

(2) "It shall not be a defense to a prosecution for any of the acts prohibited in the foregoing section that any part of such act or acts shall have been committed outside this state, and the offense shall in such case be deemed and alleged to have been committed and the offender tried and punished in any county in which the prostitution was intended to be practiced or in which the offense was consummated, or any overt act in furtherance of the offense shall have been committed.

(3) "Any such female person referred to in the foregoing section shall be a competent witness in any prosecution under this act to testify for or against the accused as to any transaction or as to any conversation with the accused or by him with another person or persons in her presence, notwithstanding her having married the accused before or after the violation of any of the provisions of this act, whether called as a witness during the existence of the marriage or after its dissolution.

(4) "The act or state of marriage shall not be a defense to any violation of this act."

The law relating to the retention by debt or otherwise of females in houses of prostitution is as follows:

"Whoever shall by any means keep, hold or detain against her will or restrain, any female person in a house of prostitution or other place where prostitution is practiced or allowed, or whoever shall, directly or indirectly, keep, hold, detain or restrain, or attempt to keep, hold, detain or restrain, in any house of prostitution or other place where prostitution is practiced or allowed, any female person, by any means, for the purpose of compelling such female persons directly or indirectly, to pay, liquidate, or cancel any debt, dues or obligations incurred or said to have been incurred by such female persons shall, upon conviction, for the first offense under this act be punished by imprisonment in the county jail or house of correction for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year, and by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars and not to exceed one thousand dollars, and upon a conviction for any subsequent offense under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for a period of not less than one year nor more than five years."

## XII

### THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY

**A** COMPLETE plan of publicity and education was mapped out and for months addresses were made throughout the country with this idea in view. For a long time I was convinced that the publication of cases and facts concerning the panders, instead of corrupting the morals of young people, would rather put them on their guard, and that when the girls of the land knew of the secret methods of the procurers they could not be so easily entrapped.

It was to this end that the convention of ministers was held, and the formation of the Illinois Vigilance Association was advised.

The newspapers were exceedingly generous and gave full space to pandering cases, to the things accomplished by the joint club committee, and all those actively engaged in combating the slave evil, and many editorials were written to arouse the public.

After the meeting of the ministers the subject was more publicly discussed than formerly.

There would have been little ground, however, for the continuation of the publications and the discussion of such matters if no results had been obtained,



aside from the publications and discussion. How many girls read the articles, notices of cases and editorials, or who heard sermons which the ministers had preached, and had been warned of the pitfalls which the panders prepared for unsuspecting girls, could never be known. Perhaps we might have been discouraged in this effort to make it less easy for panders to entrap girls into lives of vice had we not seen, occasionally at least, specific instances of the good results.

The large stores were infested with both men and women ever on the lookout for girl victims. These panders would sit around in the waiting or rest rooms of the stores, as did George Morton, who was arrested in the rest room of a State Street department store in May of 1908, while engaged in conversation with a well-dressed young girl about seventeen years old. The girl said that she had been shopping, and while going into the rest room, she was addressed by the young man, who had never known her before. He was suspected by the girl, who had read about the panders, of being connected with the traffic, and she had him arrested as he was leaving the store in her company.

The value of publicity was also clearly shown when a young man was caught in the act of attempting to procure a girl. Scarcely had he paid the penalty in one case than he was caught again plying his trade in girls. Raymond Kessler, fined upon the complaint of Mary K——, a pretty choir singer, a short time later was sentenced to serve two

months in the house of correction for making an assault on Louise S——, who said Kessler had sold her into a house on Armour Avenue.

Mary K—— told Judge Crowe, who tried the case, of her experiences, thus :

“ I had never seen the man before. I went to a music store to buy a song I needed. While I was buying the music the young woman waiting on me called my attention to a young man who was trying to flirt with me.

“ ‘ I don’t know this man,’ I said ; ‘ he must mistake me for some one else.’

“ When I left the store the man followed me and as I reached the street he took hold of my arm.

“ ‘ Hello, kid ! ’ he said ; ‘ it’s a long time since I met you.’

“ ‘ You are mistaken,’ I replied ; ‘ you do not know me.’

“ ‘ Oh, yes, I do,’ he insisted. ‘ I used to know you at Syracuse. What are you doing for a living now ? ’

“ I never had been in Syracuse, so I knew he must have some wrong purpose in talking to me, but I told him I was singing sacred music in churches.

“ ‘ How much do you get ? ’ he asked me.

“ I told him I averaged about twenty dollars a week.

“ ‘ Why,’ he said, ‘ you can beat that to death. I’ll show you how to make fifty dollars a week and not half try.’

“As I walked down the street he kept talking to me. I asked him where he wanted me to go, and he said, ‘Oh! I’ll get you a position singing out on the South Side.’

“I didn’t say anything more because I felt sure from the accounts I had read in the papers that he was a white slave procurer. Several times I tried to get away from the man, but he kept hold of my arm so tight that I could not. When we reached Van Buren Street, as we passed a policeman on the crossing, I gave him a poke with my hand, and as he turned quickly around I said, ‘I want you to arrest this man.’”

Policeman Freeman placed the man under arrest and when he was brought to the police station he gave the name of Raymond Kessler and said he was twenty-four years old. At the conclusion of the case Kessler was fined two hundred dollars by the court.

It was only a month or so afterwards, when Louise S—— told Judge Newcomer of the Municipal Court of how she was attacked and beaten by Kessler for trying to get out of a disreputable house, where she said he had placed her and was collecting her earnings. Kessler was the renegade son of a good father, who had tried in every way to reform his boy and keep him at home. In the first case his father paid the fine, but in this case no fine could be paid.

“Your father is a very good man. You are nothing but a two cent bum, and I do not believe

you will ever amount to anything," said the judge as he sentenced the young man. "It grieves me a great deal to see you here, for your father has done everything for you. This is the last time you will ever receive clemency in a Chicago court. If you are arraigned again before me you will get the severest punishment I can give."

The campaign for publicity was beginning to bear fruit. Although large numbers of girls were being procured, the conviction that publicity would prove one of the most efficient means of solving the slave problem was confirmed.

In another case two traffickers, who had been frequenting the stores in an effort to secure victims, were arrested after they had attempted to lure into slavery a sixteen-year-old girl who was employed in a five and ten cent store. According to this girl, who gave her name as Ida M——, a man and woman came to the part of the store where she was employed several times and engaged her in conversation, telling her that they were able to secure a better position for her.

"You are very foolish in remaining here," the woman is said to have remarked. "Robert is able to land you in a good place with lots more money. The position is pleasant, and you will have much time for yourself."

Although Ida told them that she did not wish to change her position, the man especially called repeatedly. Despite her protests at the frequent calls, the man persisted in talking with

her, and the girl, having read in the papers about the slave traffickers, became suspicious of this undue attention, consequently she went to the detective headquarters and told her experiences to Lieutenant Rohan.

Detectives Flaherty and Nagle, who had been assigned to look out for slave traders operating in stores, went to work upon the case. After talking the matter over with Ida, the detectives advised her to accompany either the man or the woman when they appeared again, and they told the girl not to be afraid as they would be near by, and then Flaherty and Nagle waited around the store for the reappearance of these two people.

A day or so later the man came to the store again and sought out the girl. This time she told him she would step outside the store and talk with him. The detectives were watching and followed the girl and the man to the street. The man hurriedly walked the girl about the downtown streets until he had succeeded in getting her outside the crowded shopping district, and finally, when he got her several blocks away from where she was employed, he suddenly rushed her across the street into a hotel of an inferior class. The detectives had kept close behind them and an instant later a door leading to one of the rooms was slammed and the startled girl was told that "Mrs. Crisman would be in in a minute."

The detectives pounded on the door and demanded admittance, fearing that some harm might

come to the girl before she could be rescued. Later the woman, who said she was the man's wife, entered the room and both the man and the woman were arrested and taken to the Harrison Street Police Station.

The man gave his name as Robert Crisman, and the woman said that her name was Thelma Crisman. Both of them denied that they intended placing the girl in an immoral resort and asserted that they intended getting her a position in one of the big stores. When asked in which store they intended getting a position for her, or by what authority they were employing help for stores, neither of them ventured a reply.

"I doubted these people from the first," Ida told the police, "but it was not until they pestered me beyond endurance that I reported the matter. I believe that they are not new at the game they thought of playing with me, and I am glad they were arrested."

The police said that Crisman and his wife answered the description of a couple who had been frequenting department stores for several weeks, attempting to induce young women to leave for "more lucrative positions." Complaint had been made by managers of various stores, and efforts had been made to arrest these two people. Special details of detectives had even been ordered to roam about the stores in the hope of catching them.

One afternoon after court had adjourned, I was

busy in my office looking through a stack of legal papers. I heard some one behind me speak in low tones. Turning around I saw a flashily dressed woman standing in the doorway. She looked like a person of the underworld. A large white hat, almost covered by one huge feather which hung down to her shoulder, crowned the fluffy blond head. Her face was round and full and her complexion had a pale, chinaware-like appearance. The big brown eyes glistened and the eyebrows were carefully pencilled.

She seemed timid and afraid to come into the office.

“Is this the State’s Attorney?” she repeated in the same low tone.

“Yes, I am one of them,” I told her. “Won’t you come in and have a chair?”

As I said this I started to rise, but she held out her hand, motioning me back in the chair, and said :

“Oh, please do not mind me, I am only a sporting girl. I slipped down here to tell you a secret. I wouldn’t for the world have any one out there know that I came down to see you for they would make it very unpleasant for me.

“Some time ago I read about girls being rescued from houses where they have been sold. Now, I can’t reform. I have tried ; it is no use and it is too late, but I want to help others all I dare to. There is a girl out in the house where I stay, who cries constantly and wants to get away. She has touched my heart and I remembered your name

from the papers and decided to come down and tell you about her."

She then told me the name of the girl and where she could be found. As the woman was leaving I said to her:

"Why can't you reform?"

"Oh," she said with a sigh, "I tried it once. I too was sold into a house. I left a good home in a small town to come to the city just to see the sights. I fell in love with the gay crowds in the restaurants, all laughing and talking, and it was all new to me. I went often to the theatres and just couldn't leave the rush and bustle of the city. So after being here a while I decided to stay and went to work in a store.

"One night a young man, whom I had met in the store, invited me out to dine. We went out afterwards, what he called 'hopping.' We went from concert halls to cafés, in saloons and then to sporting houses, just to see what they were like. I became intoxicated and he left me in one of them. I didn't realize it though at the time, for they kept me drunk for over a week.

"When I really came to my right senses, I found he had sold me to the place. I was in debt and had to stay. Several months later I got away and a man whom I knew secured employment for me in a store. Only a few days after I went to work a hypocrite of a man came in the store and recognized me from having seen me in the house out there. He told the floor-walker that I had been a



sporting woman and that it would hurt the reputation of the store to have me around. I was discharged. From one thing to another I finally drifted back. When one has once been down, it is hard to get up again, for even the men who helped keep you there, by spending their money in such places, help kick you down if you do try to get up and try to live right.

“So I gave up trying, and there I am still. But you help that little girl out there, for she has not been in the place long enough but that she can reform, and please never let any one know that it was me that told you about her.”

After she had left, as was my custom, I made a memorandum of what she had told me. Then I called a detective, whose services had been loaned me by one of the reform associations of the city, and sent him out to investigate the story.

He found it true in every detail. It required some effort at first to get the little girl to tell her story to the detective, as she feared he was one of the “ringers” in the employ of the house, who are sent to the various girls to find out if they are complaining or have a desire to escape. After the detective had gained the confidence of the girl, she told a heart-rending story of being confined against her will, with all the terrible details which would be expected under such conditions. She told him in confidence of the terrible beatings and horrible treatment that she had been subjected to, and begged to be taken out.

The detective lost no time in getting a cab and drove up to the house, but after he had got the girl in the cab and ordered the driver to go ahead, the owners of the house, by threatening the "cabbie," succeeded in making a long enough delay to enable them to pull the girl from the detective's grasp, taking her back into the house once more.

Several policemen, who came running up, believed there was an attempted kidnapping, and by the time the detective had explained matters the people in the house had gotten away with the girl and she could not be found.

As a result of making public the facts about white slavery and what we were doing to combat the traffic, "tips" and clues came in from many unexpected sources.

An anonymous letter was received by Lieutenant Downey, in charge of the Cottage Grove Avenue Station, and led to the raid of a resort on State Street near Thirty-first Street. The letter said that girls under age were held in a disreputable resort. When the police arrived, two girls told them that they had been enticed by Thomas St. John from their employment in a down-town store and sold into a resort. The girls were Clara W——, twenty years old, and Estelle M——, twenty-two years old.

Estelle cried bitterly as she told the story of her capture and downfall to Judge Frank Crowe, of the Municipal Court.

"We were working down-town when St. John

met us and told us we could earn lots of money if we went to work in this place. He did not tell us the character of the place. We did not want to remain but our street clothes were taken from us and we were forced to stay. St. John used to visit the place once a week and collect our money from the proprietor.”

A crumpled letter was picked up by a passer-by in the red light district and turned over to one of the judges. The letter had evidently been thrown from a window. It read as follows :

“DEAR JUDGE :

“I am in a bad house since March and am not yet sixteen. My father is dead, and mother got married to a man I did not like, so I ran away. A girl said she would put me on the stage like her, but she left me in a bad house. She knew the lady and went with the show herself. I have only a small slip to wear or I would run away. I hope you can come and get me—I can’t write no more ——”

Here the letter was broken off. Evidently she heard some one coming and threw it out of the window.

The judge despatched detectives immediately to the neighbourhood in which the letter had been found. A diligent search was made for the girl. All the houses in the neighbourhood were gone through from cellar to garret and the keepers closely questioned, but the detectives could find no trace of the enslaved girl.

A signed letter was received by the writer on

July 14, 1908, from a girl who was being held captive. It follows :

*“Chicago, Ill., July 13, 1908.*

“DEAR SIR :

“Did you receive a letter from my Mother, Mrs ——— from Eloise Mich If so I wish you would come and see me so I can tell you everything I have not been out of the house for three months I have not got any clothes to wear on the street because I owe a debt I wish you would come and see me and I can tell you everything then I am a White Slave for sure Please excuse Pencil I had to write this a sneak this out.

“Please see to this at once

“and oblige

“VIOLA ———

“—— Armour Avenue,

“City.”

*(The name of the house.)*

Very few girls were so fortunate as this one, whose letter led to her rescue and the conviction of the owners of the resort where she was held. The sad fact is that the vast majority of them go down to untimely graves, as the result of their own hand, by suicide, as the result of a loathsome disease, or else they wallow in the mire of a living death.

A romance which ended disastrously adds another testimonial to the value of publicity.

A girl named Rose M—— came to Chicago to visit friends. While on a shopping tour she went into one of the stores to buy some music. She was at the counter looking over various sheets of music,

when her attention was attracted by a young man who stood at her side. He was handsome and well dressed. Apparently he also was looking at music. She first noticed him when he turned towards her and asked the names of some of the latest popular songs, as he wanted to buy them.

Impelled by her native instinct, she turned away and did not answer his inquiry. He was not to be repulsed, however, and he pressed his attentions upon her and continued to talk about different pieces of music. Finally he engaged her in conversation ; as she stood there discussing with him the best songs to buy she looked into his large, dark brown eyes and he seemed to her to be one of the handsomest men she had ever met.

It was almost noon time and he asked her if she would not take lunch with him at a near-by restaurant. The impulse, which had first seized her, to avoid him disappeared as this chance acquaintance told her of his interest in music. She really became infatuated with him and accepted the invitation.

Soon they were seated at a table in a restaurant. In his smooth, oily way, he spun the yarn by which he hoped to entrap the girl. He told her that her beauty had captivated him and that when they were in the store he could not refrain from speaking to her. He said that as he talked with her his heart was completely won by her sweet voice and that he had fallen in love with her at first sight. He told her also that his father was a wealthy commission merchant on South Water Street in the city.

Rose had heard of girls falling in love at first sight. Why shouldn't she do it? She was consumed with a feeling of admiration and love. How grand it would be, she thought, to live in a big house surrounded with luxury, and to have this young man, who loved music as she did, for a life companion. Carried away by this illusion, she was soon within his power.

He proposed that they get married and she agreed to it. As they were leaving the restaurant he asked her to go with him and he would show her photographs of his home and of various people he knew. She did not think this would be proper unless they were married; so they were soon on the hunt for a clergyman to marry them. They went to a church in Chicago, where the priest refused to say the service without the bishop's consent. Later they went to the home of another priest and were again refused ceremony.

Going to Elgin, Carlo Menillo, the young man, refused to allow the girl to see her parents before the wedding. They were married by a clergyman in Elgin, who of course did not know the circumstances, and then went to the home of the girl's parents and told them of the marriage. They spent a day or so in Elgin, visiting the girl's parents and friends.

Upon their return to Chicago, instead of taking Rose to his supposed home, he took up a residence with her on Wabash Avenue. He confided to her that he had had some trouble with his people and

was almost without funds and that he would have to raise money in some way. It was alleged that he took charge of her savings of twenty-five dollars and pawned her watch. Before a week had passed they were almost without money again. One day, apparently thinking over the situation for a few minutes, a way out of the difficulty appeared to him,—so he told the girl. He suggested that he would take her to a place, which he had heard about, where she could easily make enough money in a few days to tide them over until he could get work.

Not understanding the nature of his intentions, she at once became interested in this new way of making money so easily. Then he explained what he intended doing with her and where he proposed to take her.

Slowly the realization dawned upon Rose that Carlo was intending to place her in an immoral house. She had read the stories in the newspapers of how panders had caught other girls in the same way. Was her dream of happiness and love to vanish in a moment? Was all that she had hoped for to be lost? She knew that she must think quickly. The proposal of this man had nauseated her. She vaguely comprehended his purpose, but she knew that he intended to do some great wrong to her. The love of a few minutes before was turned to hatred.

Had he been quick to read impulses of women, he would have detected in her face the flush of anger. However, thinking that she was easy prey, as she had been led so easily thus far, he did

not notice that his words had changed her attitude towards him. She, too, could play her part well.

Convinced that she was in the clutches of a white slave trader, and fearing lest she might arouse in him suspicion, she pretended to fall in with his plan and consented to do as he requested. She then went out with him and he led her into the red light district. His purpose was now quite plain to her. Suddenly turning to him she told him that before going to the resort she would need several articles of clothing which she did not have, and arranged with him to meet her after she had gone into the stores to make these purchases. A certain down-town corner was agreed upon as the meeting-place and then she left him.

When out of his sight she paused to think over what was best to do. She was confused and at a loss to know what to do. Would it be best to expose him or should she escape and return home the quickest way possible? She had heard of the county court and of the prosecution of the panders, and she decided that this would be the best place to go for protection.

She was directed to Judge Sheridan Fry, then one of the assistants to the county judge, and told her pitiful story. An escort was given her and she was brought to the court where I was prosecuting. Then the story of how she was deceived was repeated, and after I had heard it, I had a warrant drawn up and despatched an officer with the girl to the appointed place of meeting.



When they neared the corner the officer told the girl that he would follow a short way behind her. Menillo was there waiting for his wife, and as Rose rushed up to him, apparently glad to see him, her husband began to upbraid her for being so long away. Then the officer stepped up, and the young man was soon in the arms of the policeman, who hustled him over to a cell.

The police officer provided a place for Rose to stay over night, and the next morning, March 23, 1908, the case was called for trial before Judge Crowe. The young man finally admitted that the girl's story was substantially correct and he was found guilty.

The parents of the girl, who had been notified, came to Chicago and took her home with them. Disappointed and heart-broken, the girl went home, much wiser for her experience, but happy that she was saved from a life of shame. Last spring, I am told, an annulment of the marriage was secured in the courts.

Had this girl not read of white slave cases, she might not have been favoured by the good fortune with which she was blessed and the outcome would certainly have been more disastrous. Rose knew, when it was too late, that it would have been much better for her to have heeded the warning which the stories of other girls had given her, which warning, however, saved her from the life of a white slave.

## XIII

### THE POLICE AND THE PANDERS

**P**ERHAPS the most perplexing problem the police have had to solve has been the social evil. This is true not only in Chicago but also in nearly every American city. To the police the question has been an enigma because of our hypocrisy.

We are too prone to place the blame for everything that goes wrong in civic affairs upon the shoulders of the police, when the fault really rests upon us. It is not right for us to censure the police when we create conditions which have a hidden meaning to be guessed.

Why do we ask the police to solve a puzzle which we cannot satisfactorily explain?

In most of our states there are laws making it a crime to conduct places of ill repute. Yet, custom sanctions their existence in cities in nearly every state. These laws are passed only to blind or appease the people. Most of the laws, however, are too weak to be of any value.

Legally, the people say: "See how good we are; we have laws against the social evil!" Morally, many citizens say, and many of them stand high in

the eyes of the community, too: "These things have existed for centuries and will continue to exist for centuries to come, unless the standards of men are raised." Some even say: "They are necessary to the safety of our girls and women."

What a riddle!

Well might Dora Douglas cry out from behind prison walls: "If it be a crime worthy of the prison to secure an inmate for a vice resort, is it a sure proof of public and private virtue that vice resorts cover square miles of this city and the city government 'regulates' them?"

This regulation of vice resorts by city authorities has certainly confused the police and wrought havoc in the careers of some. It has opened an avenue to graft, which some have unwittingly or purposely travelled.

Citizens cannot honestly reproach police for becoming victims of conditions which the citizens themselves either create or tolerate.

It is therefore with some feeling of charity that I recite facts concerning the relation of the police and the panders.

During March and April, 1907, Judge Judson Going found that a habit had grown up among some of the police of taking out warrants for the arrest of owners of disreputable places, that no arrests were made upon these warrants and that the warrants were never returned to the court.

The judge had his clerk go over the list, and he found that over a hundred of these warrants on

which no arrests had been made had been taken out from his branch of the court alone. The court bailiff was ordered by the judge to take the list and personally to summon the resort owners into court.

It was then ascertained that these resort owners had never been arrested, although they were well known, but the police had visited them telling them that they had warrants for them.

April 13, 1907, Detective Murphy, of the Twenty-second Street Police Station, was summoned into court by Judge Going for an explanation. Most of the warrants had been issued in December by various judges of the Municipal Court, and in most of them Detective Murphy was named as the complaining witness.

The defense was made that "discretion" in not having the warrants served was used, for—the saloon and dive keepers had reformed after being warned. This statement, however, was refuted by the testimony of the dive keepers themselves, among them Thomas Ferguson, who admitted on cross-examination that after being warned in December he still permitted women to frequent his place.

Ferguson's warning was testified to by him in this way:

"Were you ever warned to keep women out of your house?"

"Yes, sir. He (Murphy) told me there was an investigation going on in the police department, and I'd better be careful."

Publicity given by the newspapers revealed to the citizens this condition of affairs, and popular indignation compelled the chief of police to promise to remove every police officer from the South Side red light district. There was a great "shake up" in the police force of the district; and while it was given out that the entire force had been changed "for the good of the service," the fact was that only fifty-six out of a hundred and fourteen policemen in the district were removed. In this regard the unsuspecting public was deceived as it had been many times before.

Edward McCann, who had been made captain of police, was sent from Englewood to the red light district; and with the arrival of a new set of policemen, under the command of Captain McCann, this section of the underworld experienced some huge surprises. The newly installed captain, bent upon making an enviable record, aided the State's Attorney and the courts in bringing to the surface the underground methods of the white slave traffic.

During the summer and autumn of 1907 Captain McCann was active in hunting down panders. It seemed, however, that as winter came on the captain's ardour gradually cooled.

Early in January, 1908, information was sent to me that two girls were held in a resort on Dearborn Street. These girls, Frances C—— and Jessie R——, both twenty-one years old, said that the owner of the resort refused to allow them to leave the place

or have their clothing, because she alleged that they owed her four hundred dollars.

I sent two sergeants, who happened to be in my office, to get these girls and their clothing. On their arrival the madam called up Captain McCann. The captain at once called me up, protesting against my sending detectives into *his* district, promising that the girls should be at my office the next morning and saying that he would like to talk the matter over with me then.

The next morning, January eighth, they were there at the Harrison Street Court. I went into the office to see the captain and he said that the people out in his district would all have to go out of business if I helped all the girls escape paying their debts, and that he didn't propose to have his regulations in the district interfered with. I asked him if it greatly concerned him if the disreputable houses did have to go out of business. I told him that the proprietors of these houses could not intimidate girls and hold them practically as slaves by hiding their clothing until they paid debts.

This incident served to bring home to me the philosophy of the trite old saying: "A new broom sweeps clean."

However, it ought to be said in justice to Captain McCann that it is not always the fault of the broom that it does not sweep clean, but sometimes the person who holds the broom is to blame. He perhaps went as far as he dared at that time in the warfare against panders.

In the summer of 1908 Captain McCann was raised to the position of inspector of police and placed in charge of the Desplaines Street district where the West Side red light resorts are located.

During the month of July, 1909, the State's Attorney secured information that Inspector McCann was protecting the girl slave traders in their abominable business. McCann was indicted in the middle of the summer for accepting bribes from resort owners, and was accused of protecting the panders by Louis Frank, who with his brother, Julius Frank, carried on a saloon business. Frank turned against McCann in order to save himself from prosecution and became a state's witness.

The trial lasted from the first week in September until September twenty-fourth.

During the trial the Plummer case was dug out of the scrap pile of disposed of cases. Frank testified that he went to McCann in behalf of the Plummers and offered him two hundred dollars to drop the prosecution of the pandering case against them. He said the inspector wanted three hundred and fifty dollars and a bargain was finally made and the Plummers were permitted to go free because McCann "could not," as he said, "produce witnesses against them."

Many other instances of protection were disclosed by witnesses Morris Schatz and Charlie Genker.

The defense charged that the prosecution of McCann was the result of a conspiracy of the denizens of the underworld to get rid of able police

officials. They sought to prove that Louis Frank and other witnesses for the prosecution tried to get McCann transferred from the Desplaines Street Station, that Frank had made charges against other public officials, including Captain Mahoney, and Lieutenant Elliott, of the Desplaines Street Station, and that there existed a general plan to get rid of police officials who were too severe in their efforts to clean up the district.

Louis Frank, however, testified that he had levied tribute upon white slave traders and owners of immoral houses for Inspector McCann and had turned the money over to McCann, retaining his commission, and the facts thus brought out against Inspector McCann convinced the jury that he was guilty.

A motion for a new trial was argued and denied and the case is now in the Supreme Court of Illinois upon an appeal by the inspector.

During the trial it was hinted that Edward McCann was not the only police official who was protecting and receiving revenue from the panders. It is certainly true that in many other instances witnesses in pandering cases have disappeared before the cases were called in the courts where they were to testify.

In the winter of 1908, Bessie M—— told a story before Judge Sadler of her attempts to escape from a resort in the red light district. She declared that she had made vain appeals to two policemen to take her out of the house, and that



they had refused to interfere. This startling charge was made during the trial of William Coddington, who was accused by Bessie of having sold her to a disreputable house on Armour Avenue.

Then another case in which some of the police of the red light district seemed derelict in their duty was revealed to the courts during this winter season. Two fifteen-year-old girls were rescued from a resort on Twenty-first Street. The keepers of the place as well as the decoyer of the girls were arrested.

The girls, Annie K—— and Barbara G——, were found and taken out of the house when the mother of one of the girls appealed to the police department to rescue her daughter. Upon information supplied by the mother, Policeman James Horan of the Rawson Street Station, in company with Lieutenant Duffy and Sergeant Vanetta, made a search for the girl. It seems that although these girls were known to the police to be in the district, they were allowed to remain there until officers from the outside came and got them.

Both girls told how they had been lured into captivity by James Rose. He accosted them, they said, in front of a barber shop on Milwaukee Avenue and induced them to accompany him to the place on Twenty-first Street. The girls said that he had deceived them by false promises and misrepresentations. Since the mistress of the house to which they had been taken was doubtful of their

ages when Rose brought them in, she notified the police of the Twenty-second Street Station that she had two new girls and she would like to have them interviewed.

Two detectives, the woman said, visited the place and questioned the girls, placing their names in a book. The girls had been told by Rose to say that they were nineteen years old, although any one in the court room could have discerned at a glance that the girls were very much younger than that. The two detectives, however, whose business it was to book girls in immoral houses, according to a system that had been inaugurated in the vice districts, took the truth of the girls' statements in regard to their ages for granted and did not make any further inquiry, and that was the last heard of the police until the girls were rescued.

The flagrant inconsistency of this booking system is plainly seen in this instance. As a method for the protection of girls and for the purpose of eradicating the slave traffic it was not a success and not productive of good results.

Either the officers who were assigned to visit the various disorderly houses and book the new inmates were very lax and inefficient in the performance of their duties, or there is only one other assumption to be made. This conclusion is arrived at because of the great number of girls who were constantly being rescued from immoral houses, who had passed the so-called "examination" of the booking officers, and were later found to be the victims of slave

agents. The girls, after being liberated and while either in the court testifying, or making statements to the State's Attorney, invariably said that they had never been questioned by the officers as to whether or not they had been lured to the houses by panders or had been intimidated and forced to make false statements by the slave traders.

While it is true that many girls were taken out of the houses by these officers, most of them were immediately sent home and no investigation as to how they were procured and no charges against the panders were made. It was urged by these officers that they did not wish to bring the girls before the public and subject them and their families to the scandal which would naturally attend the trial of such cases.

At first glance this seems a good reason, and some ministers and reform workers thought that it was the best thing to do, but in the long run the public has suffered for it. These girls and their families were spared the additional disgrace of publicity, but the girl slave traffickers and their agents were allowed to continue unmolested in their dastardly business.

If shielding the girls' reputations was really the purpose, then the question may well be asked,—Why was it that in some instances the cases were brought to the attention of the courts and in others the girls were shipped quietly out of the city without the State's Attorney's office or the court's knowing anything about the rescue of the girls?

Soon after my present office was organized, in October, 1909, an extensive inter-state slave traffic between St. Louis and Chicago was uncovered, and the heads of the gang, Maurice Van Bever and his wife, Julia, of Chicago, and David Garfinkle, of St. Louis, were convicted, together with several of their agents.

The first intimation that the Van Bevers were bringing girls from St. Louis came to the United States District Attorney's office in July, 1909, in the form of an anonymous letter which accused one Mike Hart, then a barkeeper in Van Bever's resort. The letter was sent to State's Attorney Wayman, as the case was not within Federal jurisdiction, and was later turned over to the Chicago Law and Order League for investigation. Mr. Robert Paranteau, then an investigator for the league, was sent out on the case.

His story is told in his affidavit, of which the following is a copy, omitting the formal parts:

“A letter was placed in my hands containing information that a certain party by the name of Mike Hart was to bring from St. Louis three girls. This was on August 31, 1909. That they were to leave the train at a suburban station and bring the girls in an automobile to a house (giving the location) owned by one Van Bever.

“I immediately that afternoon went out to the Twenty-second Street Station and met there Captain Cudmore, in command of the station, and showed him the letter, and he said he would call

in the lieutenant, and I told him I had come out there to see him especially and that I did not desire to have this case fall through, and he said: "You can rely on this man, Lieutenant Kellaher; he knows every one in the district. I don't."

"He then called in the lieutenant and introduced him to me. He then went over the case with the lieutenant. The lieutenant declared that he knew of no man by the name of Mike Hart, but that he had two men, very reliable, who had charge of the registering all those people who were in the district, and they would know if such a person was in the district. I asked who these men were, and he said: "Officers Duffy and Coe."

"Captain Cudmore said: "I will have these officers this evening at the patrol box at the north-west corner of (naming the streets) at nine o'clock. You meet us there."

"I then left the station. I did not get to the corner specified until a quarter past nine. The captain was there with the two officers. He said: "You are not on time." I said: "No. Have they come?" He said: "We have seen nothing of them." We waited there until eleven o'clock, when the captain left us. I waited around with Officers Coe and Duffy until midnight. While waiting Coe left me with Duffy, and said he had to go and call on some place in the district. He was gone some little time and returned. We saw no automobile stop at the place and got no trace of the people we were looking for while I was there.

““Officers Coe and Duffy both declared to me they had inquired at Van Bever’s place, and no one there knew of such a person, and that the party evidently had given an assumed name. I told them the information I had was reliable, and we spoke about the letter, and they tried to leave the impression that they were “on the square,” and were anxious to run down the matter.

““They said they had made inquiries in the neighbourhood and they knew of no person in the red light district, in Van Bever’s place or elsewhere, by the name of Hart, and that they had found nobody in the district who did know any one by that name.

““A few days later, September 13, 1909, I was standing at the southwest corner of ——— and ——— streets and I saw Officers Coe and Duffy come down the street from the west. I saw them go into the side entrance on ——— street to Van Bever’s place, called “The White City.” Presently they came out of the front door on ——— street and crossed the street. I crossed after them and we stopped at the side entrance on ——— street of the saloon on the southeast corner. I asked them if they had heard anything more about Mike Hart and they said they had found no such person in the district; that we had evidently been given the wrong name; in other words, “a bum steer.”

““I saw Captain Cudmore in the district after that, September 18, 1909, and he said nothing ever

came from that information that I had given them. I also met Coe and Duffy several times in the district and they always denied that there was anything to the case above referred to. I said to the captain, "You would know if any strange women came into the district?" and he said, "Sure," and he went on to explain to me how they registered all inmates of houses of prostitution."

In contradiction to the story of Coe and Duffy, as sworn to by Paranteau, is the following letter, written September 4, 1909, by Mollie Hart, an inmate of Van Bever's resort, which letter was read in evidence on the trial of the Van Bevers and aided in their conviction, as it was written at the dictation of Maurice Van Bever.

"Well, dear, I received your letter special del and I think you would be able to understand a little by this time. Clark is Paul. (Paul Auer, alias Du Bois, one of Van Bever's agents, who forfeited his bond later when arrested.) He could not give his name Paul cause Coe and Duffy came and told Mr. M. Van Bever that a certain party told them that you went after some girls and these was watching for you when you return.

"So if you get any girls coming up here you had better leave and send them a few days later or either get off at Hinsdale and put them in a hotel for a few days, or else don't bother with the girls. Mr. M. Van Bever said so you had better do some-

thing and don't fool too long and get the boss sore at you. . . .

"Everything will be all right if you come back; the way I told you is what we mean everything is O. K. next week."

Written on the face of the letter was this:

"Burn every letter and telegram you receive from hear. Leave the girls behind with ———. The girls will have to wait a few days but you come back at once alone."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mollie Hart wrote that Van Bever had been warned by Officers Coe and Duffy, the Chicago-St. Louis traders continued to carry on their business, although perhaps more cautiously because of this warning.

Mike Hart on one of his trips to St. Louis had seen Sarah J——, and she was persuaded to come to Chicago. It was the exploitation of this girl, Sarah J——, for the white slave market that brought sorrow to the camp of these panders, for in October detectives from my office who had been watching their movements arrested Mollie Hart and Mike Hart soon after Sarah was made a slave.

The prosecution of the pandering cases against these agents and the other members of the gang brought out the fact that Hart did bring girls from St. Louis and that Van Bever, having been "tipped off," invented other schemes for eluding detectives who might be on the lookout.

Mike Hart, who was convicted of pandering, as



were the other traders and agents, frankly admitted his part in bringing girls to Chicago from St. Louis, and made charges that Officers Coe and Duffy received money from Van Bever. In investigating these charges it was found that at the time charged Van Bever cashed a pay check for one of these officers. They thereby escaped perhaps more serious consequences than that they were put in uniform, after having served many years as plain clothes men, and transferred from the red light district to quiet residence or suburb stations. An affidavit of Mike Hart, however, charges more than that they received money from Van Bever, and is interesting at least to bear out Paranteau's story.

“State of Illinois, }  
County of Cook. } ss

“Michael Hart, being duly sworn, on oath says :

“I was employed at the Paris (giving location), from April to October, 1909, a large part of the time as a bartender. I know Officer Coe and also Officer Duffy. They used to come into the Paris, at ——, often. They booked all the girls. They spoke to me often. I would give them cigars and drinks which they never paid for. They used to call me Max and they knew me from April up to the time I was arrested, October 13, 1909. They knew me as long as I was there. They came in almost every day. They knew Mollie Hart, too.

“In the month of September in the Paris I saw Maurice Van Bever give Coe a roll of money. I could not tell how much it was. I saw a ten dollar bill and lots of other bills. Maurice Van Bever came down-stairs about two o'clock or three o'clock and took the money from his pocket and handed it to Coe. It looked to me fifty or a hundred dollars.

“I pretended I did not see Coe get the money. I let it look as if I did not see it. I did not want to let him know I was interfering in his business. After Coe took the money from Van Bever I turned my back and was doing something to the back of the bar. I could see what was going on through the mirror at the bar. Officer Duffy was hanging around just outside the door. That is the same Coe that comes around with Duffy booking the girls. Van Bever said Coe and Duffy were the only ones he could trust. He said they were his friends.

“Coe and Van Bever went over to the window, in front of the big window, and talked low. I couldn't hear what was said. I played ignorance. I wanted Van Bever to think I was a dunce. That is what he always took me for, a big fool, and that is the reason he would always talk in front of me.

“During the time that Mitchell was desk sergeant at Twenty-second Street I wrapped up whiskey every morning and Paul Auer, alias Paul Du Bois, took it over to him. This took place every day. . . . I saw . . . Officers Coe and

Duffy drinking with Maurice and Julia Van Bever in the dining-room in the basement of the Paris.

“MICHAEL HART.”

“Subscribed and sworn to  
before me this twelfth day  
of January, A. D. 1910.

“JAMES P. HARROLD,  
“Notary Public.”

This does not signify that the whole police department is corrupt. That would be an unfair conclusion. Chief of Police Leroy T. Steward, since his appointment in the summer of 1909, has proved himself a most capable and efficient officer, deserving of the highest praise and commendation for his courageous and earnest efforts to rid the city of its evil elements. As a matter of fact, I have at all times enjoyed the confidence and persistent help of the police of Chicago as a whole. They have gone out with me and worked with me in getting evidence, have gone with me into the court rooms and testified in behalf of the people, helping to obtain convictions against many offenders. They are my friends, but they know and I know, that if there had not been some corrupt officials and subordinates, pandering could never have been so great an evil in the city of Chicago.

## XIV

### THE LAST OF THE CHICAGO-ST. LOUIS GANG

**M**AURICE VAN BEVER and other members of the Chicago-St. Louis gang had been found guilty, Van Bever receiving the maximum sentence, one year and a fine of one thousand dollars.

While Julia Van Bever was being tried before Judge Walker, over in another court where Judge Going was presiding, another member, the last of the Chicago-St. Louis white slave crowd was on trial.

This was David Garfinkle, who conducted the slave headquarters in St. Louis. He was arrested in St. Louis October twenty-eighth and brought to Chicago November first.

The latter part of October detectives from my office, acting upon information which had been secured from the confessions and statements made by other members of the gang in Chicago, scoured St. Louis for additional evidence and succeeded in winding around Garfinkle and others a chain of evidence from which it was impossible to escape.

On the evening of October twenty-seventh I went to St. Louis and the next morning caused Garfinkle to be arrested. He was brought into the

private office of E. P. Creecy, chief of police in St. Louis, and there made a complete statement of his connection with the pandering business. This statement was made in the presence of Chief Creecy, Detective William Bowler of Chicago and myself. Garfinkle blamed the Van Bevers and Dick Tyler, one of the slave agents, for his trouble.

After he was brought to Chicago he was taken before Judge Newcomer at the Desplaines Street court and there he demanded a jury trial. His case was transferred to the criminal court building.

Inasmuch as I was to be a witness in this case, having heard Garfinkle make a confession in St. Louis, and knowing that legal ethics frown upon a lawyer testifying in a case which he is trying, I was fortunate in securing the able services of the Honourable Haynie R. Pearson, for years a member of the State's Attorney's staff, to aid the Honourable William R. Fetzer, Assistant State's Attorney, in the trial of Garfinkle.

The trial began on November fifteenth and as most of the day was consumed in getting a jury, the witnesses were not called until the following morning. The first witness was Emma W——, who told what she knew about the case, as follows:

“My name is Emma W—— and at the present time I am staying at the Harrison Street Annex, and have been there for five weeks. My home is in St. Louis, Missouri. I have known the defendant, David Garfinkle, since the first of May. I met him in a restaurant where I was eating lunch

after I had come from my work. At that time I was working at Mellecks, Twelfth and Olive Streets.

“After that I met him a number of times at different places around in restaurants. The first time I met Garfinkle he told me he was from Chicago, and asked me whether I didn’t want to go to Chicago with him. He said he was a travelling salesman in Chicago, and was going to return there.

“I was never in Chicago until I came up here five months ago. I came to Chicago on the eighteenth day of June, 1909, and lived at Van Bever’s place, No. — Armour Avenue. When Dick Tyler came down to St. Louis about the sixteenth of June I had another talk with Garfinkle in which he told me he was going to Chicago and asked me to come. He introduced me to his friend Dick Tyler. I told them I couldn’t go and they said that I could come with them. The next day Garfinkle said that he could not come with us that day so he told me to come to Chicago with his friend Dick Tyler and that he would come the following two weeks. He said he would marry me after a while but not then, and also that I could come to Chicago and he would be on soon. He said I could make more money in Chicago than I could there.

“After I left St. Louis with Dick Tyler I next saw Garfinkle on the fourth day of July in Van Bever’s house on Armour Avenue. He then told me he was going back to St. Louis and said he didn’t have any money. Maurice Van Bever gave

him fifteen dollars, which was charged against me and added to the debt I owed Van Bever.”

On cross-examination she said :

“ In St. Louis I was a waitress in several restaurants. I know Mike Hart. He came to Chicago on the same train that Dick Tyler brought me on. Mike Hart was connected with one of Van Bever’s places too. I don’t know who paid my fare to Chicago, but Dick Tyler had the tickets. He took me directly to this house, and I was an inmate in the house for about four months. During these four months I saw Tyler around there all the time. I couldn’t go home because I didn’t have any money and I was in debt to the house and they did not allow me to get my clothes. The first two months I was there I was not allowed to go out without Madam Van Bever. I never went out alone. If she was not with us somebody else was.”

The next witness was Tootsie T——, who said :

“ My name is Tootsie T—— and I am stopping at the Harrison Street Annex, and have been there for the last three weeks. Before that I was at Madam ——’s at No. —— Armour Avenue. I know Emma W——, the young woman who has just testified. She was at one of Van Bever’s places while I was there. I also know the defendant, David Garfinkle. I met him about three weeks before I came to Chicago at his place of business in St. Louis. Emma W—— was with me. He asked me to come up to Chicago and said he would be there in about two weeks.

“I did not see him again until in July except I saw him the night of the eighteenth of June, when I left St. Louis, that was when I had this conversation with him. I then had known him about three weeks. Besides Emma W——, Dick Tyler and Mike Hart were present, well I don't know whether Mike was there or not, but he was on the train with us and brought a blond girl up here to Chicago. The place we met was above Garfinkle's store. It was sort of a big parlour or office.

“On the fourth day of July I saw Garfinkle at Van Bever's place. He came in there and says to me, ‘Tootsie, I am broke, I am up here and I am all in and down and out, and Van Bever is going to give me twenty dollars on your account.’ He came back later in the evening and said he got the money all right.

“When I lived in St. Louis I was working on West Bell. I am eighteen years old. Tootsie was the name given to me by Dick Tyler the day I came up here and I have been known by that name ever since. That is not my real name.

“I know Police Officer Coe of the Twenty-second Street Station. When I first went to Van Bever's place I had a conversation with Officer Coe in which I told him that I had been a bad woman for two years and that I came to Chicago from Louisville, Kentucky. This was not so, but I told that to Officer Coe because Madam Van Bever and Dick Tyler told me I had to tell him that.”

Mike Hart, who as we have seen, had been con-



victed previously, was then called to the witness stand.

“My name is Michael Hart. I have been in the house of correction since the twenty-third of last month. My home was originally in St. Louis. I have known the defendant, Garfinkle, since the middle of June. I got acquainted with him in St. Louis where I was introduced by Dick Tyler, who told him we were down there for girls, and he said he could get a couple for us. He said he would get this Emma W——. I did not see Emma W—— nor Tootsie T—— until the night we left. I saw the defendant that night in his place of business. I asked him where the girls were, and he said they were up-stairs. I asked him if they were coming and he said, ‘Yes.’ I met them at the depot, these two girls and Dick Tyler and we got on the train and came to Chicago and went to Van Bever’s resort. The girls stayed there.

“I next saw the defendant on the fourth of July and had a talk with him and Dick Tyler. Garfinkle and Tyler went out, and when they came back Garfinkle said he got fifteen dollars on Emma and twenty dollars on Tootsie.”

On cross-examination Mike Hart testified:

“I am twenty-three years old. I was born in New Orleans but left there when ten years old to go with my mother to St. Louis. During the last year I lived with my wife in St. Louis. She has been an inmate of this house on Armour Avenue where I worked. I was a waiter and tended bar in both of

Van Bever's places. I was sent to the Bridewell for ten months and a three hundred dollar fine for pandering. Procuring girls has been my business for the last three months."

The next witness was Joseph L. Kinder, of the Chicago Detective Bureau, who after stating his name testified :

"I have been a police officer for twenty years. I am now working on special detail, and have seen this defendant and had a conversation with him at the Desplaines Street Station. The day after he came from St. Louis he told me that he came up here from St. Louis about the fourth of July, that he went down to Van Bever's place on Armour Avenue. He said that he had been out, spending more money than he ought to have done, so that he had not enough money to get back to St. Louis. He said he asked Emma W—— for money and she gave him five dollars and told him to stay over, and that he got fifteen dollars from Van Bever."

Being cross-examined, Officer Kinder said :

"I went to the lieutenant's room with a stenographer and he was brought up there. I asked him if he wanted to make a statement, told him he didn't have to unless he wanted to, and he said that he had made a statement to the chief of police of St. Louis and to Mr. Roe, and that he did not want to say any more. Mr. Hogan, an attorney, was with me."

Chief of Police Creecy, of St. Louis, who had come on to testify against Garfinkle, was the next witness called :

“My name is Edmund P. Creecy. I am chief of police of St. Louis, Missouri, and I have met Mr. Clifford G. Roe within the last month. I first met the defendant, Garfinkle, at my office in St. Louis. I had a conversation with him in Mr. Roe’s presence. He told me he kept a saloon, and that he knew a man by the name of Tyler. I asked him a few questions merely to open the conversation, and then Mr. Roe questioned him more particularly. He spoke about Tyler coming to St. Louis, and said he made his headquarters around his (the defendant’s) office, and spent a good deal of money around the saloon, that telegrams and letters addressed to Tyler came there from Chicago. Garfinkle said that Tyler made three trips to St. Louis, the third time he learned that Tyler was there to get girls and take them to Chicago for immoral purposes, and he mentioned having introduced Tyler to a girl whom he knew who went to Chicago with him. I recall that he mentioned the name of Emma W——, but I don’t remember the name Tootsie T——. He said that he went to Chicago in July, that Tyler induced him to come and open a place of business here. Tyler told him that everything was wide open in Chicago, and he could make lots of money, and he and three or four others came here on a cheap rate and went to this place of Van Bever’s. He said he spent two hundred dollars in there and was going to leave and they did not want him to go and loaned him some money. I am not positive as to the amount, and that he spent it at the bar.”

On his cross-examination Chief Creecy testified :

“I have been connected with the police department for thirty-two years, and have been chief of police a little over three years.

“Garfinkle said in that conversation that he had received telegrams addressed to him, and on opening them found they were for Tyler.” He then gave the location of Garfinkle’s place of business, on Market Street in St. Louis.

At the conclusion of Chief Creecy’s testimony I was called to the stand and testified :

“My name is Clifford G. Roe.

“I know the defendant, Garfinkle. I first saw him on the twenty-first of October, this year, in the office of the chief of police of St. Louis, Missouri. There were present at that meeting, the chief of police, Detective William Bowler of Chicago, and myself.

“After a few questions by the chief of police, Garfinkle said he would tell the whole thing from the beginning. He said that a man by the name of Dick Tyler had worked for him as a bartender ; that Dick Tyler had come on to Chicago and was working for Maurice Van Bever at the ———. That he came up to St. Louis three times, and had always come to his place and had received mail and telegrams there. That once or twice tickets had come in the name of Garfinkle, and that Garfinkle had to go to the station to get them. I asked him if he did not know that Dick Tyler was getting girls to take to a house of ill fame in Chicago, and he said that

he did not know it until the last time and then I said to him, 'Didn't you know it when you were getting letters and telegrams and tickets to take these girls down?' And he said he might have surmised it but he did not know it. He said the last time Dick Tyler was there he told him he would get into trouble if he kept this up. He said he knew Emma W——, but not by that name, but by the name of May W——; that he had introduced this girl to Dick Tyler; that they met in his place the night before these girls came to Chicago.

"He said he came to Chicago about the fourth of July with two or three friends, and went out to Maurice Van Bever's resorts. He said he got five dollars from Emma W——, or May W—— as he called her, and fifteen dollars from Maurice Van Bever on this girl, but that he spent it all in the place.

"The chief said to him, 'Do you call yourself a good citizen when you did not call me up when you knew they were procuring girls from St. Louis and taking them to Chicago, and using your place for headquarters?' Garfinkle said, 'Chief, I did not want to get the fellows in bad, I did not want to get in bad myself. Tyler was spending lots of money over my bar.'

"When I told him what the girls had said about this, he said he would go right down to Chicago and face the charges, if I would pay his car-fare and a bartender to take his place and give him enough to make up what he would make while he was

gone. Later he said he would not come until he had consulted a lawyer. I told him that I would be very glad for him to do so. I did not see him again until he was in Chicago.”

At the conclusion of the State's testimony the defendant, Garfinkle, took the witness stand in his own behalf. He testified :

“My name is David Garfinkle. I am twenty-eight years old, and am unmarried. Before coming to the jail a few days ago I lived with my parents at No. ——— Cook Avenue in St. Louis. I have been a saloon-keeper for eight years. My place of business now is No. ——— Market Street, St. Louis.

“I know Tootsie T—— and Emma W——. I did not induce or persuade Emma W—— to come to Chicago to enter a house of prostitution. I never knew Van Bever until I came to Chicago and was in his place the fifth of July. Dick Tyler was an employee of mine. He worked for me two years and a half.

“I remember the day I went to the office of the chief of police of St. Louis. I don't remember the conversation exactly, I was so excited. I got excited and said, ‘I will go to Chicago immediately.’ Mr. Roe said, ‘You have been indicted by the grand jury,’ and then I said, ‘If that is the case I don't know what is up there; I will have to engage counsel and find out whether I was indicted.’ Afterwards I waived extradition and came back voluntarily. I was first brought to the Desplaines Street Police Station.

“I never asked Emma W—— and Tootsie T—— or any women to come to Chicago and enter a house of prostitution, and I never received any money or any compensation from any person for furnishing girls for immoral purposes. When I came from St. Louis to Chicago I had about two hundred and forty or two hundred and forty-five dollars in my pocket. I did not visit Michael Hart, but I stayed at the Elite Hotel on the West Side, and visited the place on Armour Avenue on the fifth of July. I saw Michael Hart; he was working there. I had a few drinks with a friend at the bar, and we went back in the rear of the house and there I bought bottles of beer for seven.”

Garfinkle was then cross-examined, as follows :

“I have been in the saloon business in St. Louis for eight years. Before that time I worked at a factory, —— . I was working there at a machine in the clothing business. I was first located in the saloon on Ninth Street, and after that I opened up a place by myself on Pauline Street and was there for about five or six years; from there I went to Chestnut Street. I stayed there about one year and moved to the present place, where I have been in business sixteen months.

“The first time I saw that woman (indicating Tootsie T——) was the time she left for Chicago with Dick Tyler. She was in the company that went to Chicago with him. I knew they were going to Chicago because Emma W—— told me she was going that evening. When Tyler came

down the third time I didn't know what he came for. He was in company with his wife. I never knew that Dick Tyler was bringing girls to Chicago. Dick was always a good boy. I didn't make the statement to the chief of police and Mr. Roe in the way they told it about knowing that Dick Tyler was bringing girls. Officer Kinder's statement on the stand was false. I never had any trouble with the chief of police of St. Louis. I never knew him until the day I was in his office.

"The chief of police asked me how I knew this Tyler was associated with prostitutes. I said I didn't know it until the last time when he came there with his wife. I told the chief that I censured Tyler and told him he would go to the penitentiary unless he led a better life and take his girl out of the house of prostitution and make a living for her. I liked the boy and told him he would go to the penitentiary if he led that kind of a life. Tyler was getting his mail at my place, and he got railroad tickets there."

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and the judge sentenced Garfinkle to serve six months in the house of correction and pay a fine of three hundred dollars.



## XV

### THE AWAKENING

**T**HE traffic in girls is domestic and foreign, local and international. Thus far reference has been made only to the domestic and local traffic.

The trade in foreign girls, the importation of foreign girls for immoral purposes, assumed such proportions that in 1904 the President of the United States signed a treaty or convention with several of the European nations, by which coöperation to stamp out this international traffic in vice was agreed upon. The Senate had ratified the treaty, but as it called for enforcement by "Federal police," which the government does not possess, the authorities in Washington found that it was not advisable to put the provisions of the treaty into effect.

The traffic in French girls had become notorious. The large number of these women in vice resorts in nearly every large city in the United States was common knowledge to those who were at all conversant with the situation. But what could be done? Police officials of Chicago have since testified that French women came into the Chicago levee districts "by the hundreds" each year, but

they were all "over legal age," and it was "impossible," they said, to find any evidence of the girls having been sold. In the absence of any law provided especially against harbouring foreign women, the police said they could do nothing. They were suspicious, they testified, of panderous agencies at work somewhere, but so well covered were the tracks of the panders that not only Chicago police, but detectives in the employ of both the United States and of France declared they were completely baffled. Government immigration officers seemed likewise nonplussed. They knew the situation, but were unable to solve it.

Accordingly Congress, in view of these facts, in the spring of 1908, passed a law, seeking by immigration restrictions to stifle the international slave traffic. This law made it a felony, punishable by not more than five years' imprisonment and by a fine not to exceed five thousand dollars to "keep, maintain, control, support or harbour" any female alien for immoral purposes within three years after she shall have entered the United States.

Early in June Secretary of State Root became convinced that the treaty of 1904 could be made operative by coöperation between the Federal and State governments. The desirability of such action was made apparent to the administration by the report of an investigation, which was made under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labour. This investigation had found that there were agents in various parts of Europe who made

it a practice to send women to the United States for immoral purposes.

This treaty, known as the "Treaty, series Number 469, an agreement between the United States and other powers for the repression of trade in white women," adhered to by this country since June 6, 1908, was proclaimed by President Roosevelt on June fifteenth of that year. The treaty has for its purpose: "To assure to women who have attained their majority and are subjected to deception or constraint, as well as minor women and girls, an efficacious protection against the criminal traffic known under the name of, Trade in White Women, *Traite des Blanchés*." One of the provisions of the treaty is that "The government agrees also within the limits of the law to return to their country of origin those of such women and girls who ask their return or who may be claimed by persons having authority over them."

Under the Immigration Act, which was passed in the spring of 1908, the Honourable Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago, aided by his worthy assistant, Harry A. Parkin, prosecuted successfully twenty-four cases against procurers, who were making a business of importing foreign girls and selling them into disreputable houses.

There was general regret, by the law-abiding element, when these activities on the part of the Federal authorities were brought to a standstill and their successful prosecutions were hampered by a

decision of the Supreme Court which declared unconstitutional that part of the Immigration Act relative to harbouring imported girls in immoral resorts.

Although this decision threw the burden of prosecuting the panders back upon the states, the Federal authorities have always been ready to cooperate and give all possible assistance to the state authorities in their efforts to run down and prosecute the panders. An instance of this coöperation was the case of Adelbert Sterk, who was sent from the United States District Attorney's office to the State's Attorney to be prosecuted.

Sterk, who it was said was once an officer in the Austrian army, was charged with harbouring an alien woman for immoral purposes, and his case was a particularly flagrant one.

The girl in the case was Tereza J——, a young Hungarian girl, who asserted that she first became acquainted with Sterk in Budapest, Hungary. He placed her in a house of ill repute in the Hungarian city, and she remained there a year. Finally, she saw an opportunity to escape from this place, and came to America only to be pursued by Sterk who followed her by the next boat. When he caught up with her in the United States, he attempted to sell her again for white slave purposes; so as a last resort the girl sought the Austrian Consul and secured deportation to her native land. Sterk learned of her plans to leave America and made preparations to follow her, but before doing this

he again tried to force her into an immoral house.

When he was turned over to the police officers, whom I had sent after him, a new charge was preferred against him under the state law and he was found guilty in Judge Newcomer's court and sentenced to a year in the house of correction.

There have been hundreds of foreign girls shipped into this country for immoral purposes, and yet the number of such girls is much lower than that of the girls of our own country who have been procured by the panders. In the United States, at least three-fourths of the girl slave victims have been inveigled from our own farms, homes, towns and cities; but it was the foreigner who taught the American this dastardly business.

During the year of the World's Fair in Chicago a great many women of loose character came to this city. Others were brought by the French maquereaux, the Jewish cadets and the Italian pimps from New York City. The French and the Italian procurers took up their abode on the South and North Sides of Chicago, the Jewish cadets on the West Side.

Soon the ownership of the disreputable houses passed into the hands of these men, who, with a constant supply of fresh immigrant girls, prospered. They continue to be the landlords of vice in the Chicago "segregated" districts, and the women who appear to be the owners are for the most part only hirelings.

Self-preservation prompted the other owners, who saw these men of foreign birth growing rich all around them, to adopt the same methods. They began sending out panders to get one or two new girls, and when this experiment was found to be easy and profitable, they began to hire men and women for the sole purpose of procuring white slaves.

Thus the traffic we know to-day, which extends throughout the United States.

Twenty-eight of the forty-six states of the Union have witnessed white slave cases of more or less horrible detail since November 1, 1909. Not that social conditions have been worse during that period than at other times, or even that more girls have been sold into slavery than formerly, but a combination of circumstances has caused certain public officials in the various states to look about them, and having looked they have seen. Perhaps further investigation would reveal more instances of the deadly work of the white slave agents.

Chief among the causes for the general activity which has brought to light pandering cases in all sections of the country is the fight which has been waged in New York and Chicago against the panders.

Since December, 1906, more than three hundred cases against the owners and procurers of girls have been successfully prosecuted in Chicago. Renewed strength and greater facilities for the fight, however, have brought telling results since October, 1909, when—after my resignation from the office of

Assistant State's Attorney—a Chicago philanthropist established my present office, with its corps of competent detectives and maintained this office for several months until other philanthropists volunteered to help carry on the work. Further the stringent orders issued by Chief of Police Steward, requiring the closing of all doors between saloons and immoral resorts, the banishing of men owners, managers and employees, and forbidding unescorted women to be in saloons, have had a marked effect.

In New York since the prosecutions which followed the report of the famous "Committee of Fifteen" in 1902, the panders had been operating almost unchecked, until just before the New York elections in 1909, when the white slave traffic became a political issue. The investigations of the special grand jury of which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was foreman, and the able prosecuting by District Attorney Charles S. Whitman resulted in the conviction of several white slave dealers.

Many panders in New York and Chicago decided suddenly that the climate of other cities would be more conducive of their general welfare. Indeed the indications are that eight or nine hundred men, who were living off the loathsome earnings of women, whom they practically owned, have seen fit to leave Chicago and take up residence elsewhere since November, 1909. What New York and Chicago have lost by this exodus, other cities have gained, or vice versa, if you prefer.

Despite the fact that the general press had in

formed the people everywhere of the prosecutions of the panders in the two largest cities and spread the warning to parents which I and others had expressed whenever called upon to speak upon this subject, some communities were rudely awakened by the report of the Immigration Commission, in the fall of 1909. This report named, besides New York and Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake, Ogden, Butte, Denver, Buffalo, Boston and New Orleans as white slave trading points. It was soon followed by President Taft's message to Congress, recommending a Federal law directed against white slavery.

All these things have contributed to the general awakening throughout the country, which has brought to light so many white slave cases. They have helped to arouse the people to the enormity of the situation, and caused them to demand better laws directed at the suppression of pandering.

Since the pandering law became operative in Illinois, July 1, 1908, twelve other states have passed the same, or similar laws. New York and Louisiana now have laws pending, and proposed legislation along this line is now under way in many other states.

This awakening has also helped to stir public officials to uncover numerous pandering cases. These public officials have found that there is not one great syndicate, as is sometimes supposed, owning and operating this business. It is conducted by



separate groups who have adopted like methods, many of them having either direct or indirect relations and understandings with each other.

The awakening of the people has brought to light too that not only has the immigrant girl in America been exploited in this foreign traffic, but American girls have been procured for the foreign market. Girls from many North American cities have been sent to South America, to Shanghai and to Australia.

For years the camps of the miners and the armies have afforded a ready market for the sale of girls. The procurers took girls to South Africa, where many mining camps were located, followed the Russian army through the Russo-Japanese war, founded colonies in the mining camps of Alaska, and camped with their victims on the banks of the Panama Canal.

Thus the awakening to the full realization of the magnitude of the traffic in girls has been a shock to most people. From its birth in Eastern Europe where the Kaftan, as the procurer was then called, gathered up girls in Galacia and Russian Poland and sold them into Asia, this commerce in victims for dens of vice has spread in all directions. In Europe, Lemberg and Paris have become the chief distributing centres, while in America, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco have become the main distributing points.

## XVI

### THE LESSONS THAT WHITE SLAVERY TEACHES

**T**HE traffic in women slaves, in one form or another, is older than Babylon, but it has remained for the present age to see it crystallized into a well-defined business. As we know it to-day, this traffic is a new form of an old enemy. This old enemy in its new form teaches us many lessons.

There are those who doubt the existence of a well-defined white slave traffic. They say that pandering as a business does not exist, but that it is only "sporadic instances of the barter and sale of white female slaves." The doubters should study the situation carefully before they venture opinions concerning the traffic in girls.

Shall I tell the story of Kate McK——, the fifteen-year-old victim of Jennie Moulton, who was lured into a Greek resort on the West Side of Chicago, run by a man known as Gus Polis? Kate said that she became acquainted with Jennie Moulton in a candy factory. The girl was poor and was forced to work long hours in the factory. To her inexperienced view it looked like a golden opportunity when the Moulton woman offered to take her to a place where she could make more money.

Although this was a clear pandering case, more severe punishment could be obtained on another charge, because of the girl's tender age. Therefore, Gus Polis and Nicholas Deurutaholia were charged with rape, and Jennie Moulton was made an accessory to the same crime. The case ended by passing the penalty of twenty years in the penitentiary upon Jennie Moulton. Polis and Deurutaholia received sentences of five years in the penitentiary.

Will it help to hear Alexander Hooper tell how he lured Loretta C—— from St. Louis to Chicago, where she was forced into the life of a white slave? He tells that about the middle of July, 1909, he made arrangements with a resort owner to bring a girl from St. Louis to Chicago.

“He gave me thirty-five dollars, and I brought Loretta C—— to Chicago two days after this. We came over the Chicago and Alton Railway. We got off the train at Halsted Street, and there met two men sent to meet us. They escorted us to a house known as the —— . There I placed Loretta C—— where she became an inmate, and where she was put in debt for the amount paid me, and also for clothes amounting to fifty-five dollars.”

Hooper was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment in the house of correction and was fined three hundred dollars and costs.

Would it be more convincing to know that Clarence Gentry procured Katherine V—— from Nashville, Tennessee, July 24, 1909, and sold her

into a Chicago resort? This girl told in court that she had been deceived by Gentry who promised to marry her, and upon that representation she came to Chicago with him. She told also that he threatened to kill her at one time if she tried to escape. At another time when he found her writing a letter he had beaten her unmercifully and cut her with a knife. He showed her a finger of a dead person on one occasion, and said to her, "This is what becomes of people who snitch."

After she had been in this place about nine weeks Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, held a meeting in the red light district, and a reporter investigating the effect of the evangelist's meeting upon vice resorts asked her if she wanted to get out.

"I will take you out," he promised. And he was true to his word. It was after this that Gentry was arrested and found guilty of pandering in Judge Newcomer's court January 28, 1910, and given a sentence of six months in the house of correction, and a fine of three hundred dollars.

Fay B——, a fifteen-year-old orphan girl, came to Chicago from Valparaiso, Indiana, after the death of her father, and walked the streets until she was almost famished from hunger. She was almost dead from loss of sleep when she met Anna Johnson, who said she was wealthy, needing a housekeeper, and appearing to sympathize with the girl, lured her to a disreputable life.

It was Friday, December twenty-seventh, when detectives rescued Theresa B——, seventeen years

old, from the place to which she had been sold by Frank Cavello. This pander was tried in the court where Judge Beitler presided, and was found guilty and sentenced.

If these facts would bring home to the people who still doubt a realization that a terrible evil has been steadily growing in power and extent; if the recital of cases will result in keeping the regular agencies of surveillance and protection efficiently active and arouse a vital public opinion, then the steady procession of arrests, prosecutions and convictions which has marked the years of struggle to effectually stamp out the panders will not have been in vain.

We laud and honour chastity and purity in women, and it is the traffic in women that undermines that which we have always cherished. It is for this reason that it seems so strange that some people, even those with the kindest hearts and the highest motives, have discounted the very existence of white slavery.

The question is often asked,—Why cannot girls run away? Why can they not call to people passing on the streets? Many do attempt to escape and are forced back into slavery. They are not permitted to go near the windows, oftentimes because of police regulations. Many say that they wish to get away, only to find that they have confided in the “ringers” who appear to sympathize with them, as a ruse, to ascertain whether they will tell that they want to get away, as they have been forbidden

to do. If the girls say they want to get out of the houses the "ringers" report to the proprietors and the girls are whipped, ill treated and cowed into submission. Then they are afraid to tell their stories to any man, fearing lest he be a "ringer."

Many girls, however, succeed in telling men of their wish to escape, and are promised aid, but the promise is broken lest it bring publicity and disgrace. Thus the girls, whose hopes were raised, give up in despair.

While some may still doubt, those interested in the elimination of white slavery may be greatly encouraged because of the splendid backing the campaign is receiving. One of the most powerful organizations to enter the arena to combat this social evil is the Federation of Women's Clubs. These clubs are sending out letters and literature to warn mothers and daughters. They are aiding greatly in the educational legal and publicity campaign. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has also entered heartily in the war against the girl traffic.

In fact organizations for good throughout the country as well as men and women of influence have been aroused to put forth strenuous efforts to blot out this, the blackest cloud hanging over our land. Through the efforts of such influences, those who doubt are fast becoming few and far between.

And we may learn from the fate of girls who have been sacrificed upon the altars of lust and gold to bring money down from the throne. To-day the American idol is gold. We have become

money worshippers. Most of our reforms have to do with money. We have confined our efforts within the circumference of the dollar. Let us put the purity of our homes and the morals of the people back in the proper place. Let them be the goals we strive to reach. Then we shall not rack the lives of our girls upon the wheel of economic conditions. Parents and those having the charge of girls will not send girls then to earn money just to help fill the family coffers.

Another lesson that white slavery teaches is that false modesty should be cast aside in discussing social evil problems. Nothing is more beautiful than innocence. Nothing is more hypocritical than affected innocence. False modesty is affected innocence, and too long have parents, because of this false modesty, failed to bring to the knowledge of their children those facts which every person should know about. They allow their children to get their tutelage upon the streets, instead of at the fireside at home. When they send their daughters out into the world, without the safeguards which knowledge furnishes, in the language of a confessed pander, "Are they not frightfully guilty of the murder of their own daughters?" Yes, fathers and mothers are oftentimes morally responsible for the downfall of their daughters for not taking them into their confidence at home. They should cast aside all fanciful notions of modesty, so that their daughters may know the truth.

Neglect by parents in the raising of their daugh-

ters is an important element in the making of white slaves. The highest aim of parents should be the proper rearing of their children. Instead, too often, it seems to-day that fathers and mothers are thinking of almost everything else. They let their children grow up like weeds in the prairie to care for and look after themselves. Girls who are brought up under such influence are as a rule easily deceived by the panders.

In the effort to cast a white light upon these arch enemies to society who lurk in the darkness, who buy and sell the souls of daughters, who gather in the miserable dollars coined from the tears of girls, I have tried to handle hard, cold facts as delicately as possible, that any child of proper age may read and know. I have striven to avoid the sensational. And yet to the uninitiated the very subject must seem sensational. It may seem sensational because too many of us are heirs to well-intentioned but erroneous ideas concerning the most important part of our moral as well as our physical education.

Furthermore the campaign against white slavery has taught us to hue straight to the line. Friends who try to aid in the extermination of panders hinder the very cause they would help by dragging it into the fights for other reforms.

There is a work that is at least American wide in eliminating the procuring of girls. This is a huge task but by no means an insurmountable one. Other cities will have to face the same problems that New York and Chicago are now facing with



the brightest prospects for success. Organizations like the National Vigilance Committee of New York and Baltimore, the American Alliance in Chicago, the American Purity Federation, with headquarters in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and the New England Watch and Ward Society of Boston, which are hueing straight to the line in fighting white slavery, deserve support. Offices like our own supported voluntarily must continue unceasingly.

Homes similar to those supported by the Women's Clubs of Illinois in Chicago must be instituted in all large cities. We are running down and prosecuting the panders. The girls must be looked after when they are rescued for they cannot be turned out in the streets, friendless. Many do not want to return home for various reasons. These homes, not reform institutions, must help the girls to get a fresh start in a wholesome way so that they will not have to battle with the prejudice of past lives.

Shall we cast these girls aside and deny them protection? Shall we not answer the appeals of the mothers who are calling upon us to find their daughters and bring them home? Shall we not uproot a system that is snatching girls away from their homes and casting them into a most degraded life? Shall we not reclaim these girls who would turn back and leave their loathsome existence behind them, taking them from the dens of disease and horror and make them better and truer women?

Let us as individuals, as private citizens, strive to educate the people to cast aside false modesty: and

those of us who are fathers and mothers, let us begin with our own daughters. And then, having made it less easy for panders to secure their victims, let us use our influence to secure uniform laws for the prosecution of panders, with high penalties, say from one year to life, in every state in the Union. And as voters let us see that public officials do their duty to enforce the laws. And let us do this for the womanhood of America.

God tempts no man or woman.

FROM WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

**COURTESAN**—A prostitute, a Woman who prostituted herself for hire, especially to men of rank.

“Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of HEAVEN.”

JESUS.

6

And YE are witnesses of these things.

Printed in the United States of America.

What if this Girl were your Sister?

What constitutes a Devil Man?

God tempts no man or woman.

# THE WHITE SLAVE

What if this were YOUR child?



A CHRISTIAN GIRL

What if this girl were your sister?

What constitutes a Devil Man?





THE  
WHITE SLAVE.  
THE  
TRAGEDY OF  
IGNORANCE.

"To ~~SAVE that which~~ was LOST."

MATHEMATICS FOR CHRISTIANS.

Each 100 Devil Men. Require an Innocent  
Girl, to be Made a Tenderloin Whore.

God tempts no man or woman.

And YE are witnesses of these things.

CHRIST IS KING.

Were Christ Actual King of every Life  
There would be no Murder-No Under  
World-No Lawlessness Churches would  
Thrive and every Soul Saved.

What if this Girl were your Sister

What constitutes a Devil Man?

"To SAVE that which was LOST."

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# THE WHITE SLAVE.

What if this were YOUR child?



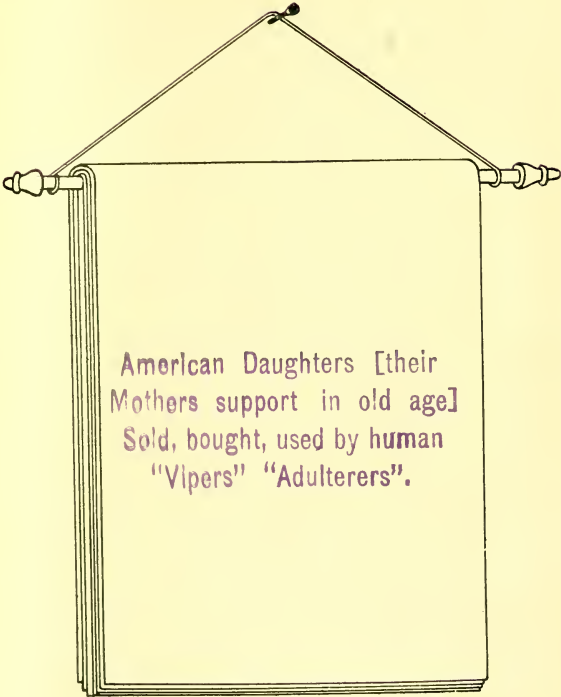
A CHRISTIAN GIRL

What if this Girl were your Sister?

What constitutes a Devil Man?



CANNOT CHANGE THE LAWS OF GOD.  
NEITHER PAGAN, JEW, OR CHRISTIAN.

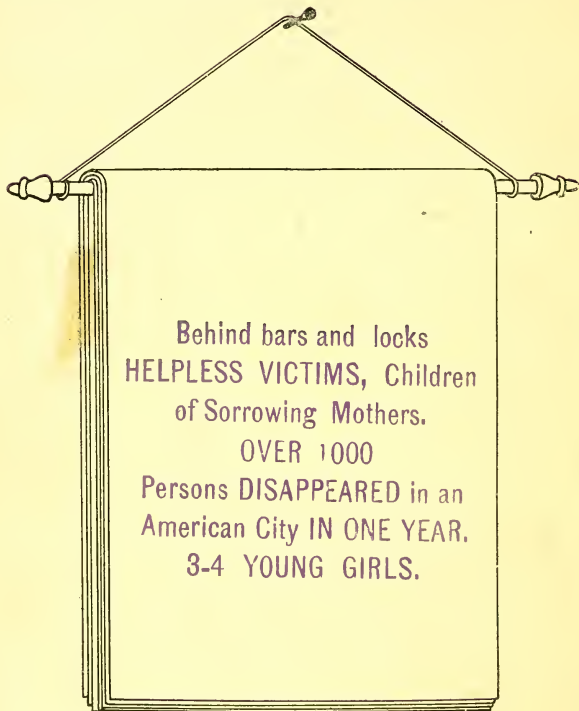


American Daughters [their  
Mothers support in old age]  
Sold, bought, used by human  
"Vipers" "Adulterers".

LOST GIRLS.  
Read Pages 165 to 168.

# A WORD TO THE WISE.

Adultery in any form, IS RAPE OF WIFEHOOD,  
MOTHERHOOD. By it, Deceit, Falsehood, Treachery,  
Murder, Prevent Gods will, hence Gods Hell in Eternity



Behind bars and locks  
HELPLESS VICTIMS, Children  
of Sorrowing Mothers.

OVER 1000

Persons DISAPPEARED in an  
American City IN ONE YEAR.

3-4 YOUNG GIRLS.

**“WILD OATS” IS ALWAYS  
A PREMEDITATED CRIME.**

Rev. 22:15.

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**THE WHITE SLAVE MART**

**The Crime that Separates Man from God, Wife, Children, Church**


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**Property of**

# **The Pilgrim Bible Circle**

**AKRON, OHIO**

---

 **To be returned if not used to save Youth and Men**

---

**PILGRIM BIBLE CIRCLE**

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**AKRON, OHIO**

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**What if this were YOUR child?**

