

# THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON

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THE WHITE SLAVES  
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**THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON**



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# THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON

BY  
W. N. WILLIS

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION  
TO  
THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

INCORPORATING  
*APPEALS TO THE NATION*

BY  
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY  
THE LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

AND  
MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH



RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
BOSTON

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# A LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

London House,  
32, St. James's Square, S.W.

TO THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON."

I am ready to accept the dedication of this book to myself, which you so kindly suggest, but it will be upon the understanding that I accept no responsibility for the statements made with regard to any particular house of resort which you name. You have, no doubt, plenty of evidence if you are challenged on this point. On page 162, I understand you only to mean temporary segregation for purposes of health; you know well that I could not advocate state recognition and regulation of vice.

This book will, I hope, shock London. The trade has flourished in London, not so much from the wickedness of the bad as from the ignorance and apathy of the good, and it is time that men and women's eyes were opened to what is taking place in their midst.

I hope the book will be widely read and do much to dispel the apathy and ignorance with regard to the fearful ravages of the traffic.

(Signed) A. F. LONDON.



## THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S CHARGE TO THE NATION.

*The Author is much indebted to his Grace of Canterbury for the following public pronouncement on the fearful evils of the White Slave Traffic :—*

“The main facts be wholly beyond dispute, and it is simply impossible, once these facts are realised, that we can, as citizens of a Christian country, acquiesce placidly or helplessly in their continuance for a single week if we can help it. At all events, we dare not have it on our conscience that we have left any stone unturned which can help towards ending once and for all these hideous wrongs.

Varying opinions are quite open to reasonable and careful men. Either the facts may be disputed, or the possibility of mending them may be doubted, or the manner of doing it may be hard to find. None of these things hold true here. I say deliberately that the plain facts can no longer be honestly challenged by any capable man who has given consideration to the matter. We require no inflammatory epithets, no artificial colouring. The facts are horrible, but they are plain. People bid us keep cool on this question. Brothers—fathers and mothers—it is not easy to keep cool in face of these facts. There are times in our life when we do well to be angry. Look at the facts in the very plainest and simplest way in which they can be stated. It is now certain that year by year a great many—I purposely use the most moderate word—it is quite certain that year by year a great many quite young girls—they may be silly, they may be credulous, but they are quite innocent—are being decoyed by craft, not across the seas only, but throughout England—decoyed against their will, and enslaved into positions of lifelong shame, in order to do what ? In order to put money into the pockets of the vile men and women who carry on

what is now a nefarious and well-established trade. Nay, the very facts that we boast of as part of our advancing civilisation—facilities of travel, facilities of communication—things on which we pride ourselves—make the carrying on of the trade the easier. Men may differ—I do not think they differ much who know—but they may differ about the frequency or the extent of this horrid iniquity; but the fact is in no doubt at all, and the very statement of it is enough to put us men to open shame.

And then another fact. The police and the magistrates are beyond doubt hopelessly hampered, in what they strive to do, by the restrictions of the existing law. If these two facts—and they cannot, I think, be challenged—are certain—the existence of the evil and the comparative powerlessness of the magistracy and police—is it not paramount, is it not urgent as a duty upon us all to get those powers increased and those hands strengthened? We want them increased by enlarging the power of arrest and by increasing the punishment on conviction. It has now been abundantly shown that it would be easy to increase the power of arrest without doing wrong to anyone. We want that Parliament should know that the best spirit of the whole nation is behind it in giving to police and magistrates all power that is necessary of inflicting upon those cowardly villains—on conviction, consequences which shall be not only punitive to them, but deterrent to them and others. We want two things—the increased powers and the increased punishment.

And what is to be said—what is said—against it? We are told if you increase the power of arrest so as to catch the villains, it is conceivable that some innocent man might some day be arrested. Well, the chance, as experience shows, is so slight as to be practically negligible. But grant, for argument's sake, that under these ampler powers some guiltless man—say one in a million of the population—might conceivably some day be falsely accused. Grant that, and what then? What is the argument which is based upon that? Is it that because

of that conceivable risk these hideous things shall be allowed to go on? Is it that rather than face that risk, if risk it be, we men will let this villainy alone, or that we will tinker with it in a helpless, useless way? Fathers and mothers, and brothers, I hardly trust myself to repeat that argument. What has become of British manhood if that remote and far-off fear is going to make us hold our hand and look on in cowardly helplessness? Suppose the risk were of a different kind. Suppose the saving of some of these young girls could only be brought about by say, crossing a firing line, or jumping into a tossing sea, or going near a burning house. Would anybody—anybody worthy the name of a man—shrink from running that risk? Then in Heaven's name, are you going to say that because the risk is of another kind—even if there be any, which I do not admit for a moment—we dare not face it, and must let things be? If anybody says that that is the opinion of the best manhood of England, give him the lie! It is an aspersion upon our Christian manhood which only needs to be faced to make it vanish into air.

And then the other objection. You must not increase the punishment—above all you must never use the lash—lest you degrade either the criminal or the man who flogs. Degrade whom? Degrade the villain who has sunk to the cowardly devilry of battenning on the craftily-contrived ruin of innocent girls? I defy you, do what you will, to degrade that man. Will you degrade the man who wields the lash? A most unwelcome duty; but who would not honourably fulfil it if thereby he helps, as he will, to render less likely the ruin of one innocent girl?

I have dwelt only on the main purpose of this Bill—stopping the vile trade which modern civilisation, remember, has helped to make more easy amongst us. I keep steadily to these points. Tell Parliament that we men and women, especially we men, of England and Scotland and Ireland are resolved that this vile thing shall stop. Let a voice go out with stern unanimity, and it will not, please God, go out in vain.”

## BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM'S APPEAL TO THE NATION'S CONSCIENCE.

*Received by the Author for insertion in this book.*

LET us make it quite clear what we are striving for. We are not making a demand for the harring of any sister woman who may have soiled and spoiled her womanhood, and for whom so many have other words than those of the Founder of the Faith, which is England's accepted religion, nor express condemnation for the young man who fails to remain still perfectly worthy of his pure Mother's kiss. There are times and places when both these matters of high import may be dealt with. What is it that we are demanding? First of all, reasonable protection for inexperienced innocence. Our great cities have to look for many of their workers to England's country villages, and it is an awful thing to contemplate that so unsafe is the approach even to the greatest of our towns that it is possible for a young girl with practically no knowledge of the world to be met at one of our railway stations by a plausible man or woman and led direct to her own moral destruction. . . . It is to the interest of every civic authority that people should be encouraged to come within the borders of their domain, and I am satisfied that the prosperity of a town goes hand in hand with its desire for a high social standard. The next demand we are making is, in a very true sense, for the liberty of the subject. One cannot help wondering how it is that persons who object in the name of freedom to arrest of those aimed at in this Bill on suspicion, should not see

that the real interference with liberty is shown when it becomes actually unsafe for an honest person to go to her occupation unless specially protected from those who wish to procure her undoing. I have lived a good many years in foreign countries. My own land has always been held up as one in which no harm could come to an ordinary unoffending person. So long as the practices against which we are protesting continue this is an unjustified boast. Our third demand is not that passion shall be controlled by law but that inhuman crime shall be punished. It is well to bear in mind that the persons we wish to get at are not sensualists, but wilful destroyers of character for the sake of gain. They carry on a business coldly and craftily regulated, no feelings stir them, unless it is greed. To them a human soul is a mere pawn on the chess-board ; they deserve none of the pity which can be extended in the name of humanity to their victims, even after they have been successful in causing the utter degradation of those.

One such pest as I have described can make a hell of an otherwise pure place. Complaint is made in some quarters of the power we desire to give to the police, but I think the fears expressed are simply ridiculous ; no one denies that a mistake may be made, and I would not minimise the effect of any such mistake ; it is extremely difficult to ensure that everyone should believe that after a policeman has touched a shoulder that may be the shoulder of an innocent person. But the gravity of this particular offence is so great that I am quite sure if error is made by the police, it will be through not arresting a guilty person on suspicion and not through the seizing of the innocent. I have seen in my municipal experience a good deal of the London police, and I am perfectly ready to trust myself and those nearest to

me to their care. They are on the whole wonderfully tactful, and they are not over anxious to have a prisoner in their charge. Let us think for a moment now of the punishment which should be meted out to these offenders. The day has not yet dawned, though I think it is approaching, when Society will treat those making actively for the destruction of all that is best in life by keeping them out of the way of injuring their fellows, segregating them and improving them if possible. Until that time comes we have to use coarser methods. And amongst those named in the Bill is that of flogging. I should like to make quite clear my own position in this matter, although I do not wish to commit anyone else here present. I have always opposed on principle corporal punishment for those whose early experience has been fairly rough and quite wanting in tenderness. The boy who comes from a life in which cuffs and beatings are his life in daily life should not, in my judgment, receive physical punishment at his school. An effort should be made to appeal to those parts of his nature upon which little or no effect has been produced at home, and I am by no means sure that I should not carry on that principle in regard to the coarse and rough criminal, though there are offences which so stir one's blood that one naturally thinks of corporal punishment; ill-treatment of woman, child or dumb animal makes one's gorge rise and one cannot help longing to make the culprit suffer bodily pains. But if you are going to improve coarse humanity, you must in order to reform, and therefore it is certain that one must have other punishment than that of the body. I cannot, however, disguise from myself that the people dealt with under this Bill are of an entirely different class. They, as a rule, are fairly educated; their surroundings



have generally a certain refinement about them ; they are cold and cowardly ; moral suasion will certainly not deter, and therefore I cannot, in the name of humanity, refuse to sanction their being flogged. Whether it is to be after the first offence or not is another matter ; I would rather leave that to those who have to judge and to sentence, and quite frankly I do not feel that large fines or even lengthened terms of imprisonment or deportation from this country will suffice so to empty England of this curse that we may give up all idea of flogging as part of the punishment. We differ in religious belief, but there is not one of us who does not know that this white slave traffic is a negation of the principles of every Faith. I implore people not to go quietly on their way, simply saying, " God's in His Heaven ; all's right with the world " ; but I ask them in the name of England, which claims to be a pattern in regard to moral ideals, in the name of humanity outraged by the existence of this traffic, in the name of the particular religious faith to which they have given their devotion, to use every effort to take away this reproach so that we may all breathe a cleaner social atmosphere and may be able to feel that God reigns not only in Heaven but also on the Earth.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH'S PASSIONATE  
APPEAL TO THE NATION'S MANHOOD.

*Received by the Author as a Message to the Nation.*

THIS thing is truly a monstrous evil. It is, I believe, alleged against some of those who are concerned in this movement that they have been guilty of exaggerating the number of victims annually entrapped. It may be so, I cannot tell; but it seems to me this is not a question of thousands or hundreds—that if there are only a dozen or two—and that would be a ridiculous estimate—and society can do something to prevent the crime, then that ought to be done. We do not wait for a dozen murders before we set on foot measures to safeguard life and punish the murderers. Indeed, if only one murderer escapes the community is uneasy, and I claim that this immoral traffic is a far worse offence than murder.

Speaking as a mother, I say that if for one of my daughters the choice lay between the shame, the horror, the corruption, and the rottenness of this life as a white slave and that of a quick dispatch by the hand of an assassin I should look upon that assassin as a deliverer. Therefore, let us not hear any more about exaggeration.

Why is this legislation claimed? I think upon three grounds. First, because the traffic is an infringement of human freedom. It strikes at the root of all that we understand by freedom; it involves the deprivation of the privileges of life; it involves the deprivation of that greatest

liberty of all—the liberty to do right. It denies the expression of human affection, and involves the disruption of families ; more perhaps than is the case with any other form of slavery known to man. It binds and degrades, and ultimately kills the soul as well as the body of the slave. Negro slavery is bad enough ; but this, in all its essential evils, is the worst slavery that has ever been.

Secondly, we claim that this traffic is a denial of human justice ; and this evil is all the more terrible from the fact that those who suffer from it are largely inarticulate. I have information just now from Paris that a foreign agent is taking a party of fifteen quite young English girls to Buenos Ayres. They do not know a word of the Spanish language. Think of their condition ; realize something of their helplessness.

The Attorney-General, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet about the English Law, said that, as a people, we realize what it is to have justice pure, justice learned, justice moderate, justice merciful, and that we wish now to be able to have justice swift. It was an eloquent tribute to the justice of our native land ; but I could not help thinking as I read it how dreadful a mockery, as things stand to-day, this talk of justice would sound in the ears of those victims of whom we are thinking to-night. Can we not say with truth that in their charnel-houses of filth and bondage, stretching forth their hands in vain for help and protection, they have been denied justice pure, justice learned, justice moderate, and justice merciful ?—and all these, and also justice swift, is what we are asking for !

Thirdly, this vice is also the parent of every other kind of evil. This iniquity brings forth fraud, perjury, disease, hatred, despair, and death. All these follow in its train ;

and this Bill, which we desire to see passed, is a small contribution towards the solution of an evil which is greater. When I say this, I am thinking of the state of things which we of the Salvation Army know to exist with the connivance of one or two Governments, and which concerns the women and children of other nationalities as well as our own.

Lastly, it seems to me that this evil embodies the essential spirit of crime. Crime, as we know it, is of three kinds : As a wrong against authority, we call it rebellion : as a wrong against property, we call it robbery ; and as a wrong against the person, in its worst form, whether slow or sudden, we call it murder. This crime is most certainly robbery—that requires no argument ; it is worse than murder ; and as to rebellion, I can only say that if our legislators, having these facts before them, fail to safeguard the innocent, to exalt the law and make our citizens fear that law more than the subjects of a tyrant ever feared his power, then I say deliberately that they make themselves accessories and partners in this iniquity, which God forbid !

Florence E. Booth

# THE WHITE SLAVES OF LONDON

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WHEN Mrs. Mackirdy and myself wrote our book, "The White Slave Market," we were hopeful that some permanent good would be accomplished and the daughters of the poor would be at last protected and shielded by the law makers of this country. Our efforts were an attempt to break down conventional forms by breaking the close silence that was studiously observed by persons with the very best intentions, on a subject that was, to say the very least of it, distasteful. But the tragedy of that silence has been carried far enough ; indeed, too far. The truth of the literal slaughter of the girls of the nation must be made known, and made known it was by a book as appalling in bare fact as anything that has appeared in print in this, or any other, country during the last quarter of a century.

When I landed in this country with the information of the death and disease inferno in the East, I quite naturally carried my notes to that good man, Mr. Stead. He did me the courtesy of reading all I had written and then he wrote me a long letter in which he

said : " You have dealt with a complex question in a very commendable way, but if you publish the facts as you present them to me you will find yourself in jail." After this letter I had two or three interviews with Mr. Stead, and our further conferences were postponed until he should return from America.

Alas, he never returned. Mrs. Mackirdy then consented to write the book with me. The work was not congenial ;—it was painful in the extreme, and the nation certainly owes its gratitude to Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy for the brave way in which she threw aside the niceties of her beautiful home life and the serenity and peace of her happy surroundings, to step out into the quagmire of the awful trade with the one object of assisting me in making the tragedy of the traffic known. Now, what has been the net results of that book with the general public—with fair-minded people the book has found favour and has done good, whilst abroad it has simply done wonders ? The authorities over the seas have at last been aroused ; the police in all quarters where the flag flies have become busy ; innocent girls are now being reasonably protected, and the work of the fearful " deadly pimp " has at least been checked. The traffickers are in hiding, and in some of the British provinces the law is to be amended so as to deal with the bare backs of those despicable cowards who trade in, and sell girls into, infamy. Strong action is being taken in France, in Germany, Russia, Holland, and America. The Chief Magistrate of New York city, Mayor Gaynor, has taken the matter up in a way worthy of his big mind and his big heart.

At Washington Mr. Vernon M. Cady has brought brains and toil into the subject, for we read in the message from Washington, "A plea for greater publicity with regard to the evils of the white slave traffic in all its ramifications, to save the coming generation, coupled with astounding figures of the extent of the evil," is issued by the American Federation of Sex Hygiene now meeting at Washington. The Federation, of which Dr. Eliot, Emeritus Professor of Harvard University, is president, is composed of prominent physicians and philanthropists. Its present meeting is in connection with the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Washington, which is being attended by leading physicians from Europe. The Federation pleads for less reluctance on the part of the Press in discussing the eradication of white slavery.

In his opening address, Mr. Vernon M. Cady threw upon the screen a table showing how the enormous sum of £600,000,000 in America alone goes annually through white slavery, disease, and immorality in general. In placing the cost of immorality at £600,000,000, Mr. Cady did not include the cost of the care of the sick, blind, insane, and paralytic, or the expense of infant funerals, which, he declared, result from immorality. He asserted that there are 300,000 publicly immoral women in the United States, of whom 50,000 die yearly, and there are at least 1,000,000 women who are clandestinely immoral, while large numbers of men and women are innocent victims of the social evil. The Federation also says that the present segregating methods of counter

acting the evil are unsuccessful, and condemns the conspiracy of silence which keeps the new generation ignorant of the horrors until too late. The Federation announces its intention of starting a campaign to induce every American school to instruct its pupils in the story of the propagation of life, which precaution, it is believed, will largely reduce the extent of the evil in coming years.

At Cairo, the Christians and Mohammedans are working in unison to kill the trade and save the daughters of the poor from destruction. Lord Kitchener has, I am told, given strong instructions that the infernal white slave dealer must be run to earth, and when Lord Kitchener speaks he is obeyed.

Only last mail I received the following letter from a close friend at Cairo:—"Your book, 'The White Slave Market,' has done no end of good. The police are very active and are on the hunt for traffickers. Only the other day they made a raid on an outhouse of infamy and rescued between forty and fifty young girls in one den. Most of these poor children averaged in age from eleven to fifteen years and they were marched to the police station with the traffickers. Their state was very pitiable. Most of these poor children were in a very diseased state, with big sores on their bodies and bruises (the results of the beatings they had received), while others had been maltreated cruelly. But, thank God, they are now safe and the traffickers are in the iron grip of the authorities, and they need not expect much sympathy from K. of K. Several small catches have been made here and three or four notorious houses



have been closed. The 'missus' of the house with the red lamp at Port Said has disappeared. The book has come as a well-timed bomb shell amongst the wretches who should be hung. By-the-by, when the book made its appearance over here some persons laughed at its bold assertions and declared it to be a pack of lies, but it has proved now to be truth from cover to cover."

In support of this letter the following, clipped from the London *Standard* of September 10th, would be interesting reading:—

"The police made a raid last evening on a house of ill-fame in Clot Bey-street, the result being that fifty-four young Egyptian girls and the men connected with the house were escorted to the police station.

"The Egyptian girls were all under the age of fifteen, and it is stated that their condition was deplorable."

Another letter from Singapore gives some details of the clearing out of the "pimp" brigade, and the writer concludes by saying that "the book should be read by every man and woman. The Government should send it into every library in the Empire, for it is certainly the right sort of salt to put into the bare backs of the men who live by prostituting girls." Letters have also reached me from Calcutta, Penang, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Java, Bangkok and many other places in the East, the writers all hoping that the book may be scattered broadcast and that a united effort of the Christian powers may be made to kill the awful trade. So far good

has been done and will be done, but this is not enough. It's like all efforts in the cleansing process, it's spasmodic, and may die out of its own accord if stronger efforts are not made by the proper authorities to deal with this matter which is of such stupendous importance to the mothers and daughters of the nation. "Who are the proper authorities?" the man in the street may ask. "The authority of Parliament," is the simple reply. Parliament has done much, but much more remains to be done. As the Bishop of London determinedly declares, "We have not finished this great fight yet. We must fight on to the finish."

So must Parliament, the proper authority, fight on to the finish—that is, until the thing is killed, or maimed, and the rose-clad paths that are now widely open in London to lead young, ignorant, and perhaps innocent, girls astray are irrevocably closed.

If the difficulties in the way of joining this life are hard to surmount and not, as at present, open and inviting, many young girls would be saved from destruction. Parliament has, I say, so far risen to its duty as protector of the daughters of the nation, but there is much in this traffic that still remains hidden from Parliament.

The Bill before the Commons is very good, so far as it goes, but it does not properly grapple with the whole of the important problem.

Many of the hon. members, in discussing the Bill, showed an earnest desire to passionately debate the question of the traffic, but several hon. members were not only hostile, but showed a most lamentable ignorance of the subject.

Mr. Walter Guinness was right when he said in the debate that "You make their lot harder by driving out all landlords except those who are prepared to go to prison as criminals for letting these women find a roof over their heads. Surely society has no right to treat these women vindictively, because they already pay a terrible price in misery, disease, and despair." Mr. Wedgwood, who is, I am told, an authority on this social evil, declared "The objection is to making it more difficult for these women to find a shelter. You chase them off the streets, and then you chase them out of their houses. Where are they to find shelter if the police are always after them? We know perfectly well that under the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 it is difficult enough for these women to get on, and some people say that bribery of the police does occur. Are you going to make it more impossible for these women to carry on this traffic, which, however much you disagree with it, or hate it, is bound to go on in some way or other, whatever laws you pass? Driving this sort of thing underground merely makes it worse and merely leads to additional vice. I think that everybody who was in the movement for the abolition of the C.D. Act must recognise that the increase of the police supervision is about the worst possible thing you can do for morality in this country, and for the general abolition of prostitution."

Mr. Greenwood said:—"I remember some words which fell from the late Chief Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court, Sir John Bridge, in which he

said that many of these measures which had been recently taken with regard to these unhappy women had had the effect of driving them into the arms of bullies, because they must live somewhere. You have not the courage to say that they are doing something which is punishable as an indictable offence, but you harry them by bringing in new measures which make their lives more miserable and more intolerable, and then, as Sir John Bridge says, you throw them into the arms of bullies."

Mr. Wedgwood struck the right key in his remarks, but refused the House and the country a remedy when he said: "The self-respecting artisan either thinks or acts very often as though he thought that he could not afford to marry a wife before he gets to thirty years, and consequently there is an increase of prostitution because he continues to lead a single life. In addition to that, the women not being able to find husbands also adds to the stream of prostitution; and you have also the horribly low wages of women producing the same effect. All these sources of prostitution come from the poverty which exists at the present day, and I would earnestly ask those people who support this Bill—and I know that many of them are earnest Christian people who would do anything in order to put a stop to the existing state of affairs—to consider whether they could not throw themselves with the same genius and enthusiasm into putting an end to poverty and exploitation that they put into this tinkering measure dealing with the results of the existing system."

Whilst Mr. Booth declared:—"In my opinion

this international traffic and commercialised vice, as it has been called, largely exists in novels and is a figment of the imagination, so far as it applies to this country. I am not prepared to admit that London is the centre of an international traffic of this kind, because that has never been proved. If it is true, it is the greatest reflection upon previous legislation, and upon the present administrative authorities that can possibly be uttered."

Will Mr. Booth, from his responsible position after reading this book ; the redundant evidence that is now made public, dare to say that "the international traffic and commercialised vice exists only in novels and is a figment of the imagination" ? Surely Mr. Booth reads the papers. Surely he must know that Mr. F. S. Bullock, the Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, has issued an official warning to the mothers and daughters of the nation through the Press of the country, pointing out the dangers that beset girls engaged in all kinds of employment abroad. Here is an article taken from the *News of the World* as late as September 22nd, which should surely convince Mr. Booth of the wrong he has done those persons who are fighting to take the lid off this cauldron of iniquity into which young girls are cast wholesale.

The article says :—"With little pretence to artistic attainments, and with a pretty face and a good figure as their chief asset, hundreds of girls belonging to all parts of England, but mainly to London, Liverpool, Hull, and other seaports, are recruited annually by 'impresarios' of foreign nationality, ostensibly as members

of theatrical troupes, musical sketch artists, or dancing companies. In reality they are destined to become additional victims in the 'white slave traffic' carried on to such an enormous extent in foreign cities. So notorious has this become, and so widespread are the ramifications of the individuals engaged in this horrible business, that the *News of the World* has been officially requested to issue a warning to the parents of girls. As a rule, it is the fascination of the footlights which means the undoing of the victims, and which brings them into the net of dishonour and degradation. Among these girls is the domestic of merry disposition, temporarily out of a situation, and the shop assistant whose dreary round of duties has become so monotonous that she sighs for the time when the limelight shall be focussed upon her. In England, Mr. F. S. Bullock, an Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is the central authority for the suppression of the white slave traffic, and in that capacity he is constantly receiving report after report, from Consuls abroad, concerning the dangers that beset the importation of English girls who have undertaken to appear in some vaudeville show at certain classes of variety halls. Mainly these girls are of the simple, simpering class, smitten with a love of the stage. They are quite sincere in their intentions, and have the purest motives in embarking upon their new career, their desire, in the majority of cases, being to secure a lucrative engagement, and to help their parents by forwarding them part of their wages. These remittances, it is true, come regularly enough for a time. If the father or mother receiving them knew that they

represented the price of their daughter's shame, they would probably shrink back with horror, but the truth is that more than ninety per cent. of these young girls of the class referred to, enlisted into the services of the stage abroad, come to grief. In absolute ignorance, the parents receive half the girl's wages, as per contract drawn up in legal form, and it is only when their unfortunate offspring is broken in health, as a result of the life she is compelled to resort to, or disease has laid her aside, that what has really happened is revealed. The girls, naturally enough, try to conceal the true state of things, and generally write letters couched in language which leads the parent to believe that success has crowned their efforts to become an artist. In every case they have had a legitimate desire to appear on the stage;—in nearly every one they have unhappily come to a disastrous finish. London is, it must be confessed, the great clearing house for this terrible traffic, so far as the Continent, and, it may be added, South America, is concerned. A recent census, taken officially in Paris, revealed an appalling state of affairs. Of some 500 English girls under contract for stage purposes, only a few maintained any semblance of purity. For years past, as the record of the Foreign Office will testify, letters have been received from British Consuls in various Continental towns, notably Paris, Berlin, Munich, Marseilles, and Odessa, drawing the attention of the authorities to the plight of these deluded girls. In almost every instance they had signed contracts with the managers of companies, who were invariably foreigners. The agreements

please the parents, because of the clause rendering it necessary that half of their pay shall be sent home ; the girls, led astray by the suave manners of the impresario,' innocently swallow the bait. These contracts, so legal and so formal in their language, are little understood by the class of people they are intended to victimise. They mean, however, that when the signatures have been appended, the poor, innocent girl belongs body and soul to the 'impresario.' The agreements are absolutely one-sided. They bind the victim to do as the 'impresario' wills, with the inevitably distressing result. Then, when at their wits end, finding themselves dishonoured, disgraced, and helpless, the hapless girls go to the Consul and tell him the most lamentable stories of their experiences, and of how they have been forced into a life of shame. The pay which the girls receive is always insufficient to enable them to live respectably. They are required to dress in accordance with the wishes of the 'impresario,' or the stage manager, in a style that is beyond their means. It is no good protesting. The contract says it must be so. Sometimes the girls fall ill and require special care and comforts. These they cannot afford in the ordinary way, and so they have to get the necessary money somehow. Many of them have been reduced to a state of absolute destitution before they have given in, and what can they urge in explanation but that they found themselves stranded in a foreign town with no knowledge of the language, and without friends or money ? It has been no fault of their own that the 'impresario' has achieved his evil purpose.



The moral standard of the places in which they find themselves is quite different to that of England and, unfortunately, it is a matter of common occurrence that the money they send home comes from a source far different to what the parents imagine. To a *News of the World* representative, Mr. Bullock, the Assistant Commissioner of Police, said he thought it desirable that these facts should be brought home to the parents of children whose wish it was to go on the stage. Inquiries show that, unfortunately, there is an increasingly large number of girls recruited in England for the Continent. Their sole qualification in the majority of instances is their youth and good looks; they may possess a voice, and they can, of course, learn to dance. Formerly there were in existence in London many theatrical agencies which dealt practically only in this traffic. With a change in the law all these 'agencies' came under the supervision of the authorities and things that were wrong were righted, stemming, for the time, the supply of these white slaves. The precautions being so stringent, the wily 'agents' adopted other measures to evade the law. By means of advertisements they get into direct communication with their victims, and the first intimation that Scotland Yard receives of their undoing is when they are thrown on one side. It is, therefore, necessary to warn parents against answering such advertisements, or allowing their children to be engaged, except through a registered agency, under the supervision of the authorities. The deplorable facts that are brought to the notice of the police show that English girls run peculiar risks,

owing to their want of knowledge of Continental habits, and the different training they have had in England, and that, therefore, they are liable to be ruined more easily in countries of which they know nothing, and where they find great difficulty in obtaining assistance when they are in trouble. Therefore, parents, beware of the foreign 'impresario.' ”

Now I bring as evidence against Mr. Booth's assertion a letter in the *Daily Chronicle* from Mr. Cowen at Colombo—not Fleet Street, but Colombo—a centre used as a resting ground for the “pimps” and their victims. Mr. Cowen says:—

“Sir,—The general consensus of opinion at home in favour of Mr. Lee's White Slave Traffic Bill contrasts strangely with the general policy pursued by some of the British Governments abroad. The British Crown Colonies, Dependencies, and Protectorates form a network extending, *via* the Mediterranean, across Asia and around the globe in the very line of the world's traffic—white slave traffic included. It is within the power of the Governments of Crown Colonies to put a formidable barrier in the way of the passage round the earth of this human merchandise.

“In a report of the debate in the House of Commons on the second reading of the Bill, Mr. Booth is stated to have said:—‘This international traffic in commercialised vice exists largely in novels and is a figment of the imagination,’ I do not know whether it exists largely in novels, but it has been my lot to make myself acquainted with the conditions existing in various parts of Asia, and I think it is true to say

that the facts exceed in their horror the ordinary man's power of imaginative thinking.

'To deny the existence of the traffic is to dispute the incidence of the trade winds, or the rise and fall of tides.

" Here in Ceylon, Britain's largest and fairest Crown Colony, and not the least prosperous, is a street full of women of Russian, German, and French nationality, 'permitted' by the inspector-general of police to carry on their trade. These women do not come here by accident or of their own initiative. Most of them do not appear to know so much as the name of the next large port. They are brought here or sent to other places according to the demand, and under the goodwill of the local authority. They are so much merchandise.

" From this port the traffic passes on to Singapore, and thence to the Portuguese and French settlements in South China. Another line of this human traffic used to be, five or six years ago, from the United States to Manilla and thence to Hong Kong, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Peking. The traffic manager of the Peking-Shanhaikwan Railway told me that between Tangku and Peking, that is to say, between the coast and the capital, special trains were sometimes ordered and paid for by the men who carried on this trade.

" As regards Ceylon, friendly representations have been made to the Governor and the head of the police for several years past, but without avail.

" Along the China coast, in the Treaty ports and the British possessions, the British flag stands always

foremost for purity and decent living—this in spite of such difficulties as that of contiguous foreign jurisdiction and extra-territorial limitations. In the Crown Colony of Ceylon no such difficulties exist. The law is simple and clear. There is no doubt about the power of the Colonial Government, but this Government simply declines to act.

“The heads of police say they are satisfied that ‘Ceylon compares favourably with the other Crown Colonies.’ My own opinion is that Colombo is in danger of becoming one of the worst ports in Asia, and even now compares unfavourably with that once notorious sink of iniquity, Port Said, a place which has now, happily, under British administration, greatly improved.

JOHN COWEN.

“*Colombo, July 3rd.*”

Surely Mr. Cowen, a private citizen of repute, with nothing to gain beyond the credit of raising his voice on behalf of the unfortunate girls, is not drawing on his imagination.

I can assure Mr. Booth that every day, nay, every hour of the day, registers some unfortunate girl of this country in the bonds of the infernal trafficker. All the devices that the devil can invent are used to decoy girls away, and the marriage tie plays not the least important part in binding ignorant and innocent girls into the bondage of infamy.

Mr. Booth was on safer ground when he said (*vide Hansard*):—“What are the painful facts in regard to the evil which this Bill only touches very lightly.

There are thousands of people being accosted in London every night, and that is illegal. There are thousands of disorderly houses in this city, and they are illegal institutions. If our administration has been perfect in the past, how do you explain these breaches of the law which are occurring every day in this great city, and will occur to-night? You have in London couples, and very often young couples, or mere boys and girls, waiting in queues in order to gain entrance to disorderly houses on the South side of London, and pay a shilling for the use of those rooms. Let us look facts in the face. That is illegal, and why is it going on? Will new legislation put that down? Certain thoroughfares are given up nightly to street-walking and solicitation in many of our great cities. In certain streets respectable people are warned not to take houses because there are so many disorderly premises. We have our parks as night approaches very largely occupied, I regret to say, in the practice of unnatural vice. Youthful immorality in England, I regret to say, is, in my opinion, on the increase, and so is juvenile immorality, in spite of the Children Act. What is the meaning of all this? You have hundreds of wealthy men prowling about in the West of London, in Bond Street and Regent Street, all day, endeavouring to attract the attention of women shopping. Are you aware of the great spread of venereal disease among shopgirls and others, who only go quite casually and indulge in this dreadful way of earning money? Are you aware that is one of the most serious things that confronts the doctors in hospitals

at the present time? Do you really know what takes place on the sands of the seashore at our resorts or in Epping Forest on Bank Holidays? I mention this in order to let the House realise the tragedy of the position. We cannot save the human family, and particularly the boys and girls who are dear to us, merely by increasing the powers of the police constables and then thinking we have done our duty. When you come to look at these great evils, and then examine the Bill before the House, good though it is in its intentions and beneficial no doubt in one or two of its Clauses, it does seem to me a lame conclusion of the whole matter."

## THE WAYS OF THE PIMP

### “COMMERCIALISED VICE.” MR. BOOTH ANSWERED

If Mr. Booth requires further rebutting evidence against his unwarranted statement that this International traffic and commercialised vice is “all moonshine in the imaginative brain of the novelists,” he had better read the following witnesses to the redundant truth of the extent of the commercialised vice, and then from his place in Parliament apologise for his want of knowledge of the extent of the evil.

The Home Secretary, replying to Parliamentary questions in the House of Commons regarding missing girls and women, states that during the last twelve months 1,118 girls between the ages of ten and sixteen were reported to the Metropolitan police as missing. Of these 1,102 were traced.

Of 2,676 women of all ages above sixteen reported as missing, 2,540 were traced.

In the case of the 16 girls and 136 women who were not traced, their disappearance is in many cases explainable for such reasons as their having absconded to avoid paying debts, or having quarrelled with friends or husbands.

To where these girls were traced does not appear, but who can state how many girls are “missing” without being reported as such. The missing girl does not include the girls married by fraud or sent abroad to “good places.”

From New York statistics we gather that in one year, 1909, the head of the New York police, General Bingham, refused bribes amounting to some thousands of pounds offered by those engaged in the White Slave Traffic.

There are limited liability companies in every country in the world commanding large amounts of capital for the sake of procuring girls for the purpose of prostitution. One organisation had its own burial lot for the burial of infants and mothers and young women who died in their houses. In one of their lots were 451 nameless graves of girls. This society was only one of several.

At a low estimate 15,000 fresh girls were imported in one year, and one syndicate alone made a profit of about £40,000 in 1909.

The following letter received by me from a distinguished Eurasian gentleman at Calcutta may be interesting reading to Mr. Handel Booth and those honourable members who think with him that commercialised vice is "all imaginary moonshine."

It reads:—

"We have carefully read your book, 'The White Slave Market,' which has done much good because it places the facts very barely in the sun of public criticism. It may move the Authorities to take action, especially if they think the people of England will support them and that they will not be rebuked by the Indian Office in London.

"The papers are just to hand giving an account of the debate in Parliament on the White Slave



Traffic Bill. The ignorance some honourable members exhibit over the White Slave Traffic is very deplorable indeed, and very harmful to those Christians and Mohammedans who are trying to stop or at least stem the tide of the traffic.

“ I notice one honourable member sneeringly asserts that it is not true that deporting women for vice is commercialised. That honourable gentleman should be here and watch the batches of ten, twelve, fifteen, and as many as twenty unfortunate prostitutes being landed here at different times and portioned off in twos, threes, and fours to the various brothels as so much merchandise.

“ The trade is conducted on the same methods as are applied to the importation of any commodity that is used by the peoples of India. The traders go or send to any country where they can obtain numbers of fresh young girls to keep up the supply in the brothels.

“ Only the other day a steamer arrived here from Japan with sixteen prostitutes on board. Any man who wanted one of these women to reside at his bungalow was only put to the pains of going on board, picking one out, and arranging the small payment. I am informed that most of these women, if not indeed all of them, were in a bad state of disease. A nice prospect for mothers with sons in India to contemplate.

“ Then, again, look at the hundreds and hundreds of prostitutes here in Calcutta, Bombay, Poona, etc. They sit out in the open, as you know, painted and dressed in gaudy clothes, smoking cigars or

cigarettes, and inviting passers-by to "come inside." These women are of every nationality under the sun, and as they die off their places are filled by a 'concie' of ruffians who live and grow fat at the business. The sights of these women are a disgrace to civilisation and a smudge on our Christianity. The Mohammedans sneer at us and exclaim, 'These be your Christians.'

"The other day Mr. Madge, who right worthily represents the Eurasian community in the Legislative Council, introduced a Bill to suppress the importation of foreign women and to punish importers and others profiting by the trade. The Bill is called 'The Female Slave Trade Suppression Bill,' and gives the authorities power to deport any trafficker (when caught) under Regulation 3 of 1818, or any other law or regulation that may be in force. Under the Bill the importers of women for the trade of prostitution are given the option of leaving the country within fourteen days, and if they remain after that period they are subject to three months' imprisonment.

"This Bill is an honest attempt to deal with a subject of grave public scandal, but in view of the reception given to the White Slave Bill in the House of Commons the Government here seem very 'cold' over Mr. Madge's Bill.

"Another very important Bill on the subject of the protection of Indian girls has been introduced to the legislative council by Mr. M. B. Dadabhoj. This Bill proposes to raise the age of consent of girls from twelve years to sixteen years, and to render punishment by imprisonment for a term up to ten years of

any person who hands over a girl below the age of sixteen to the service of any deity or temple, and to punish procurement of girls for vile purposes by five years' imprisonment.

“ At the present moment any girl-child above twelve years of age may ‘ *consent* ’ to become a prostitute or concubine or a wife, with, of course, the parents’ consent, and no penalty may be visited on the persons who go about the country buying and selling these little girls for immoral purposes. If the number of young Indian girls just over twelve years of age that are sold into prostitution could be known and made public it would appal the Christian world.

“ This latter Bill by Mr. Dadabhoy has received a very chilling reception in certain official quarters. Yet something may be done, as there is a steady growth of enlightenment amongst all classes of the community.

“ We hope the fight in England, which has commenced on this matter, will continue and gather force until something is done. All decent-living Mohammedans and Christians in the East are watching the fight against wholesale and indeed retail vice in the West.

“ If the House of Commons takes the lead the Indian Office and all the dependent governors in English Colonies in the East will mightily quick follow suit. To those who do not believe that the vice is commercialised under a system, I would say with every respect that they might, with as much reason, profess to believe that ‘ grapes will ripen by the rays of the moon.’

“All the Eurasians of the East are with the West in this fight, and if funds are required they may be had for the asking.”

Whilst the book was with the printers I received, through the courtesy of the Government of India, who directed Mr. E. J. Turner (Assistant Secretary of the Judicial and Public Department of India Office, Whitehall) to forward it to me, a copy of the important Bill introduced into the Council of the Governor-General of India on September 18th, 1912, by Mr. W. C. Madge.

This Bill I place as an appendix for public information and as evidence against those honourable gentlemen within the walls of the House of Commons who say that this traffic in women—that is, trade in human flesh for immoral purposes—is all “moonshine.”

Mr. Madge’s statement upon introducing this Bill—also forwarded to me by courtesy of the India Office—is published verbatim, as follows:—

*“Statement of Objects and Reasons.”*

“This Bill is directed exclusively against the importation of foreign women for prostitution and against persons who import and trade on them. This traffic is detrimental to public morality. Imported prostitutes are undesirable aliens, and all persons who trade on them are injurious offenders who ought to be restrained by law. There is no reason for continuing immunity to any trade degrading to its own agents, reacting perniciously on

public morality, and often involving cruelty to helpless women.

“Female victims are of two classes, European and Asiatic. The police of Calcutta and Bombay have either partially repressed the European trade or deported its middlemen, or done both. But proof occasionally offers of the presence of European victims and of traders on them, and controverts any claim or hypothesis of complete suppression of even the so-called White Slave Trade, while, in the case of any traffic, hidden in its nature and subtle in its methods, exceptions to the hypothesis or claim of complete extirpation may be more numerous than is desired and imagined, or detected. Women in increasing numbers have of late years been imported from Japan and elsewhere, and, apart from evidence of the fact sometimes secured, the assumption is tenable that no such traffic could flourish or survive unless others than its victims profited by it, and, in the latter case, unless any balance of profit exceeded its miseries. There is no reason in law or morality why any distinction should be drawn between traders in European and traders in Asiatic foreign prostitutes. The political argument, that discredit is reflected on the governing race by white prostitution, in no way tells against the need of deterring or punishing any known offence against public morality partaking of the nature, and ensuring some of the results, of crime.

“The special powers under which traders in European prostitutes have sometimes been dealt with by deportation, though effective, were created for political

ends ; and any extensive use of them, on the scale needed to make them effective against the already large and growing traffic in Asiatic foreign women, would offend the public sentiment against any summary procedure which set aside all the ordinary safeguards of the law affecting personal freedom, on any other than high political grounds.

“ If it be imagined that all foreign Asiatic prostitutes are voluntary victims, not only is there no proof of the assumption, against which all the experiences of the victims seem to testify, but the tortuous manner in which these females are often brought into India by circuitous route,—*e.g.* being first landed in Pondicherry, and then distributed over the country—raises the fair presumption that secrecy is resorted to in order to veil illegalities, evade detection, and escape criminal proceedings. In a traffic carried on for mere profit, no expense will be incurred that can be avoided, unless to avoid some risk considered great enough to be worth the cost of avoiding it. In this traffic, criminality is confined to the systematic practice of deceit or restraint, or of both, on women, but needs searching treatment to be disentangled from lawful subterfuges ; though, even if proof were forthcoming that neither deceit nor cruelty were practised and that the women were voluntary victims, the offences against public morality committed by the traders in undesirable aliens would lose nothing of its odious, degrading, depraving and injurious character, regarded as offences against the welfare of this country.

“ The evil against which this Bill is directed has

increased of late years, and is growing steadily. As it has a constant injurious effect upon the public welfare, for which no extenuation can be urged, and for the continued freedom of whose agents from legitimate restraint no plea can be advanced, the evil demands prompt and effective treatment. The confidence is not misplaced that the mere enactment of this Bill will have a great deterrent effect, and that it may need to be rarely enforced.

“ W. C. MADGE.

*August 24th, 1912.*”

The Paris correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, under date October 13th, says:—“ The White Slave Traffic is making alarming progress in French cities. The secret police are actively at work and numerous arrests have been made in Paris and Lyons. Vigilant societies are also on the track of a clandestine organisation that appears to be very widely spread. News from Quebec states that the police of that city made a raid on two houses of ill-fame and out of the seventeen women they found there fifteen were respectable young French girls, who had been enticed out on fictitious engagements as school teachers and dress-makers. Once they were trapped, they were kept prisoners until they accepted the revolting career. Mexico and the Argentine are the favourite markets, it appears. French scoundrels owe much of their immunity to the law itself, which will not allow arrests to be made except in the act. They are seldom to be seen with their victims, except a few hours before the departure of the steamer. That is why the police often arrive on the spot too late.”

Mr. Coote, speaking to a representative of the *Westminster Gazette* on the subject of women and girls being carried abroad, or, "commercialised vice," said :—

"A man and a woman had brought two women to London and our enquiries showed that they were being taken to Buenos Ayres, to be sold there. Their tickets had already been bought and they were leaving London for Southampton on the following Friday, to start on the voyage a day later. They were natives of Odessa, and had been induced by the man and woman to leave that place by promises of good situations in London. Just before the vessel arrived in dock the woman gave each of the girls twenty-five roubles, instructing them to say, if they were asked by anybody upon landing, that they had money. Shortly after landing the money was taken from them, and they were told that they could not have situations in London, but that there were good openings in South Africa, to which place they would be taken free of charge! They were also advised to change their names. The man then informed them that they would have to attach their signatures to two pieces of paper, one being an I O U for three hundred roubles and the other a similar acknowledgment for four hundred roubles. The girls protested that they would never be able to pay so much money, but they were assured the task would be quite an easy one in two months' time.

"On the Friday evening I went to Waterloo about eight o'clock and discovered the quartette on the platform about to depart for Southampton. I had to



act promptly, or let the party go unchallenged. Accordingly, I took the girls and their keepers into an adjacent police room, and, with the aid of an interpreter, questioned the former as to their knowledge of the destination and purpose intended for them. They readily told me that they were going to excellent situations in South Africa, and said they had received their tickets for this journey from the man. When the man's attention was drawn to the fact that the tickets were made out for South America, he declared that the girls knew very well where they were going ; but to this suggestion the girls themselves gave a vehement denial.

“ The man and woman subsequently admitted that £70 had been spent on bringing the girls so far, and that in this sum the cost of the tickets to Buenos Ayres was included. I took charge of the tickets, accused the man of being a trafficker, and appealed to the station police to lock both of them up. Their reply was that the law would not admit of their doing so.

“ A long controversy followed ; and at eleven o'clock, when it was impossible for them to go to Southampton that night, I resolved to take the party to the police station, and in order to get the girls away I was compelled to make a fictitious charge against the man and woman, who were locked up for the night, while the girls were handed over to our care. In the morning, when the facts were explained at the Bow Street Police-court, the man and woman were not only released but they were told that they had a right of action against me for false imprisonment. And to

complete my discomfiture I was reprimanded by the Court. Of course, no action was taken against me by these 'victims' of an illegal action; and, for the rest, it is sufficient for me to know that the girls, through our intervention, have been restored to their homes in Russia.

"It is for cases like these," said Mr. Coote in conclusion, "of which there are many in the course of a year, that we require this power of summary arrest. As matters now stand, the traffickers complete the ruin of their victims while we are setting the law in motion against them."

Some weeks back I received a letter from a friend of mine at St. Petersburg. This man is a well-known merchant in the East and his trade takes him into almost every remote corner of the great Eastern Archipelago, through the Straits of Malacca, right on to Hong Kong and China proper. He is an observant man whose opinion is worth recording. He writes:—

"Your book 'The White Slave Market' unfortunately tells only half the truth of the revolting trade. I suppose the British public would not stand the full truth all at once, but it must come. Knowledge of the trade is the only thing to kill it, for I am sure no Christian or Mohammedan man or woman would stand by inactive if the truth were laid bare before them. What is really wanted is an international law to deal with these men who travel all over the world in gangs, becoming rich on the sighs, tears, and the very damnation of poor girls. If all the nations 'joined hands' these men would soon be cleared from

their bad way of living. But, alas, it is only published facts that can awaken the nations to the sacred obligation that is cast upon them to protect the young of the races.

“Your book does not give all the facts, I suppose for obvious reasons already alluded to. In this country (Russia) the trade is in a very flourishing and very killing state. Gangs of these men visit here, pick out pretty young girls, all from the poorer class. These they take away in batches of about half a dozen to Singapore, Penang, Hong Kong, Bangkok, the Argentine, and last, but by no means least, London. It's told to me that thousands of girls are taken away yearly and no more is heard of them. I know from my intimate knowledge of the country out East that a big portion of the supply to the brothels is recruited from here. Sometimes they go to London first to go through the preliminary stages of the life. Then when the bloom is a bit off them, they are sent abroad as the ‘fully fledged article.’ I saw two good-looking girls in Malay Street, Singapore, both Russian Jewesses who had been taken from Russia in a dreadful state of poverty, landed in London, where they were quickly robbed of their virtue and then brought to Singapore by a man whom they call —— and sold outright to a Malay Street woman. The girls told me their story, and it would make one's heart bleed to think that such things could take place in a Christian country. I am often thankful I am not a Christian. I can write no more now. Keep the matter before the British public until something is done. You know the facts. My advice is for you to

publish at once the unclothed facts, and if the Authorities put you into jail this may be the means of killing the trade.

“May the great Jehovah strengthen your hand.”

Following this letter from my esteemed friend, whose race produced a woman who killed Holofernes to save Israel, comes the telegraphic news from Warsaw :—

### WHITE SLAVE GANG

“*Tourists arrested in Warsaw. Big Organisation.*”

“The methods of the Russian police do not, unfortunately, meet with the unqualified approval of a West European observer, but in their pursuit and prosecution of the white slave traffickers they certainly display a highly commendable vigilance and energy.

“In Warsaw, some ten days ago, five white slave agents, all from South American States, were secured in a single night’s raid (says the Odessa correspondent of the *Daily News and Leader*). These scoundrels had been closely shadowed from the time they crossed the frontier.

“Ostensibly they were unacquainted with each other. They occupied luxurious apartments in first-class hotels, and affected an aristocratic mode of life, alike in their elegant grooming and lavish personal expenditure. Their passports described them as tourists.

“The documents found in their possession showed that altogether they had seventy-five sub-agents in

Russian Poland, the greater number of whom have since been arrested.

“The police have long suspected the existence in Warsaw of a secret headquarters of the white slave traffic throughout Poland, but hitherto their researches have been ineffectual. Now the whole ramifications of this organisation are known to the police.

“Formerly there was a regular and lucrative trade in white slaves carried on by passenger steamers between Odessa and Constantinople, but that has now almost entirely ceased, thanks to the unflagging vigilance of the port gendarmerie.

“*Star.*”

Will those members of Parliament who very glibly say that the traffic in girls is “all moonshine” please spare one half-hour of their busy lives to read the following cases, mostly taken from the London Press during the last three or four months?

The *People*, of July 28th, reporting a glaring case says:—

“‘I am afraid that this nefarious business of decoying young and innocent girls from the country to town, and inveigling them upon a path of dishonour, is not uncommon, and I am glad to see that the Government has taken the matter up with a view to the suppression of a glaring social evil.’ So remarked the Recorder (Sir Forrest Fulton) at the Old Bailey, in dealing with Madelene Lancashire, 36, who pleaded guilty to attempting to procure her niece, Lena Bleasdale, aged 18, for immoral purposes

Mr. Travers Humphrey, for the prosecution, said the young woman was entrusted by her mother, who lives at Blackpool, to prisoner to bring to London for the purpose of entering a situation. Prisoner was a sister of the girl's father.

“ In March last, while on a visit to Blackpool, prisoner suggested to the girl that she should come to London, and it was upon the understanding that she was going to take up a situation in London, where prisoner was also to be employed as cook, that the parents consented to the girl leaving home, and on March 27th she came away with prisoner. In the train prisoner told the girl there was no situation to go to, and, upon the girl asking how they were going to live, prisoner remarked, ‘ You will see when you get to London.’ Arriving in town, prisoner took the girl to lodgings in Hercules Road, Lambeth, to the house of a Mrs. Small, who, counsel said, appeared to have behaved extremely well in the case.

“ Prisoner went out alone, and did not come back till two o'clock in the morning. When the landlady remonstrated with her she said she had been ‘ visiting friends,’ and promised not to keep such late hours again. The next day prisoner took the girl to the Strand, and suggested to her what she should do, but the girl refused to comply with her wishes. The landlady turned prisoner out of the lodgings, and eventually the girl wrote a letter of complaint to her mother, saying she was unhappy, and that she was afraid her aunt did not want her for any good purpose in London at all. When the mother natur-

ally became anxious respecting her daughter's welfare and caused inquiries to be made, in order to deceive her (counsel said) prisoner concocted replies to the mother's communications to the effect that the girl had been 'homesick' but was now all right and quite happy.

"On April 2nd prisoner's husband, a man of thoroughly bad character, came to London, and there was no doubt, counsel said, that he was the person who had first suggested this abominable scheme of livelihood for the girl, who, finding herself practically stranded, went to the police station and made a statement, and as a result prisoner was arrested. Detective-Inspector Duggan said prisoner's husband, who was now in gaol, was a very bad man. There were a number of convictions recorded against him for various offences. Mr. Clarke Hall, addressing the Court in mitigation of punishment, said the case was a very sad one. Up to two years ago, when accused, who was then a widow, married her present husband, she was a most respectable woman. After the marriage she discovered she had been entirely deceived by an unmitigated scoundrel of the worst type. The woman obtained situations while her husband was in gaol, but as soon as he regained his freedom he tracked her down, and she had to leave. Upon the whole, he had treated her with the greatest unkindness and brutality. The Recorder said the story he had heard was a shocking one, but it did not excuse the conduct prisoner had been guilty of. He felt it his duty to pass a severe sentence, not only to punish prisoner, but to deter others from engaging in this

infamous white slave trade. He sentenced prisoner to eighteen months' hard labour."

"A Mother of Girls," writing to a responsible paper like the *Daily Chronicle*, under date July 26th, says :—

"The opponents of the white slave traffic may feel thankful that at last Parliament is giving attention to the wrongs of women and is regulating their rights to a secondary place. But far more important than this is the need of letting the public know what this terrible traffic really is.

"It is not a question of poverty leading to immorality, but a question of kidnapping unsuspecting girls by an agency which, like an octopus, grasps them in its tentacles and will not let them go. Let me give a few instances of what has actually taken place.

"A lady living in Kent sent her two young daughters up to London to go to their dentist; their aunt was to meet them at the terminus and take them there. The girls were about fourteen and fifteen years old. The train came in, the aunt was there to meet them, but no girls were to be found, and they have never been heard of since.

"Detectives were employed and every possible method tried, but no trace has ever been found of the girls. This happened about two years ago. The poor mother went mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum. Evidently the girls must have got out at a previous station, either by mistake or through some misrepresentation, and had been persuaded to enter some vehicle, which conveyed them to their doom.

"A few years ago six girls in domestic service in



Ashford (Kent) left the town together secretly, and have never been traced. The parents of one of them received a letter with no address saying they were all going to good situations. Since then all has been darkness. They may now be white slaves in Buenos Ayres, or in some other place where ignorance of the language spoken prevents all attempt at escape.

“ A lady living at Folkestone was engaged to accompany a young girl up to London and see her into a taxicab. She did so, but the girl has never been heard of since. In this case the cab driver must have been an agent of the white slave traffic.

“ Two ladies, teachers in schools in England, went over to France for a trip during their holidays. They had made no arrangements where to go, and when, on arriving at their destination, a lady asked if they were looking for a boarding-house they replied that they were, and accepted her invitation to go to hers.

“ When they arrived they were shown into small separate bedrooms, the doors of which could not be opened from the inside. They saw they were entrapped, and one of them, who was a gymnastic mistress, managed to climb down the waterpipe and secure assistance for her friend. These were not young ignorant girls, but women of education and experience.

“ The Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons, on June 13th, that, during the twelve weeks ending May 31st last, 54 girls and young women were reported to the Metropolitan police as missing, who had not yet been found. These were all under twenty-one years of age, and 15 of them were under sixteen years

of age. How many had been reported missing to other police forces he had no information.

“ Only a few days ago I saw in a London paper, that could not be suspected of complicity, an advertisement from a servants’ registry office offering assisted passages to Buenos Ayres.

“ The National Vigilance Association will, without fee, advise girls as to the respectability of situations offered them, and does its best to check this awful evil, but what is needed most of all is to make widely known to women and girls (and their mothers) the traps that are set for their ruin.”

If all mothers were so alive and alert to the dangers surrounding their daughters as is this English mother, the wretched pimps and procurers would get what their crimes entitle them to,—a short shrift.

The white slave dealer will not stop at trifles to gain his victims. The purer and whiter the girl the greater is his energy to enchain her. Many of these men, perverted as they assuredly are, possess a grim fascination over their victims. It’s only now and then that their work of death comes into the open light to be judged with public horror. Thousands of their victims are caught, used, sold, and destroyed, and pass out of the minds of men and women—forgotten.

The following is a case reported in the London *Daily Telegraph*, which is clearly, from information I have been supplied with from Berlin, one of the terrible acts of a white slave trader.

The correspondent says :—“ A murder trial which opened at Dantzic this morning brings to light a

story like the plot of a criminal romance. Among the inhabitants of the little seaside town of Zoppot was an elderly widow of noble lineage, Von Laszewski by name. Like many other German ladies of aristocratic birth but reduced circumstances, she sought to increase her income by keeping a boarding house for holiday visitors, and in this enterprise she was helped by her daughter, Stephanie, a young woman of twenty-eight years. The girl, however, did not willingly associate either with the changing guests who went and came under her mother's roof, or with the young people of the district. Perhaps her pride was nettled by the contrast between her family traditions and the humdrum vocation of a seaside boarding-house keeper. Possibly it was matrimonial ambition, springing from a consciousness of her pale beauty, that was the cause of her reserve. At any rate she kept aloof from the society of Zoppot, both permanent and migratory, and was always a solitary figure when she took her afternoon walk along the promenade by the sea.

“A luxuriance of attire not common in those parts of Prussia showed, however, that she was not indifferent to the opinions of others, and helped to concentrate public attention upon her. By reason of her pallor and her reputed frigidity, she was popularly known as the marble bride. One day she no longer walked alone, but had a male companion, with whom she was now frequently seen. He was a man well on in the forties, the deep tan of whose rough and uningratiating features was all the more noticeable when set off by the pallid complexion of the lady at his side.

The personality of the stranger, who had succeeded in breaking through the crust of icy reserve with which the marble bride had enveloped herself, was soon the general topic of conversation in the town. By degrees it leaked out that he was Johannes Gaffke, a native of these parts, born in a neighbouring village, who had left his home at the age of fifteen, and after thirty years of nomadic life had returned to settle down and enjoy in quietude the fortune which he had amassed during his wanderings. Such, at any rate, was the story which he had told to Frau Laszewski, and it soon became known that he was the accepted suitor of the hitherto unapproachable beauty. Preparations for the union were hurried on, and it was arranged that the pair should be married from one of the principal hotels of Berlin at the end of January last. But on the 10th of that month Frau Laszewski was found dead at the foot of the staircase of her house.

“ The circumstances pointed to accident, and the doctor who was called in certified that the lady had met her death by falling downstairs. It was only after the funeral had taken place that rumour suggested that she had been the victim of foul play. It was whispered that the widow had for years been sedulously hoarding in order to be able to secure a brilliant match for her daughter, and had all along opposed the idea of her marrying Gaffke, who, in spite of his reputed wealth, was a man of rough manners and obscure origin. High words had been heard to pass between the widow and her son-in-law elect.

“ Grounds for suspicion now multiplied rapidly,

Bills purporting to be signed by Frau Laszewki had been negotiated by Gaffke, and it was shown that the signatures on them were false. It was argued that he had every interest in getting her out of the way before the presentation of the bills revealed his forgery. At last, so much incriminating evidence accumulated that the man was arrested. At first he stubbornly denied all guilt, but under cross-examination he broke down and made a partial confession.

“What he admitted was that the widow had provoked him by abusive words, and that in a moment of blind anger he had struck her a fatal blow. He still resolutely denied that he had any intention of killing her. The investigations of the police showed that the stories he had told of his wealth had very slender foundation. The sum actually found in his possession was not more than £350. In the course of his chequered career he had played many rôles. In various parts of the world he had been in turn sailor, waiter, farmer, merchant. There are also said to be reasons for believing that he was at one time actively concerned in the white slave traffic in Argentina. Indeed, it is suggested that his motive in the marriage project was to possess himself of the widow's savings and then deliver the daughter into the hands of his accomplices in that country.

“At to-day's proceedings the auditorium was crowded by women from all grades of society, who appeared to be particularly interested in the accused's personality. Gaffke, whose German was interspersed with English words, admitted, in reply to the presiding judge's questions, that he killed the widow with a

life-preserver made of cane, loaded with lead, and weighing five pounds. He stated that in the dusk he mistook the deceased for her daughter, and pinched her playfully on the arm, whereupon she shouted at him, 'Go away, you old ourang-outang,' and bit his finger. This so infuriated him that he struck out at her blindly."

Is Mr. Booth answered? Or is he still a "doubting Thomas"? I have endeavoured to convince him of the injustice of his remarks before his constituency because, after all, Mr. Booth is but the "steward" of the men who sent him into Parliament, and if he will not be convinced as to the extent and awfulness of this "commercialised vice," the next best thing to do will be to convince his constituents that their member should have an interim of "private life" which would give him leisure to understand how the daughters of the nation are being sold into "hells upon earth."

An extraordinary story of a mock marriage was told at West London by a billiard marker named William White, of Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, when charged with living on the immoral earnings of a woman. Police-constables Worner and Dodd stated that they had kept observation on the prisoner, and had seen him consorting with a woman, who was said to be his wife, and who used to take men to a house in Rayleigh Road, Shepherds Bush. They had never known him during that time to do any work. Prisoner denied the charge, and called the woman as a witness. She stated that she was

married to the prisoner at Whitsun at a registry office in Fulham, and, while admitting the allegations against her, declared that prisoner knew nothing about it, because he was out of the house from seven in the morning to eleven at night. He paid the rent and gave her 15s. a week in addition.

Prisoner, in the witness box, said he was not married to the woman at all. He went through a form of marriage with her at a house in Fulham to deceive her. The Clerk: "Who performed the ceremony?" Prisoner: "There were two men there. I had met them in a public-house in the Strand. One of them said, 'Will you take this woman to be your wife?' and I replied 'Yes.'" The Clerk: "Who were the men?" Prisoner: "I don't know. It was all done to make her think she was married to me. There was a desk, table and two or three chairs in the room, and she thought it was a registry office." Prisoner denied that he had lived on the woman—he dealt in cheap jewellery, and gave her money. Mr. Francis ordered a remand.

The mock marriage is quoted as evidence of what we have repeatedly asserted, and that is that girls are very often married before they are taken into the life of shame or before they are shipped abroad as the commercialised article. If a "pimp" requires a girl to fill a certain order abroad, will the scoundrel stop at marriage? Not much fear of him. I have very good grounds for suspecting that hundreds of good English girls are married and taken off by their husbands, the "pimps," and dumped into the awful sins abroad,

Since the book "The White Slave Market" was published I have received many letters from distracted mothers who have lost their daughters.

Many of these mothers declare that their girls were married in proper form, but from the day they left England until now no word has arrived from them.

Surely these fearful facts, repeated with persistent redundancy, should convince the most indifferent man within the walls of Parliament that all is not well with the girls of the nation, and being once convinced, surely it's their duty as law makers to lay aught else aside and offer the children of men that protection which only a strong law can give.



## “ WHITE SLAVES ”

### HEYWOOD RECTOR ON A TERRIBLE TRAFFIC

The Rev. J. P. Wilson, M.A., rector of St. Luke's, Heywood, in the September number of his Parish Magazine, says :—

“ My dear People :—The Bishop has called the attention of the Clergy to the Criminal Acts Amendment Bill, commonly called the White Slave Traffic Bill, which is now before the House of Commons, and asks us to bring the matter forward in our parishes that we may do whatever we can in the matter.

#### *How the Work is Done.*

“ What is the White Slave Traffic ? It is a highly organised commercial business out of which certain men and women, possessed by the devil, make large fortunes by alluring innocent young women and girls from their homes. Sometimes it is done by harmless-looking advertisements for a governess, companion, singer, or secretary ; sometimes by men who are called ‘ procurers.’ These procurers make friends with a girl, any nice-looking girl, they may chance to meet ; they are generally polite, gentlemanly-looking men ; they invite a girl to a theatre or to a tea, or in some way make friends with her, and so lead her on, until they manage to entice her to what they pretend is their home. Whether by

advertisement or through the procurer, the girl is got into an evil house, where she is drugged and robbed, degraded and imprisoned. The owner of the evil house, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, pays a high price for her from the procurer, perhaps £100. Henceforth she is the owner's slave. She disappears from home and friends, her parents never hear from her again. The place of her slavery may be London, Paris, America, Egypt, or Ceylon—indeed, anywhere, for almost every country is honey-combed with this evil trade, and England is the centre of it. Her slavery lasts some five or six years as a rule, and then she is flung out upon the streets, her character gone, her hope dead, her body diseased, to die before long either in a workhouse or a Lock Hospital.

### *Dimensions of the Vile Traffic.*

Year by year this is happening to hundreds of girls in our land—not to speak of other lands, in some of which things are even worse. The National Vigilance Association alone has dealt with no less than 17,000 cases within seven years at either railway stations or ports, many of them those of victims of the white slave traffic. For every case which the association can lay its hands upon, there are scores it can never know of, or knowing, cannot reach. In the dark places of our big cities literally thousands of poor girls are living this life of sin and degradation, too awful to think of. They help to make up the vast host of fallen women (there are said to be 60,000

in London alone) who sacrifice body and soul ministering to the lusts of men.

The Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons that, during the twelve weeks ending May 31st last, 54 girls and young women were reported to the London police as missing, who had not yet been found. These were all under 21 years of age, and 15 of them under 16 years old. How many had been reported missing to other police forces he had no information.

All these poor girls are not brought into this terrible life by deceit and trickery, though thousands are. Countless others are driven into it by the low wages which many women and girls are paid for their work. Here is a case of a young deserted wife with two children to support; she is a shirtmaker and earns 5s. 8d. per week and finds part of her own materials. There are many women workers, *e.g.* some of those engaged as matchbox-makers, shop assistants, waitresses, who get 8s., 7s., 6s., or even 5s. per week. Some patiently endure—and, thank God, there are many—others find the burden of poverty unbearable and plunge into the awful life. Truly, the world is managed for the men as it is by the men.

*'Evils best Brought to Light.'*

Well, this is, and has been for years past the existing state of things, and the happier portion of the world has shut its eyes. Many do not know these things, for they are hard to speak of, but yet that deadly fashion of silence is passing. We are learning that

evils are best brought to light. 'There is no indelicacy in truth.' Girls should know their perils. Parents should know the perils of their girls. But even knowledge does not always stir us, for as we do not personally come across this terror, so we do not feel the agony—the agony of the girl when she first realises the truth of her imprisonment; the agony of the parents who do not know whether their child is alive or dead; the agony of father or mother as they see their son dying (as hundreds do die) of a disease that literally eats away his life; the agony of Christ as He suffers in his dying children.

### *The Bill.*

At last a Bill to try to stop this white slave traffic has been brought before Parliament. Its well-wishers dare not make it very strong, or it would not pass. Parliament has not much time to give to women; they are occupied, both parties alike, with legislation that will be acceptable to men; they have party interests to think of, future elections to secure. Time is short; they cannot do everything and help everyone; the question of improved wages for women and the sins and sorrows of girls are lost sight of amidst the loud cries for this or that from their constituents. So the Bill was made as uncontroversial as possible, lest this helping of women should seem too drastic, too extreme to an assembly of men who, in spite of their human kindness, had not had time to feel the facts. The Bill passed its first and second reading in the House of Commons, and was referred to a Parliamentary Committee. This Committee has

altered it and weakened it almost to the extent of making it useless. Now it is to be sent back to the House of Commons for settlement. What is wanted is that the House of Commons should refuse the alterations, and pass it in its original form.

### *Weakening of the Bill.*

Let me give an example of the way it has been weakened in Committee. I have spoken of the procurers. Many of these carry on their evil work, enticing girls away, under the very eye of the police, but the police have no power to arrest without a warrant. Before a warrant can be got, the procurer has escaped. In the Bill, as at first brought forward, the police were given power to arrest him on suspicion if they had good reason to believe him guilty, as in certain other cases, *e.g.* pickpocketing, burglary, etc. In the Bill as altered in Committee this power to arrest is only allowed to a "sergeant detailed for special duty." So a policeman will still see the evildoer leading off his poor victim, perhaps putting her on a steamer to be shipped abroad, and still the evildoer will escape unless there happen to be a special sergeant on the spot.

### *The Heywood Petition.*

What is asked of you and every member (man or woman) of our congregation is this—to sign your name to a petition calling upon Parliament in this coming Session to refuse the weakening amendments of the Committee and to pass the Bill in an effective form.

I do not speak on political questions if I can avoid them, but this much at least can be said without offence: that those who refuse to women a share in the government of the nation, of which more than half are women, ought at least to do their utmost to see that the Parliament which represents the men shall not refuse the uttermost protection to these poor suffering, voiceless girls and women whose peril and ruin comes from the selfish thoughtlessness and lustful passions of men.

A resolution to be signed will be placed on the table in the St. Luke's Church by the York Street door, on Sunday, September 1st. It will be left there for fifteen days, and anyone of 21 years or over (man or woman), whether a member of the congregation or not, is invited to contribute his or her fraction of help by signing it."

## THE "DULCIA TORRIANI" TRAGEDY.

This was an unfortunate case that must still be fresh, with all its unsavoury details, in the minds of those good persons who shut their eyes and barricade their ears when that which they don't want to know, but should know, is placed before them in the full glare of a public trial.

Dulcia Torriani, young, good-looking, vivacious, well-educated, and carefully reared, was decoyed from her parents' home, brought to London, seduced, kept and used like a chattel for three months and then dumped, so to speak, on to the town to lead a life of shame or to starve by some individual in the form of a man whom the Court did not trouble to name.

Why the seducer of Dulcia Torriani should escape having his name brought before the public, where it might be branded with those of other ruffians who seduce and desert the daughters of workers, passes comprehension. Was he one of the "better" families whose sons hold a sort of pre-eminent right to destroy girls of the middle classes? Or was it influence or mere accident that kept this man's name from the public? Surely such an individual, the prime cause of the girl's downfall, should have been compelled to be present in the Court and answer for his sin towards the unfortunate girl whom he had used for three months and then "dumped" on to the streets.

It is cases of this very kind that started and fanned

the great French Revolution. The people of France suffered patiently for many years whilst their daughters were used and thrown aside by the "privileged" classes. At last the terrible awakening came with the people's vengeance and destroyed for ever, let us hope, that "privileged" class that had for years systematically destroyed their children. There was no compunction about singling out the poor girl's grief-stricken father, for, although his name was not mentioned, he was identified in Court by the occupation he followed and his name branded with the child's shame.

The report of the case, taken from one of the London newspapers, was as follows :—

*The Girl's Statement when Arrested.*

"He has been annoying me for a long time. I told him if he did not keep away from me I would kill him. I stabbed him in the arm. He lived with me for six months. I used to go out on the streets and get money. He left me three months ago and went to live with another woman, but he is always after me when he sees me."

A limited application of the "unwritten law" was put forward at the Old Bailey when Dulcia Torriani, alias Eva Davies, 20, was charged on a coroner's warrant with the wilful murder of Herman Carl Weinburg, and further on indictment with "killing and slaying" him. To both charges accused—a pretty, fashionably-dressed girl—pleaded not guilty in a low, clear voice. During the hearing,



although her replies to the clerk were given with self-possession, she occasionally applied her handkerchief to her eyes.—Mr. Muir, prosecuting, said Weinberg followed the despicable calling of a bully. About three months before July 7th, “this creature Weinburg” left Torriani, upon whose earnings he had lived, and went to live with another woman named Symons.

*Transfer of the Man's Affections.*

She had told Symons of her intention to kill the man, and had further shown her a knife with which she said she should stab him. Just after midnight three witnesses saw Torriani walking along Lisle Street, and Weinberg was observed to cross to her from the other side of the road. As he approached, Torriani was heard to say, “Oh, it's you, is it?” and was seen to stab him. Weinberg fell into the arms of one of the witnesses and subsequently died at Charing Cross Hospital from the effects of the stab, which had “button-holed” the main artery of his left arm.—Judge: “I should hardly think that on the facts the jury would be likely to find a verdict for the full offence.”—After a consultation between counsel and Torriani, the latter pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and a formal verdict on that count was returned.—Mr. Elliott, K.C., on behalf of Torriani, said he was still prepared to lay before the court such a history of the case as he ventured to think, if it could not carry the case far enough to lead to acquittal, would have carried it far enough to show that the woman's act was almost

*Morally Excusable.*

Not yet twenty years of age, Torriani was induced to leave her home at Rotherham, where her father had been head coachman to Earl Fitzwilliam for nearly forty years. At the age of sixteen she was brought to town by a person whose name need not be mentioned, and was deserted after three months. Some twelve months ago Weinberg induced her to become his mistress, but she soon found the statement upon which she consented to live with him to be devoid of truth. He treated her abominably, and beat her so mercilessly that even the landlady of the house in which they lived was compelled to interfere. Once she gave him into custody, but refused to prosecute. Then he asked her to go to Hamburg, and when she consented he made an appointment which he never kept. On her return home she found he had taken all her clothes and everything of value she possessed. At last she told him that if he did not cease persecuting her she would kill him. But the only reply he made was that he would "Bristol Dolly" her—an allusion to a recent case in London in which a woman was strangled by a man.

*Judge's Sympathy.*

Her father would do all in his power to redeem her life.—Justice Coleridge, in passing sentence, said: "I have listened with sympathy to all that has so eloquently fallen from the learned counsel who has undertaken your defence, and I make every allowance for the circumstances of the case. On the other

hand, the law rightly regards human life as sacred—quite as sacred to the undeserving as to the deserving; and though I do not for a moment suppose that you realised or even intended what resulted from your act, I am bound to believe that the act you did was neither justified in law nor in morals. At the same time, I feel there are many circumstances which, although they do not justify, palliate, and, although they do not excuse, render sympathy not out of place with you in the act which you committed. In the circumstances, I think that justice will be satisfied by your being imprisoned for six weeks with hard labour.”

*People*, July 21st, 1912.

It was an unwritten law that Judith put into force when she killed Holofernes that she might save her people from the ravages of the Assyrian herd of invaders, and she was blessed for the deed by the God of Israel and by the people of the land of her fathers. The same unwritten law was employed by Charlotte Corday when she killed Marat with the fervent hope of saving the mass of the people from the horrors of the French Revolution.

The unwritten law administered by Dulcia Torriani was to save herself from the horrors of a “pimp,” a man who lived on her earnings as a public wanton, a wretch who beat and bruised her, took her clothes from her and made her by force sell her body to men. Who can blame the girl if, in the extremity of her misery, she took the knife and plunged it into the black heart of the foreigner, a pervert from manhood? No man or woman. Certainly the learned judge did

not, and the public endorsed the judge's finding. The matter for wonder among those who know the villainy of this class of men, who live on the earnings of unfortunate girls, is that the girls do not boldly emancipate themselves from their bondage in vice by applying the knife more frequently. No man or woman would blame them. The law does not protect them since there is no law to free them from the shackles. Society is answerable for the law and must not be shocked at the timely application of the unwritten law on a set of men who should be outside the pale of the protection of any law in a Christian country.

Dulcia Torriani's case has been given at length because it is a horrible witness to the charges I make against the infernal trade of the "pimp" in the open streets of London and under the very shadow of the house where the laws of the country are made for the good government of the people.

In London there are thousands of men—a big percentage of them "foreign devils"—living upon the earnings of unfortunate girls. Is the tragedy of silence to go on uninterrupted, or are we to speak out plainly in the hope of this social leprosy being eradicated? But for the case of Dulcia Torriani and other cases which, with fearful redundant force, bring the truth home to the minds of the people of this country we would still be in that tired state of non-believers, who, secure in their own homes and their own lives, "pooh! pooh!" such actual occurrences as the work of the imaginative brain of the sensational novelist.

## THE CASE OF DAISY WILLIAMS

As this dreadful case of murder by a young betrayed girl is necessary as evidence to substantiate a very sweeping assertion I am about to make as to the multitude of men who live, or partly live, in London, on the immoral earnings of unfortunate girls, I will set the details of this case down as it appeared in two highly-responsible papers in London, and I'll ask those persons who have eyes to see and ears to hear to read this case, and then confess themselves to be blind if they cannot see the fearful life that awaits thousands of young girls in London.

The *News of the World*, reporting on the inquest of the dead girl, Dolly Steer, says :—

Under a fire of searching questions at Clerkenwell a musician made some amazing admissions with regard to his association with two girls who lavished their affection on him. One is stabbed to death and the other is her alleged murderess. The latter is Daisy Williams, seventeen, shop assistant, of Florence Street, Islington, and she is charged with the wilful murder of Annie Elizabeth Marianne Miller, by stabbing her in the neck with a dagger at Florence Street. Deceased, who was known as "Dolly Steer," was twenty-three, and lived at Thornhill Grove, Barnsbury. From evidence given at the inquest, and at the earlier investigation at the police court, it seemed that the dead girl became acquainted, in January, 1911, with Thomas Andrews, a music hall violinist, known as "Theo." They quarrelled and separated because she did not think him steady. In September, 1911,

Williams, who is a slightly-built girl, left her home, and within a day or two met Andrews. She apparently conceived a great affection for the musician, to whom she gave money and presents. In June last she took a room in Florence Street, and described herself as Miss Ardley, and her occupation that of a vendor of sweets and programmes at a theatre. She had then been leading an irregular life for some time, as was shown by a letter which she wrote to her mother in June. In this she said :—

You will perhaps remember the time I left home for ever. I met a little girl in white. I lived with her for a week, and she told me things I had never heard of before. I was infatuated with the life she was leading. Well, on the first Saturday night I was away from home I met my lad, Theo, and a friendship sprang up between us. Then I was sorry for what I had done, and I tried to keep the truth from him as long as possible, but that girl told him about me

She added that Andrews had tried to get her to give up the life she was leading, and she told him it was easier to start than to go back.

I promised I would go exceedingly straight (the letter went on). Then there was a night I cannot ever forget. Theo told me he would marry me. . . . I told him he was all I had to live for. He said he was very sorry I cared for him so much, because it was madness of him to tell me what he told me the other night (that he would marry her).

The girl further said that she thought she was going mad, and now knew what misery was. Andrews had, in the meantime, made it up with deceased, but when he told Williams that he had determined to return to Dolly, she begged him not to give her up, as she had made up her mind to go straight. Williams purchased a dagger, and also some nitric acid, and

when two days later Andrews wrote that he would give her up and stick to his old sweetheart she replied that she would have gone to the end of the world to help him at one time, but that now she had only hatred and loathing for him. She confided to friends that she did not like the idea of "Theo" going out with deceased, and, producing her dagger, said that if she did not have Andrews nobody else should. She had, however, apparently a real friendship for the dead girl. Andrews was with deceased on July 16th when Daisy went up to him and they quarrelled. He pushed her and she scratched him. At one a.m. at Dolly's suggestion Andrews went away, leaving the two girls together. They slept together in prisoner's room, and later in the morning prisoner went to a friend and, displaying much emotion, said she had stabbed deceased in the neck after they got up. She added that she waited until the body was cold and then left the room. She further said that she thought it was her "boy" she was killing. The girl then gave herself up to the police, and from what she said the body was found in her room. The same day Andrews received a letter from prisoner, in which she said she had killed Dolly because she knew he loved deceased. The letter added: "My God, why did you come into my life? I have been on the streets for you, and

*Now I am a Murderess.*

At the resumed police-court hearing of the case Andrews, the young violinist, of Lofting Road, Barnsbury, told the story of his friendship for deceased.—

Mr. Freke Palmer (defending) cross-examined at length.—Witness said he met prisoner in September last. She had been employed at a confectioner's. He first met her at the room of a friend in City Road.—She was then just over sixteen, Mr. Palmer suggested.—Witness : I did not know that.—Mr. Palmer : Another girl was present in the room ?—Yes.—That was a girl with whom you had been intimate ?—I had never seen her before.—You were intimate with prisoner on that afternoon ?—Yes.—She resisted you ?—Yes.—And she was jeered at as being a Sunday school girl ?—Not to my knowledge.—You know you seduced her ?—Yes, sir.—After that she had to go on the streets ?—I can't say.—But she did ?—Not for a long time.—How long ?—Several months.—And you were visiting her. Did she come to the Shoreditch Olympia (where Andrews was employed) every week ?—Yes.—You have never given her any money ?—No.—What were you earning ?—£2 10s. a week.—How did you think she was living ?—She gave me to understand she was with some friends.—When you visited her what did you think ?—I knew what she was doing.—Did you borrow regularly £1 a week ?—No.—What did you borrow ?—I borrowed two sovereigns and a half-sovereign, and such sums as shillings and half-crowns.—And you, a bachelor, earning £2 10s., were borrowing this money from a girl on the streets ?—Yes.—She has given you innumerable presents ?—Yes.—Amongst these presents witness admitted were a silk shirt, a silver cigarette case, a walking-stick, etc., but he denied having a suit of clothes from her.—Did she pay for suppers and taxis ?—Yes.—And for your drinks ?—Not always.—



Mr. Palmer : Oh, you sometimes paid—very generous.—Witness denied introducing her to his father as the girl he was going to marry.—Did you suggest that you would live with her and let her go out two nights a week—which would be very useful to you ?—No.—Did you tell this girl you had dragged down that if she was steady you would consider marrying her ?—Yes.—Did you bring home a drummer and try to persuade the girl to be intimate with him ?—Yes.—And did she indignantly decline ?—Yes.—And you tore her clothes off her back ?—No.—Did you tear off her blouse and chemise ?—I wrestled with her.—Because she would not humiliate herself ?—Yes.—The magistrate (Mr. Bros) : I don't think he poses as a virtuous man.—Mr. Palmer : Have you brought other men for the same purpose ?—On one other occasion.—And she refused ?—Yes.—Witness said that the prisoner told him that she left Claremont Square in order to go straight.—Mr. Palmer : And you knew she was going straight and sticking to you ?—She said so.—Her rooms at Florence Street were not so good ?—No.—You gave her nothing to help her ?—No.—Did you inquire as to what money she had ?—No.—Did you still borrow money ?—Yes.—It was about July 3rd you told her you had made

*Friends with your Former Sweetheart ?*

—Yes.—You were sick of her ?—I was not tired of her.—You were to be friends, so that you could still borrow money ?—No, sir, not for that reason.—You know that she was terribly upset and cried bitterly, and was beside herself with grief ?—Yes.—

While you were playing at the theatre the two girls were sitting side by side—one the girl you were throwing away and the other the girl you were taking on?—I couldn't help that.—Did you try to get the dead girl to give way to you?—Yes, sir.—Did you tell prisoner that you were going to marry a pure girl?—Yes, sir.—Mr. Palmer read an extract from one of prisoner's letters:—

There are enough girls without you trying to ruin a straight girl as you would have done if Dolly was not sensible girl.

Witness admitted knocking prisoner down in the street, but he did not kick her.—You had struck her on other occasions?—No, sir.—Has she had bruises on her arm?—That was play.—Mr. Palmer read the following letter which Nora Ileane, a friend of prisoner's, wrote to witness:—

You are an unspeakable cad, not worthy of the name of a man. I wouldn't let a man treat me as you have treated Daisy. You and your pals are on a level. If there was no other man about, I would not go with you.

—You have never heard prisoner utter any threats?—No.—Agnes Jones, the landlady at Florence Street, said prisoner lodged at her house in the name of Ardley, paying 7s. 6d. rent. Her door was unlocked, so that witness could clean the room. On July 16th, while at breakfast, she heard prisoner go out. She did not come back. At ten o'clock witness went to the room, but the door was locked, and she spoke to her husband about it at dinner-time.—Albert Jones, the landlord, said that he opened the door of prisoner's

room, and saw a dead body behind the door. It was lying on the floor undressed, except for a blouse. There was a lot of blood.—George Knight, manager to Cook and Jones, pawnbrokers, Goswell Road, recognised a dagger produced. It had been sold by him to prisoner on July 6th for three shillings. At this point prisoner broke down, and burying her face in her hands wept bitterly.—Blanche Lewis, living at an address in Florence Street, said she saw prisoner with her young man on July 14th. On the 16th she went to bed at 1.30 a.m. She heard someone at the gas meter about three o'clock. Some time afterwards she heard something "go bang."—P.C. Hughes said he was in Lofting Road about 1.20 on the day of the tragedy, when prisoner and another girl came up to him and complained that her young man "had given her up and taken on with her mate"—indicating her companion. "I don't like it. I think he has served me very shabby, as I've given him money on several occasions." The officer said he could not assist her; and she then alleged that he had assaulted her. He advised her to take out a summons. The other girl took no part in the conversation.—Prisoner was again remanded.

### *DAISY WILLIAMS AT THE OLD BAILEY.*

Sentence of eighteen months' hard labour was passed by Mr. Justice Lush at the Old Bailey yesterday on Daisy Williams, aged seventeen, who killed another young girl named Dolly Steer at Islington.

The girl, who looked even younger than her seven-

teen years, pleaded "Guilty," in a low, clear voice, to the charge of manslaughter. She was dressed in blue, with a fawn blouse and a lace collar, and wore a large black hat. Many fashionably dressed women were in court.

Mr. Muir, for the prosecution, stated that some days before the crime she bought acid and a dagger.

"It will no doubt be suggested," he continued, "that the evidence indicates that the suggestion is well founded that she intended to use those things on a man who was the cause of her trouble.

"Dolly Steer, the dead girl, was about the same age, and met in 1910 a man named Theo Andrews, who was employed as a violinist at a theatre. They walked out for a while, quarrelled, and parted, and some time later the man met Williams in a house in City Road. This man, knowing the kind of life led by the girl, did not hesitate to take money and other presents from her.

"After a while he left her to return to Dolly Steer, and Williams then seemed to have used every possible means to separate the couple. On July 12th she made Dolly Steer's acquaintance, apparently for the purpose of being able to tell her first-hand what sort of a man Andrews was. On the early morning of July 16th Andrews met Williams, quarrelled with her, and knocked her down.

"That night Steer was locked out of her lodgings and went to stay with Daisy Williams at Florence Street, Islington. Here the two passed the night, and in the morning Williams killed Steer with the dagger, after throwing the corrosive fluid in her eyes.

"A few days before, she had said, 'If I can't have Thee for myself nobody else shall have him.'"

Mr. Curtis Bennett, for the defence, said it was a most pathetic case.

"There is no sort of evidence at all," he declared, "that this girl had any real feeling against Steer.

"At the age of fourteen she became an assistant to a confectioner, and up to September of last year was a perfectly respectable girl. Then she fell out of work, and as her father was also unemployed and there were four other young children, she left home. Unfortunately, she became associated with a girl of bad character, and at a house in City Road she met this man Andrews.

"For a long while she resisted, but people jeered at her, and called her a 'Sunday school bread-and-butter miss,' until she could no longer resist. Then, to a very great extent, this man Andrews lived on her. He admits that he 'borrowed' at least £2 10s. 0d., but I can show that very much larger sums were given to him by the girl, although he was earning £2 10s. 0d. a week.

"In May this year, for reasons of his own, Andrews said to the girl, 'If you become straight I'll marry you.'

"Extraordinary as it seems, this girl loved this man, who had been the cause of her downfall. She was prepared to do anything, and the evidence shows that she did for a considerable period give up the life she was leading.

"When this child of seventeen had become straight again," continued Mr. Curtis Bennett, "this man

—I don't wish to use any stronger expression than I have already used—writes :—

Dear Daisy,

I am sorry I cannot comply with your wishes. Having considered the matter over, I find it advisable not to resume our friendship again. I have been fortunate in winning the affection of a true and lovable girl, and I seriously intend to consider her before anybody else.

I wish you the best of luck. If you meet a boy you like, marry him and make a woman of yourself.

“That is a letter,” declared Mr. Curtis Bennett ‘written by this man, who was still taking money, from the girl, after she had given him her life.

“It is of the highest importance to know what the mental condition and anguish of this girl must have been on July 16th.

“She and Steer never met until July 12th. It was on July 6th that the dagger was bought, while the nitric acid was bought on July 8th. For some unaccountable reason, unless it was that her reason was dethroned by worry and mental anguish, so that she did not know what she was doing, she killed the girl with whom she had just passed the night.”

“If I had thought that you had premeditated or planned the death of this unfortunate girl,” said the judge to Daisy Williams, “I should not have thought of sanctioning the course which has been taken. It is not because your case is what your counsel has so truly described as pathetic that I have allowed the charge to be reduced to one of manslaughter, nor is it because of your youth that I have allowed that course to be taken.

“The view that I have taken is no doubt the

view that actuated the grand jury when they threw out the bill for murder against you—that, without in any way contemplating the act, or realising the consequences of what you did, in a moment of anguish under the circumstances in which you were placed, you committed an unlawful act against this girl, followed by consequences which you did not anticipate and did not in any way realise. That constitutes the offence of manslaughter.

“It is quite impossible for me, making all allowance for the circumstances in which you were placed and for your youth, to deal with this case as a light case, or a case which can be met by the imposing of a light sentence. You are seventeen years old—old enough to know what you were doing—and if I were to deal with this case as one in which I could impose a nominal sentence, I should be allowing a very grave offence to pass without proper punishment.

“The conduct of the man whose name has been mentioned is so bad, if the facts told me are correct, that one cannot help expressing the wish that he could himself in some way, to some extent, be answerable for the consequences. But I have only to deal with your case.

“I make all allowance for your youth and for the distressing and painful circumstances in which you were living, but I cannot pass a less severe sentence upon you than that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for eighteen calendar months.”

The girl received the sentence calmly and walked quietly from the dock.

*Daily Express.*

The case of this man Andrews; his treatment of the unfortunate girl; his borrowing money from her; taking from her suppers, presents, drives in taxis; knocking her down in the street; kicking her after he had seduced and used her; and finally, his attempting to force her to accommodate his friend by tearing the clothes off her in his scantily-furnished room, is but a fair sample of the horrors of everyday life in London with thousands of unfortunate girls and their gentlemanly "pimps."

I suppose if one were to call this fellow Andrews a despicable "pimp" in the streets he would be indignant and talk law. But "pimp" he is, of the refined, educated, mix-with-good-society brand. His wretched class are in shoals about London, with this difference, he does do some work and earns £2 10s. per week, which makes the case more repugnant. Thousands of young men of the "Andrews brand" of "pimp" do not work at all. They abhor work and are not game to steal, so they take to the safer occupation of living on the earnings of unfortunate girls. Some of these young men live in respectable homes. They have good parents and are fairly well connected with proper living people, but the curse of the "fast" city life has secured them. They hang about theatres, music halls, picture shows, where they occasionally get a job to "walk on and walk off," they dress well, principally from the time-payment shops or the second-hand dealers, but their principal business is to be in the fashion and catch a girl. They hunt about the sweet-shops, or any of the open establishments where they can



obtain an entree for the expenditure of threepence. They "chat" the girl, and if she is young, soft, and a bit foolish they trap her, seduce and use her and then take a room where she falls into the trade that eventually takes her on the streets and finally to an untimely grave. These men or youths usually run more than one silly girl, and they brag to their theatre pals of their catches and are chaffed back that the "tart" So-and-So is on with, only brings in "cigarette money." Lots of them change their girls as frequently as they change their clothes, and thousands "only borrow and accept presents, suppers, etc.," as Andrews did. They promise the foolish girls anything from the earth to the moon and keep on using her and, of course, "protecting her," whilst her looks are all right and she keeps off the drink, or, which often happens, until they catch a new "tart" as Andrews did, and then the trouble starts. Most of the discarded girls do not do as Daisy Williams did—buy a dagger to run into Andrews, but in their hysteria kill their rivals. They generally drink and smoke and take openly to the life as a fire would take to the dry prairie. They forget love and sentiment and embrace despair; they are now fully branded and destroyed, body and soul. What matters the rest? They are dead to their people. The world of society uses them, but will not tolerate them in any place but where they can be used and destroyed. They go the pace set by the devil, and in the ramifications of the life they lead they generally fall into the hands of the "master pimp"—the devil in human form—who is always on the look out for the right

article from amongst the daughters of the poor, who are offered as fair sacrifices to the lust of their destroyers.

The girl who has thus passed the probationary stage with the "pimp" from the music hall or the "stage door brigade" soon becomes the slave of the man, who uses her as merchandise. She receives his blows, curses, gibes, and kicks, she gives him her money, sins on, and in thousands of cases dissimulates disease and death germs in the open streets amongst the sons of good mothers; sons who, through ignorance and fast company or acquaintance with wine, accept the embraces of the painted Jezebel who is prompted by her infernal master, the "pimp"—the devil incarnate.

Surely such cases as that of Daisy Williams, from its very start to its dreadful finish, together with the sinister work of the infernal perverted "pimp" and the methods of the lazy-living young man who is on the look out for innocent girls, should be made known. How else are innocent and silly girls to be warned? There is no other way. Publicity of the horrors of the trade is the safest and surest means of stopping it. As the sun destroys disease-germ growths so will publicity destroy the traps and the wiles and guiles that are set all over London to catch the innocent girl whose virtue is her only asset. The trader in white slaves must keep his nefarious business going. The wholesale ruin of young girls will not be one whit diminished until the dark and the dangerous road before the girls is lighted up in every nook and corner by the searchlight of strong publicity. Then strong public resolve will follow to kill the trade.

## THE WHITE SLAVES OF THE TEA-SHOPS.

Dr. Ettie Sayer, writing to the *Times*, under date June 10th this year, says: "It was unexpectedly announced yesterday that the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill is to come before Parliament again to-morrow. Although it has been brought forward nearly a hundred times, it has failed to secure a second reading; the chief reason, apparently, being that it is not backed by a sufficiently public opinion, there being too many people who are still unaware that probably no day ever passes without several of our girls being duped and trapped and sold into American or Continental brothels, where life lasts at the most five to seven years, terminating in lingering deaths of the most harrowing nature which the medical profession is ever called upon to witness.

"The trade is tremendously lucrative to those engaged in it. General Bingham, head of the New York police, stated in the official Government report that at a low estimate 15,000 fresh girls were imported in 1909. One syndicate alone was making an annual profit of £40,000. Further, that in the burial lots of one of these organizations were 451 nameless graves of girls, etc. Since then, legislation has been obtained concerning landing at the port; but the effect has only been to change the route of the traffickers, and they now enter the States through Canada.

"The situation in South America, especially the Argentine, is even worse.

"The proposed Bill does not touch questions

involving the personal morality of independent individuals, but would make the stealing and selling of girls a felony instead of a misdemeanour, and render it altogether too dangerous a procedure for the traffickers to risk being arrested and convicted. The ease with which these cunning and skilful people must, sometimes with the promises of marriage, of splendid situations abroad, etc., be able to secure their prey, was illustrated by an incident which occurred in my practice about a fortnight ago. The patient was a waitress in the restaurant of one of the most flourishing drapery establishments in the West-end. She had succumbed to a form of blood-poisoning probably brought on by the unhygienic conditions under which she had been living. She said her wages were six shillings a week, that she was provided with a good dinner and tea, but that no gratuities were allowed, and that out of the six shillings she had to find breakfast and supper every day, and all her meals on Sunday, her lodgings, her clothes, her laundry, etc., and omnibus fares backward and forward to a quarter where lodgings were cheap.

“A few days later I called to ask whether there had been any difficulty in replacing her. The manageress replied that one advertisement had brought nearly two hundred answers; that most of the girls were only earning five shillings a week, and some only four shillings; that she had interviewed over a dozen girls, and that some of their stories simply made her heart ache. She went on to instance firms, among them Royal Warrant holders, where every one of the girls were said to be found at night on the streets, and

to Captain how very easy it was for them, having once entered this life, to disappear for good without any suspicion being aroused. It must be remembered that these girls leave the board schools at fourteen, and often their parents are too poor to support them; that they have been taught no religion, and have received no proper instruction whatever about the mysteries of life; and that they are far too young to enter respectable domestic service. But they are not too young for the white slave traffickers. I was recently told by a young Frenchman that English girls were the "most fashionable" in the worst houses in Paris, as they started at an earlier age than any others.

"Until these facts—and similar ones—are sufficiently known and understood, it appears impossible to come to the rescue of girls, who (sharing the common knowledge that there is a real, urgent, and honest need for more women in our Colonies) are being deluded with pictures of bright prospects, and will continue to leave our shores for slavery and death, to-day and to-morrow and the next day, and the next, until legislation is obtained.

"I beg to enclose (in confidence) the names of the firms I have referred to."

On reading Miss Sayer's letter, pungent with fact, I asked a lady friend of mine to personally investigate the case of the tea-shop slaves, and give me a plain and accurate statement to place before the public. My friend has done much for the girlhood of the country, her whole heart is in her long labours for the better conditions of our girls, and her statements

can be taken as truth, understated rather than highly coloured. She says :—

“ Part of the white slave traffic as it concerns our tea-shop girls is very sad and calls for drastic interference by the State, for many tea-shops are but stepping-stones to ruin. Thousands of these poor girls fall victims to this dreadful traffic every year, and we must get at the root of the evil by examining the conditions which exist in tea-shop life.

“ I maintain—and I have plenty of facts to support my statement—that the bulk of the tea-shop system is thoroughly rotten to the core and calls for stringent remedies. At sight, most of the large cafés on the surface appear fair and innocent places ; the comfortable well-appointed tea-rooms ; the pretty, graceful waitresses ; the nicely-served food, and a general atmosphere of luxury, all combine to lull the public into the belief that the underlying system is good and healthy. However, the devil himself often wears a beautiful cloak, and, in the same way, the cosy comfort of the tea-rooms is only a thin veil which covers up much that is foul and hideous.

“ Going into several well-known and well-patronised tea-shops quite recently I made some astonishing discoveries.

“ At one shop a smart handsome waitress told me that her wages were 7s. 6d. per week.

“ ‘ And commission ? ’ I queried.

“ ‘ No,’ she replied ; ‘ no commission.’

“ ‘ Ah, but you get your meals free, do you not ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Indeed, we don’t,’ she answered. ‘ We are

given our tea, but pay 3d. each day for dinner.'

"I suppose I looked rather incredulous, for the girl repeated her statement and added, 'Yes, and then we pay 2d. each for the laundering of our aprons and 1d. for caps, cuffs, and collars.'

" 'Then how on earth do you manage to live?' was all I could ask, but a short bitter laugh was the only reply I received as she moved away to another customer.

"Deducting laundry and dinner charges from this girl's wage, I found that she had exactly 5s. to live upon each week. Enquiries at another large tea-shop showed that the waitresses were paid 8s. per week, but out of this was taken 1s. 6d. for dinners and 1s. for laundry. I suppose that the managers of this concern would say that their girls received 8s. per week, not mentioning such little deductions as laundry and dinner bills, which bring the real wage to 5s. 6d.

"At yet another tea-shop, I was informed that the wages differed according to the number of tables a waitress had charge of.

" 'Then I suppose if you are fairly quick you can make a living wage?' I surmised.

" 'Well,' answered the girl, 'we get from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per week, but then we don't always have the same number of tables.'

" 'What is your average wage?' I asked.

" 'Oh, anything from six to eight shillings, when our dinner money is paid back,' she replied.

" 'No doubt your aprons, collars, and caps are a considerable expense?'

“ ‘Yes,’ the girl admitted, ‘they do take an item from my wage.’

“ So, from these facts, I find that the average wage of a tea-shop girl is from 5s. to 6s. 6d., when all deductions are reckoned. Then, the hours of work are much too long. From 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. is surely too long for a girl to work, especially when one remembers that most of this time the waitress is on her feet. Should she take advantage of the one chair which is provided for use between half-a-dozen girls she is very soon accused of ‘slinking’ by the manager or manageress.

“ To come back to my main point ; how do tea-shop girls live on their small wages ? The answer is plain enough, and must be dealt with in plain language. They do not live on their tea-shop earnings—this is impossible—but quite fifty per cent. of them eke out a living by prostitution.

“ Let us not judge these poor girls too harshly. The French have a proverb which means, ‘To know all is to forgive all,’ and this is certainly applicable to these cases. I hold that those who run these tea-shop concerns are directly responsible for the ruin of the girls whom they employ. Not only are they driven to sin by under-payment, but the girls are encouraged to receive the odious attentions of the well-to-do men who frequent the tea-shops.

“ I was angry as I saw a notice in one café to the effect that gratuities were forbidden. Certainly, gratuities, in the true sense of the word, are prohibited, but then this notice is unnecessary, as the tea-shop *habitués*, whose one object is to destroy girls, are



not accustomed to give anything freely. The price of their 'gratuity' is a girl's honour.

"A very nice-looking young waitress, inexperienced in the ways of tea-shops, asked her manager, after some little period of service, whether an increase in wages was not due to her.

"'Why, my dear,' he answered, with an oily grin, 'a good-looking girl such as you ought to be able to get plenty of money.'

"'How?' she asked in all innocence. But the fellow's leer forced home his meaning, and the poor girl left the manager's office weeping bitterly. There was nothing else she could do for a living, and so she continued her work on starvation pay until she found that by being pleasant to her customers she could obtain invitations to theatres and generally 'have a good time.' Then, after a while, she found that she was expected to pay for these pleasures and the price—that of her virtue—did not seem so exorbitant when she remembered how many other girls had paid in the same coin. This girl is still in her tea-shop, but she now makes plenty of money by selling herself to the men who frequent her tables.

"My next case is even more sad. A girl of sixteen—she was really only a child—had a very hard struggle to support herself on the six shillings weekly which she earned at the tea-shop, where she 'slaved' from morning till night. By dint of great economy—she paid three shillings for a tiny garret; never had a fire; went to bed almost as soon as she left work to save gas; had poor and insufficient food, and scarcely any clothes—she managed to drag out a drab existence.

“ One day, a handsome, well-dressed young man came to her table and was very affable and polite to her. The child, gratified by his interest, poured out her troubles. He was sympathy itself and left a substantial ‘ tip ’ as he took his leave. On several successive days the handsome stranger came to the café, always sitting at the same table, and in time the pretty waitress grew to look forward to his coming. Having once won this girl’s interest and aroused her gratitude by his ‘ kindness,’ it was an easy matter for the man—who was, by the way, a thorough scoundrel—to win her love. After much love-making, he proposed marriage to the girl, who readily assented. To make a long story short, under the impression that she was going to her lover’s (?) sister’s home to prepare for the wedding, the trusting girl was taken to a house of ill-fame, where she was disgraced and ruined. The queer part of the affair was that she still loved this brute, obeying him implicitly and never making any attempt to escape—not that this would have been possible—when she discovered her true position.

“ I chatted over a cup of tea with one of the manageresses of a big tea-shop. She frankly admitted that the starvation-wage paid to the girls was in many cases responsible for the ruin of the slaves of the tea-shop.

“ ‘ It’s so hard,’ she said, ‘ for poor girls to make ends meet on the pittance they receive. We do all we can to watch and counsel the girls against intrigues, but the temptation is often too great for a half-starved girl to resist. You see, these shops are so

open ; they are such convenient meeting-places for men who are hunting for girls, to congregate in and chat with the waitresses. If a girl gets but 5s. 6d. clear in the shape of wages, and often has to walk a long distance to her lodgings, with no outlet, no excitement, no enjoyment, who can condemn her if she accepts the offer of a strange man (whose acquaintance she has made in the tea-room) to visit theatres or have a substantial dinner with him and a "taxi" ride, receive presents and the like? Of course, in the end the girl falls in with the man's wishes and is ruined. From my experience, few girls want to be bad. The truth is that they have neither the strength of will nor the religions of conscience to resist. Of course, there are girls who take every opportunity to be bad.

"I remember a pretty, fresh-complexioned Yorkshire girl we had in the room, fresh and bright from the country. She was hardly here a week when I was compelled to reprove her for her forwardness to men. She gradually became bolder and bolder and would fairly grab any good-looking young man. Poor, silly girl ; she had no occasion to hurry the men. She was soon ruined and now walks Leicester Square, still hunting for men. Another pretty girl I had with me told me plainly she was not going to struggle any longer with dry bread and black tea ; she had had an offer to go to some place in South America and was going. She went there, poor child—for she was but a child—and no word has been heard of her since.

"Then you must remember many girls in the tea-

shops only use the business as a blind to other and more serious business in their one-roomed flats. Some of the girls only accept situations so as to have a better opportunity of speaking with men and making appointments, but these girls are soon noticed and weeded out. I think the whole question of the tea-shop girls is wages—yes, wages! Give them enough to live on, and they will not go wrong.

“ ‘ One sweet-faced child came to us last year. Her parents, who resided in Devonshire, were very good and pious folk, and the girl was the prettiest child I ever saw. All the girls liked her for her lovable disposition and innocence. I saw the danger of such a sweet child being on view in these public rooms. I talked to her by the hour of the dangers and other things, but one really cannot be too plain. She shared a room with another girl, a good-living young woman.

“ ‘ This sweet-faced child was only in the rooms a few days when a tall, dark, handsome gentleman, faultlessly attired, frequently came to sit at the table which Nellie attended to. I used to notice his special liking for her table and his affable manner to the girl. One of the girls told me that Nellie had been to the theatre with the dark man and was very friendly with him. I waited until the stranger again came into the room and then, calling him aside, I told him he must not interfere with the child and informed him that I would write to her parents if he again interfered. In a very foreign accent he told me to mind my own — business, and threatened to report me for my impertinence.

The next day Nellie did not come to business, and the day following she left the room which she occupied with her girl friend, saying that she was going to be married and go abroad. Nothing would stop the child. She went ; God only knows where. Her broken-hearted parents have not received one line from her. All traces of her have completely vanished. Poor child ! She must be in some strange land leading a life of shame, or perhaps she is dead. She was certainly too innocent for life in London. It's a terrible thing to think of the hundreds and hundreds of girls that disappear, leaving no trace of their whereabouts. They simply disappear, and no one knows where. It reflects great shame on the Government, or whoever it is that should catch the girl-trappers.'

"Let me give just one more instance of the cruel temptations which make the life of a tea-shop girl a 'hell-upon-earth.'

"The manager of a certain fashionable tea-shop was a thoroughly bad man, and it was a matter of comment that his waitresses never remained very long in his employ. It was also remarked that he invariably engaged very pretty girls. I always thought, in common with many others, that the girls could not put up with the fellow and so left his employ, but one day I solved the mystery quite by accident. I met a girl in whom I had taken a great interest and who used to serve in the tea-shop to which I refer. She was strangely altered and, as I noticed her painted face and frowzled hair, I feared the worst.

“ ‘ You have left G——’s now ? ’ I asked, kindly, as I noticed that she shrank from me.

“ ‘ Yes,’ she replied tersely, as she walked on.

“ However, I was not to be balked so easily. ‘ Mabel,’ I entreated, taking her arm, ‘ what is the trouble ? ’

“ She turned on me fiercely and then her expression melted. ‘ You were very good to me once,’ she said, ‘ and you might use my story to warn other girls, so I will tell you.’

“ We sat together on an empty park bench and I heard a sordid, ghastly tale.

“ It appears that this wretched ‘ manager ’ had offered Mabel a better-paid position in another of his cafés, and, naturally, she had accepted it.

“ On arriving at this café, a kindly ‘ manageress ’ had taken her in charge and suggested a cup of tea after her tiring journey. The tea was drugged, and when the poor girl came to herself she was in a strange house in Paris. Here she was beaten and ill-used, and was so helpless that she was forced to yield to her tormentors and hire herself for immoral purposes.

“ ‘ But you have escaped now ? ’ I suggested.

“ ‘ No. I am to be sent to the Argentine to-morrow,’ she answered, dully and lifelessly.

“ ‘ Let me help you. Come away with me at once,’ I implored her.

“ ‘ It is too late,’ she murmured. ‘ Besides, I get relief at times,’ rolling back her sleeve so that I saw the marks of the deadly drug needle on her arm. ‘ There is no other hope for me in this life.’

“ ‘ Is it possible,’ I asked myself, as I left this poor

soul, 'that such horrible devilries can exist in civilised London in the twentieth century?'

"'Not only possible,' came the inward reply, 'but inevitable, so long as the law refuses to step in and secure better positions for our tea-shop girls.'"

Is it any wonder that the proprietors of these tea-shops thrive and flourish, counting the golden counters they pile up yearly. They never fail to charge the public the full bill, on which they make 100, 200, and even 300 per cent. profit, whilst these poor girls have to live on a starvation wage or take to a hideous life, on the "quiet" at first, and then, when custom makes them familiar with their secret means of living, restraint is thrown off and the streets faced to the nation's shame.

All tea-shop girls should be paid a living wage or the shops shut up—a trade that cannot live and thrive without destroying a great percentage of the girls of the nation should with all God-speed fail, and be forgotten.

## FACTS, PLAIN AND STARTLING!

*WILL THE MOTHERS OF ENGLAND ACT?*

The worthy Bishop of London has publicly declared that "When religious London says 'Yes' no living man dare say 'No.'" The hour has arrived for religious London to speak with no hesitating voice against the traffic in girls, and facts, real and unvarnished, have been obtained for public information in the following manner.

Parliament has declared that many hundreds of residential flats in and about London are not secret assignation houses, and has excluded these tenements from the scope of the Bill now before the House of Commons. Further, the White Slave Traffic Bill does not disturb the smooth serenity of that insidious work proceeding within the painted walls of many of the big licensed public hotels in the vicinity of Leicester Square and the Piccadilly quarter of the city, where prostitutes and "pimps" assemble and offer premiums to young girls to "adopt the life," and be damned, body and soul.

Nor does the Bill touch the old wretches known as "missuses," who openly take girls on the "Square" and the Piccadilly "beat" to sell themselves to men for money.

For this and other reasons I decided to send a young girl, closely guarded, through the gilded deadly haunts of men and women of ill-repute and place the plain facts before the public. For such objectionable



and indeed dangerous work it was very necessary to summon a girl with ability and courage, and, of course, a deep interest in her work. In this matter, chance or luck, or both, materially helped me.

A young Yorkshire girl, living at Leeds, was just entering upon a journalistic career. She had read "The White Slave Market," and wrote to me asking for a chance to assist me in any further work I might be contemplating. I wrote her instructions for an article as a sample of her ability. It arrived and was somewhat amateurish; still, it contained many flashes of ability and deep thought.

I returned the article and instructed the girl to come to London and I would endeavour to give her work in a field where she would have a chance to do good.

I was conscious that only a girl pure and simple, yet with brains and courage and, of course, with good looks, could complete the work I had on hand. Within a day or two the girl arrived. She was pretty, with a bright fresh flow of health colouring her cheeks. She was strong and determined, pure and simple, with a cultured mind and elevated ideals. Her courage on coming up to London in an instant to commence her work as a journalist makes one wonder if Yorkshire possesses many more such fine, good and brave samples of perfect womanhood.

My Yorkshire friend was carefully lodged with a good family at Blackheath, instructed in every detail, and guarded by two of my trusted friends.

So she set out to do her work and tell the public the truths of the fearful ravages of the girlhood of this

country. Plain truths, divested of all sensationalism' appeared in the young Yorkshire girl's report, not a syllable altered. I now present it to the public. Surely it's strong reading in a Christian country? But let the women of England read it. Then, if they are of the same solid, sturdy stock, good and pure, determined and brave, that gave the world the sons of England, well, they will show themselves such by acting at once to "clear the unclean thing out" and save their children.

## AMONGST THE WHITE SLAVES.

*“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION. . . .”*

Being asked by the author of this book if I thought I could muster up courage, if well protected, to visit some of the gilded dens in the city of London, where men and women congregate to keep alive the White Slave Traffic, and gather facts real and unvarnished to place before the public in regard to the fearful traffic that goes on unchecked in many licensed public-houses, which are used as general meeting places for women of ill-repute, I urged to be allowed to undertake the unpleasant work, if any efforts I could make to unfold the truth would awaken the sleeping indifference and apathy of the public.

It was agreed that I should dress plainly, and go into the midst of the life that very night. I was well protected, being closely followed by two staunch and stalwart friends of the author, whose instructions were very minute and emphatic and followed to the letter by the young Australians who so well guarded me.

Leaving Charing Cross about 6 p.m., my protectors and I proceeded to the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and, as arranged, my friends walked ahead and entered a licensed public-house where I was told unfortunate girls hunt for men and men for girls. I entered the place after them.

There must be thousands of people who are ignorant that in London alone numerous places exist ostensibly

for the purpose of supplying food and drink, while their real object is to provide a meeting place for these ill-fated girls and the men who prey upon them.

Such an attitude of ignorance—which, indeed, I am inclined to call indifference—to the terrible suffering and degradation of our girls, in a city whose inhabitants “profess and call themselves Christians,” is little less than hypocrisy and a refusal to face these dreadful facts. Yet we must face these truths fearlessly if the horrible evils of the White Slave Traffic are to be blotted out, as it is imperative that they should be—at once—if the pure girlhood of England is to be saved from contamination and destruction.

This is a work for Englishmen, who must fight manfully against the White Slave horrors for the sake of our girls; girls with human hearts, thoughts, and aspirations just the same as their own daughters, but girls with the most cruel temptations to contend with, and without any parental love and home-teaching to guide them aright in the struggle.

For the sake of those who really do not know of the foul thing in our midst, here are a few truths, which, I trust, will shake the scales from their eyes and indifference from their hearts.

I entered the hotel and went up a thickly-carpeted staircase into a luxuriously appointed lounge, where were some twenty girls and men seated at small tables, drinking and smoking. I crossed over to an empty table and gazed in astonishment at the scene before me.

“Well, miss, what will you take?”

I was inclined to bristle at the waiter's insolent manner, but, remembering my *rôle*, merely replied, "Oh, I'll have lemonade."

I sipped my lemonade and studied the faces of the men and women. Evidently it was rather early for the "business" of the evening, for half the tables were empty.

A stout, sharp-featured woman was bustling about, stopping now and then to chat with certain of the men, who addressed her familiarly. At the table on my left was a woman of about thirty, who, in spite of the lines of suffering and weariness, which were not concealed by her powder, had still something very winsome and pleasant about her face. On my right was a girl of twenty-one or so, who, despite her youth, had managed to cultivate a great capacity for whisky and soda, for she drank three glasses in ten minutes. After such potations, I naturally expected that her gait would be rather unsteady, but no, she presently got up and went over to a man at the other end of the lounge and after much talking, laughing, and the drinking of yet another whisky and soda, the pair went out together.

The barmaids were laughing and joking with a couple of corpulent, bloated-looking wretches, whose familiarity, as they patted the girls' shoulders, was disgusting. Then, near to the counter, I saw a sight which made me almost weep with pity.

There was a young girl, with the pure oval face of a Madonna, sitting with a harsh evil-looking woman of perhaps forty years old. The girl could

not have been more than sixteen, and looked considerably younger.

She seemed nervous and afraid of the hard-faced woman with her, and as I closely watched the young thing sipping her ginger ale, I wondered if it were possible that she was in the other's power, and forced to live as she was ordered by her sinister-looking mistress.

However this may be, I certainly saw the light of a pure child's soul shining through those great, dark, mysterious eyes, which seemed to look to men for protection and chivalry instead of the brutality and shame which would inevitably be her portion. Soon, two men came up to her table, and one could see the poor girl making efforts to be agreeable in response to her companion's looks.

Innocence, however, is the exception in a saloon of this nature, and as my eyes fell upon a bold-faced, middle-aged woman, who was smoking a cigarette and chatting away hilariously to a, well, I suppose one would call him a man, though his countenance expressed all the cunning and low instincts of the animal, I felt the hot blood mount to my face, realising for the first time in my life to what depths a woman, whom God meant to be pure and fair, can sink. Not that I wish to condemn the poor soul, for who shall say what were her temptations or the awful difficulties which proved her downfall ?

Thoroughly sick at heart, and yet feeling that a knowledge of these poor mistaken women is essential to any work for their earthly salvation, I moved over to the woman on my left.

“ May I sit with you ? ” I asked, “ I feel awfully lonely.”

“ Oh, you won't be lonely long,” she replied with a laugh. “ A young, innocent-looking girl like you ought to do very well here.”

She evidently took me for a sister in her horrid trade. Well, I would not undeceive her, as I might learn some facts about the life.

“ You see,” I proceeded, “ I don't know London at all. I've only just come up from the country.”

“ Then where are you staying ? ”

“ At Blackheath.”

“ Oh, my dear,” she replied, “ you'll never get men to go right out there, will you ? You ought to find a room nearer, but they are really so dear in London.”

“ Yes,” I said, “ people think nothing of asking one or two guineas, do they ? ”

“ One or two ! ” she repeated, with a laugh. “ My dear child, you will be lucky if you get one for that. Why, I pay three and a-half guineas for a flat with only one bedroom.”

I expressed surprise.

“ Yes,” she continued, “ and I pay a guinea for another room. Then, when you consider that there are taxi fares at one or two o'clock in the morning on top of my rents, you understand that the life here is very expensive.”

“ It is, indeed,” I answered.

“ But,” she said, consolingly, “ you ought to do very well with your innocent-looking young face. Men like your style now ; they won't look at us older women.”

"You think I shall be alright here then?" I queried.

"I'm sure you will," she answered. "You go down to the —— to-night at about ten, and I guess you won't be alone very long."

Inwardly determining that I would avoid that gilded den, I mentioned that she was very kind and asked her what she would "take"?

"Well, it's real good of you, and I don't mind if I do take another 'Guinness,' I'm just about dead-broke. Been buying furs to-day," indicating a costly set on her shoulders, "and business is so bad just now."

"Is it the same all over the country?" I asked.

"Yes, it is. Birmingham is good, though. Do you know Birmingham?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, well, it's a fine place for trade. I was working there once, but found that I missed lots of good chances, so I gave it up."

"What, the work?"

"Yes, can't do two things at once, you know."

Just then another woman came up.

"Hello!" she greeted my companion, at the same time bestowing on me a friendly nod.

"Got your flat yet?" asked my friend.

"No. —— promised me one this week, but he's a deuced long time about it."

"And he's so beastly dear," returned the first woman. "How much do you pay now?"

"Four and a-half guineas, and it's a wretched little place too."



The newcomer passed on and then her friend leaned over to me confidentially. "Tell you what, my dear," she advised, "you go to —, in — Street. He'll get you a nice flat. He's looking for one for me now."

I suggested that they might be too dear.

"Well," she ruminated, "perhaps so, just at first, but you could take a room at Brixton or Clapham—both good places—and you'll soon be alright."

I thanked her for the information, and she continued, "I'm thinking of going abroad myself. England's about worked up."

"Paris?" I enquired, as though that were the only place abroad.

"Not a bit of good," she emphatically rejoined. "Why, I once lived in Brussels, and that's not so good as London."

"Do you think the manageress," indicating the portly dame, "would know of a room for me?"

"I shouldn't ask her, anyhow," came the smiling retort. "She's not any too polite at times."

I did not wish to arouse any suspicion by being too inquisitive, so I bade my friend good-bye.

"Be at the ——— to-morrow evening," she said. "I will be there at six and will look out for you."

I nodded and again made an attempt to leave.

"Let me know how you get on," she asked. "I'm here most evenings and at the ——— for tea." Then she added, "Oh, you must only stay for thirty minutes there."

Again thanking her, I left the awful place, and

out in the pure air I wondered if it had all been a ghastly dream ; but no, as I passed another of those poor doomed girls I understood that it was a sad and miserable reality.

One reads highly-coloured accounts of the life of a girl of sin ; of the gay living, the gaudy glamour of great riches, jewels, silks, and satins, but the plain hard facts of their lives give the lie direct to such statements. Some of them may be what they themselves call "lucky" for a time, and have plenty of money and fine dresses, but these are at the best momentary. Most of the girls I encountered in my street walks are very poor, indeed many of them are actually penniless. Several of the unfortunates asked me for sixpence, others begged me to buy them a drink. They are quite young girls, good-looking, and have not by far reached the last terrible stages of the life.

One girl told me that the men protectors (that is, the "pimp") often ill-use and make slaves of them. Also the old woman "missus" treats the young girls shamefully. At times they beat the poor things unmercifully, practically starving them and bringing to their rooms men of all nationality and colour, and force the unfortunate girls to be "nice to them."

The men living on the earnings of girls are, I am told, the worst monsters possible. Some of these male devils "run," as they term it, two or three girls, ruling them far more cruelly than any negro slaves were ever treated. If a girl falls sick—and, alas, sickness in its worst and most dreadful form

is the sure portion of the white slave—she is then deserted and has to go to the Lock Hospital or infirmary. When she comes out, “patched up,” she finds herself deserted and has to take to the life on the streets alone, battling along as best she can under the heavy load of blackmail and the most inconceivable wrongs that the devils who live on the earnings of women can think of. All this goes on continually in London, under the very nose of the authorities, and in the sight of good, but indifferent people.

Surely these poor girls are deserving of pity and help and our most strenuous efforts to save them from the yawning abyss of iniquity that seems to envelop the body and soul, and from which, without our human sympathy and aid, they can make no escape.

Continuing my search for information concerning girls and women of immoral life, I again sought the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Piccadilly. An exceptionally sweet-faced and pretty girl told me certain things, which led my steps to the ——.

Arrived there, I found the place filled with men and women, lounging in the luxurious fauteuils, smoking and drinking and interspersing their joking conversation with dreadful oaths. Most of the tables were occupied, but I saw a young and very handsome girl seated alone in a corner. I took a seat opposite to her.

“Good-evening,” I ventured.

“Good-evening,” she replied, with a very foreign accent. “Stranger?”

I imagine she referred to my newness to the “trade”

as she stared at my unpowdered skin and smoothed hair, and answered, "To London?—yes."

She then seemed more at her ease with me.

"Do you happen to know," I queried, "where I can obtain a room about here?"

"A room? You mean a room to take some one?" she answered, in her quaint accent.

"Oh, I'm afraid not. I, too, am a stranger."

"Paris?" I asked, recognising the true Parisienne in her perfectly-clothed form and well-dressed hair.

"But yes," she replied delightedly.

Just then a man passed our table and, whether by accident or not I do not know, managed to disturb the angle of mademoiselle's hat, and I was relieved of any existing doubts as to her respectability as she burst out, "Mon Dieu! Cochon!" (My God! Pig!)

I don't suppose the fellow understood her, for he passed on, smiling, nor evidently did she think I caught her French oath, for she turned politely and said, "Perhaps you can get a room at Charing Cross."

"Thank you. Do you like London?"

"No, no," she cried, "your men are so—so—rude," a fact which I admitted mentally.

She rose and bade me "adieu."

I looked around the lounge but could only see one woman alone. Notwithstanding her pitiful attempts to disguise her age by thick applications of rouge, this woman must have been quite forty.

I went to her table and in my nicest manner repeated my old query about a room.

"I don't know, my dear," she answered, kindly, "but you should get one at Brixton."

Brixton again, I thought. Evidently Brixton is considered a "good place" by these women, for this was the second time I had been recommended to go there.

"About how much should I pay?" I asked, innocently.

"Oh, perhaps one guinea, perhaps more."

"I think that is rather expensive for a poor girl, eh?"

"Well, you could go into a 'house,' but I shouldn't if I were you."

I replied, "Girls should keep their money."

"Yes," she agreed, with a laugh, "it's hard enough to get, isn't it? Excuse me," she suddenly remarked, and left me, to join two men at another table.

Knowing that I must stay only twenty minutes at this place, I rose and went out, and as I passed the table nearest the door, I heard one man say to his neighbour, "By Jove! isn't she a 'swank,'" evidently referring to myself, but I took no notice.

My next place was the "Golden Stairs." Here I found about twenty tables. Really, it was a most perfectly appointed and artistic place.

One woman had taken off a long fur mantle, and was lying back in a chair with a cigarette between her fingers, staring insolently at every newcomer, between half-closed lids. I myself received my share of her scrutiny, and understood at once that she was not the kind of woman from whom I should get information.

I seated myself at a table where I could see the

whole room at once and was immediately asked to "give my order." I fell back on "friend lemonade" and thought I saw a disdainful curl on the lips of an extravagantly dressed girl sitting opposite to me as she sipped her champagne and took in every detail of my appearance. However, I am now inured to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and I looked around in search of a woman to talk to, but in vain. Then three of the most bloated looking men I have ever seen came over and sat at my table and ordered drinks.

I appeared to be engrossed in the wall-paper and ceiling, but not being deaf, I heard all their remarks and learnt what a girl is subjected to from such creatures should she venture into a public place alone.

"Haughty, isn't she?" remarked one of them.

"Yes, but I'm sure she's a nice girl," leered another, while his friend said, "What lovely eyes. I should like to see her angry."

Determined that no reference to my personal appearance should move me, I sat sphinx-like, until the brutes departed, when I crossed over to two young girls whose seemingly innocent faces had interested me. They talked quite freely, telling me candidly the cost of their rooms, etc.

It appeared that they shared a flat for which they paid the extortionate sum of £3 10s. per week. I said that I could not afford so expensive a place.

"Oh," said the younger one, "but it's really worth while. You get a better class of men. You see, we pick up most of our 'Johnnies' in the daytime."

I nodded comprehendingly.

“Good-bye,” they said, as they rose to go. “I hope you will do well,” remarked the younger girl, quite sympathetically.

I have been surprised to find what a great deal of kindness and sympathy there is amongst these girls for members of their own class. Far from regarding me as an interloper, most of the poor things have been very kind and even given me advice.

After these two girls had gone, a shrewish looking woman with brilliant golden hair and painted cheeks came to my table, and after a few preliminary remarks on the weather and “business,” I opened with an enquiry for a room.

“Don’t know,” was the laconical reply, “I’m not an agent for rooms.”

“Quite so,” I went on undaunted, “but it’s so hard for me. I don’t know London at all and I’m nearly at the end of my money.”

She stared hard at me for a few seconds, during which time I mentally thanked the powers that be that I had learned to control my expression, and then said, quite kindly, “There are so many of us girls in London just now, my dear, and the rents are so high, but you might ask the waiter.”

I feel sure that this woman was suspicious of me.

I did not like the idea of asking the simpering French waiter, who had been hovering near and had no doubt heard every word of the last conversation, so telling the woman that I would prefer to talk to a lady about the matter, I went downstairs and outside.

I now went into the ——, and saw much the

same sort of scene, except that in one corner of the room was a disgusting sight. A young, but very bold-faced girl of some twenty years was leaning against the shoulder of a man, who had one arm round her waist.

So far from reprimanding such conduct, the manageress and the men waiters were evidently greatly amused by the scene. I turned my eyes the other way and almost jumped in my chair as I encountered the evil face of a man who was staring at me almost rudely.

Then came a break in the tension as a hard voice rang out, "D—— it," to a waiter, "when are you going to bring that celery?"

"It's not nice," answered the man.

"Never mind that," came in the excited voice of a woman who had been drinking too heavily, "I told you I wanted celery, and, by ——, I'll have celery."

She had her command fulfilled and it evidently had a soothing effect upon her, for her language became more moderate. No doubt this was quite a common scene. The onlookers only laughed and joked about it as the drinking went on.

"Christian England!" I thought, bitterly, as I wondered if there were none to rise up and put a stop to these horrid scenes of debauchery. To those who have never seen a woman given over to shame, I say go to one of these sinks of iniquity which are called public-houses, but which are really the meeting places resorted to by debased humanity, and there see what the White Slave Traffic is doing among our girls and women.



"You seem lonely," said a cultured voice in my ear, and I saw a young and handsome man bending over me.

"Yes," I said, inwardly resolving to be nice to him in the interests of my work.

"What are you doing to-night?" he continued.

"Oh, nothing in particular," I answered.

"Where do you come from?" he queried.

"Why?"

"Oh, you'll tell me, won't you?" he coaxed, emphasising the pronoun, as though he and I were the greatest of old friends.

"Well, where are you going then?" he asked.

"I haven't a place at present," I answered.

"Oh, but you have somewhere to take me," he suggested.

I never felt any great desire to break the sixth commandment before, but I could most cheerfully have killed the fellow before me, but as I was playing a part I said: "As a matter of fact I have no such place."

"Then," said the gentleman (?), "you're a d——d 'twister'!"

Never having heard the word before, I begged his pardon, whereupon he was so kind as to repeat his remark.

"Sorry I don't understand you," I said.

"Well, you've no right here, so get out!"

I intimated that as I first came to that table it was his place to "get out."

"I know what it is," he leered, "you're one of those d——s of suffragettes, and you've no right here."

Evidently this licensed den exists for the convenience of these immoral women and their supporters. I could not have obtained a more reliable verification of my suspicion that this was the case if I had been told so by the manageress. The "gentleman" departed, after having treated me to a few good round oaths which before I had been ignorant of, and then I quietly left the place.

Outside, I came across a girl who was strolling up and down, and, guessing her trade from her general appearance, I approached her with an invitation to come somewhere to have a drink and a chat, pleading my loneliness as a stranger to London.

She refused the drink but had no objection to my walking along with her. I tried to obtain information as to how girls were able to get abroad by telling her that I had heard that there were good chances for girls out of England. She evidently did not know how these girls were taken over to the Argentine and elsewhere, for she suggested that if I were unable to pay my own passage I might work my way out as a stewardess.

"I have been living in Paris," she said, "but we have to live under strict police regulations, you know."

"Do you like Paris?" I asked.

"Well, I find Londoners are much more liberal," she replied, "but I shall try Paris again at Christmas. Good-night."

"Good-night," I returned, as she joined a young man and walked away.

Standing with my protectors at a corner of Leicester

Square facing the Queen's Hotel, from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m. the other night, I saw in all its bareness the awful sight of an almost constant stream of women, young and old (all powdered, painted, and bedecked to make a poor, gaudy show), flowing towards the general market strands of vice. It was a frightful, but real, lesson of the low ebb to which the national life of our girlhood is coming. The horror of it was that nobody seemed to care or to be in the least appalled. To passers-by, it was simply the usual flood of girls going to sell themselves. Custom has made the ordinary Londoner expect this "march of the unfortunates," and probably only surprise would be expressed if the tide of these girls rushing on to sin were stopped and all our streets were vacated.

Many of these girls were quite young. Some had tender, innocent faces, and seemed instinctively to dread the fierce light of the public streets. Most of them were in charge of the "missus" or "madame," as they term the portly powdered-faced old procuress. The young girl invariably walked a little in front of the old dame and ever and anon was sharply reproved for want of attention to the "eyeing" of men who passed by, occasionally being given a sharp shake or two to keep her in the strict line of sin.

I am told that these old women follow the girls about the streets for hours, and take whatever money they earn "to mind," frequently going into the various public-houses to refresh themselves. Sometimes the young girls accompany them, but usually they remain outside, while "madame" partakes of a brandy-and-soda. I was informed that these old

villains get hold of young and pretty girls by any means ; take them to the haunts of sin and shame ; chaperone them for weeks—perhaps months—and take all their money from them. Thus they obtain the means by which they drink and find the funds wherewith to trap more girls. Surely the law of England is strong enough to whip these old devils in human form. If it is not, shame should assuredly visit those who are responsible for this sad state of open debauchery.

I particularly noticed and followed one old beldame. She had in her charge quite a young girl, whose age might have been anything from fifteen to seventeen years. The girl seemed shy and appeared to hesitate, turning her head away from the men who were on the prowl. The old woman sharply reproved the girl, in an undertone at first, then, losing all control, she exclaimed, “ Why, you — fool, did you not see that gentleman look at you ? Stop and beckon to him.”

Still the girl remained confused and made no attempt to call the man back.

The old hag, losing all patience, poured a perfect torrent of abuse upon the unfortunate child and, bidding her stand still, hobbled herself after the man, and, after a few minutes' conversation, returned with him to the girl. The man and woman remained some minutes talking and then the “ gentleman ” and the young girl walked off together.

The old dame entered a public-house, had a drink, lit a cigarette, and seemed to be satisfied with her inhuman work. Presently she left the house and

walked off in the direction taken by the man and girl.

The whole matter is most horrible to contemplate, and one's entire being revolts against these hideous truths, but yet the mothers of England must be confronted with the real facts, however loathsome, as undoubtedly this is the only way in which this dreadful traffic may be killed.

Again guarded by my two trusty protectors, I went to Leicester Square, thinking that I would count and obtain an approximate estimate of the number of these unfortunate girls. Impossible feat! I stood on the pavement watching an interminable number of the poor souls plying, or seeking to ply, their trade, I realised that they were more in number than one could ever imagine.

Also, and this surprised me not a little, remembering what I had heard about the advantages of such a life so far as money and dress are concerned, only a very few of the girls were well-dressed. Most of them were pitifully bedraggled-looking creatures, who certainly had made an attempt to attain "style," but with woeful results.

Thus we saw a poor consumptive-looking girl wearing a flimsy transparent blouse under a heavy, betrimmed coat and a very ancient set of furs. Poor girl! I wondered why she wore the coat and furs when her thin blouse was uncovered to her waist, and her suède shoes and openwork stockings must have rendered her liable to a very bad cold. I saw hats, also, which had the merit of being fashionable, but which, to the eye of a connoisseur, were very tawdry, untidy and cheap affairs.

As I noticed the very poor attire and hungry, lean faces of many of these women, I asked myself whether it could be true that the advantages of such a life had been a little too brilliantly painted. Assuredly this must be the case. Most of the girls had not even a few pence to go into one of the public houses for a drink, but strolled up and down in the hope of finding someone to buy them one.

If only our girls could be made to understand that all these tales of great wealth and a life of gaiety are lies invented by the agents of the devil to lure them into the paths of ruin, I am sure that the ranks of those who lead a life of sin would be much thinner.

Yet it is quite true that such attractive stories of riches and pleasure *are* told to unsuspecting girls, who must therefore be informed of the dread truths of the matter that they may not be blinded by the glamour of plausible lies.

I was even told—*a propos* of the harsh side of this life—of one girl of barely nineteen, who found herself absolutely penniless, without food or clothes other than those she was wearing, on the streets of London one night. Unfortunate child! She had been lured by lying promises of wealth to lead an immoral life, and had found, too late, that she could not even make the poorest living. Eventually, she was picked up by a wicked old procuress, so that her last state is worse than the first.

We can give only heartfelt pity to these young, misguided girls, but can find no words strong enough, nor treatment too severe, for those fiends who wilfully lie to entrap and destroy white young souls.

I opened a conversation with one of the girls who was strolling about, and she offered to show me a nice room, which she said I might have for two and a-half guineas weekly. Feeling quite safe with my two stalwart guardians in the rear, I went to inspect the room.

The girl led me up a side street off Shaftesbury Avenue, and we entered a dimly-lighted narrow passage. I confess I felt a thrill of horror, as my companion locked the door behind us and we were alone together in that dismal, silent place.

“Go upstairs,” the girl said.

I went before her and up we mounted upon those dark bare stairs which creaked at every step.

“Here is the room,” and, taking a key from her satchel, she opened the door; allowed me to enter; closed the door upon me, and I heard her heavy steps ascending more stairs. During the few seconds that I was alone, I felt somewhat nervous as I recalled to memory all the tales I had heard about the decoying of girls to such lonely places. However, I quietened such fears as I thought of my two faithful watchers, who were waiting without.

The room was, without exaggeration, a wretched hovel. The bare boards were partly covered by a thin, worn strip of dirty canvas, while the ceiling was blackened with smoke, and in several places the filthy bespattered wallpaper hung loose from the wall.

An old tumble-down bed, with dirty, tattered, and ragged coverings and torn mattress occupied about half the room. An old wardrobe, a wooden box covered with dirty and ragged chintz, and a cracked

mirror altogether comprised the furniture of the place. The room itself was not more than ten by eight feet, a nasty odour of spirits permeated the place, and I was beginning to have an uncomfortable sense of imprisonment when the door opened and the girl who had led me there came in with an older woman.

By this time I was beginning to get used to shocks, but that old woman's face haunts me. She was an old Jewess, without teeth, and with some horrible disease disfiguring her face, and which was probably the cause of the lid of her left eye being drawn away from the eyeball.

I could now see that the girl was a Jewess also, but much younger than the other and very handsome, with the bold outline of feature and brilliant complexion and eyes of the true Semitic type.

"You want this room?" asked the old woman with a horrid toothless grin as her uncovered eye glinted at me cunningly.

"Well, I came to look at it."

"Nice room, eh?"

"Not bad," I answered, looking around me, and wondering what on earth this old hag would consider to be a poor room if this hovel were a "nice" one.

"How much would you want for it?" I asked.

"Two guineas," was the quick reply.

"Two and a-half," corrected the girl.

"Ah, two and a-half," still with that unnerving grin.

"Don't you think that is rather too much?"

"No. It is central. Besides, you will make a



lot of money here. It's not like the country," the younger woman said contemptuously. Evidently the girl had some interest in the letting of the room, I thought.

I appeared undecided.

"Won't you sit down?"

I gazed at the only place available—the filthy-looking bed—and declined a seat.

"I am in rather a hurry," I explained, but the women were most anxious for me to come to some definite settlement about the room, the girl telling me that I should make plenty of money, as it was quite a common thing for the girls in London to make from £20 to £30 weekly, which statement I took "cum grano salis."

At last, however, I was able to get away from the women by half-promising to let them know by the next afternoon whether I would have the room. As I was followed down the groaning stairs by the old Jewess, I was thinking that the wretched place was not worth 2s. 6d., and would probably have been let for six or seven shillings for any other than its obvious immoral purpose.

I noticed similar rooms on each landing, and I felt thankful when the Jewess's ghastly eye bestowed its parting glint upon me and I was out in the open once more.

Leaving the quarter where the loathsome room was awaiting a tenant from amongst the poor "sisters of the pavement," I walked briskly back to the "Golden Stairs," which seems to be one of the worst of quite a host of such public resorts in the noted

neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square, and entering the bar, ascended the carpeted stairs to a lounge.

At one of the tables I saw a young, pretty and well-dressed girl, who appeared to be a foreigner. I approached her with a pleasant "good-evening," but she shrugged her shoulders and turned her eyes to the ceiling with a helpless air.

Then she took from her satchel a little book which contained little French sentences side by side with the English translation. This poor girl firmly believed that her book was a key to the English language.

However, I speak French fairly well, and the Parisienne, delighted to find someone with whom she could talk, chatted away merrily.

"Eh bien," she said, "votre Londres est si triste—si, si triste—et moi—juis desole!"

("Ah," she said, "your London is so very, very dull, and it makes me lonely and sad.")

"Vous aimez mieux la Paris?" I asked.

("You like Paris better?")

She gesticulated wildly and her dark eyes shone as she described her beloved native city.

"Hé," she cried, "ma belle Paris; Paris si gaie, si charmante; ou toujours il y a la vie! La musique; la danse; l'amour et la lume tout le jour et toute la nuit!"

("Ah, my beautiful Paris; Paris so gay, so charming; where there is always life. Music, dancing, love, and light all day and all through the night!")

Thus she chattered on in her bright way, describing

vividly all the pleasures of life in Paris. She had just come over from Jersey and would return to Paris at Christmas.

“Et nous irons, alors—moi et vous-même—à Paris—ma chère Paris !”

(“We will go then—we two together—to Paris—my dear Paris.”)

“Ce n’est pas possible,” I said politely. “Je n’ai pas le temps faire une visite à Paris.”

(“Impossible. I have no time to pay a visit to Paris.”)

Then the Parisienne became very excited. It would be a splendid thing for me, she insisted. I could teach her English and in return she would improve my French, but I shook my head.

“Bien !” she exclaimed, “allons au —— !”

I agreed, and we sauntered out into the lighted streets and entered the —— together.

Comfortably seated in the gorgeous French saloon, which has, by the way, a British license, the French-woman ordered drinks and, sipping respectively our claret and lemonade, we again fell to discussing the prospects of a Parisian life for myself.

Carmen, for such was her name, painted a brilliant future for me if I would only be her companion in the French capital.

Her countrymen, she said, preferred English girls to French ones, and she could promise me a splendid time. Waxing more and more eloquent, she pleaded with me to go with her to her beautiful home in Paris, where she would pay all my expenses, give me beautiful clothes and jewellery, and see that I had the happiest time in my life.

"You cold English," she went on, "do not know what it is to live—you merely exist."

Seeing that I was in no wise tempted by the glowing accounts of life in Paris, the woman lit a Turkish cigarette and gave me two addresses in London with the injunction to call upon her and let her know whether I would accept her invitation, after giving it every consideration.

It appeared that she was staying in Shaftesbury Avenue, while she had a room at another licensed public house, at which latter place she received the visitors with whom she became acquainted.

This is an undoubted proof that the management of that public place let rooms for a vile purpose, and surely this is a shameful state of things, but no one in all this great city troubles about it nor seems to think it is his duty to attempt any improvement.

My French companion then fell to talking of our English ways. She hated our English Sunday, she said. Everything was so dull, while in Paris, Sunday was but one of seven ordinary days, and there was mirth, dancing and revelry all the time.

No, she did not like England—the English were "great hypocrites."

This girl, I thought, really appears to like the life because of the excitement and glitter, but nevertheless, in the pauses of our conversation, I imagined that there were lines of weariness and sorrow on her beautiful face.

She told me that her mother had lived a similar life, and so the daughter had really no option of a

different career, but yes, with a mirthless laugh, she liked it well enough.

Whilst I was busy eliciting facts from the girl, two men came up to our table and invited us to partake of refreshment. Carmen graciously accepted a café-au-lait, whilst I pleaded the lateness of the hour and prepared to depart, much to the evident annoyance of the three.

As I was rising from the table, my companion called out, "N'oubliez pas me visiter, Mademoiselle!"

("Don't forget to call upon me, Miss.")

From my own experience, it transpires how easy it is for any girl to be entrapped by smooth-tongued rascally foreigners into a life of shame abroad.

The "Golden Stairs" lounge and bar is conducted very much in the same way as the other public hotels I have mentioned, except that there was rather more noise and mirth than at the other places.

A small orchestra was playing, the decorations were perfect, and I was again reminded that by these means—by making vice appear attractive under a gorgeous veil of beauty in art, music and vivid life, many young girls, who naturally have the desire of all young things for the bright side of life, are lured to their ruin.

If such places as I have mentioned (and many others of exactly the same character, which I have not named) are not actually closed, surely, in the interests of our national girlhood, they should be exposed in their true and awful colours.

They are quite open, and any girl, good or bad,

may enter to be entertained and, of course, finally ruined by those parasites who frequent them.

On Sunday evenings one would have supposed that the public-houses would be much more quiet and orderly, but such a supposition is entirely wrong.

One Sunday night I walked from Charing Cross (protected, as usual) to several of these places, expecting to find them, in the name of common decency, half-closed or at least a little hushed, out of regard for the English Sabbath, but they were all quite open and doing a big trade.

It was a calm and beautiful night, cold and clear, and the church bells pealed out a merry chime. Occasionally, too, one heard the stirring reverberations of an anthem or the grand solemn chords of an organ from one of London's many stately churches, but as I watched the endless stream of men and women going blindly, or being driven, to an awful doom of both soul and body, I was sickened by the fearful contrast.

"Vespers at St. Paul's," I thought, "and this foul phantom at the very church doors!"

Can the Christian worshippers know, I wondered, that these human wrecks are stalking the streets in search of human prey, while they themselves are praying "to be delivered from fornication and all other deadly sin"?

Or is it that they do not care? Not so, I remembered, would their Master have them leave other poor souls outside to perish in the cold of human contempt and indifference.

No, He would have bidden them go out into the

by-ways and bring in the "lame, the halt and the blind." However, the twentieth century Christian clings painfully to the letter of his Gospel while the true spirit of it is totally lost upon him, and thus we find on any Sunday evening in London, the hypocritical "Pharisee" thanking the Lord that he is not as the poor "Publican and Sinner," while he takes not the slightest trouble to find out the terrible temptations of the "sinner," so that he may be helped to overcome them.

First I went into the lounge of the ——, and found that there were fewer "loungers" there than usual, but such as were there were drinking, smoking and joking with their characteristic abandon.

In all, I counted eighteen people there, of whom thirteen were girls. Most of them sat in pairs at the small tables, while here and there a girl sat alone, drinking and smoking and awaiting her "quarry."

At a table immediately opposite to me was seated a group of three men and a woman, the latter of whom was regaling her hearers with what she designated "funny stories," though the humour appeared to me to be quite submerged beneath much that was indecent and vulgar in the extreme.

One of the "men" was in a maudlin state of sentimentality, occasioned by too much liquor, and was stroking the hand of the woman and vowing his undying affection for her in drunken accents.

Disgusted by the scene, I left the —— and was escorted by my guardians to the "Golden Stairs." I found this to be crowded with people of both sexes, drinking and smoking, and I saw several

girls accost men, and after having drinks together, they usually paired off and went out into the night to enter " taxis."

A young and pretty girl of about eighteen years of age was sitting alone, drinking a brandy-and-soda, when she was joined by a huge, hideous-looking fellow of the pure negro type, whose repulsive face made me shudder.

Far from shrinking from his ugly appearance, the girl seemed to encourage him, and as I left the " Golden Stairs " the two were apparently the greatest of friends.

Entering the streets once more, I passed on to the ——— where I was nearly staggered by the scene before me. I went downstairs into the saloon, which was so crowded that I was obliged to sit at a table occupied by three girls. A small orchestra of three men was playing popular melodies, and at one song the whole roomful of debauchers burst into melody (?), interrupted now and then by a drunken hiccough.

A waiter came up to me and asked me to give an order, and when he brought my lemonade, said in his broken English, " Nothing for waiter ? "

Not caring for his impertinence, I agreed with him, and he got nothing.

" Can you tell a ' pal ' how to make money over here ? " asked the girl next to me.

" I'm afraid there's not much to be made," I replied, looking at her closely. She was a handsome, though very poorly-clothed woman, whose age may have been nearing thirty.



She went on to tell me that she was an American, and had spent the last three years crossing and re-crossing the "herring-pond," always plying her revolting trade.

"I used to be a circus-rider, my dear," she informed me, "but I could not live on the wages."

After more confidences from her, she suddenly asked me, "Why on earth do the fools over here keep the men?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was my truthful reply.

"Well," she said, "I'm jolly sure I wouldn't do it. No," she added, with a metallic laugh, "I'd make the ——— keep me."

"See," whispered her friend at this juncture, "there are two ———. Speak to them."

"No," replied the woman, "they're only just out of school."

Looking around to see to whom they were referring, I saw two bright-faced, healthy-looking boys of seventeen or eighteen, who were just seating themselves at a table behind us.

From all appearances they were just up from the provinces—probably this very week-end—and seemed to take an eager and surprised interest in the gay scene before them. Perhaps, I thought, this Sunday night's visit to the ——— is their first venture into this gay world, and I was quite pleased to think that I had found one woman, at any rate, with some humanity, for she would not try to pervert these young lads, but I was rudely given her real reason by her next words, "They don't look as if they had half-a-dollar between them."

However, they presently found two men more to their taste, for they left my table and were soon drinking with their new acquisitions.

Having seen quite plenty to assure me that these unfortunate women and their friends do not discriminate between Sunday and week-day, I walked through the dense clouds of smoke, up the stairs, and out.

Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and Leicester Square were filled with the usual painted throng which is characteristic of them during the week, and sober citizens going home from church walked side by side with the unfortunate "sisters of the pavement" without probably any concern for the poor soiled souls.

In all my conversations with these doomed women in my search for facts, I have been surprised to find that only one girl warned me against the terrible life.

She was a sad-faced girl whom I met in the —— and who was waiting for a friend.

"My dear," she said, solemnly, "if you are thinking of going upon the streets, DON'T DO IT! It's a horrible life. It's like being in Hell. I was 'wrong' myself once, but I work honestly for my living now. If I were your own mother, I could not give you truer advice."

I only hope that this brave and good girl may be able, by speaking the truth to other girls, to do good in exposing the real and horribly revolting side of this life.

Indeed, there is no other real side to such an existence. Anything other than cruel and dreadful degradation, sickness and disease, destruction of

mind, body and soul, only exists in the imagination of those vile creatures who play upon the vanity of young girls in order to lead them into a life of shame.

In concluding these experiences and trying to shut out from my mind the horror and the misery of the life of the "unfortunates" as I saw it in all its fearful vividness, I can only repeat with all the emphasis I may, that the gilded lounge or saloon at Paris, Leicester Square, Piccadilly, Rupert Street, and the like, should at any cost be banned as a danger to the young, youths and girls alike, for I think I have shown how easy it is for an innocent girl to walk into them without let or hindrance.

Let mothers just picture a girl who may have had a "tiff" at home or a few warm words with her mistress; indeed, take the girl who has been disappointed in a love affair and her mind and temper is heated; sorrow and despondency takes hold of her young heart and mind. All such a girl has to do is to walk into any of the "gilded dens" I have visited, and there sell herself to ruin. In such meeting-centres any girl will readily come across, as I did, men and women ready to buy her, body and soul.

We were all taught to whisper "Lead us not into temptation," but here; brilliant with light; gay with music; gorgeous with silken hangings; all appointments furnished with grandeur and artistic taste to intoxicate the mind; is the temptation—in open licensed houses in the heart of London.

It's shameful, and will be doubly shameful, if religious London refuses to speak and close the doors of such insidious centres.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF THE POOR.

Here is a story told me by a prominent newspaper man in the great City of London, which, I am afraid, is typical of hundreds. I only repeat it as a red lamp of danger to girls who do not know the open risks they face. It is ignorance, coupled with poverty, that has much to account for in the destruction of young girls. False prudery, hiding facts, covering up traps, and bringing up girls in a fool's paradise has reached, let us hope, the limit in this country, and a season of truth and fact has set in to warn those who wish to be warned.

Here is the story. In a busy industrial town not one hundred miles from St. Paul's, there lived a family consisting of the father, who was a labourer, the mother, who earned a little as a charwoman, and seven or eight children. The eldest girl, who was fourteen years old, was named Rosie. They were very poor, the father, when in work, rarely earning more than 18s. to 21s. per week. The mother earned what she could by cleaning out the local church and scrubbing the public offices. At best the life which this family led was one of purgatory on earth as they vainly tried to make ends meet. The father either drank or kept bad company, but the mother was a good woman. When Rosie had just turned fourteen it was decided that she should go out to work and earn something to keep the house going. Her education was practically *nil*. She was pretty, with large blue eyes and golden hair, but her one great fault

was that she was shy and extremely nervous. However, she had perforce to face the world and earn her bread and scanty clothes by some means, so her father obtained a situation for her in a big local factory, the wages being 3s. per week to start with and a half-yearly rise of 6d. per week until she reached a position of affluence on 4s. weekly. All was, of course, very new and very strange to her for the first few weeks of factory life. Rosie's mother and the little ones would walk from their home to the open space before the factory and there await the girl until she finished work. Then they would romp home together and listen eagerly to the sister's story of the factory life and its people.

After a while Rosie asked her mother not to trouble to meet her, assuring her that she would be alright. Her manner became more serious, and she was now more thoughtful and reserved with the little ones. One evening she was late in coming home and the mother, growing anxious, went out into the village lanes leading to the factory to seek her child. As she turned the corner of the lane that led to the back of the factory she came face to face with her daughter standing in the roadway talking to the sub-manager—a young married man whose reputation in the town for free love almost outrivalled that of Don Juan. On the arrival of her mother, Rosie hung her head and was silent. The manager gaily explained that he was giving Rosie advice as to her future work in the factory. The mother told him to keep his advice to himself, and have some care for his young wife and baby. The girl was taken home by her mother,

and was warned by both her parents as to the great danger of a married man's attention and the pitfalls of factory life.

Time wore on, and Rosie developed and became more accustomed to the life. Her manner became more free, and reports were soon in circulation that she was "real sweet" on the manager. The father caught his daughter at a dance in the adjoining village with the man who should have been her protector. A "row" ensued, and the manager was well thrashed by the enraged father, who at once removed his girl from the danger spot. However, idleness was not the cure for a young girl whose mind had already received the first taint of wrong, and now Rosie would gossip with an old woman who kept a second-hand clothes shop, and there she received glowing accounts of the great life before girls who venture into the great City of London. One day, the old dame showed Rosie an advertisement in the paper for a "respectable, quiet, well-behaved young girl to take charge of a confectioner's shop in London, previous experience not necessary." They answered the advertisement, and within two days a well-dressed dame of bulky proportions and with a foreign accent came to the shop to see Rosie. After much of "my dearie" and talk of a refined home, good clothes, and nothing much to do but be secret, she and the old dame persuaded the girl to leave her home and try her luck in London. Rosie told only her little sister of her determination to break away from the poverty of her home and the dreary hardship of her surroundings. Her father was out of work and her

mother was almost distracted through the illness of her baby brother, so Rosie thought that if she could once get a start in London she could send them something to keep them going. Finally she left her home and was soon installed in a confectioner's shop in one of the busy streets in the West End of London. The kind lady who gave her the job also clothed her and took her to her own home—a well-furnished flat in Maida Vale. The girl had little to do and was minutely instructed in the art of dressing herself smartly and attractively. The kind lady was in raptures with Rosie. She took her for drives about the City and West End, gave her small money, and declared her intention of seeing the girl well provided for, but she was not to attempt to write home until she could send something substantial; all would soon be well. Thus the girl drifted on in a whirl of excitement, thanking her stars that she had at last fallen in luck's way. After some weeks of this life the "kind lady's" son returned home from abroad. He at once fell in love with Rosie and her innocence. He courted the child, took her to theatres, and finally proposed marriage.

The "kind lady" was delighted with the new turn of affairs, but the marriage, for some reason or other, was postponed. The son hardly ever allowed the girl out of his sight. For weeks she never went near the sweet shop. One night, whilst the good lady was away in the country and the servants were out, the true character of the lover asserted itself. Alone with the human wolf, fairly in the clutches of a remorseless hound, ensnared within the toils of her

destroyer, the poor girl was ruined. For weeks she was kept a close prisoner in the house, while her lover soothed her, dried her tears, and for weeks he poured lies into her ear to soothe her beating, frightened heart. Then the lover vanished, leaving the girl with the "kind lady," who now threatened to pack her off and take away the clothes she had provided. The child, almost distracted, readily agreed to do all that was required of her. This was simply that the "kind lady" would introduce "lovers" to Rosie and the girl must not refuse. Thus the trapped girl graduated step by step into the hands of those who live and thrive by such work, until she became a "gay girl of London." Once she was fairly launched out into the open, her old restraint fled and all resistance went to the wind. Her first "lover," Madame's son, returned to claim his own. He took the girl to a well-furnished flat, and instructed her in the art of her new life, how she was to "catch" men and obtain money from them.

Once Rosie was in her well-appointed flat under the experienced guidance of her master or owner, she quickly developed in the "business," as she stood continually in great fear of the man who had her so completely in his relentless iron grasp. At first he brought young fools to play cards or to be amused. Then he took the girl to theatres, personally attending to her dress and looks, and after a very short season of such chaperoning, he introduced Rosie to one of the swell, and very select, cafés in the West End, where flash women with strong protectors meet, dine, and decoy young girls with money to burn.



At the girl's first entry into the gorgeous restaurant—a well-known London swell den—all the waiters were tipped and instructed that Rosie was something “choice” and very “new.” They were cautioned about the company she was to mix with, and were promised a handsome reward if their talents were well employed in the art of securing rich partners for the beautiful young blonde. The very fact that Rosie's “man protector,” dressed regardless of cost in evening attire, left her seated at one of the golden-legged tables to dine alone struck terror into the hearts of the other girls who had assembled in evening dress to dine and “catch” lovers at this general meeting centre.

Rosie's “man” or “pimp” was known to most of them as a devil in human form. They all feared him and secretly pitied the pretty young girl who was now fully in the hawk's claws. The girls whispered to each other:—“The Owl”—by which name he was known to the girls—“has another victim. Poor child!—isn't she pretty? It's an infernal shame. The fellow ought to be hanged. Where on earth does he get such nice girls from? It's said he pays well.”

“Yes,” responded the other, “but they don't last long in *his* clutches.”

So the girls chatted to one of the waiters over the new girl's arrival at the swell headquarters of the prostitutes of London.

The restaurant, it may be noted, is run by a gang of foreigners, who actually use most of these girls arrayed in fine feathers as “decoy birds” for the

very fashionable and highest-toned male members of society. The "*modus operandi*" is to first introduce girls to the head waiter, and, if they pass muster as the proper class, an entrance is given them and they arrive at the gilded rooms for late dinner. The rooms are sumptuously furnished, there are a number of small tables, and the rule is that all the girls must wear evening dress and, of course, keep sober. Immediately one or two girls are seated at a small table, any man, being properly attired, is at liberty to join them at dinner, order wine, and, after chatting with them and making an appointment, is expected to pay their bill. Then another man will arrive at the table, order more wine, and pay the bill again.

When the girl asks for her bill the smug-faced waiter will produce his book, turn his eyes to the ceiling, think hard, and say, "Yes, yes, Madame had eggs à la Gambetta, soup Portugaise," writing hurriedly in case he forgets—thinks again—"ah, chicken à la Reine, and sweets, meringues à la crème, cheese Rochfort, café special à la Turc, Henessy's special 66, and absinthe." He hands the bill to the young or old fool who is seated at Madame's table, and is, of course, paid the amount, which varies from 15s. to 30s. The man never grumbles; it's a privilege he has to pay for. He then departs after a jolly time and an appointment, his place is taken by another fool, and the same process is repeated, and the money flows into the proprietor's pockets. The girl never gets a penny out of these amounts, but she has the privilege of an entry into the gilded room and is boomed as a "good sort" and helped occasionally to "catch" a man with money.

In this way girls have their dinner and wine bills paid over and over again. All this double pay falls to the proprietor. If the girls dare to demur at the double or treble charges they are excluded from the restaurant and their chance of meeting the right sort of man with money quickly vanishes. Some of these girls sit for hours smoking and sipping wine, all the while putting more money into the proprietor's pocket without "catching" a man.

If a young man who is known to be very rich enters the saloon the waiters almost scramble to conduct him to the table where their favourite young lady is sitting. If something new in "girl-flesh" is on hand the waiters are sure of a generous tip from the "pimp" who is "running" the girl. They soon give the whisper to the young, or indeed the old, "rakes" who are on the look-out for "rosebuds" in the trade. Something choice, fresh from the "Devonshire cream county," is always snapped up at boom prices. Thus Rosie soon found a swell partner who had money to burn, and they sauntered forth to finish the evening at the girl's flat. Rosie was fully conscious that the eyes of her master were upon her as she sauntered along the streets with her first "catch."

Now his footsteps dogged her everywhere and he spared no pains to make her life a "success," which of course meant ease and comfort for him on the money she earned. After the girl and her lover had entered the flat, the mongrel-man would steal up the stairs, let himself in with his latchkey, and be always at hand in case of a row or to take the money from the girl.

With some three or four months of this life, Rosie became the "choice girl" of the restaurant with the golden-legged tables. All the waiters liked and "boomed" her. They were her friends; so were the other girls at the meeting ground. She had now many good friends and could well afford to dispense with "casuals." Her "pimp" was of the clever and cautious kind. He kept in the background whilst the girl landed golden fish, mostly of the gilded mullet brand. She had fine clothes, jewels and lots of handsome presents. She drank little, rarely smoked, and, under her careful tutor, had a guard on her health. She was a real "live money-maker" for her "pimp" and he treated her well, after his despicable fashion. Every week-end, or when "business" was slack, he took his "money-maker" into the country to live a sedate life. Funds were plentiful and "business" was prosperous, but the commencement of the end was near; the wages of sin must be paid to the last fraction.

One bright summer's evening, after the pimp had escorted Rosie to the restaurant entrance, beautifully attired, he disappeared completely. For days the girl anxiously wondered what had befallen her protector. She waited like one whose chains of bondage had fallen off for the jailer to re-rivet them again. One week passed; then two, three,—and a whole month vanished—but no word of her master. At last the truth came to her as a shock from one of the waiters who had himself given the beautiful girl much attention. The "pimp," or man-devil, had been arrested and sentenced to six months' imprison-

ment for some old crime. The girl, notwithstanding his worthless character, fully believed that he loved her and her alone, but once the man was fast behind bolts and bars, his true character was unfolded without pity to the girl he had ruined and lived upon, by those who did not fear him once he was shackled.

The news made Rosie desperate. She continued her life in a more open and boisterous fashion. She drank heavily and knocked about with a deadly fast set now that the controlling evil genius over her was gone. The tension of the shackles broken, freedom and jealousy, tintured with bitterness, ran riot within her. In one of these wild dissipations Rosie met a sturdy, good-natured youth from the goldfields of South Africa. He liked her, pitied her, and wanted to reform and save her. It was the first time the girl had received manifestations of a real and manly nature. Her heart went out to the youth, and she commenced a period of reformation preparatory to accepting the honest love of an honest man. She abandoned the gay life, tore herself away from the old associates, dressed plainly, abandoned the drink and cigarettes and really tried to be good. She pawned her trinkets and personal belongings to keep her home over her head and saw no one but her "boy from South Africa." Her old home was to be visited, and she was to be publicly married to the man who loved her. Two men were engaged packing up for a start of the new life, and the girl prayed to God for absolution, pleading that she had been trapped and ruined by a human wolf. But, alas, the devil intervened! The very day before the one appointed for the departure,

the "pimp" was liberated from prison and hastened to the flat to claim his victim. When he arrived, Rosie was busy packing up her belongings and humming an old song. She was happy in her good resolution, for although she knew little about religion, of Christ's teaching, of love, and the forgiveness of sins, her good conscience instinctively told her that she was about to take the right road and commence a new life in another land where her past sin and the wrong done her would be blotted out from the sight of man. Her new resolve and penitent heart would, she hoped, make her pure in the sight of God. But all her fond hopes were crushed, as though by a lightning flash, by the shadow of her master the "pimp" as he crossed the threshold of the flat.

The girl involuntarily screamed at the sight of him she so feared and hated. He asked one or two questions, keeping his deadly eyes fixed on the girl, then pushed her roughly to the door and ordered her to prepare his bath.

The girl, still shocked at his appearance on the eve of her departure for a new life, mechanically obeyed his order, whilst the ruffian entered his bedroom to prepare for a luxurious bath. On Rosie's return to the parlour, she found the young African awaiting her with a smile. She could not speak. She pointed to the bedroom door where her master was preparing his toilet, and then, burying her face in her hand, sobbed aloud. The youth who loved her was trying to learn the cause of her tears and to soothe and comfort her, when the "pimp" came from the bedroom in his dressing gown, and, darting a

threatening glance at the youthful intruder, demanded to know his business.

The girl then looked up and faced her master.

"He is my friend," she said, with courage, "he and I are going to be married. I am done with this life." She hesitated. "Yes, I am done with it and done with you. I'll go away and will, please God, make a fresh start."

"Oh, oh, is that how the case stands. Going to marry, eh?" said her "pimp," then, turning to the African, said, "I suppose you know the true character of this loose woman you are going to marry. She is not only a lewd woman, but she is also an expert thief. Nice company to take amongst your lady friends. She'll use you, rob you, and then turn you down as she now turned me down. Why, you young fool, you had far better get a rope and hang yourself than marry a loose woman."

The wretched girl trembled under the branding words of this man-devil. The young lover was almost dumbfounded.

Rosie brushed back her tears and said, "He is right. I would only drag you down. I had almost forgotten I was once a public woman, trapped, decoyed, betrayed, but still, the heavy sin is upon my head. Go, go, for pity's sake forget me," she sobbed.

The lover pleaded with her and tried to pacify her, then, turning to the pimp, said, "All you say may have been true once, but there is time and opportunity given for repentance, and I'll risk making this girl my wife. I am sure she has a good heart."

"Oh, are you?" said the pimp. "You're rather

a pretty sample of the good young man. Your sort should die young and save the world a lot of bother. This flat is mine and the girl is mine—mine to keep. She cost me no end of money, and unless you are prepared to “foot the bill” get out, and that quickly.”

“I’ll take Rosie with me——”

Without another word the pimp grasped a heavy chair and brought down its legs with great force on the young man’s head. Then he aimed a poker at the unfortunate man, who dodged it and ran down the stairs and into the street in terror of his life.

The devil incarnate now seemed to hold the pimp. He faced the trembling girl and coarsely upbraided her for her disloyalty to him, and, calling her all the foul names he could muster, seized her by the throat and held her in his vice-like grip until she swooned, and then brutally threw her senseless to the floor and left the room to enjoy his bath.

For days the girl was in a delirium. She was kept a close prisoner, and none but an old beldame was allowed to see her or speak to her. The roughest and coarsest of food was given her, and for a full month she was not even allowed to look out of the window.

The young African reported the matter to the local police, but once they received particulars as to the girl’s name and address they shook their heads and warned the young man to steer clear of the lot for she was a bad character, if not a thief. At last reason outweighed sentiment, and the youth returned to his home in Johannesburg.

When Rosie came to herself and commenced to



move about the rooms of the flat, the pimp came to her with a leer of triumph on his repulsive face. He saw the girl, broken up, low spirited, dejected, and in tears. "She's getting nicely moulded," he thought. "I'm a champion at this business, and once she starts to come to reason I'll put her into new clothes and she will last at the life for some time to come."

"Well," he said aloud, "what's it to be, peace and pleasure, or war and its consequences?"

The girl stared at her jailer, and said slowly, but with determination, "Peace, if you like; war, if you wish. I have done with you, even if you starve me and take me out of this den dead. I swear I'll never earn another shilling for you or anybody else at the game."

Enraged at the girl's boldness and maddened by her audacity he struck her a blow on the forehead which felled her to the ground. There he kicked her insensible, and, but for the old beldame interfering, the case might have been a "mysterious murder in a flat." He left the place, after giving orders that the girl was not to be allowed out.

About a fortnight after this scene the pimp returned, half drunk, with a devilish leer on his face. He again asked the girl to submit, but Rosie point-blank refused. The ruffian, now beside himself with rage, took the unfortunate girl by the shoulder and fairly threw her into the street, with her few scanty belongings flying after her. It was about eleven o'clock at night. The cold autumn winds were blowing and the roads were wet with a drizzling rain. The

girl was scantily clothed and was penniless, except for one shilling which she found in the pocket of her coat. She had no covering for her head, and what to do or where to go she knew not. Her master had cut all friendship from her for fear of losing her, so she was friendless, as well as almost penniless.

At last, in her utter distraction, she bethought herself of the "kind lady" whom she now knew was a noted Brazilian procuress and the woman "fence" of an outrageous gang of thieves who lived by first one and then another outrage. She thought she could at least obtain shelter there; so she took a train and was soon at the "kind lady's" villa at Shepherd's Bush.

Yes, the lady was in. Of course she would see Rosie. Rosie was one of her "dear little girls." She took much pride in the fact that she was the first to land Rosie in good "society" at the swell restaurant.

The interview was friendly, but brief. The procuress strongly advised the girl to return to the flat and submit to the master. "No good came of rows," she said. "Why try to turn back in our life? After all, the 'owl' is not so bad as most of the pimps. Besides, he is clever, and with him for a worker Rosie could make ten times as much money as she could if she worked alone. The little tiff was nothing. All good families had rows. Go back to him and say you are sorry, that you were ill, and ask his forgiveness. You must 'kid' to these men if you want to get on in the profession. So go back, my love. Go back, and make it up. In fact," she went

on, "it's more than I dare do to take in any woman who belongs to that master of yours. It is not safe, for he deals in a strong way with all those who oppose him. You see, I might get a 'crack on the head' some night that would send me to sleep if I crossed the 'owl's' path; so, like a dear, go back, and leave me out. Mine is a nice quiet business, and I won't stand the strain of noise and trouble; so I beg to be excused. Here, child, drink this glass of wine. What, no hat? It's shameful! The 'owl' must be mad to send a girl out in a night like this; but it's all for love, dearie. He'd love you to madness if you would only 'kid' to him. Take this hat and cloak, and here's a feather boa and a pair of gloves. Now you'll want a few shillings. Here is half a sovereign. I'll 'bill' you when you are in luck and doing well at the life," the old she-devil said, with a laugh at her own coarse joke."

Thus, rejected in the house where her virtue was first destroyed, turned into the night by the Brazilian woman, who was truly the devil's agent, Rosie determined not to return to the "owl." She caught a tube train back to the city, and remembering one of the foreign waiters at the restaurant had a big flat in the West End where he rented rooms to girls with "friends," she directed her steps to that silent house of iniquity. She was taken in, of course, and every care taken of her. She slept soundly in that strange house and in a strange bed, and she was made comfortable in her quarters for some days. The old woman caretaker was very kind to her. There were no girls on the premises; the flat was just a number

of rooms that were let day and night to "casuals." Hundreds of these flats are thus leased by waiters who are employed in hotels and restaurants, and let out separately to persons who wish to be secret in their movements. The charges vary according to the customers. Sometimes as much as £2 2s. per night will be charged for a bed-sitting room, with lights and attendance. The attendance means an old woman to bring in wines, spirits, beer, supper, etc., all of which must be paid for "cash down," because it is alleged that the good old housekeeper is but a poor woman and has not the cash to buy outside. Old or young fools are thus planted away in a snug corner where they can allow their vices to run riot. Many of these flats are let on the latest up-to-date New York principle. They have telephones, a code is used, and the man or woman in charge is always on duty to receive orders for girls to be brought into the flat at any given hour that may be appointed by telephone. Most of the hotel waiters and restaurant servants are well acquainted with all these places, and if a good customer asks them to arrange matters they immediately set the telephone going and the matter is arranged. The "gentleman" has no trouble; he drives to the flat and is informed that "number so-and-so room is vacant and at his disposal." Thousands of poor girls are by this means ruined. Very poor girls are often induced to go to these places to earn money "on the quiet." No noise, no exposure, no trouble, and they meet real "gentlemen," who pay well.

The regular demi-monde, the "street walker"

and the "common girl," do not, as a rule, visit these places, because the patrons will not have them. They want and pay for something "new and safe." They are fearful dens of iniquity, secret, silent, and insidiously working the ruin of thousands of girls who, through this means of secret brothel in the flat, go through easy stages of probation before they become fully fledged public women.

Here is a police-court case that is only one straw on the fearful stream of secret immorality practised in these accursed flats. It should be quoted, if only as evidence of the truth of the statement your book contains. Let proper-living persons read it, and then think in their own mind the amount of horrid fact that has been suppressed in placing this nauseating case before the public in the press. It reads:—

"A police raid at a Maida Vale house had a sequel at Marylebone Police-court, when two of the inmates were brought before the magistrate charged with conducting the premises No. 11, Blomfield Road, in a disorderly manner. The prisoners were Joseph Vezey, alias Wilson, aged 46, a rent collector, and Alice Wilson, alias Vezey, 42, a masseuse.

Mr. Dennis, prosecuting for the Paddington Borough Council, said the case was a very bad one. Sub-divisional Inspector Thompson spoke to raiding the house at 3.25 the previous afternoon. The house consisted of ten rooms, six of which were bedrooms. In one was a gentleman, who gave an address at East Finchley.

The male prisoner, when arrested, stated that Mrs. Wilson was his sister-in law, and that he had been

working there without wages, keeping the place clean. In another room was a young woman, while in the basement the Inspector said he found a servant and a woman, who admitted she had come there on the same business as the officer. During the time the raid was being carried out a gentleman rang the front-door bell and was admitted. A young woman also called and admitted that she had come there to wait for callers. A telegram was then brought to the house, addressed to the female prisoner, and ran, "Coming 6.30 to-night. Please arrange." Promptly at 6.30 the door-bell rang, and a gentleman entered, who gave his address at a fashionable West-end hotel.

The Inspector said he also found in the house a girl, aged twenty, who was said to be an actress, and a daughter of one of the prisoners, a son, who was working at a greengrocer's shop, and a little child named Dorothy Vezey, aged twelve, who was taken to the police station and sent to a remand home. The male prisoner stated that the child was his daughter.

Following upon the raid made by the police on the premises 11, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, on the 14th inst., Joseph Vezey, alias Wilson, rent collector, and Alice Wilson, alias Vezey, a masseuse, two of the occupants, were brought up at Marylebone charged on remand, on a warrant, with carrying on the premises as a disorderly house.

Mr. Dennis, solicitor, prosecuted for the Paddington Borough Council; Mr. C. V. Hill defended the woman.

The raid was carried out by Inspectors Thompson and Sanders, assisted by Sergeant Gray and Detectives

Yandell and Baker. Several gentlemen were found there, who gave addresses at East Finchley, Streatham, and the Haymarket. A little girl of twelve years was also in the house. The male prisoner claimed her as his daughter, and said the woman was his sister-in-law, but the woman stated that he was her brother. Her solicitor, however, said they were husband and wife.

Detective-Inspector Sanders mentioned that the six bedrooms in the house were elaborately furnished, and said he took possession of a birch, a cane, and a carpet-beater. The rental of the house was £50 a year. The case first came to the knowledge of the police through a girl of sixteen years of age being taken there, and the observation that was afterwards kept showed that when a gentleman called the female prisoner would go to a house in Dudley Place and return with a girl of a certain class. This took place on a number of occasions, and during the period of observation twenty gentlemen called there.

The magistrate, on being informed that this had been going on for two years, sentenced each of the prisoners to three months' hard labour.

I am told on the authority of a man well advanced in the police force that it is known for certain that girls from twelve to fourteen years of age are taken to these flats and ruined for shillings, but the people who "run" them are very wide-awake, and it is hard to catch them under the present law, if there is no complaint or disturbance.

It was in one of these flats for "casuals" that Rosie received shelter. But she could not remain long in such a place. She was a known and noted

woman and her presence in the flat might arouse suspicion. She tried to regain her position in the flash restaurant, but the "Owl," her former master, had been there before her and poisoned the foreigner's mind against her. Her clothes were shabby and she had no money, so she was compelled to take to the open streets. This she did under the protection of an old Polish Jew, who clothes and finances at least a dozen girls and sends them out to earn money or thieve from the men they trap. Leicester Square and Piccadilly at night and the Strand in the afternoon were her "beats." She had come down, with a heavy thud, in the profession. She drank when she could get drink, and completely lost all shame and restraint. At last the Jew threw her out. He had no time for girls who drank and did not give proper attention to their work. His "missus," he avowed, was a good worker; she worked her beat for all it was worth. His sister-in-law worked Piccadilly, and his other girls worked good beats, but Rosie was a fool, she would not work.

The Polish Jew is well known to the police. He thrives and lives on "public women." He has judiciously discarded his proper name and taken quite an up-to-date English name. His trade is black—very black—and his name is not white, or anything approaching it.

The unfortunate girl Rosie, now homeless and penniless, had perforce to face the streets, the black nights, and the black hearts that hover through the by-ways of London at night. Her health was fast failing. Her face was worn and haggard; the drink



men gave her kept up a false and killing fire within her. One night she would get a bed at a low, disreputable lodging-house, another night she would share the room of a wanderer like herself. In the early part of the night she would sit in the taproom of some low public-house, accepting drink from anyone who offered it. As the night advanced she would saunter along the Embankment or hover about the dark arches of London Bridge, or hide her bruised and battered face under the very shadow of St. Stephen's and listen to the hour of midnight being tolled by "Big Ben" as she watched for men, drunk or sober, to accost her.

It was in such a plight that she fell into the hands of one of the gangs known as the "Night Hawks of London." These inhuman wretches go about the by-ways and the dark corners of London after midnight looking for girls who are astray and lost in the city. Heaven help any poor girl who falls into their unrelenting grasp. They are dressed fairly well, and know their business of picking up "strays." They are principally of the Euston Road quarter. They are thieves when they can thief with safety; also "girl sellers" and trappers and garroters of drunken men. They generally sleep during the day and only come out of their dens to prowl about and catch "unconsidered trifles" when there is little or no risk.

If they come across a girl wandering about the streets they "chat her," as they term it, and offer her a good warm bed at "mother's." They tell the unfortunates a tale and quite easily "lumber" them to their hovels. One of these gangs caught Rosie in

her misery and took her, half dazed and almost stupid with hunger and cold and the effects of the accursed drink, to their home for "mother" to care for. The "mother" is generally an old worn-out "professional" who has graduated to her present low business through all the "rose-clad paths" of the life in London. When the "hawks" make a "find," the girl is brought to this old villain to be "cleaned up" and got ready for the trade in its almost lowest depths.

I am told that at times these gangs of night hawks frequently catch a girl who has through foolishness and ignorance found herself stranded in London at night.

The old hag takes the homeless street girl up, and after the first night or two keeps the drink from her; then, when she is well and back to her normal senses, gets her a "good place." If the girl is innocent and a "mug" at the game—as a virtuous girl is termed by the gang—she is planted at service with a "kind lady" of the foreign brand and there is ruined, without much trouble or bother, and packed on to the streets to earn money for her "missus."

The girl had been much knocked about by the life she had already led, and her drinking habits made it impossible for her to be allowed outside the den alone. So she was kept in the place, helping the old hag whilst the young "bloods" of the thieving gang taught her cards and tricks in thieving. They were good to the girl, after their rough, low fashion, and called her their "little sister"—and it is marvellous what a little kindness will do with even a woman who is lost to nearly all other senses.

Thus three or four months passed. Then the gang decided to make a move to the Embankment and watch for "drunks." They took Rosie as the "decoy." She was dressed well, and now being quite straight she sauntered along the Thames Embankment on the look-out for "catches," whilst her teachers hovered in the shade of the big pile of buildings. The police, however, are very alert in this quarter, and Rosie got a surprise by a policeman's lantern being turned on her face and she shrank from the look which the policeman cast upon her.

That night a stranger from abroad, making for his hotel, was walking along the Embankment under the influence of liquor, when he met the girl. She "chatted" him and told the old, old story of being "turned out of her place at night by an unkind mistress." She was a proper girl, she said, and her people lived in the country. If she could get enough money for a bed and breakfast she would be right. The man took pity on the girl, opened his heart and purse, and gave her half-a-sovereign. They then adjourned to one of the night stalls, where coffee and pies were ordered.

As the stranger helped the girl and extended his real sympathy to her, the night hawks approached on the other side of the stall, and whilst sipping their coffee took in the situation. The stranger talked long and loudly. The "hawks" now chipped in, and a general conversation followed. After a while the party left the coffee stall. The sequel to this midnight meeting is soon told. The stranger was beaten and

robbed, the girl was arrested, but the "hawks" got clear away with the man's money and watch.

The wretched girl appeared in the court charged with theft. The policeman who had turned his light on her on the Embankment gave evidence against her. Although no money was found on her she was sentenced as the thief, while her tutors, the "hawks," kept in hiding.

When her term of imprisonment was over she went to one of the many reforming homes to try to lead a better life, but the restraint, the horror of the managers for all that was bad stood out before the unfortunate girl as fearful evidence of her sin, so much so that she was beginning to lose her reason. The torture of the restraint, with no friends to whisper comfort and consolation in her ear, was too great a strain upon her. Besides this the girl was ill—very ill, in a deep stage of a blood-eating disease. At last, distracted, alone, uncared-for, abandoned by every one in this world, with hardly a spark of hope for the next world, the girl rushed from the institution and lurked about the London parks for hours until it was dark. Her mind was a hell, her life a burden to herself and a burden upon other people, a reflection of shame to be thrown at her little sisters and brothers in the old poor home at ——. Maddened by her sin, tortured by the disease that was insidiously finding its way to her heart, the girl sought the river—that silent running stream whose cold embrace has received thousands of those who were sore at heart and looked upon themselves as abandoned by God and man. In this state of high fever the unfortunate girl rushed on to an

arch on London Bridge, and climbing, by a supreme effort, up the stone pillar, without a prayer, and without one regret for the destruction of the life she had mis-spent, she plunged into the river below. Luckily—shall one say?—a police boat was crossing the river at that moment. The police heard the scream, saw the splash, quickly rowed to the spot, and dragged the defenceless girl into the boat.

On examination at the station the girl was found to be in a very serious state of health, for she was suffering from an advanced state of a dreadful disease. When she regained consciousness, she was ordered to the women's Lock Hospital, where, after much suffering, she went the way of thousands of her unfortunate class. The nurse told me her death was dreadful, her hands, neck, and body being covered with gangrene.

Thus she died—unmourned, unknown, and alone. Poor unfortunate girl, more sinned against than sinning! She was buried in a pauper's grave.

“ Rattle her bones over the stones,  
Only a pauper whom nobody owns.”

“ The case is quite true,” said my friend, the London journalist. “ I have had every detail given me in my professional capacity, but although we do print many cases of the destruction of young girls as warning, our paper could not publish it. These things can only be published by those who know, and at a time when the public ear is prepared to receive them. The present time is opportune. Put it in your book without any colouring, and it may—I believe it will—

do good. It is plain facts that the public require ; the highly sensational rubbish published in order to make money does more harm than one can imagine. If facts are printed plainly and decently the public will understand, and once the public understands, something must be done to protect our girls. Public attention is fast awakening, and once it is properly aroused, the Members of Parliament will not risk their seats by ignoring public sentiment. The helplessness of hundreds of thousands of our very poor girls does not seem to give the leaders of the people a second thought. Surely, it is the duty of the Government to see that decent channels are open to decent girls to gain enough bread to keep them from prostitution. Never before in this country was prostitution amongst the English and Scotch girls so rampant as it is to-day. In the olden days it was a fearful thing for a girl to go astray. The bulk of the bad women were then French or some other nationality, but now the English and Scotch have come into the fearful trade in such numbers that the foreigners have, to a large extent, disappeared.

“The economic conditions of the industrial life of the girl who has to work to live, with the killing apathy of the governing bodies, is responsible for much of the secret as well as the open prostitution of our young women. If only one stops to think for a moment or two, the position is surely clear to the average mind. How can girls go straight and pure when the wages they are in receipt of, in ninety cases out of hundred, are not enough to furnish them with food, much less supply them with boots and clothing ?

Will the good folk pause to consider how hard it is for a young innocent girl, half educated or perhaps not educated at all, to live and be good on dry bread and black tea, when the tempters who run these secret flats and the procurers who offer fine clothes, silk underwear, choice food, taxis to ride in, and 'real gentlemen' to protect, and, perhaps they ever, marry them. It is a temptation which only a saint could resist, for few, very few, want to go wrong. All girls, however, do want to be fed and clothed as human beings. In every trade they are unmercifully sweated, cruelly wronged, and plainly told in some cases that they should earn something in other directions.

"Here is a report just published in the *Daily Chronicle* of October 4th, having reference to Milliners and Dressmakers:—'It was surprising to know how many girls employed in the dressmaking, millinery, and mantle-making trades receive no wages at all, said Miss Dorothy Zimmern at the Annual Conference of Women Workers at Oxford yesterday, in seconding a resolution urging the desirability of extending the Trade Boards Act to trades other than those already scheduled.

" 'One-third of the girls under eighteen years of age employed in the dressmaking trade were paid nothing at all. In the millinery trade things were even worse, for no less than half of the workers under eighteen received no wages. The pretext was that the girls were being taught the trade, but it was indisputable that they did far more in work than they even received in training.

" 'For women over the age of eighteen the average

wage was 13s. 7d. per week, and when they considered 15s. per week was the lowest rate at which a woman could live decently in London, it was apparent that it meant a considerable restriction of food. It was high time wages were raised by law to a level sufficient for the livelihood of the women who earned them.

“ ‘ An amendment urging the necessity of including the shirt-making trade in particular was defeated and the resolution was adopted.’

“ Why the unfortunate ‘ white slaves ’ of the shirt-making industry were omitted from the resolution demanding fair wages and human treatment God knows, I don’t. Their case is as desperate as other sweating trades that live and thrive on the heart’s blood of the girls and women of the nation. I suppose a man will rise up amongst us some day with brains and determination enough to protect the ‘ daughters of the poor.’ How many more thousands of girls are to be destroyed before this happening takes place none of us can foretell, unfortunately.”



## OUR DUTY TO THE YOUNG.

“The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple, and pure.”—KING GEORGE V.

“It is time this infamous white slave traffic came to an end in this country. The apathy of the people is our real difficulty, and the people are apathetic and cannot believe the disclosures that have been made. It is necessary to shock the people to avert the national disgrace.”—REV. MR. RATTENBURY, *at the great meeting in the Lyceum Theatre, Sunday, October 6th, 1912.*

The Bishop of London, at the same great meeting, said “he did not believe that one person in ten realised the extent of this infamous traffic, how it was spread all over the world, and how it was estimated that 5,000 girls were sent annually to one great city alone. He did not believe they realised how the trade was organised, how stations and steamers were watched, and how a whole body of men existed for no purpose at all except to procure girls all over the world.”

“I wonder,” he asked, “whether you realise the ruthless cruelty of it all. I wonder, also, if you have thought what it means to the bright lads and young men of our great cities and towns? My heart goes out to these poor girls, but my heart goes out, also, to the young men.”

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, concluding a fine speech at the meeting, said: "We must fight this thing until the streets of our cities and the houses in which we live are cleansed for our children and our children's children, and the young girlhood of the world shall be saved and redeemed."

The Lord Bishop of London declared that when religious London said "Yes," no living man dare say "No." Let us hope that London, religious, or indifferent to religion, will now be inclined to consider the serious question.

One observes the sorry spectacle of a Parliament whose time is being taken up with the discussion of a Mental Deficiency Bill, which, with its dangerous clauses, is an attempt to deal with, by way of strict segregation, those persons whose mental capacity has been weakened, or destroyed, through their blood (or that of their parents) being tainted with one or another of the sexual poisons which are allowed to disseminate through the land unchecked.

If Parliament were wise, and of course courageous enough, it would begin at the right end and deal first with the causes of so much mental deficiency by putting a stop to the devastating ravages of those horrible diseases that are filling our jails, asylums, and hospitals, and rapidly deteriorating the whole race.

The momentous question of the awful traffic in sexual vice, rampant as it is throughout the country, should, of bare necessity, bring serious men and women to a standstill in thought until they can fully understand the horrible extent of what is going on at their very doors. Indifference and ignorance is

literally undermining the very well-being of the State. False prudishness, false modesty, and the days of incredulity have done their work. Surely it's now sound sense to say a season of serious reason should set in to stop, or, at least, check the stalking forth of disease-distributing humanity in our public streets. If the house of a decent citizen is infected with, say, scarletina, measles, and the like, the responsible householder must notify the authorities, and the infected patient is immediately segregated and kept apart from healthy beings for fear of the epidemic spreading. Careful mothers do not allow their children to come into contact with youngsters suffering from the whooping cough. If a case of small-pox breaks out in the country the patient infected is immediately isolated and the house quarantined. The other day I read an article in a daily paper from a careful parent, pointing out the danger of allowing children suffering from the whooping cough to be conveyed in our open trains for fear of infecting healthy youngsters. All this splendid care is commendable in the highest degree, but what steps are taken to end or at least check diseased women by the thousand soliciting for hire in our public streets? None. Absolutely none! Is this apathy, first on the part of the authorities and then on the part of the people themselves—the latter refusing to instruct the authorities—because they deem the subject to be so unclean, “unsavoury,” and nauseating to the higher senses that it should not be touched, cleansed and purified? Such hypocrisy and false prudency on behalf of respectable citizens is enough to make the devil

rejoice. A careful mother or an indulgent father (and their name is legion all over the world) in rearing their children take for their first consideration the pristine health of their offspring. 'Tis a wicked mother indeed who will throw a rose-coloured carpet over a festering pool, pungent with blood-poisoning diseases, and allow her children innocently to play and gambol over the death-spot. If a careful father smells a foul drain near the spot where his children play, he immediately, like a good man, cleanses and disinfects the plague centre. And thus for years and years will good parents protect their girls and boys with that jealous care which the Spartan and Roman mothers exhibited in the olden days, until they raised their children to manly manhood or beautiful womanhood. Now in this latter day when these points are reached, our social hypocrisy is unfortunately such that the young men and young women, reared with studious care—especially the young man—are allowed to go forth into the open streets which should, as the Rev. Meyer declares, “be kept clean,” there to encounter disease distributors in human form—I mean, of course, the unfortunate women of the pavement who have graduated, from one cause or another, through all the paths set out by the devil himself, until they are forced for their very daily bread to solicit and sell their diseased bodies to men—thus often are the clean and innocent sons of respectable men and women destroyed.

The dark veil that has so long hidden the fearful traffic in white slaves has at last been ruthlessly torn asunder and the horrors of the trade laid bare before a

shocked public. Why stop in the good work? Why not continue eradicating the cancerous growth from the root to the stem? To prune the viperous tree will do but momentary good. The Lock Hospital will still be full. The cases, so courageously quoted by Doctor Ettie Sayer, will still go on; the life-blood of the youth of the country will still be openly poisoned, and the wrecks in manhood will not be diminished. Surely it's worth all the pain and trouble, repugnance and shame, which parents may have to face, in order to save their sons from foul bone-rotting diseases. If they only knew half of the ravages of the loathsome diseases with which any of their fine sons are liable to be poisoned in the open streets, they would abandon all else and clear the plague out—but they don't know and, unfortunately, thousands don't want to know. However, as it's time to be honest, so is it time to be plain, and if better conditions are to be obtained only by the people being shocked, well, the sooner they are shocked the sooner will our streets be free from infected women.

I am told by a sagacious authority that eighty per cent. of the women on the streets are in a serious state of disease. Many hundreds of them are known to the officers in authority as girls who should be in the hospital, but no law can touch them, no police officer dare interfere with them, even if they are in such an advanced stage as to be hardly able to walk about. The prudish laws of England hold them inviolate. They can, under the law, ply their trade and infect the pure blood of youths *ad lib.*

Some weeks ago I was chatting to an experienced

officer in Leicester Square as shoals of girls of every nationality passed by in their hunt for men. The officer pointed out to me dozens of girls whom he termed "crook," which means "ill." Whilst we were talking just below the Queen's Hotel a "taxi" drove up and two young men alighted. They were well-groomed and distinct types of the well-to-do class. They were flushed, probably with wine. Their faces were a true index to youthful health. They stood for a few moments gazing at the girls, then, passing into a narrow street beyond, half "planted" themselves in the shadow of a building where they could view the girls as they jostled each other along the pavement.

After they had jokingly accosted a young girl or two, two girls stopped to speak to the youths. A joke, a laugh, and the girls passed on. Presently two other girls stopped to be questioned by the young men; after a few minutes these passed on. Then came two dark, well-formed girls, who also stopped. An agreement was evidently made, for the young men hailed a "taxi" and the four entered and drove away.

When they had departed, the officer exclaimed:—"Poor young fools, they little know the choice morsel they have picked up. Both those girls are diseased. They came from Poland and can hardly speak a word of English. We are helpless to interfere."

So the sons of the nation are nightly poisoned by the distributors of contagion. In Australia the police have the power to arrest and keep in the prison-infirmery all men and women who are found on the streets in a diseased state. It is certainly only a half measure, but it's very effective in the

case of prostitutes known to be diseased. In this country sentiment and ignorance rules, while our youth is destroyed.

I was in a fairly "low-down" public bar the other night (since one cannot get the information on this subject in a church or drawing-room, I went with a friend to where I could get it), as I wanted to interview a notorious public woman, who, it is said, owns sixty flats and "runs," perhaps, a hundred girls. She is a French woman and is very wide-a-wake, being fully alert to all that appertains to her business as a "mistress of prostitution" and a keeper of sixty assignation rooms, which we know as "flats."

After we had lounged about the licensed den for a full hour, the "lady of the flats" came in for a look around and, of course, some refreshment. My friend, a well-known journalist and a man about town, invited the woman to join us in refreshment. Eyeing me and no doubt summing me up as a well-conditioned farmer from Australia, where, it's said, no man's clothes properly fit him, she joined us.

She talked at lightning speed, was very vivacious, and did her best to look young and appear sweet. I talked of Australia, sheep, cattle, mines, wool, and after she had lighted her third cigarette I mentioned emigration and asked her why English girls did not emigrate.

She laughed as she replied, "Oh, they're not such fools to go out there into dat country to live like wild animals."

I gradually steered the conversation to the number of girls on the street and their condition.

“ Yes,” she agreed, “ there were never so many nice girls ‘ out ’ as at the present time.”

“ Where do they come from ? ” I enquired.

“ Oh, everywhere. It’s no trouble to get girls. I have dozens of applications from nice girls but have to refuse them.”

“ Your flats are all full, Madam ? ” suggested my friend.

“ Full ! It’s no name for it. I could fill twice as many, but I only take nice girls. I won’t have old stagers or ‘ worn-outs ’ as you call them,” she laughed. “ I keep my girls in a healthy state and, of course, I am prosperous.”

“ But,” I interrupted, “ is there not some talk of closing up these flats that are so used ? ”

“ Talk, yes. Plenty talk, but that’s all. You English will talk and talk and *do nothing* better than any other race on earth. Hypocrites always talk, but do not act. If I were to tell you the names of the men who find safe quarters in my flats, well, you wouldn’t believe me. But it’s their business, not mine. I want to make a living, and so long as I don’t break the law, it’s all right.”

“ But,” I queried, “ does your landlord know your business ? ”

She laughed boisterously and replied, “ What do you think ? I pay twice as much rent as the flats are worth, to commence with. I pay in advance, and sign an agreement for repairs, and all extras. The landlord is not a fool. He knows I am a good tenant, and it’s his business to keep and protect me.”

“ But the girls ? ” I remarked.



“ Oh, most of them pay me well, although I generally get my fees from the gentlemen, because girls are girls, as you English say.”

“ I understand the authorities are going to control all the street girls.”

“ Control ? How ? ”

“ Why, keep them apart in a certain quarter and see that they are in a proper state of health.”

“ Oh, you old fool,” she screamed. “ Do you think the Churches would stand that ? Let any Government try it and see. No fear, the people will not tolerate open acknowledgment of what they call ‘ de vice.’ ”

“ Quite so, but,” I urged, “ is it not a fact that half the street girls are in a bad state of health ? You yourself aver that it’s because you keep clean girls that you do so well.”

“ Yes, yes, that’s a fact. Why, the poor girls are so ignorant, and if they fall ill they must obtain money some way or other.”

“ But ought not all street traffic and soliciting to be stopped, as in France ? ” I suggested.

“ No, no ; if I could conduct my business openly in France as I do here, well, I would prefer to be in France. It’s the ‘ seg er ’ gation, or what you call it, that keeps girls away from the life. No pretty girl will stand license, restraint, or examination. If they try it here, well, all the pretty girls will go away and the old women will take their place.” She laughed out a merry peal at the bare idea of restraint.

My conversation with the woman proved two things very clearly to me. First, hundreds of flats

are run as brothels, and, secondly, the expert prostitute does not fear segregation or restraint. She expects those who abhor the traffic to protect her by their prudishness.

As advocates for the segregation and proper control of public women, we have some of the foremost men in the history of the Empire. Lord Nelson was its strongest advocate, and he more than once refused to allow his men ashore where the "Contagious Disease Act" was not in force. He believed in strong and clean men. Napoleon was a strong supporter of cleanliness in man and woman. Lord Roberts has left a record in the Indian files that bespeaks his wisdom and abhorrence of foul disease that would eat into the life-blood of his soldiers. The Duke of Wellington looked with greater alarm on foul sexual diseases than he looked upon war.

When Commander-in-Chief of the army in India, Lord Kitchener issued the following order to the men under his control :—

"Lord Kitchener feels sure that new arrivals in this country, and even those of more experience, frequently suffer from want of knowledge of how to protect themselves from the dangers to which they are exposed in a strange country and of the means by which they can best preserve their health and render themselves a credit to their corps.

"Every man can by self-control restrain the indulgence of those imprudent and reckless impulses that so often lead men astray, and he who thus resists is a better soldier and a better man than the man of weak will who allows his bodily appetites to rule him and has

not the strength of character to resist temptation and to refuse to follow any bad example he may see before him.

“Remember the better influences of life. What would your mothers, your sisters and your friends at home think of you if they saw you in hospital degraded by this cause? And later on in life, when you may rightly hope to marry and settle down, it will make a difference to your happiness, and that of your family, which no words can express, if you can do so with a body clear of those loathsome diseases, which if once contracted, may be passed on to your children.

“It is, therefore, all the more necessary that those who are serving their country should exert to the utmost those powers of self-restraint with which every man is provided in order that he may keep his appetite in proper control.

“They should avoid any excess in liquor; take an active interest in their profession, and do their utmost towards making themselves really smart and efficient soldiers in every respect. They should take part in all healthy outdoor sports and games, and always keep themselves in good training and physically fit. Both mind and body should be fully occupied, and a lively interest cultivated in all their surroundings. In this way work will be found much easier and life, generally, more pleasant.

“Lord Kitchener asks all the men who compose the British Army in India, which he is proud to command, to read and think over these matters, and to consider whether self-indulgence is worth the price which has to be paid for it, in disease, in punishment, in

injury to the man himself, his wife and his children, in destruction to the efficiency of his corps, and in degradation of his own body and mind."

No man knows better than Lord Kitchener of the fearful ravages of disease amongst the men—especially the young men—of the army of India.

A worthy Governor of one of Britain's most valuable provinces in the East plainly told me that he knew full well of the ravages of the disease amongst the army and civilians of the state. Yet, with the example of what befell Lord Roberts (when he tried to have things pure and clean) before him, no Governor in authority would run the risk of rebuke in commencing the cleansing process without orders.

"Let Downing Street speak plainly, and we'll soon act very effectively," he declared.

But Downing Street will not speak unless the people of this country speak first and demand health reform. Then Downing Street will move, not before.

If we take, as example, the African savage, what do we find? Certainly a healthier and better state of cleanliness and morality than one meets in London, Paris, or New York. Amongst the savage tribes of South and Central Africa prostitution is absolutely unknown and sexual diseases unheard of. The law of God and Nature is practised by the natives to keep the races pure and undefiled. Until quite recently among the Zulu tribes, if a young man and woman were caught in the act of adultery, it meant death to both. If a native man molests a native girl it means—or rather did mean, when the savages were not interrupted by Christian rulers—death. Long

before the Dutch got their grasp upon South Africa, the chiefs always inflicted the punishment of death for illicit intercourse. If a young unmarried couple were caught in the act, they were tried and condemned, not for fornication pure and simple, but for committing an act against the well-being of the race that gave them birth, and by their example tainting the minds of the young, who might hereafter be induced to do likewise. After the trial the condemned pair were buried up to the neck in a pit of clay. In this plight, and with their hands tied behind their backs, they were placed face to face with each other until death mercifully released the pair. This is a savage sentence in a savage country, whose first law is to protect and keep pure the young, so that the offspring of the race may thrive and become strong. As further protection, if one of the tribe falls ill with an infectious or contagious disease, the chief does not allow the infected being to wander about and distribute the foul complaint among all that may come his way. They adopt a "savage" principle, and that is the strict segregation of the diseased one, so that the healthy may not be infected and suffer.

Whilst I was travelling in the Malay Peninsula, in that great Eastern Archipelago, I chanced to travel on the fringe of a great forest, many miles inland from Penang, Britain's oldest outpost in the Eastern seas. In my travels to inspect a big tin proposition, I came across an almost wild and savage tribe of Malays, known as the "Sakais." They were right out of touch with all civilisation, had no communication with or knowledge of the world beyond the confines

of their jungle home ; indeed, only about half a dozen white men had ever successfully penetrated into the bosom of their secluded habitation. Some day I may say lots about this strange people, but what I want to say here is that illicit intercourse or sexual diseases are unknown among them, and to break the laws of supreme nature and allow passions to run riot is, with them, to merit death.

If a member of this strange, isolated community falls sick, that member is at once segregated and fed and doctored by food and herb medicines, which are handed to him or her on sticks. This is done to protect the healthy members of the tribe.

A great authority on the subject in America declares that seventy per cent. of the men who fall to a woman's smile or enticement in the street, fall because the temptation and at times the solicitations are so hard to resist. Remove the trouble from the broad, open streets and you at least minimise the danger and save thousands of homes from domestic unhappiness.

I aver that it is the bounden duty of all good mothers, all dear sisters, and all proper loving fathers to vote for the protection of their brothers and sons by the removal from the open streets of the evil that besets every man who walks through them. Every effort should be made by the good men and women of the nation to protect girls and to stop them from falling into the fearful life of prostitution. Nothing should be spared to this end. But once they are down in the deep abyss of sin many of them become furies and destroy the youth of the country with a

grim frenzy that scientists term sexual lunacy. When they get to that fearful stage they become a grave danger and a menace to the old and young alike. Surely, it's the public duty to remove them, in the name of all that is decent, to a place of safety and control, where they would be forced to remain until health was restored under the same system as in vogue in Australia. This would save the youth of the country, and give many an unfortunate girl a chance to regain her health, and perhaps reform and become a decent citizen.

In the course of an address delivered to the American Medical Association at Detroit, Mich., on June 3rd, 1874, Dr. Gross said: "The only remedy for venereal diseases is the licensing of prostitution, a remedy which could not fail to be productive of vast good in promoting the national health. One very great difficulty in regard to the practical operation of a licensing law would be the passing of a Bill of an entirely exceptional character. Great judgment and care would be necessary in the selection of a proper title. If this be offensive or too conspicuous it would at once call forth opposition."

Thus, Dr. Gross saw that the conscience of this nation, like that of England, would resist a license law.

NEW YORK.—But in 1877 a committee of the New York Legislature had the temerity to recommend a license law in which they said: "The committee are willing to take upon themselves to recommend the regulating or permitting, or if the word be not deemed offensive, the licensing of prostitutes . . .

“As to the terms, the committee are not tenacious. If anybody’s conscience can be soothed, his moral doubts assuaged, by dropping the word license and using the word regulation, the committee have no earthly objections.”

The recommendation, however, was not acted upon by the Legislature.

The Legislature at Sydney, Australia, passed an Act in 1908 entitled the Prisoners’ Detention Act, which attempts to deal with the open distribution of venereal diseases by subterfuge, as the Parliament had not the courage to face the problem boldly.

This Prisoners’ Detention Act, when read in conjunction with the Police Acts in force, gave the authorities power to detain in prisons, asylums, reformatories, etc., all men and women found to be in a diseased state until cured. This Bill is only a very mild attempt to deal with the problem, but still is doing some good, and, strange as it may appear, it was passed by Parliament at the request of the mothers of the young nation, all of whom have parliamentary votes.

The plain unvarnished facts of this traffic and trade must, with all their horrors, be made known to the good, but easy-going men and women of this country, who must then ask and answer the question: If *not* segregation, what other remedy is proposed? This loathsome trade cannot be allowed to flourish, spreading disease and death among the youth of the country. Fathers and mothers must act promptly, for the death plague stalks the streets, threatening their children’s life-blood.



## WHAT ARE THE REMEDIES TO BE EMPLOYED ?

The most natural question for those fathers and mothers, whose children are in danger of falling into the clutches of the prowling "pimp" or the cringing procuress, to ask of persons who write such books as the "White Slave Market," or the present volume, is :—"What remedies do you propose? It's idle to preach to us, who have to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day to keep body and soul together, unless you suggest what should be done to protect our children."

The same question was put to me by one of our greatest Parliamentarians, who remarked, "Propose your remedies in temperate language and you'll soon get the ear of the British public, which is slow to move, but when it does move something is really effected or something breaks."

The first and most urgent thing to do is to pass the Bill which is now before Parliament in its original form. I confess I do not like giving the power of arrest to the ordinary policeman, and would prefer that the power rested in the hands of officers of the rank of sergeant, but I am persuaded that the risks of giving such power to the general body of police would be outweighed by the results in the actual checking of the "pimp." The traffic is so flagrant, so strong in its forces and so powerful in all its ramifications for the utter destruction of the

girls of the nation that any small, or indeed big, risks were preferable to allowing the trade of the "pimp" and procuress to continue one day longer. I am convinced that the fight on this clause, and on the clause dealing with the flats as assignation houses, will receive strong opposition from a certain quarter—a quarter where money and "wire pulling" will be in force—but if the spiritual guides of the people will only unite and show London, indeed, all England, a solid compact front, then the Bill as originally drawn up by Mr. Lee and his friends will pass into law.

When it does pass it will be found to be really only a half measure at best, for it leaves many of the most salient and important facts of the White Slave Traffic and trade in prostitution severely alone. Nor does it attack the meeting houses for prostitutes, nor attempt to check the spread of fearful diseases. All these, and many other questions surrounding the trade, must be openly faced and dealt with if we are to protect the young, preserve the species of our race, and indeed, live as decent human beings. To deal with all the complex bearings on the trade is not the work of any set of men outside Parliament. It is the work of Government, which should be assisted by those outside the House of Commons who are acquainted with the ravages of the horrible trade.

To meet the exigencies of the traffic and trade, Government should immediately appoint a Royal Commission to take evidence, to enquire and report on the trade and traffic; the part played by public-houses that are licensed by the London County Council; the spread of disease, the expediency of

adopting drastic measures to suppress the vice, if not stamp it out *in toto*. The country should not be pacified until such a Royal Commission is appointed, and if its investigations prove to be what I am fully convinced they will be, then, on the Commission's report, the Government should draw up a Bill to present to Parliament.

This is the practical way of stopping or at least minimising the evil, as it is also the only legitimate way of protecting the young of the nation. It will probably be a hard fight, but your modern Britisher is a useless sort of animal until he is thoroughly aroused and then he is a fighter whom most men fear. Let him therefore be aroused and take the matter up and say plainly to the politicians, "The Bill first—then a Royal Commission, but no short measure, whatever happens. This is what we want if we are to protect our girls and our youths. Give it to us or get out."

The next move should be to deal with all the assignation flats with a heavy hand. These secret and tragically silent corners are the cause of the ruin of hundreds of girls, perhaps thousands. What makes the villainy of them even more striking and shameful is that most of these flats are "run" by foreigners, some of them bold, brazen "hussies" who are wanted by the police abroad. These creatures, for the most part, hover about the gilded dens in Leicester Square and thereabouts, always on the look-out for young girls or old men, and always ready to telephone and "fix up" a flat in a nice quiet corner where there can be no trouble, no worry, and no interference.

A Brazilian woman was pointed out to me in one

of these infamous meeting places for prostitutes. She is a big, pushing, and bold sort of foreigner. She dresses superbly, has jewels in abundance, her hair well coiffured, and her face artistically painted. She was half inebriated and was playing with a toy dog—I think the women call them “lappers.” By her side was a white-faced young girl who looked about fifteen to sixteen years of age. The language of the half-drunken Brazilian woman was enough to make the devil disgusted. It is said that the creature “runs” about forty flats as assignation houses. Is Parliament so solicitous for the welfare of such women that they should exclude flats for assignation from the penalties of the Bill ?

“Close the flats” should be the people’s next cry. Then special attention should be given to closing up the gilded meeting centres where prostitutes mostly congregate. There must be no squeamishness about this action. They should be closed first and all argument after.

The articles by my friend, the girl from Yorkshire, prove that there are open meeting centres where any girl may go and sell herself. That has been abundantly proved, and the places being a menace to the daughters of respectable citizens, up the shutters should go. Half-measures are useless.

“Gilded parlours,” after the same style as those already described, were very much in evidence in Australia. I remember, perhaps twenty, such places in the city of Sydney where one purchased a ticket at the front bar at a cost of sixpence, which entitled one to go upstairs and see the daughters of the poor.

Some were singing, half or wholly drunk, while others were smoking and swearing. A "pimp" rattled away all the "jollo" songs of the day on a piano in the corner. Men came into the rooms and picked up girls, as they do now in the licensed houses in the city of London.

One speech in the Parliament at Sydney was sufficient to close all these dens. Once the facts were made plain to the public, the Government, with the public support behind it, closed all the fearful places up in one day! Such places were also closed up in Melbourne, New Zealand, and South Africa. One is forced to admit openly how utterly futile it would be to attempt to totally abolish prostitution. From all that one sees—and especially one who has travelled in every country—there is abundant evidence of the increase of the trade in some centres to such an alarming extent that one wonders how far off, or how near, is the day of decimation. I maintain that the evil may and can be checked in a healthy, sane, and reasonable manner, first, by making the horrors of the trade known, and then by making the approaches to the centre of the trade difficult or impossible to locate by the uninitiated. By all means flog and imprison the traffickers who lead young and innocent girls into the life, but, as there are very many thousands of public women in this country for whom there is little or no pity and small chance of any reparation or reform, it would be a senseless and inhuman policy to hunt those poor souls from post to pillar.

Lord Macaulay asks—"Is it possible that, in the

bosom of civilisation itself, may be engendered the malady which shall destroy it? Is it possible that institutions may be established which, without the help of earthquake, of famine, of pestilence, or of foreign sword, may undo the work of so many ages of wisdom and glory?"

The trade had not, in Lord Macaulay's time, assumed the fearful proportions it has now reached, yet he sagaciously saw into the future, and noted, in the seeds of time, which grain would grow fastest, unless checked—these are the seeds of unbridled licentiousness.

Another question that should earnestly engage the attention of the Government is that of providing a home, a healthy refuge ground, for girls in this country who wish to abandon the life and "go straight." Surely there are hundreds of girls who want but the chance to escape the thralldom of their life, but who have practically no place to go, unless it is the gaol. Of course there are plenty of homes run by private philanthropists and private subscription. These are excellent, at least, some of them are very good, but they are at the best only temporary establishments. They are as so many "resting grounds" until the girl can communicate with her friends. Supposing a girl has no friends? What is to become of her? Or, having friends who turn their backs on her as a fallen woman, where is she to find peace and shelter? If she has once been in the clutches of the "pimp" he generally follows her to these houses and demands the girl back to earn more money for him.

Only the other day a foreigner followed a wretched

girl with whom he had been living and demanded "his" girl back. He was promptly given in charge of a policeman. But when the case came on at the courts the magistrate told the prosecutors that the man had a perfect right to live with the girl if she so chose.

Outside a home for the girl who has made one mistake (it's a fearful enormity that condemns a girl to eternal shame and degradation for one false move from the strict path of rectitude—a man may fall every day and every hour of the day, and he is always picked up—one never hears of a fallen man; it's always the woman or the girl), surely it's time that the authorities provided a properly-conducted, self-supporting farm or home in the country where poor, unfortunate, but really well-intentioned girls could be taken and protected, preparatory to being given a chance in life and an interest in life's affairs. Many thousands of boys have been saved by the institutions known as Dr. Barnado's Homes. If the Government started a home on the lines I have suggested, at once, many thousands of our helpless girls would be saved.

Social and economic conditions in a great industrial country like Britain cannot be changed instantly. Timely knowledge of truth must be gained, but the awful sufferings of the daughters of the poor and the fearful risks to our race by the early destruction of the maids of the nation, all take time to work upon the minds of the people, upon whom it is incumbent to cleanse the social life of the girls of the nation through their united determination.

In the meantime, much good might be done by a strong united effort to save these poor girls—who are yearning in their poverty-stricken homes for some outlet, some of God's sunshine—by helping, say half-a-million, to emigrate to those beautiful lands of promise—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—lands beyond the seas, where prosperity, peace, contentment and goodwill reigns. There, half-a-million poor girls from Great Britain would be received by the colonial women with all the affection of sisters. They would be protected, carefully looked after and given a chance in life—a chance in the new heritage given by God to the British as trustees of mankind. Their departure from home would leave more elbow-room for their less fortunate sisters left behind, and every girl going to the lands of plenty abroad where the British flag flies would be a messenger of unity, of love, and of peace. They would become wives and mothers to teach their babes all the traditions of the Empire's best and noblest work. This would offer new homes, new hope, and new life to thousands of those poor girls who are now helpless and hopeless, many of whom have now to choose between starvation and misery or prostitution and disease. This cost would be about £10 to £12 per head, but the cost should not stop such a human act, which would cement further and more deeply the foundation rocks upon which the Empire stands to-day. Cost does not stop us from going to war when class interests or national pride is at stake, and cost should not stop us from giving the girls of the kingdom a chance. In the Colonies work will speedily be found for them, good



wages and keep and proper protection—for the Australians and Canadians know how to protect their young women. One sees articles in the Press anent “Caged Daughters and their helpless condition,” but one seldom hears a voice raised on behalf of the daughters of the very poor and helpless.

A case was brought under my notice where a girl of eighteen years, one of a family of ten children, left factory life because she was insulted by the manager. Her life was made so miserable by the gibes and jeers of her workmates that twice she attempted suicide. By pure accident she heard of Australia and its chances for girls, and in despair she went boldly aboard an Australia-bound ship and begged the captain to take her away where she would get a chance to fight in the battle of life. The captain, an old sea-dog, at first refused, but on the girl's further tearful appeals, which were joined by her mother and younger sister, the old man consented to “play the game,” as he termed it, and give the plucky girl a chance.

She left England and landed in Sydney, Australia, unknown and penniless. To-day she is matron of one of the big country hospitals, and her wages are now used to save her sisters from destruction.

Many thousands of Irish and Scotch girls make inconceivable efforts to get away where they will be counted as human beings and treated as sisters in life's struggle. They nearly all succeed in doing well abroad. One hears of large shipments of men and youths being sent abroad by Government syndicates under various systems of emigration, but one never

hears of any organised attempt being made to save and ship abroad the penniless girls of this country. Surely it is time that the Government or the "men behind millions" woke up to their obligation to the poor daughters of the State.

A Government is only a representative body, a reflex of the will and wish of the nation. It is supposed to exist for the well-being, peace, and security of the people, and its duty is to protect the daughters of the nation and give them a chance irrespective of social rights or wrongs. It should be enough for a girl to be born in Britain to entitle her to the nation's protection and indulgence.

The next—and the most vital—remedy which I would earnestly appeal to men to apply, is to extend all political rights and equalities to the women—the mothers and daughters of the nation.

With political power and prestige, their lives can be made better and more useful, their burdens lighter, and their responsibilities to the nation for the proper protection of their children more serious. The right to cast their votes for the class of man who will best represent the whole nation at Westminster is but a natural corollary to the liability which devolves upon our mothers and daughters to obey the laws when made.

With political power, the status of women and girls will be elevated and so will our national affairs be purified and national ideals raised and strengthened. Women are, proverbially, very shrewd judges of human nature—they will not vote into power the "wastrel," the profligate, or the man indifferent

to the cry for help from the children of the nation. Experience teaches us that the voting power under women becomes more serious, more sacred, and more dignified. It marks with almost sacred serenity proceedings of which once riot and debauchery were the predominant features.

In Australia—where I had the privilege of being the first Member of Parliament at Sydney to introduce a Bill having for its purpose the enfranchisement of women—the vote has done wonders, especially for the unprotected girls and women of the poorer classes.

In New Zealand, splendid results of the way in which women have used their voting power are to be seen on all sides, and surely now is the time for Britons in the home country to, openly and as true men, acknowledge the rights of the mothers and daughters of the nation to political equality with themselves. If they do this, the gain will certainly be with the nation, and the profit to our national affairs.

In matters of the cleansing of home and keeping pure the domestic life of the country, their votes will be the first to be cast for the protection of the girls of to-day, who are to be the mothers of the nation to-morrow.

This little book, hurriedly written to offer support to the Bill before Parliament, must not be closed without a word of congratulation to Mr. Arthur Lee for the pluck and tenacity with which he held on to the Bill to help to protect the daughters of the nation. His constituents should be proud of him and all Britain should be grateful for his efforts.

Our last word to Mr. Lee is: "DON'T STOP; the good work is not yet complete. Fight to a finish, and the men and women of the nation will support you and help you to beat down all opposition, whether it come through ignorance, false prudery, or, indeed, through £ s. d."

Mr. Gladstone defined the duty of Government as—  
"So to legislate as to make it easy to do right, and difficult to do wrong."

At the moment the path to ruin is very open and easy through the gilded dens I have enumerated in this book.

Close these up, and one broad road, at least, to ignorant and innocent girls will be barred.





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