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**"SOUND THE WARNING, TOM, THAT
OTHER GIRLS MAY BE SAVED"**

—Ada Faulkner

THE LURE OF THE DANCE



MISS ADA FAULKNER

Prof. T. A. Faulkner's beautiful Sister who died at the tender age of eighteen, a victim of dance-hall lust. It was in obedience to her dying request to "Sound the Warning, Tom, that other girls may be saved," that Mr. Faulkner gave up his career as a dancing master and wrote his famous books against the dance, now reaching millions of copies in circulation.



T. A. FAULKNER

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**THE
LURE OF THE DANCE**
WITH
CHRIST AT THE BALL

By

T. A. FAULKNER

*A Former Dancing Master and
Author of*

“From the Ball Room to Hell”

**Formerly Proprietor of the Los Angeles Dancing
Academy and President of Dancing Masters’
Association of Pacific Coast**

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DEDICATION

To my own precious sister,
who died a victim of one of these human
vultures infesting the dancing school and ball
rooms of our land, but who was saved before she died,
and went home to Glory trusting in the merits of the
atoning blood of her Savior, I lovingly dedicate this
book, and believe that God will use it to answer her
dying prayers. Who has a better right to expose
these Devil's Reception Rooms than I, with a
dear one numbered among their many
victims: The following are her
last words to me: "Oh, if God would
only let me go forth and sound a warning to the
girls, and the mothers whose daughters frequent the
ball rooms and cafes where liquor is served, against
the polished vampires who haunt these places, just
waiting for a chance to sap the life-blood, and destroy
the virtue, of innocent, unsuspecting girls, and send
them to an untimely grave. I know that I soon will
fill one, but—Praise God!—His will be done
The past is all under the blood of Jesus
Christ, His Son, and my Savior.
I ask for forgiveness for the one who is
responsible for my untimely death, and may he
be saved before it is too late. I forgive him as I know
Jesus forgives my sins. *Sound a warning, Tom, for
me, and may God Bless you.*" *With His help I will.*
I mean, by the grace of God, to meet my dear one in
the Glory Land, with a cluster of bright stars to add to
her crown, for I am but doing the work she would
have done had she lived. May I be faithful
to the trust she left me, and to God!



SOUND THE WARNING, TOM

That girls may know of the dangers and pitfalls strewn in the pathways of their lives, whose parents have neglected a most sacred duty to so warn them, and they have fallen through lack of knowledge of these dangers, and you will have my blessing even after I have passed to the other shores. (With His help I am doing so.)

PREFACE

Since writing my first book on the subject of dancing, I have realized to a greater extent than ever the vast importance of this question, and as the dance craze has developed with such incredible rapidity during the last few years into one of the most irresistible and dangerous attractions in the form of amusements, I have decided to again bring the subject before the public. I shall endeavor to portray the evils resulting from this so-called "innocent" diversion in such a manner that Christians, and especially the parents, of today will awaken to the deep sense of responsibility that is resting upon them.

In writing this book, I well know that I shall be harshly criticised by some, but I care nothing for that if thru it some dear girl may be saved from the awful fate my sister met. Those who take exception to the statements made herein are either ignorant, or they are the ones, without exception, who are using the dance halls and ball rooms for just such purposes as I mention in these pages, where I expose the traps, snares and pitfalls concealed behind the glamorous show and music and the glittering brilliancy of wealth, so often exhibited in the ball room, which is nothing but the "Devil's Playground," and a hot-bed from which the brothels are kept replenished by the "White Slaver." It will explain how young men of good families are led into scenes of immorality, intemperance, and often death, thru the influence of the ball room. It will show how wily, lecherous, treacherous, and unscrupulous vampires, who wear good clothes and appear wealthy and fashionable, are enabled to meet innocent young girls in the ball room and lead them step by step from things that seem almost innocent to those

more questionable, and, eventually, to surrender of all that is most highly prized in a friend, sister, sweetheart or wife.

I have written in concise, plain, direct and strong language that cannot be misconstrued, and if, after reading this book, parents wish to place their children in the paths that lead to debauchery and destruction, both of soul and body, or that might influence them to become a "White Slaver's" victim, it will be between them and their God. I am sounding the warning, and fulfilling this one mission that God and my sister called me to perform.

T. A. FAULKNER.

Los Angeles, California.

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CHAPTER I.

MY AWAKENING AND CONVERSION.

I met a young woman, who was leaving home—on her way to destruction—who, a few months before, had been attending my Select Dancing Academy, brought there by her mother. She had also met the fate many others do on the way home from some dance, where their character is weakened by coming in close contact with the opposite sex while dancing. She was one of a number discarded when the school closed, as all dancing classes do, to get rid of the girls who meet a fate similar to hers.

I knew her parents would be heart-broken, and that without the protection of a home she would sink to the lowest level, so I tried, using every argument I could think of, to persuade her to return to the home she was leaving—yet I was teaching her the very thing which had been the cause of her ruin.

After I had pleaded with her for some time she turned fiercely upon me. With a look of reproach, which I shall never forget, she said: "Mr. Faulkner, when you close your dancing school and stop the business which is sending so many girls by swift stages on the straight road to Hell, girls who were pure and innocent when they entered your (and other) dance halls, then, sir, and not until then, have you the right to ask me to reform, as you are doing, for your dancing school was the cause of my downfall—and mother was equally to blame, for she took me there."

I was stirred by her words as I had never been stirred before. But for those words I might have been a lost soul today. It was the first time I realized the depth of

iniquity, and the enormity, of the hideous business I was engaged in, and had been following for years, which was not only destroying the bodies and souls of the girls and women who were caught in my net, but my own body and soul, and, thru my influence, those of thousands of others following my foot steps.

I then saw myself likened to a fiend, traveling over this land from town to town, feeding poisoned, red-ripened, and most alluring fruits of damnation to hungry, unsuspecting, and innocent sons and daughters, and many who ate of this fruit were poisoned to their death.

The "fiend" now saw the result of his devilish work, and, lashed by his conscience, asked his victims not to die. I had pleaded with that girl I met on the train, who was on her way to enter a life of shame, and Hell, "to return to her home and reform" after she had been ruined and disgraced thru the "influence" of the dance which I had taught her in one of my schools for dancing. How little I realized what a mighty thing influence is until the Holy Spirit sent His barbed arrow of conviction into my heart. Just as a pebble dropped into the ocean creates a circle which keeps widening and ever widening until it reaches from shore to shore, so, too, a soul dropped into the ocean of devilish ingenuity and crime creates a circle of influence which widens and widens and reaches on into the endless ages of *eternity*. No human being will ever go to Heaven alone, or to Hell alone; someone else is bound to be influenced and follow. Even yet, I can scarcely grasp the true significance of the fact; and to think that I, a "Dancing Master," was nothing less than the "Devil's Advance Agent," in the dance halls, which are his "gardens," picking out the purest, most innocent and most beautiful human flowers, and alluring them down the pathway of destruction, and often to Hell.

Conviction of sin seized me, and the error of my ways became clear to me then, and for the first time I realized

that I was a "lost soul" and was sinning against God and my fellow men. I was under deep conviction for several days, not knowing what was the matter with me, or what it all meant. I was a "heathen" in a Christian land. I could see before me the souls destroyed by the dance, and began to realize my responsibility. The realization came to me with such force that I could neither eat nor sleep. I could see and hear the wailing of the lost ones, and realized that Hell was my goal! I surely hope no one else passes thru the torture that I did during those few days.

After passing some very restless nights, while in Santa Paula, Calif., one morning I was out walking, when I came to a little Methodist church, Rev. F. D. Mathers, pastor, which I entered, not knowing at the moment why I did so. Praise God, I soon found out that it was the leading of the "Holy Spirit," guiding me there in answer to the prayers of a small band of earnest, praying elderly people, who had set that Thursday a part for fasting and praying for lost souls, and for the closing of my dance hall, which was keeping so many from leading a Christian life.

When I entered the church my conviction grew stronger; I was all broken up, and then and there I surely *surrendered all*. God received me just as I was, all stained with my sins, and in His boundless love and mercy, for Christ's sake, "He took them all away." I was born again. "Old things *had* passed away; all things *had* become new." I can assure you there was no "guessing" about it either, and some of the "old-time religion" was seen amongst that little praying band that day.

I at once closed all my dance halls. My classes were mostly composed of "Church Members." Some of them wore a Christian insigne, but always removed it when they came into the dance hall. I used to wonder why they did so, but I know now that the emblem of Christ

is entirely out of place at a dance. Not one of them ever spoke to me about my soul's salvation. How could they? Were they not indulging in the same worldly, sinful pleasures that I was, and spending their nights in the theater and ball room revelry? I never heard the word of God spoken with reverence in the *ball room*. I have never known a *Charity Ball* to open with prayer, even if it was given to raise money for some church. I was never invited to church or prayer meeting by my dancing church members. They were in most cases not to blame; they were to be pitied. They had never enjoyed a genuine Christian experience; if they had I know they would never have been in my dance halls. They often invited their pastors, who approved of dancing, and who knew no better.

How true the old adage, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." I praise God that I had my eyes opened in that little church to the responsibility resting on my own soul—that of warning other people of the pitfalls that are scattered along every step of life's journey, from the cradle to the grave—and if I can, thru this little book, keep at least a few of God's little ones from being ensnared by the traps of the Devil I shall consider my time well spent, for, while it is true that "the angels in Heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth" (and I shall never cease to thank God for that, for it took me in) that is not, and never has been, His *highest* will for any human being. I am going to do my best to keep others from falling into the depths of sin and folly in which my own soul was besmirched by having come in contact with the lower, baser elements of life thru this so-called "beautiful art."

CHAPTER II.
CHRIST AT THE BALL.
(A Word to Christians.)

Christians often ask me if there is any harm in dancing. They say they consider it a very healthful and graceful exercise and see no reason why they should not indulge in it.

Tell me, you dancing Christians, how many lost souls have you led to Jesus? Are you willing to be shown? Are you willing to be honest with yourselves and with God, and to accept the truth, however unwelcome, if the real facts are presented to you? Will you give it up for the sake of the weaker ones who are looking to you for an example of that Christlikeness which will uplift the human race, not send it more swiftly to destruction? Then I will answer you by asking you some other questions, leaving it to your own consciences to decide whether or not you can afford to run the risk of contamination yourselves, and to throw your influence on the doubtful side of a question of such vast importance to humanity.

Suppose you were giving, say, a select party, in your own parlor, the principal amusements of the evening being dancing and card playing. When your guests arrive you notice one who seems to be a little different from the others. You do not recognize him, yet he seems to have been invited. A man of his appearance and evident good breeding would never force himself into a private assembly like this—and you have been very careful, too, in selecting your guests.

This man has a remarkable face, with a peculiar, rare

combination of expressions which renders it fascinating to you. In it you see mirrored sweetness, tenderness, loyalty, affection and pathos, and his eyes, while very penetrating, are beautiful and kind. He is dressed plainly but neatly, and there is something in his appearance that marks him as no "ordinary" man.

While endeavoring to recall where you have met this gentleman he advances, and taking your hand, asks pleasantly, "Do you not recognize me"? "No," you reply, "but your face seems strangely familiar." "Yet you and your parents have often invited me to your home whenever I am able to come, so I decided to take advantage of your pressing invitations and attend your party tonight," says the stranger gently. Still mystified you ask him his name. For answer he simply raises his hands, and you see the wounds made by cruel nails driven thru the center of the palm. There is no need of further explanation. It is *Jesus, your precious Lord*, to whom you have pledged your eternal love and obedience.

Tell me, knowing that there is to be dancing and card playing during the evening, can you look into those tender, yet piercing eyes, and say with joy and in truth, "I am so glad to see you dear Lord!" Nay, you look startled, and for a moment you are at a loss to know what to do. You would have been so glad to welcome Him at prayermeeting, or, at some other time, in your own home. Why not now? If dancing is right, and card playing is right, why can't you say without hesitancy, "Dear Lord, come and help us enjoy the evening, and join us in dancing and a game of cards." Surely He would never condemn these "innocent" pleasures, and if His disciples indulge in these things why not invite their Lord to share in the festivities?

As you stand there embarrassed, not knowing what in the world to do, or where to turn for advice, the Master, noticing your hesitation and wishing to set you at ease, says quietly, "I would like to be introduced to your

friends. Some of them I know, but some I do not." Again that miserable feeling comes over you. You do not dare to reply, as you would to one of your earthly friends, that it will afford you great pleasure to do so, for you know it would be untrue, so you simply say "Certainly," and lead Him to the rest of the company and introduce Him. When it becomes known who this particular guest is you are not the only one embarrassed. Some of the other dancing, card-playing church members present are looking very uncomfortable, and even your parents, who are highly respected in the community, and who also profess to love the Lord, change color when they meet Him. What is the matter? Why should they all seem so uncomfortable and unable to go on with the evening's diversions?

Someone, wishing to help you, says in an undertone, "Shall I tell the musicians to look up some sacred music"? Jesus has heard the question, and looking you both in the eyes simply ask you why you should, and you cannot answer. Someone else suggests having the Lord talk to them, but again He asks why His presence should necessitate such a change in your plans.

Finally, when the situation becomes almost unbearable, Jesus asks if it is not time to begin the amusements of the evening, as it is getting late. Not knowing what else to do you give orders for the music to start. Several couples, to help you out, not because they have any inclination or desire to do so, start to dance but soon stop. The music stops also; the whole thing is a failure, and you are wild with dismay and shame.

Now the Master, again wishing to relieve you of the strain you are under, turns to you, and remarking that the guests do not seem at ease asks if it would make it pleasanter for you if He should offer to dance with you, and *you lead the way* for the others *with Him*. You look at Him in amazement, almost with horror, as you cry out, "**YOU DANCE!** You cannot mean it!" Tenderly

He answers, "Dear One! If my disciples engage in such worldly amusement why should not I do so? I love to share their joys as well as their sorrows. You want my presence in the prayermeeting, why should you leave Me out of your every day life? I want My loved ones to be like Me, and if they cannot share their pleasures with Me is it not because there is something wrong with them? Should My people, the ones for whom I suffered such agony on the cross, and for whom I gave My life, engage in pleasures that they know I would not sanction? You have been so embarrassed tonight. Is it not because you feel that these pleasures do not help you to become like Me, or glorify Me; that they take your time and strength and thought to such an extent that you have less delight in My word, and in communion with Me"?

Dear friends, what would you do if Jesus Christ *should* come to you at a time like this? Ponder this question and let your own heart answer you. You ask me what harm there is in dancing. Have you ever asked yourselves, "What is the gain"? When you were dancing were you *glorifying God*? Did you have His presence with you? Does God come into your thoughts when you are floating around the room with your body in close contact with one of the opposite sex until wave after wave of passion goes thru you, and when you and your partner of the evening meet at church the next time you can't look one another squarely in the eye? Would you like to stand face to face with Christ after such a dance and have Him read your thoughts; see into the very inmost recesses of your heart (for He can, and does), and tell you what He thinks of it all? Would you like your parents, your friends, and people for whom you have the highest respect and whose favor you wish to secure and retain, know what your thoughts and feelings were while engaged in the dance? Those of your friends who dance know all about it, whether they will admit it or not, and every man who dances knows the truth, for he, himself, has the same

thoughts going thru his mind and the same feelings surging thru his body. The only difference is that he may have sinister motives, while you are only dancing for the pleasure you momentarily find in it.

Have you ever analyzed these thoughts and feelings for the sake of your own soul, and the souls of others over whom you exert an influence for good or evil, and honestly endeavored to find out whether there really is any "harm" in this form of amusement or not? If you have not, do so now, and you will find, upon close analysis, that this so-called "innocent" pleasure is nothing but LUST,—pure, unadulterated, and never can be comfortable in the presence of our Lord. If after such analysis you still say that you cannot see any harm in dancing you are either what is called a "dead one" in the dancing world, and have never gone far enough to learn the truth and become impregnated with the desires that the dance always arouses in men and women with strong physical natures, or YOU DO NOT WISH TO SEE THE HARM IN IT because of the pleasure you, yourself, derive from it. The old adage is certainly true—"There are none so blind as those who will not see."

CHAPTER III.

THE DANCE.

A man by the name of Gault, a French dancing master, originated the waltz in the year 1627. He was licentious in the deepest sense of the word, and gloried in the fact that he had led many girls into lives of sin and shame. He had gone down so low in the moral scale that, finally, in an attempt to ruin his own sister he strangled her to death, for which he was guillotined in 1632.

Parents, the dances of today are not the old-fashioned Virginia Reel, Money Musk, and Quadrilles such as were danced years ago, but are primarily designed by the dancing masters and their *allies* (I use the word allies advisedly, and its meaning will be fully explained in other chapters) for the express purpose of arousing the passions and destroying the purity of both sexes. The different suggestive movements of each new dance are thoroly studied, and their effects well known, before they are introduced to the public by these wretches who wield such a deadly influence on the youth of our land.

The dance is indulged in by many of our so-called "first families," and yet, it is one of the most dangerous of social pleasures because of the fact that it arouses, to an alarming degree, the demons of lust with which humanity is inoculated. These demons are only slumbering in the child until either brought to light and developed, as the child grows to maturity, or killed when the soul is aroused to the things of eternity and makes a full surrender to Christ, who, alone, has power to set the individual free from the curse entailed on the human race and bring back the soul to the pristine loveliness in which that soul was created.

The *waltz* and the *one-step* are the two most attractive features of this entertaining social art, partly because of the opportunity to show off to good advantage the beautiful form and the suppleness and grace of the well-trained dancer, and more especially on account of a certain, subtle, unexplainable influence emanating from those of opposite sexes when brought into close contact with one another.

Being so largely indulged in only makes the evil the more marked.

The dance hall is a far more potent factor in the work of evil than any other social practice that infests our land today. It has as many victims recorded against it as has the saloon, and its work of destruction is *equally* damnable. You ask why? In proof of these statements permit me to briefly compare the work of these two institutions.

The saloon gathers in the young men, robs them of their manhood, lowers them to the deepest depths of brutality, and either hurls them headlong to an early grave or they become so insatiated for liquor that they commit crime, and even murder, to satisfy their thirst; but no matter how low they get they may be saved. Some have been saved, and are today leaders of society, great and powerful workers for the Lord, and respected by all. No matter how degraded a man becomes, if he shows a desire to rise and regain his manhood he can always find someone to help him get on his feet again. On the other hand, when a woman has once lost her purity, becomes degraded and descends to the level of a saloon habitue, no matter how much, in her sober moments, she may loathe herself and the life she is living and wish to recover her lost virtue and become the woman she once was, she receives, instead of help from the hands that are outstretched to help her unfortunate brothers back to the paths of rectitude, only opprobrium and abuse. She is usually kicked back each time she makes an effort to rise,

each time reaching a lower level, until, discouraged and despairing, and feeling that life holds nothing more for her, she goes on until she either dies of a disease brought



Correct Position in All Modern Dances of Today.

on by her life of shame or ends everything by her own hand, preferring to run the risk of suffering at the hands of God in a life beyond the grave rather than continue

suffering at the hands of the fiends in human guise who have made life a Hell for her here.

We will now take the ball room in comparison with the saloon and see wherein the difference, if any, exists. The vice that germinates in the ball room sooner or later sends our boys to the brothels to satisfy a craving which is really the call of nature prematurely aroused by too close contact with the opposite sex. Say what you will about the innocence of children, too close proximity to, and too free handling of the body is bound to generate impure thoughts and feelings, which, even if not given expression while the child is young, will eventually come to the surface and influence the whole life after the child comes to a real knowledge of what life means. In some lives these thoughts and feelings, while aroused, are held in abeyance by circumstances and environments until the young man or woman finally meets and marries someone who has won their love, if properly instructed it all ends well, *but, oh!* the young lives ruined before even reaching maturity by the influences brought to bear upon them by being placed under temptation often, before accountability is reached. This subject will be further discussed in another chapter.

Let me give you an illustration of how even the undercurrent of influence reaching out from the ball room is equally responsible with that of the social wine glass for the downfall of not only our girls and older women, who are now throwing *their* influence on the side of the powers of evil, but the young men and older men as well—those who have not yet descended the social scale far enough to realize the blight that indulgence in this form of pleasure is casting on their own lives, and, thru them, on the lives of those with whom they come in contact.

Take, for instance, a young man who has been brought up in a refined Christian home, one who has been pure in his life and has kept his honor intact until he has reached man's estate. This young man has always had

an abhorrence for everything low and base, and has always had the highest respect and reverence for womanhood. Why should he not have this reverence for womanhood? Was not his mother a woman, and has he not always loved her as he has never loved another human being outside of his own family circle? How proud he has always been of her, and how loyally he has stood up for her, doubling up his tiny fists when just a mere baby whenever anyone pretended they did not like her and intended to injure her in any way. In her he has found the very acme, the fulfillment, of every desire. God help the boy (or girl) who starts out in the world without the recollection, at least, of a mother who has been to him all that a mother should be.

When this young man attends his first dance, in a private home, he is still as clean, and sweet, and pure as the little babe in its mother's arms, for, somehow, the love of that mother of his has kept him from becoming contaminated by other children who have learned the meaning of life too early and in ways that have given them a false, distorted conception of what it involves. After that first dance, however, he can never be the same. Why not? Something within him has been aroused that makes him an entirely different creature. He cannot define the difference but he knows that somehow life has taken on an entirely new aspect. Thus far in his life girls have just seemed like his own sisters, and have come into his life and gone out of his life as the ordinary duties and pleasures of childhood have come and gone, and he has thought little, if anything, about them. But now, everything is changed. He has met one of the opposite sex in a way that has brought her to his attention as no other girl has been brought before.

Like a bird charmed by the glittering eyes of a serpent, not knowing what it is that is luring it on, the young man *thinks* he has fallen in love with this girl and he begins to have day dreams and build air castles. In his

youthful ardor, and lack of experience in the ways of the world, he refuses to believe that the girl has any thought lower than his own. It is then, for the first time, that he realizes what it is to be a *man*, with all a man's powers; but having been brought up as he has and knowing that it would be wrong to give way to the impulses that are now surging thru his whole being, he tries to resist, but the temptation is too strong for him. The struggle is soon over, and against the convictions of his own conscience he finally yields to his desires, and when he leaves the girl his views of womanhood have undergone a complete change, never to be the same again. His respect for the girl herself has been lost, never to be regained. He can never look on her again as he once did. True, he still likes to be with her, but the power she now wields over him is over his animal nature. Like a bird in the snare of the fowler, altho at times he resists with all his might the forces of evil which are now closing in around him, he becomes disgusted with the girl and casts her aside.

Poor boy! His dream of love has been shattered, and his faith in the opposite sex shaken to the very foundation. Not only has his confidence in womanhood been destroyed, but, as this girl was a member of the church, supposedly in good standing, his faith in Christianity also wavers, and he finally says to himself, "Well, if that is all there is to Christianity I don't want it." He has not yet learned the difference—the vast difference—between a dancing, card-playing, theater-going church member, one who is just a "nominal" Christian, and a real follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, like many others, instead of realizing that humanity is weak by nature, and not having gone far enough to discover his own frailties and imperfections, he turns his back on Christ and starts on the downward road. True, his mother was a staunch Christian, but, somehow, the first blow that comes to the faith of a pure, clean-minded boy or girl thru someone in whom that boy or girl has had

implicit confidence is one that seems to knock out the underpinning from all that is worth while, and leaves that soul in utter bewilderment, not knowing which way to turn, or to whom to look for advice.

Having by this time become an accomplished dancer, and being a fine, manly looking, magnetic young fellow, he begins frequenting the dance halls and other places of amusement with others who also love the dance, and decides to go in for all the fun he can get out of life.

We need not follow this young man any farther, as his future, with that of thousands of others, can be clearly traced thru the following pages. After he has attended his first ball, whirled thru the mazes of the waltz and round dances with another sweet, young, beautiful girl, pressed closely to his bosom—her partially nude breasts exposed to his view, and his very heart beats running wild with the ecstasy of the moment, his nerves tingling and rioting with the delicious sensations which such a contact engenders—he has tasted to the full the rarest attraction that the Devil has to offer him.

From this time on, alas! his descent in the downward path is very rapid, and today we find this boy spending his time in dance halls, booze joints and midnight joy rides, sending his own soul to Hell and taking others with him. The parents, at home, are singing "Where is my wandering boy, tonight"? when they are, in many cases, responsible for his present condition by placing him in the avenues that lead to this revelry.

CHAPTER IV.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

Some parents will say that the dance is not the only factor that has a tendency downward. I acknowledge the truth of your statement. There *are* other amusements that tend to lower a person's moral nature and lead one to destruction, such as the one-time saloon, gambling hells, beer gardens, joy rides, etc. However, they do not appeal to the average, normal girl or boy, who has been raised in a good home and who is just starting out in life. That is why the dance plays such an important part in dragging these young, innocent, embryo men and women down to ruin. They see only the pleasure side of the question, nothing whatever of the results brought about by coming in contact with men and women whose lives have become tainted and polluted by harboring thoughts which, in the very nature of things, must detract from their ideality.

The beauty and rhythm of the dance appeals to the senses of our young people. They love all that is lovely, artistic and graceful, and, unaware of the evil that abounds in the world, and ignorant of the Devil's devices, their souls expand with every zephyr that brings into their lives a whiff of fragrance from the flowers of physical happiness. Then, too, music, from the foundation of the world, has always started and set in motion in every intelligent human being the passionate longings of the soul, and given birth to desires, which, when fostered and developed, finally lead the possessor into a life of purity, sweetness and exaltation, or a life of licentious liberty that eventually ends in ignominy and shame.

A mistake so many parents are making is in thinking

that their children are so much above the average they cannot be tempted by anything that is base or low. They either forget, or are ignorant of the fact, already stated, that there are in every human heart forces for good or evil, which, when given expression and yielded to, either innocently or otherwise, into the control of a higher power or the powers of darkness always brings happiness and contentment, or degradation and ruin. Both sexes are equally susceptible, but in this book I intend to speak more directly on the effects of this form of amusement on the lives and destinies of our girls and women.

"Oh, yes," you say, "but I can trust *my* daughter. The modern dance may be the means of leading astray some shallow-minded girls and arouse the passions of some whose lower nature lies near the surface, but *my* daughter is pure and high minded." That may be true. I am glad she is, but *keep her so*. Do not risk making her otherwise by placing her under the greatest temptation that can come to a girl, namely, the dancing academy and the ball room. It is a startling fact, but a *fact*, nevertheless, that over four-fifths of the girls with blasted lives fell thru the influence of the dance. If you could see, as I have seen, the fiends who hang about these places (and who, in some way or other, manage to get into every place where dancing is indulged in, whether it be parlor, church or open air) for that purpose alone—ones who make the debasement and destruction of our young girls, especially, a study and profession—you certainly would take warning from one who knows, and safeguard your daughters from the contamination which must come as a result of contact with these devils in human shape.

A minister in San Francisco refused to endorse my book. He said his son indulged in parlor dances occasionally, and as he was a *pure* young man he would not care for one of my books to fall into his hands; that a person could not touch pitch without getting defiled. I believe the reverend gentleman was sincere. However, I

made it a point to look into the young man's life and found out that he also was leading a double life. I found out that he did not stop at the parlor dance. When his indulgent parents thought he was spending his evenings in some downtown mission, rescuing souls from eternal darkness, he was spending his evenings in a dance-house sending his and many other souls to Hell. A short time afterwards he was killed in a bawdy-house on Barbary Coast. Just imagine, if you can, the anguish of his parents when they learned the truth.

I know of young people who would go to church on Sunday evenings, get the text, then go and spend the evening at some dance hall. When they returned home they would tell their parents the text, thus leading them to believe that they had spent the evening at church. Such deceptions are too often the outcome of parlor dancing.

Shortly after my book was published, a business man of Los Angeles, whose daughters were quite fond of dancing, approached me and said that such a publication was an outrage; that the book ought to be suppressed; that it was an insult to society and should be resented; that his daughters danced, and that they should continue to do so if they wished to.

I was well acquainted with his daughters. He had spent thousands of dollars on their education, and they were truly ladies outside of the ball room. But, as they were great dancers, I knew of their double lives, I knew of the private wine rooms where they and others would spend a couple of hours after the ball. So I invited their deluded father to accompany me, and I would convince him that every word in my book was true.

I did not tell him I would take him to his own daughters, to let him see how they abandoned all decency at and after dancing parties. I appointed a night to show him what really takes place "after the ball."

He was on hand at the appointed time, and we passed down the street till we came to a "private entrance" which was that night my object point. This entrance, known only to the theater and dancing circles, was from a side street. On entering we came into a long hall; on each side was a score or more of rooms. Each room connected with the barroom by a private telephone, over which patrons ordered refreshments, which were served on a dummy waiter, so arranged that the occupants could not be seen by the barkeepers. Thus, the habitués of the place were protected against the danger of blackmail by the "Knights of the White Apron."

As we passed along the hall, we heard the hum of many voices of young people, whose parents believed their loved ones were at the dance or on their way home. Mingled with these voices was the popping of corks and clinking of wine glasses. Finally, we reached a door, from behind which I recognized the voices of the girls for whom I was looking. I quickly opened the door, and there sat before us the two daughters of the man who accompanied me.

They were leaning back in their chairs, their feet on the table, their hats off, their hair disheveled. Glasses of wine were in their hands, and cigarettes between their lips. Their companions were two young men, scarcely of age, both of whom belonged to good, Christian families, but thru wine and dance these boys met their downfall. Several empty bottles were on the floor, and the entire party were intoxicated.

Can you, dear reader, picture this scene to your mind? Can you realize what it meant to this trusting father? Can you imagine the anguish of his broken heart? I, who witnessed it, shall never forget the expression that came over his face. From that night he has been a changed man.

He was of good, southern blood; his daughters were the pride of himself and wife. That they might enjoy

every advantage and be liberally educated; that they might be fitted to occupy a high station in life, he had toiled and slaved and saved, happy in the thought that his "girls" would be his pride and comfort in his declining years. He now realized the futility of the hopes which had sustained him; naught remained but vagaries of his dreams.

Born in his brain was a keen sense of shame and dishonor, which to one of his pride and race, was a bitterness worse than death. Under the terrible knowledge his spirit was crushed and broken; his heart seared; his brain benumbed; and I, who watched saw, as it were, "*the passing of a soul*;" a soul of hope and faith; and courage and ambition; and where I had entered this resort with a strong man, I came out with one bereft of hope and ambition—truly a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief.

I might add that under the shock the mother drooped and faded, and soon passed away to the Beyond, where sorrow is unknown. But the father survives. Bent and gray with sorrow, he sits by his lonely hearth, wearily waiting his summons home. And the daughters—Where are they? Echo says, "Where." You might ask the rescue workers, they may tell you.

Parents, when will you let the scales fall from your eyes, and see conditions as they exist? When will you know the hideous truth?

I will continue to prove to you in the following chapters that the dance is a grinding mill of destruction, emptying into the maw of the divorce court, wine room, brothel and hell.

CHAPTER V.

ARE ALL CLASSES OF DANCERS THE SAME?

Perhaps the most elite classes are composed of people who are too refined to be led into such scenes of gaiety and utter abandonment of morality while dancing. I am invited to a social gathering tonight; let me take you with me as a disinterested spectator, and we will see wherein the charm lies for the majority of people in this fascinating form of pleasure.

The party we attend this evening is a full dress affair and one of the most fashionable of the season. It is composed of people selected with great care, where husbands attend with their wives, and all are above reproach. You do not dance, you say. Then you will be surprised to know who does, if your acquaintance extends among the refined people of our city.

We are going to a beautiful residence on one of the boulevards in ———. Our automobile stops before the entrance of an elegant mansion, every window glittering with brilliant lights coming from the chandeliers, which have both gas and electricity turned on to their fullest capacity, thus sending rays far out into the darkness. From the wide-open doors a perfect glory floods the whole width of the street. Listen to the hum of voices from within, and the clanging of auto doors from without.

We step lightly from our machine to a canopied passage, carpeted to the threshold of the door, which prevents our shoes from coming in contact with the soiled pavement. A string of electric lights runs from end to end overhead. We trip lightly up the stone steps lead-

ing to the entrance and are received by the usher, who conducts us to a room and relieves us of our outer wraps and garments. We stand revealed in our well-fitting full dress suit, and proceed to the reception room.

Folding doors fly open before us, and what a scene of enchantment! a veritable fairy land! is disclosed to our view. Magnificent apartments succeed each other in a long vista, glittering with splendid decorations; luxurious carpets are under foot, beautiful pictures, rich laces and rare trifles of art are all around us, while an atmosphere of wealth, refinement and good taste is all-pervading. However, this is but an afterthought with us; it is the splendor of the assembled company that absorbs our admiration now.

Let us step to one side and observe this gathering as the people enter. Would you have believed it possible that so much beauty and elegance could have been collected under one roof? Score after score of fair women and handsome men are in attendance—the apparel of the former ornate beyond description. All is perfect, without a flaw.

The rooms are filled, and still they come. Do you see yonder tall, beautiful maiden as she enters leaning on the arm of her gray-haired father? Mark her well! She is the queen among the circle of her acquaintances. I shall call your attention to her again later in the evening. How proud of her the old gentleman seems, and well he may be. Who would not be proud of anyone of such fascinating beauty, be it either daughter, sister or sweetheart? What divine grace of womanhood lives in her supple form; what calm, sweetness of expression shines in that lovely face—a face so ethereal and full of purity. The low-cut dress exposes the white, well-rounded shoulders, full bust and shapely arms, while the tightly clinging silk reveals the contour of perfect limbs, which, however, calls for no baser admiration than we feel when looking upon the representation of an angel, or other

beautiful piece of statuary carved by some artistic sculptor.

With high-bred and maidenly reserve the fair young maiden responds to the greeting of the Apollo in full dress who bows low before her—the very finest type of the elegant and polished gentleman. He begs a favor, to be granted later in the evening, and with down-cast eyes she smiles consent. With another bow he records the promise on a tablet he holds in his hand, and leaves her to solicit a promise from a handsome young matron, who has just come in, for the next waltz. Gracefully, then, our young friend moves forward again, still leaning on her father's arm, smiling and nodding to her various acquaintances, and repeating the harmless little ceremony described above with perhaps a dozen other gentlemen, also Apollo-like in form and "clothed in fine raiment," with intelligent faces and graceful manners, until she reaches the end of the room. There she relieves her father from present care, and he goes among the gentlemen, shaking hands with those near him and nodding to distant friends, and receiving introductions to other people.

"Pure and lovely girl!" I hear you say under your breath; "lucky indeed is he who can win that jewel for a wife! That face will haunt me like a dream." . . . "Wake up, my friend, or you will forget the purpose of your visit here tonight. I know it requires considerable will power not to grow sentimental amid such beauty and loveliness." Oh, if the scene could only remain as it appears in this act. Could it be perpetual, what a happy evening those people would have.

Now let us turn our attention to a young couple passing this way. Look at this fair young wife, as she trips daintily along beside her husband; is she not a beautiful creature? Note how devoted they are to each other. Watch him as he glances at her. His eyes seem to say,

“Behold my treasure; my very own!” Well may he feel proud of her; she is a ruby among gems. How gorgeously she is dressed. Her husband does not dance; it was at her solicitation that he is attending the party with her tonight. Our Apollo of the evening glides toward her, and again the little tablet is brought into requisition, and promises are given and recorded as engagements for certain dances.

The intermingling and introductions still go on. But now, hark! The music is beginning; the dance is about to start. You and I will withdraw for a short time and watch the gentlemen as they play cards or enjoy a cigar with friends in some quiet place on the veranda, until the dance has well begun.

The hours slip by, and we step inside again. The card-playing has stopped and some of the gentlemen are preparing to leave. The music is playing the floating waltz, and the dance is at its highest. We could not have chosen a better time to see it in all its glory, as it is up to date. The flushed faces and bright eyes of the ladies as they are held in the warm embrace of their gentlemen partners, not always old acquaintances, are noted by us.

As we go farther and farther into the room to get a good place to see well, the music grows louder and more ravishing than ever. No confusion of voices now mars its delicious melody. The only sounds heard under the strains are the low swish and rustle of silk and satin dresses, and a light, but rapid, shuffling of feet. The chaperones, fathers, and brothers, have gone home, those who do not dance or do not wish to tonight, leaving the wilful young ladies to the care of their obliging partners, who have promised to see that they get home safely. And this is to *please a child!* How much better it would have been if the fathers and brothers, etc., had retired to some out-of-the-way place and taken a nap, having one of the attendants call them after the ball is over; but, no,

they have no more interest in the amusements; they are tired and sleepy, so they go and leave the young girls, innocent or otherwise, to give free rein to the sport.

We now seek a cooler place, out of the way of the dancers, but where we can have a full view of the room, for the air is hot and almost nauseating, coming to us in sensuous gusts of varying perfumes as a score of whirling, scented robes float by. I turn to you and remark, "How beautiful!" and am surprised to see the look of wonder on your face. This does not look like the scenes of your boyhood, with the country boys "swinging corners," "balance all," and "sides right and left." You are dazed and bewildered.

Let me try and brighten your dull senses with a description of the dance. I do not wonder at the horror depicted on your face, for this is supposedly a fashionable gathering of people who are of the highest class in the city. The mothers (some of them) are contributors to the "Houses of Refuge," where fallen women are taken in great numbers, a large percentage of whom, if their histories could be traced, were ruined by the same kind of dances of which you are tonight a spectator. *They were the beautiful waltzers.*

A score or more couples whirl by us under the bright rays of the electric lights—floating visions, male and female—one partner bending forward as the opposite sways backward, one of the most indecent arrangements that is permitted to exist in public. Is there a father or a husband who would allow a man to embrace his wife or daughter and indulge in those motions outside of the ball room? No; *not if there is a spark of manhood in him.* Yet, it is considered good form here, and has been indulged in by some otherwise very sensible people.

It has been proven by facts and statistics from every source that the most amorous woman makes the best dancer, but let us draw near and take a closer view; per-

haps I may have been wrong in my interpretation of that couple's dancing.

Do you see yonder couple just turning to come this way—the tall ones? They seem even to excel the rest in grace and ardor. Do they not make a picture that would be well worth painting? Those bright eyes glitter with excitement. Oh, the tell-tale flush! Just watch the movements of the handsome young woman; are they not perfect? How gracefully she glides along; those small, dainty, nimble feet fairly spelling melody without the aid of the instrument. Let us take this couple now as a study. Her partner is stalwart and agile, tall and well-built; she is his counterpart in height, supple of form, and with beautiful features. What incomparable creatures! Her head is over his shoulder, close, but not touching; her naked arm is almost around his neck; her well-rounded breasts are pressed against his bosom so firmly that he feels every motion, every breath she draws. Face to face they glide, his limbs interwoven with hers, his strong right arm about her yielding waist, and he presses her to him until the curves in her body are as close as their positions and evening dress will permit.

Her eyes look into his at an extra pressure to note whether he means anything or not, and then drop again, but while she is looking at him with that searching gaze, the gentleman (?) has a countenance of iron. He is a statue with a fixed expression. He dares not show the least sign of the passion that is rioting in his veins; she would be insulted; the time has not yet arrived. She sees nothing, and so long as she thinks he means no harm she feels no compunction in dancing. She thinks it is a secret to be shared only by her. Her conscience is at rest, and she gives way to the soft, soothing notes of the music, perfectly oblivious of her surroundings.

Apollo knows when to act. He presses her closer in his embrace, but she knows it not; his hot breath is upon

her hair; his lips almost touch her forehead, yet she waltzes on and on, at last ceasing to look at him. His eyes gleam with a fierce lust, and gloat, satyr-like, over her, yet now she does not quail as he watches his unsuspecting victim. She cannot read his thoughts; he uses too much care for that; she, too, is filled with the rapture of sin in its intensity, and her spirits are with the lower gods.

With a last low wail the music ceases; her swaying senses come back to life. Ah! must it be? Yes, it is over at last, and her partner releases her from his embrace. Every nerve in her body relaxes from the strain, and she feels almost unable to walk. Leaning wearily on his arm, the raptures dying out of her face, with flushed cheeks, unnerved, limp and worn out, she is led to a seat, there to recover as best she can, in the space of a few minutes, when she must again yield herself up to a new embrace.

She may not take as much interest in the next dance; her vitality could not stand it. She does not dance as well this time, merely allowing her partner to go thru it without any effort on her part, only to be as pliable as her strength will permit.

(This is a true description. You have heard it narrated before, and have seen the effect, you who indulge in this form of amusement.)

Did you notice a faint smile on the lips of this young lady's companion, as he turned and left her after the first dance just recorded? That was a smile of triumph. He is thinking to himself that he still has another dance with her before the night is over, and he laughs and rubs his hands as he goes over to a crowd of cronies, who cause him to smile audibly as they call him a "lucky dog," or some other bit of repartee, as they look across at our faded beauty, and he joins in laughter at some low, coarse remark made by one of them. I wonder if she can keep her secret any better than they? Evidently she tries hard.

Now, friend, tell me, did you notice that this is the young lady who came in with her father early in the evening—this one we have been watching so closely? You say it is not the same one? Well, allow me to tell you that it is; the same pure, lovely girl you so much admired; the one you thought so desirable for a wife; the “angel” who was to haunt you in your dreams. “What; that harlot”? Hold on—not so loud; a gem is not a gem here, so-called. Let me say again that this beautiful girl, whose semi-nakedness was so apparent a few minutes ago, is the same chaste girl whose modesty concealed her nudity so well earlier in the evening. You did not look at her then as you do now. You then classed her as a diamond, but coming in close contact with a dozen or more different men lowers her to nothing but glass in your eyes. Do not be too harsh with her, my friend. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. You may hear more of her history before another day passes, and I hope you may be brought to feel, as I have felt, that these girls are not all to blame.

Let us look at the other side of the story. If she has lost the graces that made her seem so desirable in your eyes, what about the *libertine* who first danced with her—our Apollo, standing over there, that handsome gentleman (?) with the highly-polished finger nails, courtly manners, and curly hair—the coward who pastured on her and then boasted of it; the one who first saluted her when she came in? *He knew*—altho she may have been innocent of what it would mean to her later—that the little promise which she gave him so gracefully and shyly, and which he recorded so eagerly, was a deliberate surrender of her body to him for his use and enjoyment. It is nothing else. Her father must indeed have been playing cards and drinking wine when he consigned her to the care (?) of these heartless brutes called “society gentlemen.” If by some miracle she could go home now she certainly would be safe for this time at least. Her

father's drinking the wine may have been a purposed plan; whether or not it was so intended it had the same effect, and even if he had been in his sober senses he has his daughter's pleasure at heart. The girl wants to enjoy herself, and, as he is not a dancer, he does not want to stay any longer; it is very tiresome, and she will be perfectly safe, anyway. Poor old fool! How little he knows of the lustfulness of the modern dance. "He never danced, you know," so her father consigns her to the care of this Apollo, who has promised to bring her home all right. He has the reputation of being a perfect gentleman, is wealthy, and no thought of anything dishonorable ever enters the old man's head.

If parents *will* allow their daughters to dance I would advise them to take a seat in some obscure corner and watch them. They will have plenty of food for reflection. However, we are wasting time here; advice given free is wasted. The higher the price charged, the more attention is paid to the warning.

The dance seems to grow more exuberant.

"Reputable gentlemen" prepare as croppers to rake in lost souls—"all stakes are ours that come within our reach."

Now in loose waltz the thin clad daughters leap;
 Now around the circling dancers sweep;
 The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
 The last display the free, unfettered limb.

The Satanic exhibition will soon be ended. One more picture before we go. What right has that face over there to intrude on this scene of gaiety? That dark, scowling face, filled with hatred, jealousy, and stifled rage? See how its owner moves restlessly about, continually changing his position, but ever keeping his eyes on a beautiful, voluptuous woman, who is surrendering her soul to the lascivious pleasing of opportunity, and is reeling, gliding and giving full sway to her passions in the

embrace of her partner. That miserable, self-despised wretch is the young, indulgent husband whom we noticed among the early arrivals. It is natural that he should take some interest in the lady. She is the gorgeously dressed, attractive young wife of whom he was so proud. No wonder there is such a hang-dog expression on his face as his friends clap him on the back and applaud the lady's performance, and ask him how he enjoyed the evening. The *climax* is reached when the lustful Apollo restores the partner of his joys to her lawful husband with the remark that "your wife is a *perfect waltzer*." The poor fool must now screw up a sickly smile and say, "Thank you," feeling in his heart that he could strangle the man before him who had made him so wretched.

Will these husbands ever learn to appreciate the utter vileness of the situation? Will they always be persuaded the next morning that they must have been excited by wine; that their jealousy is totally unreasonable; or will they, as many others have done, pop out some day into full-fledged dancers themselves, and compromise matters by *making the degradation mutual*? While we are pondering these things the musicians get ready to depart, there is a rush for cloaks and hoods, and rather more adjusting of some upon feminine forms by bold masculine hands than is perhaps necessary for their proper arrangement.

Let us now shift the scene to the last act of the detestable drama. The gentlemen will escort the ladies to their homes. Our Apollo has not yet relinquished his hot pursuit of his victim—the beautiful girl with whom he danced early in the evening, and verily on this occasion his reward is sure. He has had his last dance of the evening with her, and has done his utmost to arouse her passions to the fullest extent. Forward, now, to the waiting auto. How pleasant to the limbs are the luxurious cushions. In his comrade even mental sense is stupe-

fied; her carnal nature has full control. Apollo gives orders to drive slow, and—you know the rest. It is the old, old story, the opportunity is golden. Come, my friend, let's away; there is no more to see, only a ruined girl to be delivered to her indulgent parent at the end of the journey.

Oh, yes! the ball room is very attractive, and dancing is *so enjoyable*. But, says the worthy reader, who has honored me by perusing the preceding chapters, what manner of disgusting revelry is this that you have shown us? Have we been present at a "bawdy-house"? No, my friend; you have simply been present at a "social hop" at the home of Hon. _____, who is a most estimable and solid citizen, a member of the church (his family attends regularly), a promoter of charity, *and a member of the Society for the suppression of Vice*. His residence is one of the finest on _____ Avenue, and the dance witnessed there this evening, which you have pronounced so outrageous, is simply the divine waltz and one step, the queen of dances, and the dances you hear many church members say they see no harm in.

CHAPTER VI.

WINE AT THE DANCE.

The following story is a true one, and will illustrate to you how wine is used in connection with the ball room to accomplish the Devil's work. It is a Saturday night in the month of December. The girls who toil daily in the stores and shops on Spring street are hastening to their home after the long week of toil. As they pass along, we notice among them the tall, graceful figure of a young woman who seems to be the favorite of the group of girls about her. She is a handsome blonde of nineteen years, with a face as sweet and loving as an angel. She was born

in a country town in New England, of respectable parents. Her mother died when she was but a little girl, leaving her to the care of a devoted father, who, with loving interest, reared and educated her. After the completion of her education she entered the printing office to serve an apprenticeship, but the close confinement, following, as it did, in close proximity to the confinement of the school room, soon undermined her health and a change of climate was prescribed. The father felt that he could not part from her, even for a few months, but as it seemed to be for her good, he reluctantly consented to her going to Los Angeles, the "City of Angels," for a year. It was a sad day for both when that father and his only daughter parted. Little could he know of the fate that was in store for his pure and lovely child in the far West. Little did he think when she kissed him an affectionate farewell, and told him she would return in just one year, that he would never see her smiling face again. Nor did she dream that she was journeying to her doom; that far beyond the mountains she should be laid to rest 'neath the sod of mother earth. But to return to the scene on Spring Street. As the little group passes up the street, her very beautiful face does not escape the notice of the crowd of idlers gathered on the corners gazing at the passers-by. Among these idlers is one of the city's most popular young society men and ball room devotees, and we hear him mutter to himself as he stares at her pretty face, "Ah, my beauty, I shall locate your dwelling place later on; you are too fine a bird to be lost sight of." He follows her to her lodgings, and day by day studies her habits. He discovers that she goes nowhere except to daily toil and to church. He visits the church, and finding no opportunity to approach her there, is about to give up the chase, when he finds out that the denomination does not condemn dancing. "Ah, now," he says, "I have you!" He goes to the most fashionable dancing school, where he is well known, ex-

plains his difficulties to the dancing master, who is ever ready to take part in such dirty work, for it is from the pay for such work that he derives much of the profits of his school. He sends her a highly-colored, gilt-edged card, containing a pressing invitation to attend his select dancing school. She does not respond, so he finally sends his wife to press the invitation. The girl, not dreaming of the net that is being woven about her, promises that if her *pastor does not disapprove* she will attend. Her *pastor does not disapprove. He tells her he sees no harm in dancing.* Why does he not see harm in dancing? Has he ever been where he could see? She takes it for granted that he knows, and, acting on his advice, attends the school. She is met at the door by the dancing master, who is very polite, and so kindly attentive. The society man who is plotting her ruin is the first person presented to her. He is a graceful dancer and makes the evening pass pleasantly for her by his kind attentions, praises her grace in dancing, and when the school is dismissed he escorts her home, which courtesy she accepts, because the dancing master vouches for him, and she thinks that is sufficient. He continues his attentions, and finally invites her to attend, with him, a grand full-dress ball, to be given at one of the principal hotels. She has never attended a grand ball in her life, and looks forward to this with great pleasure. The evening at last arrives. Her escort calls for her in a taxi cab. She looks more beautiful than ever in her pretty, modest evening dress. "Ah, my Greek goddess, I shall have the belle of the ball for my victim tonight," he says to himself. As they enter the ball room she is quite charmed and dazzled by its splendor and the gaiety of the scene, which is so novel to her. During the first part of the evening her companion finds her more reserved than to his taste, but he says to himself, "Only wait, my fair one, until supper time, and the wine will do the work desired." Twelve o'clock at last comes, and with it the summons to the supper room.

Here the well-spread table, the brilliant lights, the flowers, the music, and gay conversation, are all sources of the greatest pleasure to the girl, who is unaccustomed to such things, but there is one thing that does not please her. It is the fact that wine is flowing freely, and that all are partaking of it. She feels that she can never consent to drink. It is something she has never done in her life. Yet she dares not refuse, for all the others are drinking, and she knows that to refuse would bring upon herself the ridicule of all the party. She hears her companion order a bottle of wine opened. He pours and offers it, saying, "Just a social glass; it will refresh you." She looks at him as if to protest, but he returns the gaze and hands her the fatal glass, and she has not the moral courage to say "No." As they raise their glasses to their lips he murmurs softly, "Here's hoping that we may be perfectly happy in each other's love, and that the cup of bliss now raised to our lips may never spill." One glass and then another, and the brain, unaccustomed to wine, is whirling and giddy. The vile wretch sees that his game is won. He whispers in her ear many soft and foolish lies; tells her that he loves her, and that if she can return that love he is hers alone, so long as life shall last.

The wine has done its work.

When she awakens next morning, it is in a strange room. She tries to rise, but finds herself too weak and dizzy, and falls back heavily upon her pillow. To be sure, he who has brought all this upon her has promised to right the wrong by marriage, which he knows is a lie at the time he utters it, but such trifles as this he thinks nothing of; it is too common an occurrence about the ball room. Days grow into months, and now added sorrow fills her cup of grief to overflowing. She is to become a mother, and the girl cries out in bitter anguish, "My God; what shall I do; must I commit murder! Oh, that I had never entered a ball room." All her old

companions shun her; every one shuns her; even he who led her to her ruin shuns her; she goes to him hoping he will have compassion upon her; but he meets her with a sneer, calls her a fool, and tells her to commit a yet greater crime than the first, which, in her despair, she does, and "seals the band of death." The girl soon became very ill and sank rapidly. Having heard of my conversion and that I intended exposing the evils which germinate in the ball room, she sent a messenger, requesting me to call. On entering the house I was led to a couch where lay the beautiful young woman, whose pale face showed all too plainly an amount of sorrow and suffering unwarranted by her years. She extended her hand, saying, "I am so glad you come to see me, so glad to know that you are to expose the ball room; do not delay your good work. I have prayed God to spare my life that I might go and warn young girls against what has made such a wreck of my once pure and happy life, for when I entered dancing school I was innocent as a child and free from sin and sorrow, but under the influence of the ball room and its associations, I lost my purity, my innocence, my all." She soon passed away to where not men, but God, judges all.

The "devil" who ruined her, however, instead of being hung for murder, as he surely deserves, is today a leader in society. His name often appears in the daily papers as the leader of some select, fashionable dancing party.

CHAPTER VII.

DANCING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

One of the most dangerous phases of the dance craze is the subtle way in which it has crept into the public schools, and is now making the education of our children one of the most puzzling problems that the mothers,

more especially the Christian mothers, have to face. Little children are now exposed to its blighting influences before they have had a chance to enjoy the pure, innocent pleasures of childhood.

Children brought up in Christian homes, and even in homes that are not religious in any sense of the word, where they have been taught that dancing is a form of amusement that is not conducive to real enjoyment of life, have either got to go with the crowd since the dance has become a recognized factor in the public schools, and take part with other children in all the entertainments—pageants, plays and other features that inevitably come with the dance—or be sneered and jeered at, called “mollycoddles,” and taunted about being “tied to their mother’s apron strings” until life is a burden. Some children fret and chafe under it until they either run away from home, or, unknown to their parents, begin to take part in these things, and then lie to their parents in order to keep them from finding it out. In many instances, when it is found out, the children have become so used to lying that even if forgiven for their deception in this case they will go on thru life with their character forever undermined as a result of this high(?) form of amusement entering into their lives.

Take the children of the poorer classes, ones who have not had a chance to indulge in these up-to-date amusements—who have never been taught to dance, who have never gone to theatres, picture shows, etc. It takes so little to amuse them, and yet, they have so much more pleasure in even the mere joy of living than the petted, pampered darlings of society. You say you are so glad your children are not like these ignorant ragamuffins. You are going to see that your children have all the advantages that money can buy for them, or education can bring to them. I am glad of that. I do not wish to be understood, in any way, as underestimating the

value of a good education. It is one of the grandest things on earth, if properly directed. Did it ever occur to you, however, that the great men and women of the world, the ones who really made a name for themselves, very rarely came from a family of wealth and influence? It has almost invariably been from the ranks of the toilers, the ones who have had to struggle for a bare living until, by sheer force of character and will, backed up in a great many instances by the prayers of a Christian mother or grandmother, they have broken forth, like the butterfly, from the chrysalis of circumstances which had been binding them and unconsciously holding them in shape until the proper time came, and became powers in this world, wielding an influence for time and eternity?

Mothers, Christian mothers especially, who want their children brought up right, are strong in their disapproval of this "Devil's art" being brought into the lives of the children to poison their young minds and interfere with their studies. Introducing the dance into the public schools detracts from their powers of concentration, and instead of keeping their minds on their studies as they should they are thinking of the fun they will have at the next dance. You can not mix study and dancing. It simply will not work.

It is true that children imitate the vices or the virtues of older people, especially those who have gained their affection, and it is a self-evident fact that children who are initiated into the mysteries of life too early (either thru ignorance or thru children who are, and have been from birth, mental degenerates) lose their interest in the ordinary joys of childhood and, like their older brothers and sisters, are constantly seeking a new outlet for their energies, which have been too quickly developed—forced in the hot-bed of indiscreet ambition.

I want to send out a word of warning to parents, who, with the best of intentions, are only preparing

their own children to take the place of the wrecks of humanity who in a few years will be gone, and whose places must be filled by the children of today; parents who are helping to build the superstructures of society on foundations which will sooner or later give way from beneath and drop them thru the shifting sands of time into eternal ruin and oblivion.

Some people are making a desperate struggle to get the Bible entirely out of the public schools, but they do not realize that the Bible is the only bulwark of safety on which this nation has to depend; it is what our forefathers have fought for, and the martyrs of all the ages have given their lives for, and when that is taken from the schools and the dance substituted, then we may expect just what has always befallen the nations who have put God out of their national life—go down in the same maelstrom of ignominy and vice into which these other nations have dropped.

Rome fell because of the degradation of her women, and if the number of fallen girls and women increase as they have been increasing these last few years, it will only be a question of a short time until the just wrath of an angry God will fall on the United States, and when it does fall on a nation as boastful and proud of its enlightenment, culture and so-called civilization as this one is, it will be all the more bitter, and its punishment and disgrace the more lasting. Even Bethsaida and Capernaum, with the heavy curse placed on them by our Lord, will not receive as severe condemnation as this land will with its added knowledge of the Scriptures, and power with the other nations of the world, for we have the true light of a God-given Gospel shining on us in its purity as it has ever been revealed in its fulness before, and other nations are looking to us for an example of the Christ-like life. God help us to realize our privileges, and the tremendous responsi-

bility resting upon us not only for time but for all eternity.

Yea, the cry—the bitter, despairing cry—of many mothers of today is “What shall I do with my children? I must give them an education, and yet I just can’t sanction their taking part in the dances in the public schools.” No true mother wants to deprive her children of an education when there is the slightest chance of their securing one, but what to do under existing circumstances is truly a most vexing question at the present time. Christian people, will you stand idly by and see this curse forced on the fairest and sweetest of our younger generation, gathering your skirts more closely about you to avoid contamination from those already in the vortex of vice and shame, or will you rise in the power and strength of your American manhood and womanhood and help to remove this stain from our fair land, and make it truly a land of sunshine and happiness? If it were only a question of those who deliberately and of their own free choice enter a life of shame this book would never have been written, but for the sake of the sweet, pure, innocent daughters of the land, such as my dear sister was, who are lured and trapped into sin and then sold into destruction like so many birds caught in the net of the fowler, I make this appeal to the noblehearted men and women of *Christian America*.

Let me say a word right here to parents, you who are wondering why your children are not making greater progress in their studies, and getting the high marks in their daily reports, you think they ought to in the public schools. This is often blamed on the teachers. A number of our school teachers recently—some of them, at least, unjustly—were put out of their positions, the Boards claiming they were inefficient. Perhaps some of them were not as highly efficient as they should be, but let us go a little further back than

the teachers, and see if we cannot discover some other, greater cause for lack of development on the part of the children.

There are a number of other primary causes which often interfere very materially with the teacher's work. The child may not be exceptionally bright (which, however, is no reflection on the child, for often a child backward in his studies, from various causes, outstrips the other children when he grows older), and may have had no help or encouragement at home. Some of the best scholars of the day are those who were trained and helped at home by a godly father or mother. Another reason is that often ambitious parents, instead of watching the natural trend of the child's mind and trying to discover what he is best fitted for by disposition, tries to force the child into some line of work against his will. To these parents I would give this word of advice; as far as possible let the child choose for himself. It will save a lot of trouble on both sides, and I have always been of the firm belief that it is better to be a good mechanic than a poor scholar; or a good lawyer, rather than a poor preacher, and vice versa.

However, one of the main causes of failure on the part of the children to secure high grades in their studies may be traced to an entirely different source. Christian teaching at the home fireside is today being cast aside and the children inoculated with the germs of impure thought, disobedience, and inattention to their studies, by the introduction of the dance into the public schools. Their thoughts are distracted and their studies retarded by the inauguration of this pernicious form of amusement as part of the curriculum of the school.

The so-called folk dance is the first rudiment of the waltz, and the notorious underworld round dance called the "one-step," and bears the same relation to the latter that whiskey-and-milk bears to whiskey when given to a baby. The appetite is acquired, and as the child grows

older it takes the whiskey straight. The one-step also originated in the slums of Paris, was introduced later in the slum dance halls of New York City, then the Barbary Coast and Red Light Districts of San Francisco, and at present is one of the most attractive and alluring forms of this popular diversion in society today.

If parents will only be honest with themselves and God they will at least be willing to be shown the truth of my statement, that now-a-days their children's backwardness is not always due to the inefficiency of the teachers. They were, and are, at a disadvantage in their school work. No matter how hard teachers may strive to train aright the young minds entrusted to their care, and to instill in their hearts a love of and desire for knowledge, the School Boards, by permitting this Devil's Terpsichorean art to enter the school rooms, are blocking the very purpose for which the teachers are employed. No spring can send forth pure water and impure water at the same time. If the source is impure the water will be impure. If the minds of the children are poisoned by the dance germs, instead of getting their lessons for the following day, as they should, they will be thinking of the next dance and the fun they will have with their partners, and outside of school hours will be talking about it and practicing the different steps instead of enjoying the ordinary sports of childhood. It is no wonder they fail in their studies. Even older children make an utter failure of their studies when they attempt to mix study and dancing, and if this "innocent amusement" is allowed to remain in the public schools the *brains* of the future generation will be *centered in their feet*, instead of their heads.

A short time ago I visited some of your school grounds, and found that during recess a number of the scholars, instead of spending their time playing ball, or in other healthful recreations, were locked in each other's arms, going thru the motions of the one-step,

sowing seeds of passion in their young hearts that they heretofore knew nothing of, and which will as surely bear fruit in the years to come as the seed sown in the earth. The School Boards will have a great deal to answer for in the coming years, for they are responsible, to a large extent, at least, for this condition of things. The coming generation will be abnormally developed physically before they have had a chance to learn what life means, drained of their vitality, and, in a number of cases, become nervous wrecks, before they have attained their majority. I have seen many of our public school children, and young working girls, go without food, spending their money and time in some penny dance hall—which later leads to the booze-selling cafes, and which, together with the ball rooms, certainly are “training-ships” of prostitution, starting many of both sexes on the downward road.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DANCE AND WHITE SLAVERS AMONG OUR YOUNG SCHOOL GIRLS.

In the following chapters I will show that the dance is the most potent factor used by these slavers in securing their victims.

I propose to shoot as straight as I can possibly shoot. I shall let my arrow fly from a tense bow and taut string, and continue to show that this commercial vice, this wholesale debauchery of our young girls, this unspeakable plague, this traffic bringing ruination of body and soul to these pure, unsuspecting girls, is one of the red-ripe fruits of our *ball room and private dance clubs*, and I wish to again emphasize the fact that the strength of the so-called “White Slave Traffic” among them is the “dance.”

My experience as a "Dancing Master" during these past years has enabled me to understand, as other "dancing masters" understand, the workings of the system used by "white slavers" and the channels thru which they secure thousands of innocent girls every year. Reader, I intend to drive the arrow of truth so straight that it will arouse some of those who rent their halls for this purpose, who send their children down the "primrose path," and who have advocated opening the public school rooms in some of our cities to this dangerous pastime. On Sunday you will find some of these very people sitting in unfeigned peace in many of our churches. They can even partake of the sacrament of Christ without a single qualm of conscience.

I must continue to speak plain on this subject, and with God's help I shall do so, in order to make these matters plain to my readers, for my peace of mind and ease of conscience is at stake, and I will be held responsible for souls lost—by my remaining silent—who might have been saved, especially since I have seen so many young people hurled to death and perdition thru this agency.

The dance is the opportunity, and frequently the only opportunity, for men of shady reputation and loose life to gain access to the society of innocent young working girls, who, thru lack of experience, are ignorant of the iniquities of life and the snares that are set for them at every turn of the road before them. Just one step out of the beaten path of virtue and honor and they may be gone forever.

I can say, from positive knowledge, that the dance is responsible for more lamentable perfidy and human wreckage among this class of girls than any other so-called social feature tolerated by law, and if the public wishes to make "*Clearing Houses*" for the debauchery of their children by permitting the use of the "*Public School Rooms*" for the "*Dance*," I shall prove to them

that they are opening a new channel, which is the primary step, by swift stages, to prostitution of both sexes, and a new and glossier field for the "pander" to operate in. If such a diabolical amusement is permitted (and there is no real, substantial argument in its favor in this instance) it should exist under the strictest official supervision—which, however, even at its best, can only partially control the situation. It appeals so strongly to the lower nature of human beings, and is the cause of the downfall of many children; the stepping-stones leading to the disreputable cafes, midnight joy-rides, wasteful attractions and soul-destroying revelry.

I know of ministers who favor this devil's amusement where there are certain restrictions. May God open the eyes of such ministers; send the fire of conviction into their hearts; put His Word into their mouths; lay on them their lawful responsibility for lost souls, and send them forth to preach the *Gospel of Salvation*, rather than influence men and women for eternal damnation.

To prove to these dance-advocating ministers, Public School Boards, and deluded parents the danger their own children are in—for *their* children are no more immune from contamination and from temptation to do wrong than the children of other people—I would advise them to visit the resorts some Sunday afternoon or evening, such as Venice, California, and other places over the country, and see for themselves the children of tender age, who have received their dancing lessons at home, in some dancing academy, or in some *school building*, spending the Sabbath afternoon and evening in these public dance halls, which are slowly but surely sending their souls to Hell.

A few Sundays ago, at one of these resorts, I counted *eighty-eight* children under the age of *fifteen years* on the dance floor, mingling with the *scum* of the earth. I noticed five of these young girls in the arms of *well-*

known "panders" swaying back and forth on the floor, and every art known to these fiends was being used to arouse the lower passions of those young girls while they had them in their arms in the dance. They were being led to ruin as lambs to the slaughter. I also noticed that a number of young boys were under the influence of intoxicating drinks, and were smoking cigarettes.

I charge that the parents themselves are directly responsible for this scene, by allowing their children to be educated in this line. It may be that some of the parents did not know where their children were; they may have been there unknown to their parents. If they were there without their parents' consent there must be something wrong in the training of the children, and if the parents were ignorant of the whereabouts of their children, it is their own fault, not the fault of the children. If the children were educated in the art of dancing by the parents so much more responsibility rests on the parents. The dance, to these young people, is like giving the tame lion his first taste of human blood; it sets his blood and brain on fire, and he must have more at any cost. As stated before, these young school children likewise, having discovered a new and heretofore unknown sensation creeping over them while in the arms of the opposite sex during the alluring dance—in their innocence it seems like nectar to their souls—they must have more than the restricted *home dance* affords, and they go where it can be had, even to the destruction of their souls and bodies.

It is an alarming and startling fact, but a *fact*, nevertheless, that some of our public schools of today are in a badly demoralized condition and is as much to be feared as the pest house. In one public school, alone, where dancing has been introduced, in one of our beach towns, it was found that a large number of young girls had given birth to babies in one year. After this awful

state of things had been exposed, the churches of the town took a stand against dancing and had it suppressed. *Many other instances of like nature* could be given, but this will suffice to show what a demoralizing effect the dance has on our school children.

Not only does the dance undermine the moral character of the children, but its effects are heightened by the refreshments which invariably are served in connection with the dance, and which often endanger their lives, as well. Very recently there were four young souls sent into eternity, and a number badly injured, by the overturning of an automobile while returning from a private dance in the fashionable Southwest district, where punch was served. This is only one of scores of such happenings, almost every day, in this city.

I was giving dancing lessons in an aristocratic family, and a man of God called to warn them of the danger there was in the dance. He was quickly expelled from the house, and was told not to call on such a mission again. Some weeks later one of the daughters caught a severe cold at a ball I had given. She faded very rapidly, and just before she died they sent for the minister; they were glad to hear the word of God then, but it was too late. To what cause could her death be traced? The *dance*. Had her parents listened to the minister their child would not have died a victim of the ball room. I believe God will hold the parents responsible for their child's downfall. They let the agent of the devil come into their home to hug and fondle their wife and daughter, but would not permit the man of God to enter the door. People look down on the Jews who, in their ignorance—for they did not have the Gospel of Christ as we have it today, in its clearness and purity—called out "Away with this man; and give us Barabbas," who was a thief and a robber. Were they any worse, or even as responsible as the people of today,

who by their actions are crying out, "Away with the Lamb of God! Crucify Him! Crucify Him! We want pleasure, and will have it, even if it costs us our sons and daughters."

"The Barbary Coast" at San Francisco was one of the commercial products of the dancing academies and ball rooms. You say "No!" Well, tell me; where did those thousands of unfortunate girls learn to dance? Very likely at home, or perhaps at the dance in some church parlor. Now they are *learning* in the *public school*. I say "Yes," the Barbary Coast was replenished yearly with thousands of young girl graduates from the dancing academies, ball rooms, and private dance clubs, and such places as the Barbary Coast will be replenished in the future, if the present state of things are allowed to exist, from the *public school rooms*, by the panderers and procurers, who hover around such places. In many cases they are the instructors of dancing in the schools.

Their main object there is to lure your child off into sin and destruction. These "fiends" are constantly hatching up some new plot and trying some new methods to secure fresh victims for these "dives," for a girl, after entering the night life in one of these bawdy dance halls, breaks very rapidly and inside of one year she is a physical wreck. She then is cast out into the gutter to make room for the new fresh crop of young, healthy, rosy-cheeked unsuspecting girls, to be destroyed as I have already described.

A girl must be able to dance well, before she is taken into those dance houses by her owner and her body sold to whoever would buy. *Eighty percent* of the thousands of the denizens of the underworld have been members of some church where dancing was permitted. O! if you, dear reader, could have seen as I saw, that army of unfortunate girls, five thousand strong, turned into the streets out of those saloon dance halls on the night

of the closing of that notorious Barbary Coast; thousands with diseased, dissipated bodies; blasted and helpless souls, heading for perdition. To me it was a most pitiful sight. As I closed my eyes to this terrible, heart-rending scene, I seemed to see thousands of lonely heart-broken mothers sitting by their firesides at home in the old rocking chair, lifting up their voices in prayer calling for their wandering and lost girls to come home. In some cases, no doubt, the old home was open to the fallen girls, but they knew it not, and if they did know of it, they felt that owing to their physical condition they could not return to the roof of shelter and their mothers. In many cases there were no haven of rest; no home; no dear mother for these poor girls to return to, no one to look to for an uplifting, helping hand. No one wanted them. The only place left open to these poor girls was that which led to the very path of degradation on the lowest level. And only a few months before, these very girls were light-hearted, happy, innocent school girls.

I challenge you preachers and Sunday school superintendents, who haven't enough moral courage to display the danger signal and take a firm stand against the dance evil (especially those of your number who, themselves, engage in this form of lustful pleasure), thus making you a desirable asset and direct ally of these vampires who keep the brothels replenished *from your churches*, to sow seeds of corruption, or allow them to be sown in your midst, and not reap just what you have sown—rich, worldly fruit, which will, in time, be plucked by the virtue-destroying monster, *Prostitution*.

Parents, will you not take warning, and avoid the awful responsibility that will rest upon you if you subject your daughter to temptation which may cause the loss of purity, disgrace, and even loss of life itself—perhaps a suicide's grave? Save your child and yourselves a broken heart.

CHAPTER IX.

TESTIMONIAL FROM A WOMAN OF HIGH CHARACTER.

I will here quote a few lines from an eminent author, who published a protest against the dance. He addressed one of the most renowned women of America on the subject, and this is her reply:

“You ask me to say what I think and know about round dances. I am glad of the opportunity to lay my opinion on that subject before the world, tho, indeed, I scarcely know what to write which you have not probably already written. I will, however, venture to lay bare a young girl’s heart and mind by giving you my experience in the days when I waltzed. I cared little for square dances and wondered what people could find to admire in those slow dances. But in the soft floating of the waltz I found a strange pleasure, rather difficult to intelligibly describe; the mere anticipation fluttered my pulse. And when my partner approached to claim my promised hand for the dance, I felt my cheeks a little flushed, and I could not look him in the eyes with the same frank gaiety as before. But the climax of my confusion was reached when, folded in his warm embrace, and giddy with the whirl, a strange, sweet thrill would shake me from head to foot, leaving me weak and almost powerless, and really almost obliged to depend for support upon the arm which encircled me. If my partner failed, from lack of skill or innocence to arouse these, to me most pleasurable sensations, I did not dance with him the second time. I am speaking openly and frankly, and when I say that I did not understand what I felt, or what this so-called dancing really was I expect to be believed. But if my cheeks grew red with uncomprehended pleasure then, they grow pale with shame today, when I think of it all. It was

the physical emotions engaged by the magnetic contact of strong men that I was enamored of. Thus I became abnormally developed in my lower nature. I grew bolder and from being able to return shy glances first, was soon able to meet more daring ones, until the waltz became to me and whomsoever danced with me one lingering, sweet, and purely sensual pleasure, where heart beat against heart, hands were held in hands, and eyes looked burning words that the lips dared not speak. All this while no one said to me, 'You do wrong,' so I dreamed of sweet words whispered during the dance, and often felt while alone a thrill of joy indescribable, yet overpowering, when my mind would turn from my studies to remember a piece of temerity, of unusual audacity on the part of one or another of my cavaliers. 'Girls talk to each other.' I was still a school girl, altho I mixed so much with the world. We talked together; we read romances that fed our romantic passions on seasoned food, and none but ourselves knew the subject we discussed. Had our parents heard us they would have considered us on the high road to ruin, yet we had been taught that it was right to dance. Our parents encouraged it; our friends did it. I will say, also, that all the girls with whom I associated, with the exception of one, had much the same experience in dancing; felt the same strangely sweet emotions, and felt that almost imperative necessity for a closer communication than that which even the freedom of a waltz permits, without knowing exactly why, or even comprehending what. Married now, with home and children around me, I can at least thank God for the experience, which will assuredly be the means of preventing my little daughter from indulging in any such dangerous pleasure; but if a young girl, pure-minded and innocent in the beginning, can be brought to feel what I have confessed to have felt, what must be the experience of a married woman? She knows what every gleam of the eye, every bend of the head, every

close clasp means; and knowing that, reciprocates it, and is led by swift steps and a sure path down the dangerous, dishonorable road. I doubt if my experience will be of much service, but it is the candid truth from a woman who, in the cause of all young girls who may be contaminated, desires to show just to what extent a young mind may be defiled by the injurious effects of round dances. I have not hesitated to lay bare what are a young girl's most secret thoughts, in the hope that people will stop and consider, at least, before handing their lilies of purity over to the arms of any one who may choose to blow the frosty breath of dishonor on their petals."

This is the experience of a woman of unusual strength of character, one whose intellect has gained her a world-wide celebrity and earned for her the respect and attention of multitudes wherever the English language is spoken. What hope is there, then, for ordinary women to escape from the mental and physical contamination? None whatever. Turn, if nothing else, your head.

CHAPTER X.

CHARGE THAT MODERN DANCES ARE DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DOWNFALL OF OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS HOTLY DENIED BY DANCING TEACHERS.

Recently quite a sensation was created in dancing circles by a statement made by Dr. Frank C. Richardson, of Boston, to the effect that the modern dance is the acknowledged avenue to the moral downfall of a host of the wives, sons and daughters of our land; that it is a war on physical health, man's moral nature, and the broad avenue thru which thousands press into the brothels. He said, in part, "The dance hall is the

nursery of the divorce courts, the training-ship of prostitution, and the graduation school of infamy. The various steps and poses of the dances are contributed with 'devilish ingenuity' to excite the instincts of sex."

Dr. Richardson re-affirmed his statement later, saying that the modern dance constitutes a modern ulcer menacing morality, and is a potent factor in the production of crime. He also assailed the feminist movement encouraging women to imitate the vices as well as the manners of men, and made the following criticism regarding women's dress:

"There seems to exist a rivalry in the ball rooms as to how far the feminine form can be publicly displayed without infringing the law against indecent exposure."

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, Harvard's noted psychologist, added to the furor by siding with Dr. Richardson. Prof. Munsterberg said: "The modern dance is erotic and sex-enticing. The love of excitement expresses itself in the dance and the dance heightens the love of excitement."

The dancing teachers of Boston were highly incensed by the foregoing statements (and, naturally, all the dancing teachers over the world will also feel hurt and indignant), claiming that the charges are absurd, outrageous and inexcusably insulting to the dancing teachers of Boston and of the country. However, that does not alter the facts in the case, which can be proven beyond the possibility of disputation, not only from statistics gathered from various sources but from the testimony of ex-dancing masters and others, who, like myself, have been engaged in the business and have come to a realization of the frightful extent of harm wrought by their dancing schools and dance halls, and the souls sent to eternal perdition thru the "White Slave Traffic," which, in a large majority of cases, is the direct or indirect outcome of the dance. If the lives of some of those dancing masters who apparently seemed so in-

censed at Dr. Richardson, for the statements he made regarding the dance halls were investigated you would find out that they are nothing but "panderers," destroyers of your homes, and procuring agents for the licentious libertines.

Arguments galore are constantly being brought up by those finding pleasure in this form of amusement to refute the testimony of these brainy men of note, and others of like caliber, who use their eyes and ears to advantage and are not caught napping on the real issues of life when asked for their opinion. These arguments, when traced to the proper source, will usually be found based either on the desire of the ones arguing the matter to indulge in this so-called "innocent" amusement, or on dense ignorance.

Some people delight in quoting the Bible as authority for dancing, but I *dare them* to find, between the lids of the Bible, one iota of evidence that the dances mentioned in the Scriptures, outside of the idolatrous dances of the heathen, which were forbidden to the Israelites, were of the kind in vogue at the present time. Many of the dances of today are similar to the idolatrous dances above referred to, and come, in some instances, from the same heathen tribes.

As a number of able writers and speakers on the subject have so aptly and truthfully put it, "Take the *sex* out of dancing, and see how many would care to indulge in it." Make it a law, never to be repealed, that the men must dance by themselves and the women dance by themselves—no intermingling of the sexes—and this *graceful, health-improving? "exercise"* will die a natural death. Out and out sinners, whether merely moral or genuine libertines, will acknowledge that it is the intermingling of the sexes that gives life to the dance—not the exercise to be enjoyed in it, and it always has been a puzzle to me why so many church members take such

pains to defend it. A really innocent pleasure *needs no defense*.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW OF THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE, WHICH BEAR OUT DR. RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT THAT THE DANCE IS A POTENT FACTOR IN THE PRO- DUCTION OF CRIME.

The general public knows absolutely nothing of the nefarious devices used by these workers of iniquity in order to secure money to enable them to impersonate high-toned gentlemen of leisure, and to hire the basest kind of rogues to do the dirtier, lower things connected with the business which they themselves would not condescend to do. I shall endeavor to portray some of their dishonest schemes, not because I am proud of having been, in any way, connected with a business having so many nauseous, degraded practices associated with it, but because the public ought to know what is going on in these so-called *places of amusement* in order to determine what should be done, and then take the proper steps to stamp out these evils.

I am determined to open the eyes of intelligent, thinking people to the awful dangers to which our girls and women expose themselves and their loved ones by taking part in this apparently innocent pastime, and the avenues opened up thru it, leading to other evils never connected with it in the public mind.

One of the most astounding features in connection with this satanic traffic in human flesh, is the revenue received by many dancing masters thru an organized ring of thieves.

When a nicely dressed gentleman, with polished finger

nails, a winning smile and courtly manners, opens up a dancing school in your town, if you will keep your eyes open you will make some startling discoveries. Several burglaries almost invariably occur during the season. If these could be thoroly investigated and traced to their proper source by ones who are on to the dodges of these tricksters, the following surprising facts would be elicited:

While giving private lessons in some of the homes of the wealthy the dancing master will discover where the valuables are kept, and how to gain easy access to the house. He will then arrange to give a swell ball, or some other fine social function, and make it a point to have the people present whose homes are to be robbed that night. He has notified his confederates, and they are on hand. The work is done, and the thieves are usually far away from the scene of action when the deluded people return from the dance. The dancing master, of course, gets a commission for his share in the program.

Another avenue thru which the *society thug* takes advantage of unsuspecting people and robs their homes is as follows:

He goes to the Devil's Reception Rooms—the cafes—where dancing is permitted, and makes a confidante of the Manager. He is a well dressed, gentlemanly-looking fellow, and the Manager, willing to co-operate with him, goes to a party of ladies who are visiting the cafe for light refreshments and a social hop and tells them that there is a gentleman in the cafe who is a particular friend of his—a man of wealth—who is alone and would like the honor of meeting their *distinguished party* (as they appear to be to him). This gentleman is often represented to be a man of high literary attainments, having traveled extensively, and often introduced as a representative of some foreign country. Naturally, the ladies feel flattered by the honor (?) bestowed upon them,

and believing every word the smooth-tongued manager, who, of course, is a privileged character on account of his high position, tells them, they accept the introduction. The man dances with them, and flatters them by telling them how gracefully they dance, etc. He opens up a couple of bottles of champagne, tells them of his *foreign* (?) travels, and does all in his power to make the evening a very enjoyable one to them. They exchange cards, and the gentleman is invited to their homes. There he gets the lay of the land, locating the valuables, and getting all the information necessary for his purpose. He then makes arrangements with the ladies to join him in an evening of pleasure at one of the cafes. While there, his confederates, who have been posted as to the proper time to act, loot the house at their leisure, and when the ladies return, they find their homes broken into, with no trace of the thieves. They, of course, never suspect their companion, who receives his share of revenue from this source.

Quite often, in a case like the one just described, when the ladies wear their jewelry, this gentleman!! has his confederates hold the party up while he is with them. While playing the hero, *trying* to defend them, he is apparently knocked senseless. The fact of the matter is he has been *knocked down* with a *club stuffed with cotton*. He afterwards undertakes to recover their valuables for them, which in most cases are never found, and the unsuspecting women never get wise to the real thief in the case. This will account for a great many things that have often baffled all efforts to recover property or to secure a clue to the guilty parties.

There are many other methods used by which these tricksters dupe the public, but these will suffice to give a little insight into the present-day state of society, which is the direct result, when finally traced down to its original source, of the modern (or rather, ancient, heathenish) licentious amusement called the *dance*.

I am not telling these things because I enjoy telling them. On the contrary I would rather be silent forever on this subject, but I must do my duty. It would be much easier for me to keep silent, or to just write a little, flowery, namby-pamby article, which would die before it was a week old, but I shall not attempt to *play with the subject*. It is one that is of vast importance to the world just now, and should be dealt with, in all its phases, in a very vigorous manner. These are startling facts, but they are *genuine facts*, nevertheless, and these things are taking place every day and night in all of the large cities, especially, all over the land.

It is a veritable truth that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives." If these people who try to make themselves and others believes that the world is getting better will honestly investigate these things, with a sincere desire to *know the truth*, and willing to face conditions as they really exist, I do not believe they will be of the same opinion. As stated before, I shall do my best to enlighten them, for the sake of our precious young girls, and leave the results with God, who is my Judge.

CHAPTER XII.

TESTIMONIES OF EX-DANCING MASTERS.

While in San Francisco, California, I learned that Prof. Harry Stribes, the renowned champion dancer, also the author of many noted society dances, was on his wedding trip around the world. I called on him at the Palace Hotel, introduced myself, and presented him with one of my books, asking him to read it, and telling him that I would call on him the following day to get his opinion of it. I called the following day, and this was our conversation:

"You ask me what I think of your book? Well, a man in my position, who has written dances, taught dancing, followed the business most of my life, and made my fortune at it, ought not to say much against it. I can say, however, that you have the right name for the book, and its contents are true, every word of it."

I was somewhat surprised to receive such a hearty endorsement from such eminent authority. He said he intended to quit the business now, for he was married.

"Does your wife dance"?

"No, sir; she does not; nor will I permit her to do so long as she is my wife."

"Why not"?' "You danced with other men's wives and daughters."

"Oh, yes," he smilingly answered, "of course, but there is a mighty big difference between *hugging other men's wives to music* and taking your own wife and daughters to places where every fellow has the privilege of *dangling his legs among their petticoats*."

"Prof. Stribes, why do so many husbands allow their wives to be made such common property"?

"I will venture to say that out of every fifty husbands who have dancing wives, over half of them, if they would speak frankly on the subject, would express themselves in terms of most bitter condemnation."

"What kind of men are those who do not object to seeing their wives toyed with so"?

"They are the weak, good-natured husbands who would willingly suffer any amount of personal annoyance rather than to thwart the wishes of their beloved wives, no matter how ill-advised those wishes might be."

"What would be your advice to a daughter on the subject"?

"It would be this: 'My child, don't let any man encircle your waist until you are married, and then only your husband.'"

And this I re-echo to all young ladies.

"I have been severely criticised on my statement that no woman can waltz well and waltz virtuously," I remarked.

"Yes, I noticed that in your book. I will say that I do not believe either that a woman *can* waltz virtuously and waltz well, for she must yield her person completely to her partner; and if there is such a person (she surely would make a poor companion for a husband. I would feel sorry for the lack in her nature.")

"What percentage of the prostitutes of the United States do you think were ruined in the ball room"?

"I can safely say four-fifths. *You will generally find that a prostitute is a perfect dancer.* You take a young girl who is in the least inclined to be fast, the first place she makes for is the ball room, where she is thrown into the arms of men, and you know the rest."

"Professor, do you find the ball rooms in Europe the same as in America"?

"I see no difference. It is the same everywhere I go."

"Are the New England States as bad as the West"?

"Oh, yes; only they are more refined about it."

"What is the best move to make to crush out this ball room curse"?

"It all lies with the Church and parents. If the reform workers would start where the vice germinates and crush it there they would soon wipe it out; but as long as the public school rooms are used to teach the first rudiments of prostitution by having dancing taught there will be prostitutes. Most ministers, even, haven't courage enough to condemn dancing, for fear they will offend some of their members."

PROF. HOLMES' TESTIMONY.

I also called upon Mr. Wm. H. Holmes, an ex-dancing master, now a Christian man, who lives in San Francisco, and asked what he thought of the ball room.

“You ask me my opinion of the ball room. I am pleased to say a few words to the world, hoping some may profit by them.

“I found the ball room the avenue to destruction for multitudes. It is the truth, burned into the hearts of thousands of downcast fathers and broken-hearted mothers; and husbands are legion who can look into deserted homes, left desolate by wives and daughters who have been led captive by this *magnificent burst of harmony, and laying on of hands*. . . . Picture to yourself the condition a girl is reduced to by the time her carriage is announced, and in this condition she is borne to the conveyance by her escort. He places her panting form on the soft cushions; the flames which have been aroused must be allayed. . . . If it be your daughter or sister we will not inquire further, but draw the curtain.”

MARRIED MEN AND THE DANCE.

One day a lady said to me, “How is it that while so many of you gentlemen are fond of dancing until you are married, from that moment few of you can be induced to dance any more? You court the girls there, you marry them, and they naturally think you will continue to take them, but, no; thenceforth they must stay at home, or if you are induced to go occasionally you are as cross as a bear, as tho it was something dreadful. If the dance hall is good enough to get a wife in isn't it good enough to take a wife to”?

The dear lady was mistaken, for there are very few dancing men who marry a girl out of the ball room. They do not want for a wife a woman with whom they and hundreds of other men have been dancing for several years, and have hugged and fondled to their hearts' content. When you do find a man who has married a ball room seeker there can be no stronger evidence—none

other is required—to establish the sexualism of the waltz, than what has just been cited.

Matrimony relieves the necessity for the dance. Those who, while single, were most deeply versed in the mysteries of the waltz, are, when married, the first to proclaim their abhorrence of it.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM A NOTED ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCH-BISHOP AND PRIESTS.

From a noted Roman Catholic :

A Catholic Priest in defending the confessional has come just to this point (and it surely bears out my statements) when he said another argument for the confessional is that we at least have the advantage of knowing when our people fall; and we have found out that almost every lapse of female virtue in our community is traced to the round dance such as the seductive “waltz and one step.”

The noted Archbishop Spalding, of New York said that this was true of 19 out of every 20 of the girls who have fallen. You say this is preposterous! Listen. The facts are open to you to investigate, or, is it a fact that you don't want the sins of your dear ones uncovered to you? And the cause thereof?

From the Rev. Father Morley, a Roman Catholic Priest of California :

“Having carefully read your excellent writings on the dance evils I cannot forbear expressing my full approval thereof. I cheerfully endorse every line contained therein. You have opened, dear sir, a campaign against public evil, and the principle cause of multitudes of our dear ones going astray, and some of them never redeemed. May God bless you.”

(Taken from my first book.)

The following 200 cases of girls who are today inmates of the brothel, whom I talked with personally.

They were frank to answer my questions in regard to the direct cause of their downfall, and I gathered that these were ruined by—

Dancing schools and ball-rooms.....	163
Drink given by parents.....	20
Wilful choice, caused by low wages.....	10
Abuse and poverty.....	7

Teaching the art of gaining wicked control of your partner is the *main stock in trade*, and the *principal asset* of the dancing teacher.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MOTHER'S FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

COPY OF ORIGINAL.

T. A. Faulkner,

Dear Sir and Brother:

After reading your book, I take the liberty to address a letter to you, in which I will give you a brief sketch of my life and my ball room experience. If you can use it to advantage, do so. I thank God there is one who is courageous enough to publish the ball room as you have portrayed it in your small book.

I was born in Boston, Mass. My parents were Methodists. They moved to Cleveland, Ohio, when I was quite young. For some reason unknown to me, they united with the Presbyterian Church in Cleveland. They knew very little about the sins of the world. They took great care in raising me—in fact very few girls have had the

careful training I received. The only place I went was to church, and mother was always with me. I knew nothing wrong. I was as pure as an angel up to the age of seventeen years, when mother wanted me to learn to dance. She said it would make me more graceful; that the members of our church had formed a select dance club, sanctioned by the Pastor, and wanted me to join them. Oh! I would to God I had read such an article on the ball room as you have published. It would have saved me and many another pure and innocent soul from disgrace and a life of shame such as the ball room leads to.

How well do I remember the first party. I was dressed with my arms perfectly bare and in very low necked dress. That evening was the first time a man encircled my waist with his arm and drew me to his bosom. I was shocked and mortified at such a position, but I saw that all the rest were assuming the same position. Before the evening was over I began to like to dance; I did not know then whether it was the dance or being enveloped in a man's arms in the space of a waltz. I remember the one I enjoyed the so-called dance with the most. It was the Sunday School Superintendent. Those sweet emotions that would creep over me as we swayed back and forth over the floor. He always had plenty of partners,—the girls said they enjoyed dancing with him so much. The young man who could not arouse those emotions we would not care to dance with the second time. Without that the waltz was very tiresome.

On the following Sunday we could not look one another in the eyes with the same frankness as before. Even up to this time I knew not that I was doing wrong. Mother was always present. Thru her ignorance and innocence she could not see that I was being hurled to perdition, so I gave full sway to the dance. One night I attended a grand charity ball given to raise money for church purposes. Under the influence of the emotion derived from

the dance another girl and myself fell victims of the ball room that night. On returning home quite late, I found mother quite worried. To her inquiries, I told my first lie. Of course she believed me. On the following Sabbath I could not attend my Sunday School—I had started on my road to ruin. I then vowed I would never dance again, but to my surprise my parents had arranged for a select dance to be given in my own home, and the brute who ruined me, who was our private dancing teacher, was there. I was compelled to treat him with respect. He had me at his mercy. To my horror I soon learned that it had been found out that I had lost my character. I was exorcised from society—every finger was pointed at me with shame. I became desperate. Finally I met the one who was the cause of my trouble. He offered to take me to Chicago and marry me, to which I consented. He took me to a house in Chicago, leaving me, saying he would soon return with a minister. It was the last I ever saw of him. I soon found out I was an inmate of the notorious house on South Clark Street. I could not leave, having no place to go, out of money, character gone; so I sank to the lowest depths of Hell, where many another innocent soul has gone before me.

I learned from my land-lady,—who was recently convicted of White Slavery and is serving a seven years' sentence,—that the ball room Apollo, our private dancing teacher, the very one who led me to ruin, was in her employ. While I was in the house two other girls were brought there who met their ruin as I did—in the ball room. One was from Columbus, Ohio, the other from Canton, Ohio, and the men, who were ball room Apollos, received their commission.

All this happened inside of eight months after my own mother sent me on my road to ruin by having me learn to dance. But praise God for the Salvation lassies and their rescue home. I was rescued by them, saved by the blood of Jesus, and am a worker for the Master today.

having a good Christian home. I hope this will be a warning to some mother.

Your sister in Christ,

M. J. T.

The ignorant mother, the innocent girl, the worldly empty-souled Sunday-School Superintendent, the private dancing lessons, the careless church members, and the house of prostitution were all guilty together; but the vile, white-slaving dancing teacher, and the Pastor of the church—who made it possible for such work in his charge,—who shall say which will be the most culpable before God at the Judgment?

T. A. F.

“Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell, like the snow-flake, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell, to be scoffed at, be spit on, and beat.
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!”

CHAPTER XV.

HOW GIRLS ARE RUINED.

Statements of Reformed Brothel Keepers.

Such a startling declaration by so eminent an authority and verification of my statements, led me to turn my investigations in this direction. I then put myself into direct and confidential communication with brothel

keepers. Some of these were still carrying on their business; others had abandoned it and were living better lives, the latter having been saved thru the Florence Crittenton Rescue Homes. (May God bless these rescue homes!)

This reply was given by one of the brothel keepers in answer to my inquiries: "Yes, I had several young men in my employ for this purpose, and most of them were managers of dancing schools. They would go down to the factories and present the girls with invitations to attend dances. When they came my men would pick out some of the girls for victims. They make a study of ruining girls; it becomes a trade to them. As soon as they get one folded in their arms they know whether or not she will fall an easy victim. . . . No, they hardly ever make a mistake. . . . No, you can't approach two girls alike. It requires tact and study, such as other trades require. A tailor knows his goods as soon as he lays his hands and eyes on them."

On my return to Chicago I formed the acquaintance of a stylish young man whom a famous house employed to supply it with young girls and fit them for service. During our conversation, he said: "It is a mistake when people think girls go to ruin on account of small wages and long hours of labor." He said, the owners of big stores boast that no girls have ever left their stores to live lives of shame on account of small wages. This may be true, but I can name over thirty girls who are living in sin who came from these stores in the last year, and every one of them were ruined on their way home from select dances. "Yes, I was one of the managers of the Charity Ball this year. I know of three girls who were ruined by that ball. They never left the hotel that night." He further remarked, "Yes, I will take you to the so-called dancing schools and supply you with a maid for fifty dollars."

I also found out that this young man taught dancing

in several colleges and private homes. Think of introducing your daughter or sister to such a lecherous fiend. He is only one of many whom I met in the Eastern cities, associated with the dancing academies.

While in Chicago, in company with some godly men, I guided them thru several dance or bawdy houses. In conversation with one of the girls who was dancing and serving for a living, I asked her why and how she came to be there. Her answer was: "It is mother's fault. She insisted on my learning to dance, so as to become graceful, and thru her intercession I attended a dancing class composed of young people of my church. I was only *sixteen*, and coming in such close contact with men was too much for me. I lost my virtue, grace and all. I have to make a living some way, and this is the only way left for me that I know of." She also said there were eighty-five girls working in that dive who met their downfall as she did.

These are fair samples of the ball room graduates.

With the finding of a pretty *fifteen* year old girl recently, locked in a room of an East Second Street house, Los Angeles, a special officer took into custody two women and two men, these parties being members of a well-organized ring of "White Slavers" operating in the City. A number of fashionably dressed women, in automobiles, had been appearing at telephone offices, inviting the girls to ride home. They also had appeared at dance halls with the same invitations, and their activity led the police to investigate the matter. One of the results was finding the entrapped girl.

The story of this pretty young girl is unusually pathetic. She said that she had a step-father living near the city, who was cruel to her and beat her, so she left home, hoping to secure work. After wandering around for some time, and becoming tired, she went to "Central Park." While resting there she was approached by a woman who handed her an invitation to a "dance

hall." Seeing that the dance admitted ladies free and being fond of music she decided to go, as she had never attended a dance. As she entered the hall she was approached by the Manager, who introduced her to a young man who apparently seemed much interested in her. During their conversation she innocently confided to this "Ball Room Pander" all her trouble, and told him she was seeking employment. He said he had a "sister," where she could stay, and that he would help her to secure a desirable position, so the unsuspecting girl, believing "God" had favored her, cried with joy. Little did she realize that she was to be led as a lamb to the slaughter and her body destroyed. Later a well-dressed woman appeared and took the girl to a room, where the evil work for which she was entrapped was accomplished that evening. She was kept a prisoner by the "White Slavers" there for three days, when she was finally rescued by the police.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER CLASS OF SLAVERS AND THEIR METHODS.

Immoral women who run rooming houses, flats, and assignation houses on the sly, with or without the knowledge of the police.

Many of these women make it a business to trap girls for "old men" who have money and are "fiends in disguise"—"old men," who are fond of poor young girls in a nice "fatherly way!" (You will often see these old reprobates in the front row of theaters where a large number of chorus girls are employed, and many of them are heads of fine families.)

A large number of these procuresses live in elegant flats, hotels and up-to-date apartment houses. They have

at times, automobiles, carriages, servants, etc., and pose as women of wealth. These female vampires form the acquaintance of young girls, get them to call and visit them, and have lunch with them. Then they induce them to sip a little wine, and meet Mr. "Oldman."

This class of female vultures you will find at matinees and private afternoon dancing classes for girls, and often the "Woman Instructor" of the dancing class is a procuress. You will also find them at rest rooms of department stores; and at parks, forming the acquaintance of girls who are alone in the city and inviting them to take lunch with them the following day, for "Mrs. Slaver" doesn't like to eat alone, you know. After talking with the girl in a pleasant, friendly way for awhile she will press the girl's hand warmly and say, "I like you *so much*. I wish you would come and see me. I am alone a great deal of the time, as my husband is a traveling man, and I get *so* lonesome. Call me up—here is my card—and we will go to some show. I have a nice automobile, and we will take a real joy-ride. Now *do* come, and bring some nice girls along with you. *Good by, Dearie. I think you are awfully sweet.*"

Mrs. Slaver then gets the girl's name and telephone number, if she has any, finds out if she is seeking employment and invites her to stay with her. If the girl is seeking employment she assures her she can secure a good position for her, as she has considerable influence. They have a light supper together, and she gets her to take a little wine. Shortly afterwards they meet the "Old Man," as pre-arranged. He tells the girl he will give her a good position, and she rejoices in her new found friends. They have another supper later on, the girl takes a little more wine, and is drugged, if necessary, to accomplish their wicked designs. In the morning she finds herself a ruined girl.

The Old Devil has paid Mrs. Slaver well to do her part of the hellish work, and she has surely done it well.

After the girl is ruined the "slaver" keeps her. If she rebels she is told that her parents will be informed of her disgrace, and other threats made, and she is kept under the influence of drugged wine for a few days. Soon the disheartened girl gives up, and Mrs. Slaver sells her to the men who frequent her place, whom she has notified that she has secured a "new" girl. Mrs. Slaver keeps the girl well dressed, but gives her very little of the money she earns. She makes arrangements at hotels for her, etc. This life soon undermines the girl's health; she fades and ceases to be a money-maker for Mrs. Slaver. She is then turned out into the street and becomes a common outcast; is arrested for vagrancy, cast into prison, or goes to the County Hospital, her body wrecked by some loathsome disease. By this time Mrs. Slaver has a "new" supply of "girls."

I know of a large Department Store, where a great many girls were employed, and where the *forelady* was a "Slaver." You could pick out your girl in the store as you would a sheep out of a flock, tell the forelady the one you wanted, give her some money, and she would use her influence to persuade the girl to meet you. Generally, she would invite the girl to dinner, telling her she had a couple of fine gentlemen friends she wanted her to meet, and who had lots of money. Since it was the forelady who gave her the invitation the girl would feel flattered and fall into the trap, easily becoming a victim, as she would do whatever the forelady would tell her, afraid she might lose her position if she refused to do so. The next heard of the girl she would be out taking automobile joy rides, then disgraced, and finally she would wind up in a "brothel," the victim of a "pander," while Miss "Forelady" ("Slaver") still held her position, going on trapping other innocent girls.

Rev. Dr. Locke, D. D., pastor of the First M. E. Church, Los Angeles, California, makes the following

statement in his startling book, "White Slavery in Los Angeles":

"A case was called to my attention in one of our large cities, of a woman who stepped up to a pretty girl who was on her way to school, and with the pretense of arranging her clothing asked her to come into the house. The girl politely accepted the supposed kind courtesy and presently found herself locked in a strange room, unable to escape. She screamed and protested, but nothing availed. The wicked woman soon communicated with a wealthy patron, by whom she was well paid for the capture of young girls. When the man reached the place he was told the girl was sobbing with uncontrollable grief and fright, but this did not intimidate the wicked old brute. The door was unlocked and he entered the room alone. The girl rushed toward him, and throwing her arms around his neck cried, "O, Father, I am so glad you have come to take me out of this horrible place!"

A few of these girls are rescued by the godly women of the Rescue Homes—"God bless them!" They surely are the salt of the earth, and I believe will be the most blessed in the Kingdom of God. Very few know of the sacrifices they make in taking up this work, and comparatively few know of the grand and glorious work they are accomplishing for the love of the souls of these unfortunate sisters of ours, and all to the glory of Jesus.

The trains are also regular camping-grounds for the Slavers, both men and women. The following story was brought to my attention, and will serve to show one of the methods used to secure victims. A young Christian worker, a pretty girl, was going across the United States. One day a handsome, well-dressed lady sat down beside her, and after talking with her for awhile offered her a peach. Not suspecting any danger the girl took the peach and ate it. Shortly afterwards she began to feel drowsy, and all at once realized what had happened.

The peach had been *drugged!* She sprang up and after publicly denouncing the woman demanded protection from the conductor. She made him take her to her berth, giving strict orders that she was not to be disturbed until she had slept off the effects of the drug, and to be called when she reached her destination. As she was leaving the car she was in, she overheard a fine-looking young man, who evidently was an accomplice of the woman, remark to a companion, "We'll never get her now."

These procuresses have been known to pose as "deaconesses," and pretend to be engaged in Christian work until found out or suspected. Many other "dodges" are played on the unsuspecting public, which I have neither space for nor time to relate, but these incidents are given to open the eyes of the girls and mothers who fancy that because they live in this so-called Christian land they are safe from the attacks of these hell-hounds. It is time their eyes were opened to the evils that are running in full blast right before them, and the very ones who think they are the safest from these things may be in the greatest danger.

These infamous creatures sometimes represent various commercial agencies. One woman serving time in the penitentiary said she canvassed small towns selling toilet articles for the purpose of securing girls for this devilish business.

Now, reader, try and draw a picture of your own sister or daughter meeting this fate. I say again—thousands upon thousands meet this fate every year. Parents do not understand the conditions that exist right here in the United States. They should protect their daughters from these hell-hounds, who have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national system. I sincerely believe that nine-tenths of the parents of these thousands of young girls, who are snatched from lives of purity and peace and dragged into the slime of the "White

Slave World," have no idea that there really is a trade in the lives of our young girls, a debauching, soul-destroying trade,—as much so as there is a trade in cattle or other produce of the farm—and yet there is. Had these parents believed that there actually are syndicates where the regular "business" is carried on of destroying girls—as much a business as the great packing houses of California carry on for the picking and disposing of their fruits, etc.—they would have died before letting their girls leave home. (Oh, if the girls, themselves, who get so tired of the home life and want to get out and have a so-called good time could only see what the end would be of all their "good times" they never could be induced to leave the old home roof, no matter how much they might dislike housework, as so many of them frankly confess they do.) Thousands of trusting mothers in the smaller towns, villages, and farming countries, believe that their daughters are "getting on fine" in the city, and are "too busy" to come home even for a visit, or "to write much," while the fact is, that those daughters have been swept into the gulf of "White Slavery"—the worst doom that could befall a woman.

The mother who allows her daughter to go to the big city to work should find out what kind of work she is doing; what kind of company she is keeping, and whether she is in the ball room, theater, or among God's people. No matter how good a girl she may have been at home, take nothing for granted; you owe it to yourself, to her, and to your God, to quietly investigate her case, if necessary, and keep track of what she is doing. You should go beyond her word for evidence that the wolves of the city have not dragged her from the path of safety. If more such interest were shown the daughters of our fair land they would not be in dens of vice in this country and Mexico, yes, even in Africa, utterly without hope of release except by death.

If Christian people were as much in earnest and as

persistent in leading souls to the altar, and getting them to accept salvation, as the Devil is in leading them to the "dance halls," "saloons," and ruin, the world would have been converted long ago.

A very significant fact that I want to bring out in this connection, is that a girl who has been trapped into this kind of a life never wants to reveal her real name, because of the sorrow and shame it would bring to her parents. One said, "My mother thinks I am studying in a stenographic school." Another said, "My parents think I have a good position in a store, as I did for a time. I send them a little money once in a while. I don't care now what happens, so long as they don't know the truth about me, *for I am a lost soul. I see nothing but sorrow and death before me.*" She thinks no one cares for her and yet she is *some mother's girl* and the old home is still open to her. However, she feels that all is lost, and will not risk meeting her parents and telling them the truth. In nearly all cases, the chief concern of those who have been lured from homes in the country is that their parents—and in particular, their mothers—might discover that they are in lives of shame, not following honest employment, which they came to the city to secure. There is a remarkable and impressive sameness in the stories related by these wretched, erring girls. In nearly all their narratives is a passage describing how some man—a pander—whom they have met at a DANCE, had offered to help them to a good position in the city, but, instead of that, they were forced by him into disgrace and a life of debauchery and slavery. *Run-away marriages*, the result of boat excursions, moonlight dances, and short acquaintances at summer resorts, have often been the avenues by which the girls go to their doom. After the girls are once caught in the net and drawn into these dens of iniquity, various plans are made to break their spirits, after which it is easy to keep them in bondage. The buying price to the ball room

pander for a victim is from \$50.00 to \$100.00; the selling price is from \$200.00 to \$400.00 in the slave market by the middle man, but if the girl is especially attractive the white slave dealer may be able to get \$1,000 or over.



Only One of the Many Victims of the Church Parlor Dance.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TRAGIC END.

A timely warning to mothers and daughters and also an exposure of some of the devices used by

“WHITE SLAVERS”

for catching unwary victims.

Extracts from two letters received by Paul C. Brown, Field Secretary of the California C. E. Union, from a girl who was about to take her own life, and who did commit suicide a few days later.

She had seen an article in the Christian Endeavor World accompanied by the picture of Mr. Brown, and

so wrote to him begging the privilege of reaching the ear of the young people of California thru him.—
(Editor.)

Oakland, Cal., March 21.

Dear Sir: * * * I am going to write to you a long, long letter and tell you something that no one knows yet, and when I am thru I am going to start down the last slide that stops in the center of Hell itself. * * * The real reason for my confession, will be very evident before I close this, my last letter on earth. I am going to write plainly. I am going to tell you my life's story. I am going to tell you some of the heartache, the agony, the anguish that we suffer. I am going to warn mothers about their daughters, I am going to put into your hands something that will speak in letters of blood from the very gates of Hell itself. I am going to try to save some other soul from this Hell with my last breath. This very paper is bought with the price from money I would have spent for liquor. I am going to take you as it were, and have you stand with me on the rim of Hell and look down among the souls of girls who have lost their balance. I want you to see the agony, the anguish, the despair, I want you to hear the souls cry out in despair—and then I charge you to tell this story wherever possible, warn all young people you meet not to wander from their Savior. * * * The only safe thing for young people to do is to keep close to their Lord. Tell them in no uncertain notes the inexpressible agony, remorse, anguish that may become theirs if they do not keep close to their Lord.

* * * When you get this I will be non-existent, Mr. Brown, and there will be no one to mourn, no one to care, no one to weep or miss me, but if I can save one soul by exposing my life, perhaps I may not have lived in vain, after all.

My parents were "Christians," but love did not rule the home. Church appearances were adhered to, but

the week day life was a sham. My mother did not tell me the vital facts of life, the purity, the divine purpose in my body. * * * My mother thought ignorance was innocence and left me unwarned. Oh, if mothers only believed in the pureness, the majestic sweetness of motherhood and then watched their babies with an eagle eye and would talk these things over in a right way. If some mother could only hear the moan of this little girl of 19 years in my room now. Oh, if my mother had only told me what it meant to be a girl. I am not speaking now of the girls who know what they are doing, but are forced to it by money troubles. I am only speaking of those who LEARN life's lessons, who feel nature's call to mate because of too much freedom with the boys of their own set, *the card parties, the dances, skating rinks*, etc., where their emotions are aroused and they do not see the danger rocks.

Oh, where is your Christ? Is He a stone image, is He an idol? Is there not real joy enough in religion to make the young people happy without these things? Oh, when will the church people get close enough to their Savior so that they can feel His heart of love beating and find in Him their pleasure?

Yes, Mr. Brown, I once knew the sweetness of loving Him, but now the gates of Hell are closing behind me, and I am HERE because of a *dance* given in a *Church parlor*. I did not know it was wrong to let a young man take me for a walk alone. I was only 14. I learned that night the sweetness of being kissed. It was only a matter of six days from that day before I had taken the first step down and nothing happened, no one knew; then again and again and then a scandal, and I was sent from home disgraced, yet was I to blame for my ignorance?

Once upon a time I gave my heart to Jesus Christ and loved Him, but now—what a change! Even after my fall I did not sink very low. I rallied because of my Savior's love and tried to be good. I studied and

studied and wanted to fit myself to warn girls. Finally I met and loved the son of a Minister. My story was repeated with this exception—he did not play fair. From that time I went the pace * * *

My case now is hopeless, but there are many young girls who have not yet taken the first step. If those who profess to know Christ would only live as if they knew Him. Oh, I know it is not His fault that I am here, it is not His fault. Oh, you people who profess Christ, oh, hear me calling from the very gates of Hell, live Him, tell others of Him, keep close to Him. Tell the young people that the world and all its pleasures are only traps for their feet. Oh, the heartache, the sorrow away from your Lord Jesus. Hear me, once pure as you are, with outstretched arms, with tears in my eyes, warning you of the broken hearts, the pain and mental suffering, the sleepless nights, if you leave your Savior. The world may glisten and invite you, but it is all sham. Christ is all that is worth while. The world turns to brass and gall when it has lured you away, and then laughs at your emptied, seared soul. It is not necessary that you go the depths of sin to feel its sorrow and anguish.

* * * Monday will see me out of this world forever, unmissed, unloved, unmourned. Oh, that someone really cared, that God could reach me now and help. * * * Well, here goes, this is the last good-bye—remember the souls of the young people you meet, and oh, warn them before it is too late.

A heart broken, lost soul, bound for Hell.

Second Letter, Received About One Week Later

San Francisco, March 24.

Dear Mr. Brown:

This letter, Mr. Brown, will be sent to you one week later, one week after I am dead, for tonight I cease to

exist. I am leaving this with friends to be sent one week from now. My object? To speak to you as tho from the grave and that what I say will be the more impressive.

I have not always been degraded. I once knew the peace and joy of a surrendered life and good society, people of refinement and education were my friends; but the pleasures of the world allured, the dances, the cards, the wine, and I was swept off my feet into the swirling waters of sin and suffering, and now—suicide. I've met many poor deluded girls and some boys who had had Church training and Christian parents, and yet, there they were, in sin. Why?—Mainly because, according to their own words, the Churches had failed to live and preach Jesus Christ. The members of their own families were professors but not possessors of the Lord Jesus as a living reality.

Mr. Paul Brown, this to you is my very last word. I am going to tell you why I am to kill myself * * * I am a prospective mother. * * *

The only "decent" thing left me is to put myself out of the way. * * *

A LOST SOUL.

Note—From various sources we have been able to learn of the tragic end of this poor, unfortunate girl. She did not kill herself as soon as she intended according to her letter. Her last day in San Francisco was spent in the back end of a saloon trying to persuade some of her old associates in the evil life to give themselves to Christ. She did win three. Then she went to Seattle, hunted up the "father" of her unborn babe and killed herself while in his house.

PAUL C. BROWN.

While the above story is of one who (as she so graphically describes it) lost her balance, yet think of the thousands of poor unfortunates that are in the same condi-

tion and that thru no fault of their own, but have been lured, snared and trapped into this living Hell thru the church parlor dance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESCAPE FROM A LIVING HELL.

Mr. Faulkner,

Dear Sir: I have decided to write you a letter regarding my captivity into slavery, and some of my terrible experience while a prisoner, as you have requested me to do, hoping that it may be used as a warning to some careless, ignorant mother. I am sending this to you, telling you some of the heartaches, the agony, the anguish, that I suffered, and it surely will speak for itself.

Mothers, I am going to take you right down thru the pits of Hell, and let you see what I passed thru, and ask if you have a girl to sacrifice on the altar of Baal.

Mr. Faulkner, I hope you will publish this story wherever possible. Warn all young people you meet not to wander from the Savior. The only thing to do is to keep close to God.

My parents were Christians, but of the worldly type. Church appearance they adhered to, but the weekday life was a sham. My mother, thru ignorance and innocence, left me unwarned of the dangers and traps that are set before girls that they may fall into and be devoured, both body and soul, by the Devil.

I once knew the sweetness and loving touch of a blessed Savior, and I hope to again, since I have escaped from a living Hell and closed the gates behind me.

The cause of all the terrible experiences I went thru was a dance in the parlor of a church of which I was a member. I was only sixteen years old. I learned that night for the first time what it was to be caressed

in a man's arms; and sweet words, which were nothing but the temptation of the Devil, whispered in my ears. The following week another dance was given in the Town Hall, which I attended with my mother. That night I met a young man who represented himself as a traveling salesman. He seemed much interested in me, but he turned out to be a "pander" and owner, with his mistress, of two houses of prostitution in Chicago. He offered to secure for me an excellent position with the firm he represented, at good wages, and persuaded my parents to let me accompany him there, where he said I could have a home with his aunt (who was no other than his mistress, and the "Madam" of the houses.) What followed was so horrible, surpassing all ordinary crime in that it was foul and bestial beyond degree.

Understand, I was still as pure and as virtuously inclined as on the day I left home. I was taken to a house of prostitution on Clark Street and made a prisoner. Struggle as I might, I had no choice but to submit to my awful fate. Resisting, I was beaten so frightfully that my body is scarred for life. I was subjected to the foulest indignities, in order that my spirit might be broken, and that I might become accustomed to all things. I was compelled to submit to the *embrace of Negroes*, and the "Madam," who indulged in the most loathsome acts, compelled me to imitate her. There was no limit to the unearthly degradation. I was deprived of the money I was compelled to earn by giving up my body, and was not allowed clothes, lest I might escape. Was kept a miserable, suffering prisoner, until I contracted a loathsome disease, and was then turned into the street.

I made my way to the Cook County Hospital, where I was cared for. My blasted and ruined life was caused by that dance, given in the Church Parlor, and it was seven months after that dance that I entered the Hospital.

If parents would only find out the truth in such cases, pity the dear girl, take her to their heart and try to shelter her, and make it as hot for the devils in human form who robbed her of her virtue as is usually made for the unfortunate girl. Until her parents, backed up by truly noble, kind-hearted women, take this stand and insist on a single code of honor instead of a double one in cases of this kind, and take stringent measures to remove the main cause of all this deviltry—the dance and the liquor business—from our midst, this country must continue to keep on its way back to barbarism, which it will slowly, perhaps, but surely reach before many years have flown if it keeps up the pace it has set for itself today.

There has been much discussion as to the best way to stop this great tide of sin and debauchery of our women. We are told that it is necessary to have a red-light district. Yes, while in conversation with a business man of the city on the subject recently, he said he favored a segregated district. Knowing that he had three lovely daughters, I answered, "Being as that is your conviction, you no doubt would be willing to contribute *one or more of your daughters* for the enterprise; so, let us take a certain number of our girls, including your daughters; let us lock them in a pest-hole of vice and horror; let us give to brutal men the key to their degradation; let us shut our eyes to the suffering, and our ears to the wails of the girls thus condemned, and let us find consolation in the fact that their misery means comparative protection for other women and a safety valve for the drunken libertines who might go there to pasture on their bodies." The old reprobate (for such he is, altho prominent in social circles) at first seemed offended; then he hung his head, like the whipped cur that he was, and sneaked away. He had not thought of the possibility of his daughters being made victims; "that was different." It was only *your*

daughters or sisters that he was interested in, that *he might pasture on their bodies*, or rent some of his many real estate holdings for this nefarious business.

We are told that the closing of these segregated districts will only result in scattering the evil over the cities. This has been the case in some places, but allow me to tell you plainly that there will be no necessity for these places if the two twin evils of the day—the dance, and strong drink—are completely wiped out of existence. The one complements the other, and the removal of one always means the decline of the other. You must strike at the cause, not the effect, of this awful condition of things. Closing the red-light districts, while in some cases a splendid thing, is really damming up a river at its outlet. It would soon overflow its banks and seek other channels. In order to accomplish any real, lasting good let us strike at the root of the matter—begin at its very source. *First erect your family altar; keep your girls out of the dancing schools and ball rooms, and take a firm stand against the very existence of these places.* Do not subject our young people to these deadly perils, and thousands will be saved from lives worse than death. In cases where your loved ones *insist on going* have a word of prayer with them before they leave, ask them to take Christ with them as their protector, and I assure you that their visits to the ball rooms will be few.

Let me also suggest that you take the ball room graduates, who have already dropped into these whirl-pools of destruction, and show them the better way. Tell them of Jesus, (especially read to them John 3:16); treat them like human beings, for such they surely are, despite their fall. Tell them that “Tho your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as snow.” Show them that you have a real interest in the betterment of their condition, and that they are not as bad in God’s sight as those society vultures in human form who caused their down-

fall. These girls are easily, in a large number of cases, at least, reached by kindness, and when they really believe that *you* have *their interest* and *salvation* at heart you will have no trouble in winning their confidence and helping them to make a new start in life. Do not draw your skirts away, as so many do, for fear of contamination by contact with one of these erring sisters of ours, (for some mother's son has caused her downfall—and even *your son* may have the stamp of the *Beast of Perdition* upon him), but let us follow our blessed Lord's example, as He so kindly said to the trembling woman who was dragged into His presence after being caught in wrong-doing, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and God will reward you, even in this life, with a consciousness of having done right, and save some of your loved ones—perhaps in after years, a grandchild or great grandchild—from a life of sin and shame.

May God use this message to save some dear child, to the glory of Jesus and in memory of my sister.

OUR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

Oh, our beautiful daughters, who come at our call,
With their bright, happy faces, their playthings and doll;
Our tiny, sweet babies, at rest in our arms,
With their cooing, and smiling, and manifold charms;
Let me ask, Mother mine, if you now had to choose,
Which one of the lot would you first wish to lose?
For some mother's pure girls we must capture and sell
In the place of the ones on their road now to Hell.

Here's your dear little Ada, with dimples and curls,
With her voice full of music, her teeth white as pearls;
I hear her now calling, "Dad's coming! Come on!"
Then away with the other, to meet him, she's gone;
Shall she go, Mother mine, into sin's gilded cage,
Entrapped thru the dance, long before she's of age.
Shall she die, like a dog, in the depths of despair,
While the monsters go free who have lured your girl there?

Now here's small, sunny Dora, all wiggles and grin,
She will make a fine woman to drag into sin;
So plump and so rosy, it sets your heart wild
Just to think of harm coming to such a sweet child;
Tell me now, Mother mine, are you willing to send
Your girl to the Pit for the demons to rend?
Well, if not, then beware of the lure of the DANCE,
There the Devil will catch her if given a chance.

—*Lulu Agnew Singer.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHISPERING OF DEMON TEMPTATION TO THE POOR GIRL.

Lurking in the shadow, behind your working girls, so close that it can almost touch her, is the demon "temptation," forever whispering in her ear. What does it say? To each it promises her heart's desire if she will only listen and go a little way down the primrose path.

To the poor, pretty girl, it promises rich clothes, jewelry and laces that will make a fitting frame for her beauty.

To the half-starved girl of the sweat shops it offers food, warmth and shelter, and an easy life.

To the weary factory girl it whispers of the fast automobile that goes like the wind, mad joy-rides, gay suppers—where champagne bubbles in the glasses, and all is laughter and light and merry making.

To the ambitious girl it holds out the lure of swift success, great audiences, flowers, homage, mingling with the celebrities of the world, the thrill of seeing her name in flaming letters over a theater door, etc.

To the sentimental it talks of love, and romance; of great passions that give all and count not the cost, and that defy all laws of God when they stand between two hearts.

To the worn and weary; to the lonely; to all who

have struggled and been defeated, it whispers—"What's the use? Be happy for the moment. Take what you want, whether it is right or wrong." And so temptation gathers them in—those poor little girls who turn their heads to listen. They are usually too ignorant to know how to answer it, or even to be afraid, for temptation comes to them in so many disguises—almost always in the form of a polite, well-dressed young vampire in human form, who is "pandering" for some *brothel*. He is on your trail, girls, and if he can get you to attend some dance hall where he can enfold you in his arms and whisper these tempting things in your ears you are in imminent danger of becoming his prey, and eventually becoming a lost soul. Beware of him! Live close to God; confide all to your mother, if you have one (go straight to God, and your pastor if you have not); develop a pure, noble Christian character, and turn a deaf ear to any pleasures that would ultimately lead you to ruin. May God speed this message to all who are in danger of being caught in the snare!

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

In closing, I wish to again state that every word written in this book is true. I have written from a sense of Christian duty to mankind, seeking to arouse the parents especially, and set them to thinking. If they will persist in educating their daughters for the brothel, by having them taught the art of placing their bodies at the disposal of men who are often so vile that they can't get into any kind of a gathering without paying a good sum for the privilege, they positively must take the consequences.

While in rescue work, I have heard many unfortunate

girls cry out; "Would to God I had never entered a ball room, for there is, where I met the person who was the direct cause of my wrecked life."

My friends, these girls need your sympathy. They have been, in a large majority of cases, much more sinned against than sinning, for they have been forced into this life. After one of these fiends of hell gets a girl to do wrong he immediately sets to work to convince her, if she really tries to escape and get back into a life of purity again, that she has broken the seal of God and taken the first step, and that there is no use for her to go back home, as she will be shunned and persecuted; that she might as well stay with him and go on in sin. Knowing, as the girl does, that what he says has proved true in the lives of other girls who have fallen, and afraid to go to her parents and tell them the truth, she too often becomes discouraged and goes deeper into sin without making any further efforts to escape.

Mothers, what are you going to do with your dear, sweet girl? *Is it the Ball Room for her, or Christ?*

"Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face;
 Father, mother, sister, and all,
 God and myself I have lost by my fall;
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
 Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
 For all that is on or above me I know
 There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow."



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