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THE FATHER LEADS HIS DAUGHTER INTO THE BALL ROOM.

The Gates of Hell

OR

EASTERN BALL ROOM

7310
UNMASKED.

BY

T. A. FAULKNER,

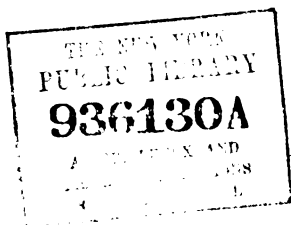
AUTHOR OF

FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL,

EX-DANCING MASTER.

Formerly Proprietor of Los Angeles Dancing Academy, and
Ex-President of Dancing Masters' Association
of Pacific Coast.

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
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Preface.

In writing this book, I do it with the profound conviction that the Christian community and the better part of the great American public in general will appreciate these soul-stirring disclosures on the temptations and vice that germinates in the ball-room, as seen by me in my explorations in those schools of vice in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities.

I will attempt to expose the traps and pitfalls that tempt our youths from the path of virtue, and show that the ball-room is nothing but a hotbed from which the brothels do replenish.

I have consulted many leading divines and principals of educational institutions, all of whom agree that the subject must be dealt with plainly, and assured me that its importance demands more than ordinary treatment; that it is a foeman worthy of the sharpest steel. So I have written the

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facts in my strongest descriptive power, sparkling with graceful images — illustrative facts, terrible in their earnestness; I have been uncompromising in my denunciation of sin and of the dance, sparing neither rich nor poor, high nor low, and these are my best efforts in my earnest, aggressive warfare against the great foe of purity. Every page burns with truth, entreating for a better and purer life. The same remarks will apply to some of those heads of families who permit and encourage dancing in their homes. Many of them, I am grieved to say, are merely blameless because they are ignorant of what really does take place and cannot detect the presence of corruption until it is held in all its vileness right under their very nostrils; so I hope these exposures of those hotbeds of vice will open eyes that are blind, and startle many that are careless, and prove a beacon over the dark vortex within whose treacherous embrace so many sweet young souls have been whirled to perdition.

Yours in His name, for the perishing.

T. A. FAULKNER.

Introduction.

PARENTS TOO INDULGENT.

Shortly after my first 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, and that the book ought to be suppressed, and that it was an insult to society, and should be resented; that his daughters danced, and that they could continue, if they so chose. I was well acquainted with his daughters; he had spent many thousand dollars on their education, and they were truly ladies outside of the ball-room. But as they were great dancers, I and other ball-room seekers knew of their double life. I knew 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 of 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 dancing parties. I appointed a night to show him what really takes place after the ball. Fortunately the first private wine-room door I opened, there sat his two daughters, leaning back with their feet on the table, wine in hand, cigarette in their lips, and with them were two nice young men—nice outside of the ball-room. While there a scene took place of which the police court has the record.

A minister in San Francisco refused to endorse my first book, and said his son indulged in parlor dances occasionally, and knew he was a pure young man, and 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. I made it a point to look up the young man's life. I found out that he did not stop at the parlor dance. He was leading a double life. When his indulgent parents thought he was spending his evenings in some down-

town 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.

Think of these parents' anguish when they learned the truth.

I know of young people who would go to the church on Sunday evenings, get the text, and go and spend the evening at some dance-hall; and when they returned would tell their parents the text. This is most generally the outcome of parlor dancing. They get a taste of it at home, but they will go elsewhere to gratify their desire.

CHAPTER I.

IS IT WRONG TO DANCE?

The question is very frequently asked, "Is it wrong to dance?" and is asked sometimes by those who desire to engage in the modern dance. I do not maintain that all dancing is wrong, for the Bible says there is a time to dance, and this is a shield that the libertine, infidel, and some church members hold up as a shield to defend them. But what does this mean? I will attempt to show you the difference between the dance of olden times and the lustful practice of to-day, sometimes called "the divine waltz." In Exodus xv. we have an account of the dancing of Miriam, who was the sister of Moses and Aaron, after the Israelites had been delivered from the Egyptians. It was a religious dance, and she danced alone.

In II. Samuel vi. we have an account of the removal of the ark from the house of Obed-Edom to the city of Jerusalem; and David danced before the Lord with all his might. The psalmist says, "Praise God," in the dance. (Ps. 149:4.)

In Luke xv. we have an account of a dance at the return of the prodigal son—"There was music and dancing." It was in the day-time and a time of rejoicing on account of the prodigal's return; and there is joy even in heaven over every prodigal that returneth.

In Mark vi. we have an example of dancing on the part of the daughter of Herodias. Herod had taken his brother's wife. John the Baptist had rebuked him for it. On Herod's birthday the daughter of Herodias danced before the king and it pleased him so that he promised to give her whatever she might ask. Through the influence of her mother she asked for the head of John the Baptist, which led to the execution of the great man because he contended for social purity.

In Judges xi. you will find the account of Jephthah. When he went to battle he vowed that if he was successful, when he returned he would offer in sacrifice the first living thing he met. His only daughter met him. She was dancing before him, for he must keep his vow. If she had been indulging in

the lewd emotions while in the embrace of a man that the waltz affords, Jephthah might have had more courage to commit her to death, as he would have thought she had joined a band of "harlots.". This is certainly the teaching of the Bible on the question of the dance. But you ask:

"What objections have you to the ball-rooms of to-day, and why do you so severely condemn it?"

"Is there not an education connected with it?"

"Will it not make young people more graceful?"

If I admit that it is what you claim, my answer is this: If you wish to educate your daughter to yield her body up to a man and to have his legs dangling among her petticoats, as she must do with those who waltz, that is for you to say, not me. There is not a verse from the book of Genesis to Revelations that tells of such a dance, and I believe if people should have dared to indulge in such motions in public in those days, they would have been beheaded on the spot.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ.

I will give you a brief history of the man who composed the waltz. It was a Mr. Gault, a French dancing master, in the year of 1627. He was a libertine of the deepest dye. He boasted that he had ruined many young girls. Finally, in attempting to ruin his own sister, he strangled her to death, for which he was guillotined in 1632.

My main purpose is to show father and mother the awful danger in which their daughter is enveloped. To be forewarned is to be forearmed; and not only will thousands of maidens be saved by the greater care exercised by parents, but there is a lingering hope in the breast of mothers that the knowledge of these facts may act on the strange apathy of fatherhood, and so arouse their indignation that they may, with great velocity and fury, by the use of common sense, sweep this whole nefarious traffic in virtue and its principal causes, the ball-

room and saloon, into oblivion. And then after reading this book, if they do not feel like coming to the rescue of their daughter, it will stand between them and their God. I believe in morality, and if it was right to waltz, the profession would have no stronger advocate than I. I have seen it in all its stages, from the highest to the lowest, from the moral point of view. The highest and the medium classes of society are more to be pitied than the lowest class in such gatherings. Having had six years of experience as a dancing master, I only wish to relate my experience. Without offending any one who makes it a pleasure or a business, I appeal to you for your heart's opinion; and with due deference for all, I will simply relate facts as they have come directly under my vision and in my duties as a dancing master. I feel sure in my aim, and I know I will be endorsed by hundreds whose opinion I value; and I desire also to let the world know what is occurring continually, and see if they wish what is being done season after season. And I desire, with their help, to purify it.

It is with this wish and purpose that I can fairly and honestly say that it is "with malice towards none, but for the benefit of all," that I write.

Believing waltzing to be as great a curse as the selling of liquor, I propose to show the two distinctions between the young men and young women of our land. Waltzing is a social, as well as a lustful pleasure, indulged in by many of the so-called first families of our land; it is one of the arts of entertaining, and is far ahead of all other entertaining arts. This is proven beyond a doubt by entertainments that are given where dancing is the only amusement. And being so largely indulged makes the evil more criminal. It is far worse than any other two evils combined, except the drink curse. And whether it holds the place of a moral entertainment, I will say nothing at present, as I will treat of that later on. I do not say that all other amusements have no immoral points, or that they are strictly moral social entertainments, and that dancing alone is the only evil entertainment. But I do say, and believe it to be as bad

and has as many victims recorded against it to-day as the whisky curse; and feel perfectly safe in making this statement.

Now, dear reader, if you will bear with me for a moment, I will make a comparison between the two evils that overshadow our land to-day, and it will help me to prove more conclusively that I am right about our social entertainment, dancing. I will take the drink first.

The saloon gathers in the young men and has sent many good men headlong to an early grave and lowered them to the lowest degree of brutality; they commit crime, and even murder, to satisfy their thirst, and at last place themselves in torment as long as life will last or eternity endure. But as low as they get, they may be saved, and some have been saved and to-day are leaders of society and become great and powerful workers for the Lord, and respected by all.

We will now take the ball-room in comparison with the saloon and see if the girls have an equal chance with the boys. It is a vice that is sending our young girls to a living hell or to their early graves. I am

sorry to say, if more of them would accept the latter in preference to the former they would be more respectable. The question comes up now, is it like the saloon? Do the girls last as long as the boys when they once begin? The average life of a prostitute in New York is said to be five years. Can they be saved after reaching the lowest degree? I will answer you those questions. It is not like the saloon; it is swifter and always sure; they cannot be saved and returned to original purity; they may gain pity, but there always remains an indelible stain in the eyes of society. I can honestly say that the saloon has the preference, for the waltz can complete more ruin and perfect more damnable evidence, waste more souls and cause more keen sorrow in homes by taking the favorite flower away, never to be returned, than any other vice that has been discovered up to date. This book contains facts to prove it. It will not only cause the family circle to be broken by a fate much worse than death, but will fill the brothels and divorce courts.

There are some people who will cast aside this book with some very emphatic remark and try to destroy the book, so their parents may not see it, just as they did my first book, "From the Ball-Room to Hell."

Can you guess who they are? They are the inveterate dancers, who attend season after season, until it has become a part of their existence, and they use the ball-room for just such purposes as I describe in this book. There are many people, who will be the most bitter in denouncing it and be the basest slanderers of my book and my motives. But I am not writing this book for their benefit; it is not to this class that I will cater. I care not for them, except to pity them. I must speak the truth. And the ball-room habitues cannot deny it. I state facts which I am ever willing to prove to the most incredulous. And if my mission will save five out of every hundred of those who are willing to be saved, I shall feel more than repaid for my efforts. And my enemies, or at least some of them, will prove to be my friends. Some brother who has a sister, or mother who has a daughter

who attends dances, will take warning and be grateful to me. Dancing masters will protest that their pupils are all moral and refined people. They say they would not have a person in their school who has a stain of suspicion on his character. That is his aim, for his school would not last long without such a reputation. But he has no check on the subtle influences of the waltz.

Let me assure you that there are many church members and professing Christians who dance, but what of it? Does it make it more refined? No! Are we not all of like passions when in sin? Is it positively necessary for a girl to be able and willing to reciprocate the feeling of her partner before she can graduate as a perfect waltzer? Unless she can do this she is classed as a "scrub" by the experts and her partners will be few in the ball-room.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO A BALL ROOM.

My friend becomes interested, and asks:

“When can I go with you to one of those swell affairs?”

“We will go next Wednesday evening to Prof. ——’s dancing academy. He has a large class, and some of the most refined people in the city attend it.

The time soon passes by and the evening arrives, also my friend, and we proceed to a well-lighted hall. As we enter and seek a good point for viewing the dancers, who are beginning to form on the floor, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had met in a business way, approaches, he not knowing I am an ex-dancing master, and we begin to discuss the merits and demerits of the dancers. This acquaintance, by the way, was a magnificent waltzer, and with this accomplishment is always a great favorite with the ladies in the ball-room. I asked

him why he always waited for the waltz, when he had so many invitations from eligible partners to dance the quadrilles.

“O!” he said, “they are too tame; the waltz is the only dance where the real enjoyment comes in. You see it is like this: One has no chance to embrace his partners in a square dance.”

“But,” I said, “does not this embrace often excite passion?”

“Of course it does; it would not be worth much without that.”

“Do not the ladies often object to such a close embrace as I see some giving?”

“Well, I should say not. If she objected she would not waltz the second time. I tell you what it is, old man,” he added in a burst of confidence, “this waltzing is the greatest thing in the world, when you are whirling around the room, and do it properly, mind you. You can always handle your partner as best suits your purpose, and in the excitement of a moment, I have often whispered things in her ear that she would slap my face for at any other time.”

“But,” said I, “I should be afraid I might take advantage of the wrong one some time.

“Oh,” he said, “they all like it, but you must know how to do it. There must be no mistakes. She would not dance with you the second time if you blunder. You must be very careful, and take her at the right time.’

He left us at that moment to accept the hand of a beautiful brunette. Her well-rounded form showed through her thin skirt and her well-developed breast was exposed almost full view. At that moment I turned to look at my friend of the evening, and a mutual sigh escaped us simultaneously. There was no room for words. We watched the dancers, and our confidential friend was doing some of his finest with the brunette partner. It seemed just as he had told us, that it was mutual enjoyment. His limbs were in close contact with hers. I did not ask my friend his opinion of the waltz; his gaze told me more than he could speak. I did not disturb his reverie. The waltz was soon over, and we left the hall



**THE FATHER FINDS HIS DAUGHTERS IN THE WINE ROOM
AFTER THE BALL.**

THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
AND
COMMUNICATIONS
DIVISION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

and proceeded about a block, when he said, "Are you going to write a book on the Chicago ball-rooms? If so, don't delay it one day. And if you can write what I have seen and heard there this evening, you will do more for humanity than all the evangelists put together on the dance subject. Why," he said, "I know some nice girls who attend that same school. I think they would not allow anything like that."

"Oh, my dear sir, don't forget yourself; they are all nice girls who attend that class to-night. I know one or two personally; they are members of churches, and if you wish it, I can get you the address of that brunette who danced with my friend. She is a very active member of the reform circles of this city."

He looked at me steadily for awhile and said, "But I can hardly believe it, now that I have seen it. I cannot realize it."

And indeed he looked his amazement—he seemed dazed or in a dream.

Dear reader, he did not give me his confidence, but I could almost say truthfully, he was thinking of some dear friend of his,

or perhaps a sister who had been taught the art of locking herself in a man's embrace, to be at his disposal a couple of nights a week in the ball-room.

I intend to put in this book enough evidence to convince the inexperienced dancers that just such scenes are commoner than they will care to admit. If you cannot believe or be convinced without seeing the sin there is in the dance, if you cannot realize how degrading it is, I invite you to go; and I would insist on all fathers going whose children dance; its a duty you owe to God. I do not expect you to believe every word without living proof. Do not only stay through the dance, but go to the supper table; take a certain lady for your object, study her, follow her as a shadow to the door of the carriage before you take your leave. She may be an acquaintance of yours, perhaps a sister, or a daughter. Were you told the circumstances by some truthful friend, you would not believe it. You thought that she was so chaste. You will surely be convinced against your own will that it is nothing but a school for pros-

titution. You will be as thoroughly convinced as my friend of the evening was. I will have no fear of your comments on my book after one or two social evenings at a respectable (?) dance.

CHAPTER IV.

ARE ALL CLASSES OF WALTZERS THE SAME?

Perhaps the most elite are composed of people that are too refined to be led into such scenes of gaiety and utter abandonment of dancing while waltzing. I am invited to a social to-night; let me take you with me. It is a full dress affair, and I think I can interest you. The party we attend this evening is a fashionable one of the season, composed of people selected 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.

A TRUE STORY.

We are going to a beautiful residence on one of the boulevards of Chicago. Our carriage pulls up before the entrance of an elegant mansion. Every window glitters with bright light coming from the chandeliers, with both gas and electric lights turned on in their fullest capacity, sending rays far out into the darkness. From the wide-open doors a perfect glory floods the street from side to side. The hum of subdued voices from within and the banging of coach doors without. We step lightly from our carriage 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 running from end to end overhead, we trip lightly up the stone stairway leading to the entrance, and are received by the usher, who leads us to a room and relieves us of our outer wraps and clothing, and we stand revealed in our well-fitting full dress suits and proceed to the reception room; folding doors fly open before us, and behold, we enter upon a scene

of enchantment; magnificent apartments succeed each other in a long vista, glittering with splendid decorations; luxurious carpets are under foot, beautiful pictures, rich lace, rare trifles of art are around us, an atmosphere of wealth, refinement, and good taste is all-pervading. But there is an after-thought 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 they enter. Would you believed it possible that so much beauty and richness could have been collected under one roof. Score after score of fair women and handsome men. The apparel of the former is beyond description—all is perfected without a fault. The rooms are filling and still they come. See yonder tall and beautiful maiden as she enters leaning upon the arm of her gray-headed father. Mark her well. She is the queen among the circle of her acquaintances. I shall call your attention to her again presently. How proud of her the old man seems, and well he may be. Who would not be proud, be it either daughter, sister, or sweetheart. Such

divine grace of womanhood that lives in her supple form. What calm, sweet beauty shines in that lovely face. A face so pure and full of purity; the bare skin exposed by the low-cut dress, showing well-rounded shoulders and bust, with shapely arms, and the contour of limbs shows their full form by the tight clinging silk, calls for no baser admiration than we feel when looking upon the representation of an angel, or some beautiful piece of statuary carved by some artistic sculptor. With that high-bred and maidenly reserve she responds to the greeting of the Apollo in full dress, who bows low before her, the very type of the elegant and polished gentleman. He begs a favor to be granted later in the evening. With down-cast eyes she smiles consent. And with a bow he records the promise on a tablet in his hand. Gracefully she moves forward again, still leaning on her father's arm, smiling and nodding to her acquaintances, and repeating the harmless little ceremony described above with perhaps a dozen other gentlemen, Apollo-like in form and "clothed in fine raiment." with fine, intelligent faces

and graceful manners, until she reaches the end of the room, when she relieves her father from present care, and he goes among the gentlemen, shaking hands with those near and nodding to distant ones and receiving introductions to others. "Pure and lovely girl!" I hear you say in a breath-like tone, "lucky indeed is he who can win that jewel for a wife. That face will haunt me like a dream." But wake up, my friend, or you will forget the purpose of your visit here to-night. I know it requires considerable of will not to grow sentimental among such beauty and loveliness. Would that I could never change this scene as it appears in this act. Could it be perpetual, what a happy evening those people would make. Now look again at this young wife, as she enters with her husband. Is she not a beautiful creature? Note how devotedly she hangs on his arm. Look at his glances. His face seems to say, "Behold my treasure, my very own!" Well may he feel proud. She is a ruby among gems. How gorgeous is her dress; such a contrast. Her husband does not dance. It was at her solicitation that he

is attending here to-night. Our Apollo of the evening glides toward her, and again the little tablet is brought out and promises are given and recorded as engagements for certain dances. The mingling goes on, introducing and being introduced. But hark! The music is beginning; the dance is about to start. You and I will withdraw for a short time and take a hand at cards or enjoy a cigar in some quiet place out on the veranda until the heat of the dance begins. I must say "heat" to be expressive, as I will be able to explain it later on, when you observe the two lovely ladies I have introduced to you by description above. The hours slide by; we will step inside again. The gentlemen at cards have stopped and some are preparing to leave. The music is playing the floating waltz. 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 in the warm embrace of the arms of the gentlemen partners, not always an old acquaintance, but one who has just been introduced to them

that evening. As we go further into the room to get a good place to see well, the music grows louder and more ravishing than ever. No confusion of voices 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, leaving the willful young ladies to the care of their obliging partners, for them to bring them home safely. And this is to oblige a child. It would have been far safer to have the child retire to some out-of-the-way place and take a nap, having one of the attendants to call you after the ball is over. But no, they have no more interest in the amusements, and they are tired and sleepy, so they go and leave the innocent young girls to give free reign to the sport. We seek some cool place out of the way of the dancers, but where we have a full view of the room, for the air is hot and fettered, it comes to us in sensuous gusts of varying perfumes as a score of whirling, scented robes go by. I turn to my friend to say, "How beautiful,"

and am surprised to see the look of wonder on his face. This does not look like the scenes of your boyhood, with the country boys "swinging corners," "balance all," "sides right and left." You are dazed, bewildered. Then 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 being a fashionable gathering of people, who are of the best (?) people in the city. Their mothers (some of them) are contributors to the House of Refuge, where fallen women are taken in great numbers, of whom, if their histories were retraced, were ruined by the same dance of which you are now a spectator. These are the beautiful waltzers. A score or more forms whirl by us under the bright rays of the electric light; scores of floating visions—male and female—each one bending forward as the opposite sways backward. It is the most indecent arrangement that is permitted to exist in public. Is there a father or husband that 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 any manhood in him. It has been proven by facts and statistics that the most amorous woman makes the best waltzer. But let us draw near and take a close view; perhaps I may be wrong in interpreting to you what I have. 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 not they make a picture that would be worth painting? Those bright eyes glittering with excitement. Oh! the tell-tale flush. Just look at her movements; they are perfect; how she glides; with what a grace. Oh! incomparable! Now let us take this couple for a study. He is stalwart and agile, tall and graceful; she is his counterpart in height, supple and beautiful in form and feature. 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 firm that he feels every motion of them, and every breath she draws. Face to face they whirl, his limbs interwoven with hers, his strong right arm about her yielding waist,

he presses her to him till every curve in the contour of her body is as close as the tight apparel will permit; he feels every muscle of her pressed against him, her limbs, her hips, which thrill her through with the amorous contact. Her eyes look into his at an extra pressure to note whether he has a meaning, and then drop again, but while she is searching him with her gaze, the gentleman (?) has a countenance of iron; he is a statue with a fixed expression; he dares not show the least light that is burning up within him; she would be insulted; the time has not arrived. She sees nothing, and so long as he means no harm she feels no compunction in dancing. She thinks it is a secret to be shared by her only; her conscience is at rest and she gives way to the soft notes of the music that soothes her; she is perfectly oblivious to her surroundings. Apollo knows when to act; he bends her body to and fro 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; she ceases to look at him. Again his eyes gleam as he watches

her with a fierce, intolerable lust and gloats over her as his victim. She cannot read his thoughts; he uses too much care for that; she is filled with a rapture of sin in its intensity; she is in the maelstrom of burning desire; 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 her partner releases her from his embrace. Every nerve in her relaxes from the strain, and she feels almost unable to walk. Leaning wearily on his arm, the rapture dying out of her, cheeks flushed, unnerved, limp and worn out, she is lead, supported trembling to her seat, there to recover as best she can, for a space of a few minutes, when she again must 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; she allows her partner to go through it without any effort on her part, only to be as pliable as her strength will make her.

This is a true description. You have heard it described and seen the effects. Did

you notice a faint smile on the lips of her companion as he turned and left her? That was a smile of triumph; he is thinking to himself that he still has another dance with her before the night is over; 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 they join in some low, coarse remark made by one of them. But can she keep her secret better than they? Evidently she tries hard. And now tell me, did you not notice that this is the lady that came in with her father? This one we have been watching so closely? You say it is not the same one? Well, allow me to tell you it is; the pure and lovely girl you so much admired early in the evening, the so desirable wife, the angel who was to haunt you in your dream. "What! that harlot?" Hold on; not so loud; a gem is not a gem here, so-called. But let me answer again that this same lovely girl whose semi-nakedness was so apparent a few minutes ago was the same chaste girl whose modestly concealed her

nudity so well. 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. Do not be too harsh with her. 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 they are not all to blame. Let us look at the other side; there he stands over there, the gentleman (?), or I will use my own words to describe him—the libertine—who danced with her; a coward who pastured on her and then boasted of it; he was the Apollo who first saluted her; the little promise which she gave so gracefully and which he recorded so eagerly was a deliberate surrender of her body to his use and their mutual enjoyment. It is nothing else. Her father must have been playing cards and drinking wine when he consigned her to the care of those heartless brutes called ‘society gentlemen.’ Could there be such a miracle that she might go home now, she certainly would be safe for this time at least.

The cause of her father drinking wine may have been a purposed plan; whether it was or not, it had the same effect, and even was he in his sober senses, he has his daughter's pleasure at heart; she wants to enjoy herself, and as he is not a dancer, he cannot stay longer; it is very tiresome, and she will be perfectly safe. Poor old fool; how little he knows of the lustfulness of the waltz. He who had never taken a woman in his arms to fondle until he was married, and that was his wife, and in private. "He never waltzed, you know," so her father consigns her to the care of Apollo; he will bring her home all right; he has the reputation of being a perfect gentleman and is wealthy, and nothing dishonorable ever enters the old man's head. If parents allow their daughters to waltz, I would advise them to take some obscure corner and watch the dances. You will have plenty of food for reflection. But we are wasting time here; advice given free is wasted. The higher price charged, the more attention is paid to the warning.

The dance seems more furious.

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

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

The Satanic will soon be ended. One more picture before we go. What right has that face over there to intrude amid this scene of gaiety? That dark scowl face, filled with hate and jealousy and stifled rage? See how its owner moves restlessly about, continually changing his position, but ever keeping his eyes on that voluptuous woman who is surrendering her soul to the lascivious pleasing of opportunity, is reeling, gliding and yielding in the embrace of her partner. Her drunken catholicity of desire and accent of her emotions figure in her movements and are visible to every eye. That miserable, self-despised wretch is the indulgent husband whom we noticed on her arrival. It is natural that he should take some interest in the lady; she is his wife; no wonder there is 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. But 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." Then the poor fool must screw up a sickly smile and say, "thank you," knowing all the while in his heart that the man before him had just now made him wretched under his very nose. Will he ever learn to appreciate the utter vileness of his situation? Will he always be persuaded next morning that he must have been excited by wine, that his jealousy was the thoughts of all unreason? Or will he, as many others have done, pop out some day into a full-fledged dancer himself, and compromise matters with his wife by making the degradation mutual? But while we ponder these things, the musicians have departed; 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.



YOUNG APOLLO LEADS THE DAUGHTER TO THE CARRIAGE.

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Shift the scene to the last act of the detestable drama. The gentlemen will escort the ladies to their homes. Our Apollo will not yet relinquish his hot pursuit of his fleet-footed victim, and verily on this occasion his reward is sure. Forward, then, to the waiting carriages. How pleasant to the weary limbs are the luxurious cushions. In your comrade even mental sense is stupefied, every carnal nature is aroused to its uttermost. Apollo gives orders to drive slow, and you will not lack for patronage. 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 parents next morning.

Ball-room society is very good to you, young man. 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? Don't delude yourself, my friend; you have simply been present at a 'social hop,' at the home of Hon. —, a most estimable and

solid citizen, a member of the Episcopal Church (his family regularly attends), a promoter of charity, and he is a member of the society for the suppression of vice; his residence is one of the finest on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. The dance you have pronounced so outrageous is simply the divine waltz, the queen of dances.

I wish to say right here, dear reader, that every word I put in this book I know to be true; it's not from hear-say; and I intend to smite hip and thigh, not with fine words and dainty language, but with the homely truth, having the sense of duty upon me to try and set the parents to thinking, especially those who are having their daughters educated for the brothel by having them taught the art of placing their bodies at the disposal of men, such as they must do when waltzing.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE DANCING SCHOOLS.

To my great surprise I found that many colleges and schools in the eastern cities employ a dancing master (the devil's most powerful agent) to teach the pupils dancing. I have just read the book called "Rome's Hand in Our Public Schools." I wish to ask our Protestant brethren which has the most victims in the brothels and other hells of our Christian land, Romanism or dancing masters? In conversation with a Unitarian minister of New York while in Boston, he severely criticised my first book, "From the Ball-Room to Hell," and said such things might exist out West, but it surely didn't down East. In our conversation I learned he was to attend a grand charity ball the following evening, to be given on Tremont Avenue; the price of admission was five dollars. It was attended by some of the elite of Boston. I also attended to convince my friend what I said was true. It was

surely a grand affair. As the evening wore on we were approached by a friend of his who had been exalting himself in the terpsichorean feast during the whole evening. This friend was a very handsome man, a magnificent dancer. The young minister remarked to him that he had a lady friend whom he would be pleased to have him dance with; he consented, and when the music started we began to watch him while he waltzed with her, and greatly surprised at the way he had folded her in his arms, literally fondling her on his breast, and bending her delicate, melting form in a manner that was marvelous to behold. How exquisitely the closely drawn silks disclosed her wasp-like form. And those motions! Could anything be more suggestive? Every movement of her body was the reproduction of the Turkish muscle dance. Remove a little drapery and there is nothing left to desire. Isn't it wonderful! The minister remarked, "This is a perfect outrage. I would not have believed it had any one told me." Not so, I said, "Can aught be said of her reputation?" "No, a thousand times

no." "As for her dress, is it not the perfection of what all others in the room are?"

I drew the attention of my friend to several endeavoring to achieve the same feat, and they were wives and daughters of our first people of Boston.

Now, dear reader, do not imagine that this young man was a social ogre or unusual monster. No, indeed! He was and is a very nice young man; he is, in fact, commonly regarded as a model young man, outside of a ball-room. Nor must you imagine that his partner has a single stain upon her reputation. She takes great interest in the Sunday School and on all sides is admitted to be a "great catch" of the season in the matrimonial market. I chanced to be on the street with the young man in question a few days later. We met this young lady and she greeted him with a modest bow on her part and respectful lifting of the hat on his. He may enjoy her body in the ball-room, but you see he is not well enough acquainted to take her hand on the street. The young minister frankly confessed that he had never danced and really had never been present

at only a very few, but his wife is very fond of those dances, she says she sees no harm in them, and her concluding and unanswerable argument is that if I danced them I should like them just as well as she does." The truth to the latter statement depends upon your moral perception. There is but one answer I can give. If you are so lax in your attention, so deficient in those qualities which go to make a woman happy that she seeks the embrace of the ball-room libertine to supply the more than half-acknowledged need, if this be true, I leave the matter with you.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW YORK.

While in New York City, a lady said to me, "How is it that while so many of you gentlemen are fond of dancing until you are married, and from that moment few of you can be induced to dance any more? You court them 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 though 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?"

"My dear lady, you are mistaken, for there are very few dancing men who marry a girl out of the ball-room; they don't want a woman for wife whom they and hundreds of others have been hugging and fondling for a few years. But when you 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 you have just cited. The privileges of matrimony relieves the necessity of 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 VII.

TESTIMONY OF PROF. STRIBES.

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 the "Ball-Room to Hell" books, asked him to read it, and that I would call on him the following day to get his opinion on it. I called the following day and this was our conversation:

"You ask me what I think of your book? A man in my position, who has written dances, taught dances, followed it most of my life, made my fortune at it, ought not to say much against it. But I can say 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 an endorsement from such eminent author-

ity. 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 so long as she is my wife.”

“Why not? You danced with other men’s wives and daughters.”

“Oh, yes,” he answered smilingly, “of course, but there is a mighty difference between hugging other men’s wives to music and taking your own wife and daughters to places where every fellow can dangle his legs among their petticoats.”

“Professor, 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, that 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 many per-

sonal annoyances 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 ever 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 the statement that no woman can waltz well and waltz virtuously."

"Yes, I noticed that in your book. I will say that I don't believe 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 one she surely would make a poor companion for a husband, and feel sorry for the lack in 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 that is inclined in the least 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 are 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 look where the vice germinates and crush it there, they would soon wipe it out; but as long as the public schools teach prostitution by having dancing taught, there will be prostitutes. And most ministers haven't courage enough to condemn dancing, for fear of offending some of their members."

CHAPTER VIII.

PROF. HOLMES' TESTIMONY.

I also called upon Mr. Wm. H. Holmes, an ex-dancing master, now a Christian man, who lives in San Francisco, California.

“You ask me my opinion on 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 the 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 carriage; he places her panting form up 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.”

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

I will here quote a few lines from an eminent author, who published a protest against the dance some years ago, and 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, though, 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 own 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 heretofore. 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 was this so-called dancing, I expect to be believed. But if my cheeks grew red with uncomprehended pleasure then, they grow pale with shame to-day, 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 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 talked to each other.' I was still a school girl, although 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 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.

I will quote a brief sketch of a chapter of my first book, "From the Ball-Room to Hell."

CHAPTER X.

WINE AT THE DANCE.

To illustrate to you how wine is used in connection with the ball-room to accomplish damnable deeds. It was a Saturday night in the month of December, in the year of 1891. The girls who toil daily in the stores and shops on Spring Street were 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 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 passed up the street, her very beautiful face does not escape the notice of the crowd of idlers gathered on the corners gazings 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 her 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, explains 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 and praises of 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 had never attended a grand ball in her life, and looked forward to this with greatest pleasure. The evening at last arrives. Her escort calls for her in an elegant carriage. 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 to-night." 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 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 unaccustomed girl, but there is one thing which does not please her. It is the fact that wine is flowing freely, and that all are partakers 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



OH, GOD! HAD I NEVER SEEN A BALL ROOM!

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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 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 awakes 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's 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." She 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 association, I lost my purity, my innocence, my all. She soon passed away to where not men, but God, judges all.

But the one who ruined her, to-day, instead of being hung for murder, as he surely deserves, is a leader in society. His name often appears in the daily papers as the leader of some select, fashionable dancing party.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BALL ROOM AND BROTHEL.

I will now show you another avenue in which the ball-room is used to supply the brothels.

While in Chicago I took into my confidence one of its most experienced officers, who for years was in a position to possess

an intimate acquaintance with all phases of city crime. I asked him, "Is it or is it not a fact that if I were to go to the proper house, well introduced, the keeper would, for money, supply me in due time with a girl who has never been seduced?"

"Certainly," he replied, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what price?"

"That is a different question," he said. "I remember one case which came under my observation while in Pinkerton's agency; the price agreed upon was thirty dollars."

"But," I continued, "are these girls willing or unwilling parties to the transaction?"

"Of course, they are rarely willing, and as a rule they do not know the trap that is set for them until it's too late."

"Where and how do these women get hold of these girls?"

"In the dancing schools mostly. It's this way: Every one of those brothel keepers have men employed for that purpose. In the day-time you will find them around the first-class saloons and cigar stores. At

night they are always at some dancing school. They get acquainted with the girls, pick out the one that is the easiest victim, which is easily done while he has her in his warm embrace in the space of a waltz; he wins her confidence; he well knows what tack to take with her; he invites her to a supper and arranges for the purchasing party to be present; she is applied with wine, she soon loses her head, and because of the condition to which she is aroused in the ball-room, she falls an easy victim, and the brothel keeper gets her thirty dollars, of which fifteen goes to her lover, the ball-room seeker. He will not stop at this stage, but he holds the girl in his power, and with a little more wine and waltzing he will soon have her in the brothel, for which he is to get an additional ten dollars. These facts I know to be true, and many other similar cases."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW GIRLS ARE RUINED.

So startling a declaration by so eminent authority led me to turn my investigation in this direction. I then put myself into direct and confidential communication with brothel keepers in Chicago, New York, and Boston. Some of these were still carrying on their business; others had abandoned it, and were living a better life, whom I found in the Florence Crittenden Rescue Home. (May God bless those Rescue Homes.)

Here, for instance, is a statement made to me by a brothel keeper who formerly kept a noted house in Boston, but who is now endeavoring to start life anew. She had been ruined by a dancing master at the age of fourteen years, and had been earning a living by sin up to a few months ago, when she married the man who was her partner and landlord of the house, and is now living an honest Christian life. I asked her husband about how they secured girls. These are his words:

“Maids, as you call them, are constantly in request, and a keeper who knows his business has his eyes open on all sides. His stock of girls is constantly getting used up and needs replenishing, and he has to be on the alert for the reputation of his house. I have been, in my time, a good deal about the country on these errands. The getting of fresh girls takes time, but it is easy enough when you are ‘on to it.’ I go to the ball-room, the same as a hunter would go to the woods for game. There I could get them in my arms. I pick my girls out, court them under all guises, make them believe I intend to marry them, and so get them in my power “to please a good customer.”

“How is it done?”

“Why, I have the confidence of most all the dancing masters of New England. They would pick out the easiest victim, mostly girls who were orphans, or their parents were poor; he would notify me. I would either go or send some young man who is a good dancer to accomplish her ruin.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A SAMPLE CASE.

“Here is a case, for instance. I went to Lynn, Mass., for one whom the dancing master picked out. After meeting her in the ball-room I courted her for a time; I proposed to bring her to Boston to see the sights. I took her to the theater and other places, and gave her plenty to eat, and especially wine to drink; then I contrived it so that she missed the last train; by this time she was very tired, a little dazed with the drink and excitement, and very timid at being left in town with no friends. I offered her a night’s lodging; she went to bed in my house, and then my client gets his maid and I get from thirty to fifty dollars, of which the dancing master who assisted me gets five dollars. In the morning the girl, who has lost her character and dares not go home, in all probability will do as others do.”

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER SAMPLE.

“Here is another case. A traveling man came to me and said he met a girl about fifteen years old at a dance in Lowell, Mass., and wanted me to get her for him. He said she would not be an easy victim, although she was a fresh and innocent country girl. I sent my wife down to Lowell; she met the girl at the dancing school, formed her acquaintance, found out she was a good girl of poor parents. My wife made her parents think she was a very wealthy woman and had taken a great fancy to their daughter. And they were much pleased when my wife engaged their child to come to Boston as her companion. We petted her and made a good deal of her. We let her go to dances, which seemed to be her favorite amusement, and arranged for my client to meet her there and escort her home.

He could not make her yield till one night after returning home from a party, my wife

applied a drug to her wine, which she had learned to drink since she came to Boston, and her ruin was accomplished, for which I received forty dollars. My client took her away with him, I believe. When her parents inquired for her, I told them she had been a bad girl and had run away with a young man."

"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 come 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 she will fall an easy victim or not. No, they hardly ever make a mistake. No, you can't approach two girls alike. It requires tact and study, such as other trades. 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. In 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, "Marshall Field & Co. and Siegel, Cooper & Co. boast that no girls have ever left their store to live a life of shame on account of small wages. Very true. But I can name over thirty girls who are living in sin that came from these stores in the last year, and every one of them were ruined on their way home from some select dance." "Yes, I was one of the managers of the Charity Ball this year. I know of three girls that 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 forty 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.

CHAPTER XV.

While in this city of Chicago, in company with several Godly men, I guided them through several dance or bawdy houses. In conversation with one of the girls who were dancing and serving liquor 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 through her interceding, I attended dancing school. I was only sixteen, and coming in such close contact with men was too much for me. I lost virtue, grace and all. I have to make a living some way, and this is the easiest way 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.

CHAPTER XVI.

There is a great movement on foot to suppress the vice in the United States. I suggest that the leader in this Godly movement visit the brothel inmates, find out where they met their ruin. You will find that the strike will have to be made where the vice germinates. A girl will not visit a saloon until she is quite well advanced in vice. And some of the very ones, I am sorry to say, who are engaged in the crusade against sin and rescuing abandoned women are sending their own pure children to dancing schools, which lead to prostitution.

Once in my own experience 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 afterwards one of the daughters caught a severe cold at a ball given by me. She faded very rapidly. Just before she

died, they sent for the minister; they were glad to have the word of God spoken after it was too late. Who and what was the cause of her death? Had the parents listened to the voice of the man of God their child would not have died the victim of the ball-room. I believe God will hold the parents responsible for their child's downfall. They will let the agent of the devil come in their homes to hug and fondle their wives and daughters and would not let the man of God enter their door. Like the Jews who called out, "Give us Barrabbas," a thief and murderer, and "Away with the Lamb of God, and crucify him."

Stop! Think! Father! Mother! while you are educating your child for usefulness and society are you to plant a seed in their hearts that may soon ripen to open sin, that will bring your gray heads to an early and sorrowful grave, by your once pure and loving child now spending her nights in the ball-room and at wine suppers? God forbid!

CHAPTER XVII.

The following extract from the writings of a distinguished theologian is so full of instruction and so entertaining in style that it makes a fitting close for this book, and we hope no reader will lay the book aside till he has finished this chapter.

IS IT PERMITTED TO DANCE?

From **ABBE GAUME**, Doctor of Theology.*

“Uncle, is it permitted to dance?”

This was the question which a young lady of eighteen asked of one of my venerable confreres.

“You ask my opinion about dancing,” he replied; “I shall be happy to give it to you. We must first of all set aside religious dances, of which we meet a few examples in the Scripture. There is nothing in common between the holy enthusiasm of Moses’ sister, Mary, or of the Royal Prophet, and

* Taken from *Catechism of Perseverance*, 2d Vol., pp. 696-701.

the vain joy of fashionable dances; between the lively flight of gratitude and the love of worldly pleasure. Nor do you consult me concerning those modest, though profane, dances which take place between persons of the same sex: the Church has not condemned them.

“The question, then, between you and me is about balls and soirees—in other words about worldly dances in which the sexes are confusedly assembled together; profane circles, summoned by vanity, animated by desire of pleasure in which the passions dispute for empire; in which it is so rare that modesty has not cause to blush by reason of the nature of the dances, or shamelessness of dress, or the freedom of manner and speech. These preliminaries being disposed of, I proceed to answer your question, whether it is permitted to dance.

“Innocent of itself, sometimes used in religious festivals to honor God, dancing was afterwards degraded by the passions and employed in the worship of idols. The pagans used to honor their wicked deities by licentious dances. This, my niece, was the

origin of dancing, such as it is practiced at the present day; history leaves no doubt on the matter.”

“ But, uncle, it is not the history of dancing that I am asking you about; it is your opinion on the question whether it is permitted to dance.”

“ I understand quite well, as I shall soon show you. Cicero having to defend the Consul Lucius Morena, who was accused of dancing, exclaimed, ‘ Such a thing cannot be believed, especially in regard to a consul, without making known the vices to which he was subject before giving himself over to this kind of excess. For no person dances, either in private or in public, unless he is a drunkard or a fool. Dancing is the last of vices and includes them all.’

“ Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators, wishing to cast odium on the persons belonging to the train of Philip, King of Macedon, accuses them publicly of dancing. At Rome, to describe a woman without morals it was enough to say that she danced more elegantly than became an honest woman. Ovid, the voluptuous

poet, so little acquainted with severity in his morals, calls dancing places places of shipwreck for modesty, and dances themselves the seed of vices. I shall spare you the words of Aristotle, Plato, Seneca, and Scipio."

"And you do well, uncle. It is not the opinion of Cicero and others that I am asking; it is your own. Is it permitted to dance?"

"Since you don't like the pagans, we will say no more about them. Though I should not have been sorry to tell you, also, that in the time of Tiberius, the Roman Senate banished all dancers out of Rome; and that Domitian, even, excluded from the Senate some members who were attached to licentious dances. But as I promised you, we shall say no more about the pagans. The Holy Ghost warns us (Eccl. ix., 4) expressly not to be found with a dancer, and to beware of lending an ear to her words, lest we should be overcome by the force of her charms. And elsewhere, speaking, as you need have no doubt of what occurs in our balls, He says: 'The daughters of Zion are haughty;

they walk with their heads aloft; they have made signs with their eyes and their hands; they have given themselves vain airs in their stiff and studied steps. Wherefore the Lord will cover them with shame and confusion.'” (Isa. iii., 17.)

“ But pardon me, uncle; you are not answering me, or rather I have only a glimpse of your answer.”

“ You may easily be mistaken.”

“ Be so good, then, as to keep me from the possibility of a mistake by telling me plainly whether it is permitted to dance.”

“ His soul nourished with meditations of Holy writings, a father of the Church, St. Ephraim exclaims: ‘Who ever could show from the Scripture that it is permitted to Christians to dance? Which of the prophets taught it? Which of the evangelists authorizes it? In what book of the apostles do we find a single text favorable to dances? If such a diversion is to be permitted to Christians, it must be said that everything is full of errors—in the law and in the writings of prophets, apostles, and evangelists. But if all the words of these holy books are true

and inspired, as they really are, it is incontestable that Christians are forbidden to seek diversions of this kind.' Tertullian represents the place of worldly dances as a temple of Venus, or a sink of impurity. St. Basil pictures it as a shameful market of obscenity. St. Chrysostom regards dances as a splendid school for impure passions. St. Ambrose calls them a choir of iniquity, the rock of innocence, the grave of shame. St. Augustine says that it would be better to till the ground on Sunday than to dance."

"Well now, uncle, I don't know what you are coming to. You give me every one's opinion in general, about which I am not asking at all, and you don't tell me a word about your own opinion, the only thing I wish to know. It is to yourself, to yourself only, that I address this question, 'Is it permitted to dance?'"

"In modern times I hear two illustrious bishops express themselves in very clear terms. 'The worldly dance,' says St. Charles Borromeo, 'is nothing else than a circle of which the devil is the center and his slaves the circumference; whence it

hardly ever happens that a person dances without sin.' 'The custom of balls,' says St. Francis de Sales, 'is so directed towards evil by circumstances that the soul is therein exposed to great danger. As certain plants draw to themselves the venom of serpents that come near them, so balls collect the venom of human passions, the poison of a general contagion.' "

"You are determined, uncle, to make me submit to all the testimonies of tradition, from Adam down to ourselves. There is no necessity for so much. Answer me, I pray you; it is yourself that I want to hear. not others;. Is it permitted to dance?"

"The Council of Constantinople forbids public dances, under pain of anathema. The Councils of Leodicea and Lerida forbid them, even at weddings. The Council of Aix-la-Chapelle terms them infamous things; an African Council, a very wicked action; the Council of Rouen, diversions full of folly; the Council of Tours, snares of the devil."

"After the fathers of the Church there was nothing wanting but the Councils! Without exaggeration, uncle, I think that

you would like to make me a theologian by one conversation. But I am afraid that you will find it rather tedious work; so tell me, Is it permitted to dance?"

"Make your mind easy. I will say no more of the Scripture or of the Fathers, or of Councils. 'Dancing,' says the poet, Petrarch, whose testimony you cannot challenge, 'is a frivolous performance, unworthy of men, hateful to chaste eyes; a prelude to the indulgence of the passions, the source of a multitude of infamies, from which nothing ever comes but irregularity and impurity.' The father of modern atheists, Bayle, expresses himself thus: 'Dancing is good for nothing but to corrupt the heart and to bring a dangerous war on chastity.' A worldly man, the celebrated Bussey-Rabutin, who had tasted all sorts of pleasures, wrote thus to Mgr. the Bishop of Autun: 'I have always considered balls dangerous. It was not only my reason that made me think so, but also my experience. Accordingly, I maintain that whoever is a Christian should not go to a ball.'"

"Really, uncle, it is too strong. I shall

only ask you once more; tell me, yes or no, Is it permitted to dance?"

"I hope you will not be vexed, my dear niece. I promise to give you my advice when you yourself have answered the questions I am about to put to you. (1) On the day of your baptism you renounced the devil with all his pomp and works. If you do not meet again what you renounced in the balls, be so good as to tell me where else? (2) Would you like to die at a ball, without having a moment to recollect yourself? (3) Would you appear at the Holy table in ball dress? (4) Do you find in the Gospel one morality for eight o'clock in the morning and another for ten o'clock at night?"

"But, uncle, uncle! we are not speaking, if you please, about that at all. The question is not of my opinion, but of yours."

"Well, I shall excuse you from an answer to these questions, but at least give me an answer to what I am going to ask now. Is it true that a ball is thought of many days before it occurs, and even during one's prayers? Is it true that whole hours are given to one's adornment, hours which are

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sometimes due to one's family or to religion? Is it true that days consecrated to the Lord are often chosen for dances? Is it true that at a ball one is stormed with vanity, and that there is as great a parade of ornaments as possible, and too often of indecent attire? Is it true that no means are left untried to please others and to attract applause? Is it true that persons do not fear to veil without covering themselves, and that immodest artifices are employed to show off dangerous charms, and to supply those which nature has refused or time has faded? Is it true that at a ball jealousy is enraged with merit, and that the success of one is the anguish of another? Is it true that, to have a triumph over one's rival there is little account made of pleasantries no ways courteous, of whispers significantly mysterious, of allusions more or less malicious? Is it true that all this is sometimes matter for conversation for many days after a ball?

“ Is it true that at a ball everything contributes to awaken the senses, to soften the heart, to excite the imagination? Is it true that one finds there a brilliant circle, whose

members vie with one another in displaying the most captivating ornaments of fashion? A mixture of the sexes, a confusion of persons whose age alone would point out that they ought to be kept separate, and both parties comporting themselves in a manner very proper to cast into each other's hearts the most fatal sparks. With all this the gay steps of effeminate dance, the exquisite harmonies of seducing music, the gorgeous illusions of decoration, and the dazzling beams of light?

“Is it true that at a ball one spends what would feed a great many poor persons, who, while you are inebriated with pleasure, tremble with cold; who are in want of clothes to cover them, of straw on which to sleep, and of bread to eat, and whose sobs and tears ascend to God with your laughter and song? Is it true that, during the ball, that is, during the greater portion of the night, servants of both sexes remain without any watch over them, and are exposed to the danger of permitting among themselves that which a more careful education forbids to their masters and their mistresses?

“Is it true—”

“Ah! uncle, I have heard enough. I pray you no more at present. To be candid with you, I would rather, in stead of answering all these questions tell you that I shall never dance; so clearly do I see that you would not permit me to dance.”

“You are mistaken now. I tell you in plain terms that I permit you to dance. Do you hear that?”

“You permit me, uncle?”

“Yes; I, an old man with gray hairs; I permit you to dance, on one slight condition.”

“What is it?”

“Will you promise to observe it?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, listen. You know, my niece, that the most general and unassailable principle of Christian morality is that which obliges us to refer to God everything we do; and God is so good that he accepts the offering of our most common and indifferent actions, such as our meals, our recreations, our sleep, because all these things enter into the order of His Providence. When, there-

fore, you have arranged your toilet for a ball, you shall retire to your room. There, alone, without any other witness than God and your conscience, you shall place yourself on your knees at the foot of your crucifix and make the following prayer:

“‘O, my God! My Model and my Judge, I am about to do freely and willingly a thing which Thy Gospel and Thy Church declare to be most dangerous, a thing which has brought shipwreck to the piety the humility, the innocence of an immense number. To do it well I have spent a long time in adorning myself; I am crowned with roses the better to please. I offer Thee, therefore, my ball and my toilet, to imitate Thee, O my God! who was crowned with thorns, and to fulfill the promises of my baptism, by which I renounced the devil, with all his works and pomps; also, for the edification of my neighbor and the salvation of my own soul. Vouchsafe to accept my offering and to give me Thy blessing.’”

“ Why, uncle, your conditon is impossible. There is no baptized person that would dare to make such a prayer; it is mockery.”

“As you like, my niece; take it or leave it; this is the price of my permission.”

“Let others avail themselves of it; as for me, I renounce it.”

“Since dances and balls cannot be offered to God without mockery, you see, my child, that they are not so innocent as the world pretends.

“Dances being an occasion of sin, ought to be avoided.”



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