

Never Told Stories How Girls Are Deceived

By

ROBERT B. ARMITAGE, M. D.

Author of Sex Secrets, Sex-Anatomy, Sex Physiology, Secrets of Sex Psychology, Secrets of The Marriage Relation, Secrets of Sexual Control, Secrets of Sex-Morality, Human Sexual Organism, The Mistakes of The Bridegroom, Purpose of The Sexual Relation, The Dual-Function of Sex Life, Secrets of Birth Control.

**A Remarkable Series of Realistic Stories of Sex,
Pulsating with Real Life—Powerful,
Throbbing and Dramatic.**

*Every Man and Every Woman Should
Read These Alive—Terribly, Wonderfully
Alive Stories.*

A fearless and uncompromising disclosure of the tragedies and wrecks of lives that have resulted from the ignorance of the Laws of Sex.

**ADVANCED-THOUGHT PUB. CO.
CHICAGO, ILLS.**

Copyright, 1917

CHICAGO, ILL.

Disasters Due to Sexual Ignorance

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. FOREWORD

The cases recorded in this book are actual experiences. Names and localities are disguised, but the facts are adhered to. Almost photographic pictures from real life. Cross-sections of life. Truth stranger than fiction. Startling recitals of terrible results arising from Sexual Ignorance, particularly among adolescents. The Criminal Conspiracy of Silence. "If I only had known." The ostrich-like policy of refusing to look at the "not nice" side of life. The importance of sane education regarding certain fundamental and elemental facts of life and human nature. A solemn duty on the part of parents and teachers. Prurient prudery. Modern thought demands the ending of the Criminal Silence..... 7

II. THE CASE OF MARY BROWN

The story of a married woman who dreaded the coming of a third child, and who listened to the serpent-like temptings of a woman neighbor. The human hyena or abortionist. The spider and the fly. Caught in the web. The promised "harmless treatment." The beginning of the end. The presentiment of the approaching tragedy. The alarmed accomplice. "Blood poisoning." How the abortion fiend and his accomplice escaped punishment by perjured testimony. The "framed up" defence. The loss of public interest in the case. The old, old story. A simple but terrible tale of happenings which are occurring every day, in every city. "If I only had known"..... 18

III. THE CASE OF ED AND BESS

The story of a pair of young lovers to whom the world seemed to offer complete happiness. An ideally mated pair. The wedding. The happy early days of the young wedded pair. The "bird's nest" home. The love of little children. The joy over the expected little stranger. The "second courtship." The coming of "the Day." The happiness of the young father and mother. How Ed "celebrated the event" that night. "Out with the old crowd." The "practical joke" on the young father. The observance of "the double standard." The sequel to "the joke" and "celebration." The terrible predicament of Bess. The death of the baby. The horrible condition of a virtuous woman. The husband's pitiful defence. The hopes of domestic happiness blighted. "If I only had known." Turn on the Light!..... 28

THE CASE OF STELLA

The girlhood of Stella. Life in the mining town. The strange moral codes of the time and place. What constituted "respectability." The "respectable" women and the "sports." The main point of classification. The training of the motherless girl by the camp widow. Her experiences with young men. The paradox of ignorance and knowledge. The com-

ing of the young man from Chicago. The artful temptation to the girl to see city life. The apparently harmless plan, and what it led up to. Stella "runs away" on a visit to the big city. The city hotel. How Jones frightened the girl by threatening arrest. Fear of the police. The net of the snarer of innocence. The human yellow dog. What happened to Stella upon her return. A ruined life. A life of physical and mental torture. "If I only had known"..... 87

V. THE CASE OF JENNIE NELSON

The young girl in the small town. The Conspiracy of Silence. Parents of "the old school." The coming of Berkenstein. The ice-cream soda treat, and the innocent stroll. The story of the evil-monger. What happened to Jennie when she returned home. The threat of the Reformatory. Jennie's escape. "Berky's" evil scheme. The flight to the large city. The "kind lady" and her home. The drugged "home made wine." The Night of Dreadful Dreams. The awakening in the morning. Caught in the web. How the girl was frightened into submission. The "private establishment." Trying to get respectable employment. "Berky's" idea of "business" for the girl. The beast reveals his final baseness. Jennie becomes a "street-walker." The arrest. The rescue. The sequel. How the abused body was healed, the dazed mind restored to reason, and the tortured soul given peace. "To know all, is to forgive all." A thrilling picture from real life..... 54

VI. THE CASE OF PAULINE CUMMINGS

The strange ways of womankind. The theories of the wise woman and the bachelor professor. Science versus intuition. The tale of the "madame" of the establishment of ill-repute. Her "hard-as-nails" nature. How she treated the inmates and the visitors. Her outside enterprises. The death sentence by the physician. The story of the evolution of a stenographer into a "madame." Her employer's broken promise of marriage. The sense of "duty" on the part of the man. Love and Hate. The choice of an evil vocation. The ruin of the man. A strange sense of duty. The death of the man. How the dying "madame" sought to support the wife and family of the man who had betrayed her. The sequel. A strange but true story of the contradictory nature of a woman. How the professor tried to explain the case; and how the wise woman thought she knew the answer. Truth stranger than fiction..... 89

VII. THE CASE OF LAURA MASON

The girl with tastes for "the occult" and "the mystical." How she sought Truth in all quarters, without finding satisfaction. The story of a hungry and thirsty soul. The coming of the Guru Ramabhakta. The story of the transformation of a Hindu half-caste into a "holy man" and sage. How the Guru used foolish women in order to establish his position. The Guru's "classes," his "private classes," and his "personal instruction." The Weed in the garden of Oriental Flowers. Laura, like a moth, plunges into the destroying flame. The "private instruction." The "First Phase of Unfoldment." The Second Phase. The Third Phase. The Fourth Phase. The Fifth Phase. The fatal Sixth Phase. The promised Seventh Phase, which never materializes. The Devil in the guise of the Archangel. Beauty and the Beast. The Disillusionment. The Law intervenes. The Wreck of a Soul. The tomb and the epitaph: "If I only had known." The startling story of an Oriental Serpent and an Occidental Dove 107

VIII. THE CASE OF MRS. MYTON

The inside history of a celebrated murder case. Mrs. Myton was accused of the murder of a prominent man who was believed to have lured her away from her husband, and who was understood to have refused to keep his

promise of marriage after she had obtained her divorce. She refused to enter a defence in her case, and even refused to employ a lawyer or to give her confidence to the attorney appointed by the court to defend her. The State presented evidence proving that she had purchased the pistol with which the crime was committed and that she had deliberately sought the interview with the man who was murdered. The jury disagrees. The woman committed suicide in her cell, leaving a secret letter to a physician. The story brings out not only a tale of man's perfidy and woman's trust, but also throws light on the psychology of woman, and emphasizes a point which will be understood by all women but which most men will fall to adequately appreciate.....132

IX. THE CASE OF MARY FAY

The "story of my life" of a woman more sinned against than sinning, and who was the victim of circumstances which led her into the quagmire. The "bound out" girl. The seduction of the child. "Just like her mother." The Reformatory. The life which was "nothing but scrubbing and praying." Mary's escape. The villainy of "the man in the buggy." The "kind woman on the train." Sold like a dumb beast. Life in "the call house," or "telephone joint." The "more respectable" phases of prostitution. Thrown out on the street. Life in the "parlor house." Human slavery. How "fallen women" are exploited by their "owners." Startling revelations. The prey of the vilest of the race. How depraved men "own" women, and live on their earnings. Out on "the street." The life of the "street-walker." Revelations which chill the blood. A "human document" which serves to convict Society as a criminal in such cases142

X. THE CASE OF BESSIE LAYTON

Bob Layton, the "good fellow," and "one of the boys." The reaping of his crop of "wild oats." How he took the advice of "the fellows" about certain physical conditions, instead of that of conscientious physicians. How he took desperate chances, and lost. Bob gets married. Bessie Marshall, a healthy, normal, innocent girl, led to the altar by "one of the boys" who thought that he "knew it all." A crime for which there is (as yet) no legal remedy. A case of criminal negligence and omission which cannot be reached by the law (as yet). The terrible consequences to the innocent wife. The living death. Sinned against before marriage, and after. Deceived by a physician, at the request of her husband. Her shocking discovery of the truth, when it was too late. Shunned like a leper, even by her inhuman husband. The result of self-satisfaction, and "smartness" on the part of the man, and ignorance on the part of the woman. The old doctor says: "The more I see of men, the more I care for dogs." Where Death was the welcome visitor. Unpleasant but important truths158

XI. THE CASE OF ALICE MAYNARD

The girl of high ideals. The Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Alice obtains employment in the office of the great lawyer. Her advancement and success. The brilliant and successful attorney. How Alice attracts his attention. The private secretary. A psychological phenomenon. The evolution of a Platonic Friendship. The "union of minds." A startling revelation. The "loneliness of soul" of a brilliant man, and the idealistic woman's response to the call for Comradeship. The virgin kiss of newly awakened womanhood. The paradox of sincerity and guile in the nature of man. The result of the "call for understanding." The tears of man. Platonic Friendship wrecked on the solid rock of Facts. The "strange and beautiful love." The old story of the things with which the road to Hell is paved. The Dawn of Tragedy. The visit to the city, in which the stage is set for the last act of the tragedy. The failure of the "perfectly safe" plan. The dying girl. The deathbed lie. Saving the reputation of the man at the expense of her own. The Irony of Fate. Dead Sea fruit..169

TABLE OF CONTENTS

XII. THE CASE OF LYDIA

Lydia, the "high brow" girl. The rebel against conventionality. She meets the male "parlor radical." He tells her of "the new freedom of the sexes." Pictures of "the free life." The radical exploiter of credulous women. The long-haired, flowing necktie clan, and the people attracted to their cult. Casuistry and sophistry employed to entangle women in the web. The dream of freedom and love without bonds. Almost persuaded. The "little bower of love," as pictured and as it was in reality. The old doctor to the rescue. A trap set for the would-be trapper. Lydia is introduced to the conventional "women folk" of the Blank family. She gets the surprise of her life. Stirring up the hornet's nest of feminine "respectability." Blank returns home, and has the law laid down for him. His hypocrisy exposed. "The woman tempted me." The crowning insult. Ironic laughter. The Touchstone which exposes such hypocrites. "It makes every difference in the world just whose ox is gored," or whose ewe lamb is stolen. Something every woman should know.....193

XIII. THE CASE OF THE MARTINS

The marriage of a "sweet girl" and "average young man" of the best society. The false education of young men, and his distorted ideas concerning sex. His lack of understanding concerning the woman's attitude. The "knight" worshiped by the sweetheart, becomes the boorish brute of the young wife. The Honeymoon of the Martins, and the disillusionment of Ethel. The story of an outraged wife. "This then is what I am wanted for." The Mistakes of the Bridegroom. The first year of the married life of the Martins. "Husband's rights" are often husband's wrongs. The wife not the "property" of her husband. How the Martins drifted apart, and the "bond" became indeed a bond. Was it a tragedy or a farce? The sequel. Poetic justice. The punishment fits the crime. The new mating of Ethel. The lover-husband. The perennial lovers. A story of real life which contains a lesson of the highest value to wives and husbands. A plain talk on an important subject.....208

XIV. THE CASE OF SARAH PERKINS

The startling revelation in the Criminal Court. The procession of unwedded mothers. The mystery of "the campmeeting cases." The story of the "Holy Jumpers" and the Shady Grove Campmeeting. Hysterical emotionality and abnormal excitement of the devotees, and their fantastic "carrying on." Psychological contagion. Crowd psychology. Can evil come out of good? The inside history of the Case of Sarah Perkins. The kind of girl she was. An average adolescent. The evil effect of the abnormal excitement and hysteria of the campmeeting. Not a "bad girl," but simply a victim of abnormal psychology and psychological contagion. The pitiful sequel. Denounced as a vile creature. The heartlessness of many "good people." The charge of "the unpardonable sin." The wolf in the garb of the shepherd. The tragic outcome of the case. The Court of Higher Jurisdiction. A plain presentation of the strange relation between religious (so-called) hysteria and abnormal emotional excitement on the one hand, and "immorality" on the other hand, among young people in the stage of adolescence.....222

Sexual Disasters

I

FOREWORD

In this book I have presented to the reader a frank and full view of certain cases which have come before my notice in my own practice and that of other physicians who have favored me with their confidence. It is scarcely necessary to say that in each and every case I have changed the names of the persons figuring in the story of the case; and that the scenes and localities mentioned in these stories have been disguised, in order to obviate the possibility of the identification of any of the persons named as the principals in any of these cases.

So, if perchance you may imagine that some one of the cases related is that of some persons known to you, because certain of the incidents related bear a resemblance to those which have occurred in the lives of such persons; or if you think that the description of the environment has given you a promising clue; you may as well realize that each case has been so carefully disguised as to prevent any such possible identification, be you ever so much a Sherlock Holmes in private life. Not only have names been changed, but occupations have been altered, and everything which would or could possibly afford a clue has been so altered and disguised that detection has been rendered practically impossible. So, you are advised to give up any such idea.

But, at the same time, there has been preserved a very close adherence to the main facts of each case. In this respect the pictures may be considered as almost photographic. Nothing has been added in order to emphasize the point of the particular case, and nothing has been withheld for the purpose of creating a more artistic effect. The reader may rely implicitly upon the correctness of the facts stated in the recital of the incidents of each and every case. Everything else has been subordinated to the presentation of these bare facts.

There is no claim to literary merit, or artistic talent, in the recital of these cases which have come under my notice. In some cases the omission of a few subordinate facts would have better suited the purposes of the successful telling of the tale; but such facts have been retained, for they form a part of the actual occurrences of the case. In other instances, some of the facts presented will undoubtedly arouse the suspicion of the reader, and cause him to manifest incredulity—and may even cause the writer to be accused of exaggeration. I realize this possibility fully, and confess to having been tempted to soften down or omit entirely some of such facts or incidents; but I have realized that such course would cause the tale to pass into the region of fiction, and out of the field of plain truth.

Truth, indeed, is often stranger than fiction, as we have been told on good authority—so much stranger, in fact, that at times the plain bare truth will seem to be clumsy attempts at fiction. This is true of several of the incidents related in the statement of the cases which make up this book. In several of the cases there are certain statements made about odd mixture of ignorance and knowledge on the part of the principal woman character that may well give rise to smiles of incredulity or expressions of impatience concerning the writer's credulity in the

matter. Some of the worldly-wise will declare such characters impossible. Yet such girls did really exist, and play their parts in the tragedies related. And the writer has known of other girls whose ignorance and half-knowledge was appalling, or ludicrous, according to the viewpoint of the critic. Indeed, the world would be startled if it were told the degree of ignorance and misinformation possessed by many girls in the period of adolescence and young womanhood. The policy of withholding vital information—the Conspiracy of Silence—has worked out almost unbelievably evil results in many such cases.

The thread which runs through and binds together these several cases is that of the fact of Ignorance and False Knowledge regarding the subject of Sex Life, on the part of men and women—particularly on the part of young women. The refrain of each is “If I only had known; if I had only known!” And this, indeed, is the main reason for the writing of these tales, and the publishing thereof. And, this, also, is the purpose hoped to be accomplished by its publication and distribution—the dispelling of Ignorance and False Knowledge on these subjects so vitally concerned with the physical, mental, spiritual, and moral welfare of the people. The tales certainly were not written for the purpose of affording entertainment and pastime—for they are likely to disturb one’s hours of rest and recreation rather than to add to their enjoyment. The intent of this book is serious, and its purpose is that of making the light shine on dark places.

The writer will probably be criticised for presenting these facts of life in such a frank, almost brutal, way. That they are frank and almost brutal in some instances cannot well be denied—but the facts themselves were far more brutal, and far more frankly presented to those taking notice of them. Instead of these tales being pur-

posedly presented in such a frank and bare style, each one has been carefully gone over repeatedly by the writer in order to prune away all the disagreeable incidents and details not actually required in order to bring out the full lesson of the case. But, at the same time, the writer has refused to prune away any fact or incident the presentation of which was deemed necessary to carry the message of the spirit of the case to the reader of this book.

To those who may object that there is much that is "not nice" about some of the cases herein recited, the writer would say that the cases themselves were "not nice," and were not selected for their "niceness." On the contrary, they were selected to present forcibly the lesson which is most needed by men and women today in order to dispel the Ignorance and False Knowledge caused by a slavish bondage to this false-notion of "Niceness." There are many things in life that are "not nice," and it does not remove these things to merely refuse to look at them or to deny their existence. On the contrary, the true and only way to remove them is to look boldly at them, even though a shudder of horror pass over one at the sight,—and to look at them long and steadily enough to be filled with indignation and disgust that they should have been permitted to exist at all; the next step being the action toward removing these things from human life by rational educational and corrective measures.

I feel sure that the purpose underlying the writing and publication of this book will become quite apparent to the reader who will read its pages, from first to last, with an open mind and without prejudice or preconceived notions regarding its undesirability. As to the wisdom of making disclosures of this kind, I can add nothing to the following plain and candid statement of the matter culled from the pages of "The British Medical Journal," one of the

world's leading medical journals, the same appearing in an article published in that journal several years ago :

“Recent painful disclosures have, among other results, raised an important question, which, in the present state of opinion, can be most readily discussed in the pages of a medical journal. We refer to the complete ignorance regarding the sexual organs, and the sexual functions, which is permitted, and, indeed, sedulously fostered by the ordinary education received by boys and girls in this country. Not only does our school system provide no information on these topics which so vitally concern the happiness of every individual, but the slightest allusion to the subject is apt to be rigorously prohibited, and perhaps branded as obscenity. The result is that there is a great deal of ignorance on these questions, and a still greater amount of half knowledge, which is more dangerous than either total ignorance or the fullest information.

“We have the authority of Sir James Paget for the statement that some men grow up, and even marry, in complete sexual ignorance; and, that while this is rare in the male sex, it is extremely common among cultivated and refined women. The decent veil which we conspire to throw over everything connected with the reproductive function serves, beyond doubt, some useful ends; and we trust that the English people will always be characterized by their delicacy of thought and expression in this matter. But we are convinced that this secrecy, this conspiracy of silence, has gone too far and that it is productive of serious results. We object, in the first place, to it as unnatural. That our educational methods and social practice should permit men, or more frequently women, to marry without knowing what marriage involves, is not merely unnatural, but may be the cause of much matrimonial unhappiness. Parents and schoolmas-

ters act as if innocence could last for life, and as if knowledge were a crime

“But a more serious, because infinitely more common, evil is the objectionable mode in which sexual knowledge generally gets access to the mind. Instead of being conveyed in some plain and matter-of-fact manner, it is too often gained through the corrupting medium of lewd jest or obscene print. At the most emotional and plastic period of life, when new instincts are swelling up and causing great mental disquietude, we withhold from boys and girls the knowledge which nature is instinctively trying to impart, and we leave them to grope their way in darkness or to seek illumination from some unhallowed source.

“Why do the young so often regard an obscene work or print with such fearful but such irresistible interest? Not from mere depravity, as we so often assume, but because they are thus unconsciously asking for information which they have a right to possess, and which we are conscientiously bound to supply in some form which will enlighten the reason without inflaming the imagination and exciting the passions. Sexual knowledge is not wrong, its tendency is not necessarily injurious; but our mistaken methods of secrecy have undoubtedly the unfortunate effect of stimulating the imagination to the highest point. We know the baleful fascination of forbidden fruit, not because it is sweet or pleasant, but simply because it is forbidden. This is a notable trait in human nature; but in our attitude toward sexual questions we have disregarded it, or rather acted in direct contravention of it. The sexual function is naturally powerful; but we have enormously increased its attraction to the young by labelling it as forbidden fruit.

“There is an aspect of the question which cannot be overlooked, especially as recent revelations have thrown

a lurid light upon it. It has been abundantly proved that young girls are often entrapped to their ruin in the most utter ignorance of sexual questions, and of the physical significance of the act to which they are enticed. This is surely a lamentable instance of propriety overreaching itself. Innocent ignorance is always attractive; but if the means of luring the innocent victim to her doom, it is surely more dangerous. How, then, is the girl approaching sexual maturity to be made acquainted with the solemn facts of the creative act, and guarded against associating them with the base impulses of passion? We commend this difficult question to the consideration of our readers. In this respect, also, the mothers and the teachers have a very solemn duty, and it is opportune to ask how, when, where, and by whom it is best performed."

And even the physician is embarrassed by the prevailing prudery and almost superstitious avoidance of the plain facts of Sex on the part of the general public. Dr. Bernard S. Talmey, a celebrated authority on the subject, has said:

"The prudery and obscenity of certain victims of a diseased imagination and perverted moral sense have succeeded in distorting our judgment upon questions of sex in such a way that any desire for scientific information has become inextricably confused with ideas of prurience and impropriety. Matters pertaining to the generative functions are, as a rule, excluded even from treatises on physiology. But for the anatomists and alienists, nothing would be known about the physiology of normal love. The zealots wish to persuade us that the population of the earth increases by the stork method. Even the physician who is often called upon for advice about things pertaining to the psychological phase of sex prudishly ignores the mightiest of human activities; who is so intimately related to human well and woe. He is conversant with the sexual question by virtue of his anatomical and physi-

ological knowledge, and he is well aware of its hygienic, sociological and ethical importance. But when he is to furnish enlightenment on psychic or pedagogic questions of sex, he is embarrassed because of a lack of knowledge of sex psychology."

In conclusion, I would repeat certain words once written by myself in another connection, but which are equally applicable here; as follows: "There is undoubtedly a move in the right direction on the part of thinking persons of our own times. The once repressed voice of sane thought is now beginning to be heard in the land. No longer is the discussion of sex and sexual functions confined to those vulgar minds who associate all ideas of sex with the gratification of sensual lust and the realization of lascivious longings, not to speak of the degenerate, unnatural, and often abnormal manifestations of sexual activity which custom has made to appear to many as virtually natural, normal, and proper. No longer are the functions and processes of sex discussed only by those who see in them merely the subject of vulgar jest and obscene associations. In these latter-days the subject of sex has begun to regain its natural place in thought, writing, and expression—the 'criminal silence' regarding it has been broken, and sanity is beginning to reassert itself."

II

THE CASE OF MARY BROWN

Mary Brown was a woman of "the plain people" class. She had worked in a large tailoring shop before her marriage, and since her marriage to John Brown she had given all her time to her home, and latterly to the two children which had come to her with an inadequately short interval between their respective births.

She was happy, in the sense that she had very little to cause her unhappiness. Her husband earned fairly good wages, and their living expenses were kept within limits, for neither was extravagant. It is true that they had very little, if anything, left at the end of the month, particularly after the babies came; but on the other hand they had never been accustomed to having more than a few dollars laid by for a rainy day, so that the lack of a surplus did not cause much unusual worry on the part of John and Mary.

Then there came two disturbing new factors into Mary's life. First of these was the unmistakable fact that in the due course of time a third baby would be added to the little brood. This of itself could have been borne with comparative equanimity, had not the second factor disturbed at first by the talk concerning the probable factor was nothing less than the Great War.

Mary knew but little of war in general, and of this Great War in particular. She had heard much talk about the coming of the War to our country on the part of her

neighbors, but she was a woman who concerned herself but little with things outside of her little circle of personal and family interests, and so she was not unduly disturbed at first by the talk concerning the probable entry of the United States into the great conflict. She thought that it was a great sorrow, but no doubt an unavoidable one, and that those who had these matters in charge doubtless knew what was for the best—and, anyway, she “did not bother her head about such things,” but left them for “the men folks” to settle.

But Mary’s peace of mind was soon rudely disturbed by the excited and hysterical clamor of some of the women in the neighborhood when war had actually been declared, and the day of registration been appointed. For John was in the age limit of the draft, and was making arrangements to register. He told her that there was no probability of him ever being called into active service, and that he would almost certainly be exempt by reason of his dependent family. But Mary felt that he was just saying this in order to cheer her up, and she felt more certain of this than ever when she listened to the talk of her women neighbors.

Many of the neighborhood women were of foreign extraction, and they repeated tales told them by their mothers about men being dragged away from their homes and families, and driven into the ranks—all this over in Continental Europe, of course, but almost certain to be duplicated here, they said. And some of the women added that their husbands knew other men who were the relatives or friends of some in authority, and these persons in authority had passed the word that every man within the age limit was to be called to the colors at once, regardless of his dependent family, and that the wives were to be left to attend to their family needs as best they might.

Mary brooded over these things, and fresh fuel was added to the fire of her fears from day to day by the gossip and dismal prophecies of the neighbor women. She said but little to John about this, for he always laughed at her worries when she mentioned the matter to him; but she felt certain that he was only trying to save her from worrying and fretting, and that he was really as much disturbed as herself at the prospect. Her women friends told her that the men were maintaining a conspiracy of silence regarding the matter, in order to prevent worry and grief on the part of their women folk.

Mary felt that, somehow, she might be able to get along without starvation during John's absence in the army, with her two small children, were it not for the fact of the expected new-comer. The more she thought about the forthcoming addition to the family, the more worried and frightened she became. She became morbid on the subject, and her natural fears took on a deeper and more intense phase by reason of her physical condition, which predisposed her to flights of fancy and imagination. She began to grow desperate.

About this time, she grew better acquainted with a young wife in the neighborhood who was of a different type from Mary's. This woman had acquired a superficial knowledge of many things of which Mary had scarcely heard before that time. She told Mary that no woman need bear children if she did not wish to do so. She told her that it was a very simple matter for a woman to have a physician attend to these matters for her, and that no one was any the wiser on account of the matter—not even the woman's husband. She told Mary that she knew of some women who had visited the doctor on this errand as many as a dozen different times, and were none the worse for it; and that she, herself, had "had it done" twice, and had experienced no evil effects.

At first the suggestion repelled and horrified Mary, for she had been brought up in the old-fashioned school of thought to which such things as these were anathema; and she shuddered at the mere idea. But her new friend laughed at her fears, and called her "old-fashioned," and "behind the times." Later she met other acquaintances of the temptress, all of whom talked freely of visits to the doctor for the purpose named, just as they might have discussed the taking of a dose of cough medicine. It was the old story, and Mary found that the monster of frightful mien, which though at first hated, gradually lost its horrible visage by reason of familiarity, and later became endurable, and finally was embraced as a friendly thing.

One day, leaving her two children in the care of a neighbor, she went with her evil advisor to visit "the doctor" who would relieve her of her worries and terrors. She had arranged through her friend to pay him a certain sum in advance—all the money that she could lay her hands on at the time—the balance to be paid in monthly instalments. Entering the office of the human hyena, Mary was seized with a violent fit of trembling, and her first impulse was to open the door and regain the security of her home. But the scoundrel, sizing-up the situation, began to quiet her fears by laughingly telling her that it was not as dangerous as having a child's loose tooth extracted, and that in a day or so she would have entirely forgotten the whole matter. So Mary began to think that she had been making a mountain of a molehill, and apologized for her fears and misgivings, and bade the doctor to proceed with his "treatment," for such he called it.

The operation performed, Mary returned to her home with her friend, the latter laughingly telling her that everything would now be all right with her, and that

before the week was over she would have entirely forgotten the whole matter, as the doctor had assured her. But Mary did not feel right about the matter. Not only was her conscience troubled, by reason of her former religious training, but she felt much disturbed physically. She experienced strange and terrifying sensations throughout her body, and it seemed to her as if something had been thrown into the delicate mechanism of her physical structure, which was affecting the normal movements and functions of the several parts thereof.

Reaching home, and dismissing her friend, she threw herself across her bed and wept, and sobbed, and moaned. She did not experience much pain at that time, but was conscious of something radically wrong in her physical make-up. She then went out after her two children and brought them home. She threw her arms around them, and sobbed out her sorrow, much to the dismay and distress of the little ones. She had a strange presentiment that she was soon to leave these two little ones behind her, and her heart was chilled at the thought—not that she feared what might befall herself, but that she was filled with dread of leaving behind her the two tiny mites into whom the best of her life had flowed.

In a day or so Mary became violently ill. Her husband becoming alarmed, called in a reputable physician who saw in a few moments just what was the cause of the trouble, although Mary at first denied everything (in accordance with the hastily whispered advice of her woman friend who told her that if she told the truth she would be arrested and sent to prison). The physician ordered her removal to the hospital, and saw to it that she received the best possible treatment and attention. But before long the most alarming conditions manifested themselves; blood poisoning set in; and Mary began to slip away from the hands of those striving to bring her

safely through the ordeal. Before she died she made a full statement, naming the woman neighbor and the abortionist, and stating just what had happened.

The legal machinery was set into operation, but the abortionist and his accessory made desperate efforts to escape the net spread for them. A celebrated shrewd and unscrupulous lawyer who made a specialty of a certain class of criminal cases was employed by the abortionist who seemed to have money at his disposal (some said that there really existed a "protective association" composed of these malpractitioners, and a "defense fund" provided for just such cases).

The prosecution introduced evidence showing the woman's condition, both the attending physician and the hospital authorities proving conclusively that the woman had died of blood-poisoning resulting from the effect of an operation performed with the purpose of bringing on an abortion. Mary's signed deathbed statement was introduced as evidence, and seemed destined to effect a conviction.

But the shrewd lawyer for the defense placed the abortionist on the stand, and he flatly denied not only the fact of the performance of the operation, but even the advice regarding the same. He testified that Mary had visited him in company with her woman friend, for the purpose of having an examination made regarding her physical condition. He swore that the examination was made, and that he had advised Mary that she was pregnant, and that there was nothing to prevent her from having a natural and a normal "carrying time," with a safe delivery at the end thereof. He testified that Mary seemed quite disappointed, as she had evidently hoped that she had been mistaken in supposing that she was pregnant. He denied that the subject of an operation for the purpose of producing a miscarriage had been brought up in the entire con-

versation. He denied that a considerable sum of money had been paid to him, but stated that only a modest fee for the examination and advice had been accepted. He indicated his belief that after leaving his office, Mary had proceeded to some woman abortionist (of which there were many, he said) and had an illegal operation performed upon herself, as she evidently did not wish to become a mother again.

Mary's woman friend was then called to the stand by the defense; and she corroborated everything that had been testified to by the abortionist. Like a parrot, she repeated his very words. She had been carefully drilled in the office of the abortionist's lawyer, and had rehearsed the whole story until she could repeat it glibly. She had been induced to perjure herself by threats of losing her good name, and by possibly placing herself in the position of an accessory; and had been warned against paying any attention to the district attorney's promise of immunity for her if she turned State's Evidence, this being a common trap she was informed. Besides this, there was held before her the promise of a yellow-backed bill of respectable denomination if she "acted right"—and she did!

The defense sought to explain Mary's deathbed statement as the result of the suggestions made to her by the attending physicians and hospital attendants while she was in a state of feverishness nearly approaching delirium. In fact, in his clever address to the jury the lawyer managed to introduce a veiled suggestion that the reputable attending physician himself might know more about the matter than he wished to have appear, and that he was trying to throw suspicion on the poor abused client of the lawyer, of whose success he probably was jealous, etc., etc.

The jury disagreed—it was ten to two in favor of conviction, however. There will be a new trial eventually,

no doubt—though the same has been postponed several times. In the meantime the memory of the case is fading away, and the matter is becoming stale and cold, for there are many other cases coming forward for attention every day, and the old ones are almost overlooked, particularly in the case of oft deferred and postponed “new trials.”

John has married again—he really did not wish to do so very much, but then “he had to have someone to look after the children.” He has moved the little family away into another neighborhood, where the old case will not be talked about. He has not been called out by the draft—nor is he likely to be so called, for his country has sought to exempt men like himself with dependents, wherever and whenever possible. The new mother is a good woman, and tries her best to “do the right thing by the children.” And she takes the little ones with their father, every once in a while (the intervals between such times growing longer, however, as time passes) to visit the grave in the far distant cemetery.

The old neighborhood moves along about as usual. The case of Mary Brown is almost forgotten. The neighborhood, however, had made up its mind about the truth underlying the case, and the “neighbor woman” who tempted Mary into the net had an unpleasant time of it for awhile, and finally persuaded her husband to rent an apartment in another neighborhood where the women were not so “catty.” But many things have happened, and are happening every day, and so even the neighborhood waters of memory have closed over the case of Mary Brown, and there is now left practically not even a tiny ripple arising from it.

There are one or two, however, who were present at the scene in the hospital, and in whose ears occasionally still sound the wailing cry of the woman fast sinking into the depths: “If I only had known; if I only had known!”

III

THE CASE OF ED AND BESS

I knew Bess when she was a high-school girl. Even then she gave promise of the woman of lofty ideals, high principles, and loyal affections into which she was destined to evolve.

I knew her when she afterward went away to college, and I noticed with pleasure the consistent unfoldment of her beautiful character as evidenced by her expression in conversation and in her actions, during her several visits to her home at vacation time and between school terms.

I knew her when she fell in love with Ed, then an assistant in the office of a leading firm of architects in the city in which all of us lived; and I approved of their engagement.

Like her family and her circle of friends, I thought the pair particularly well mated. It seemed to me that while Ed lacked some of the finer feelings and lofty ideals which were so strongly in evidence in Bess, he was possessed of sterling qualities and practical views which promised to furnish the necessary balance to Bess's possibly somewhat utopian view of life. He gave every promise of becoming the "good provider" which modern society considers the first requisite in a prospective husband; and his character seemed to contain that element of loyalty and steadfastness which is a most necessary requisite in a husband. The future promised great things for Ed and Bess.

All of us who were interested in the doings of the two young folks noted with pleasure the constantly occurring evidences of Ed's progress in his profession. Several fortunate circumstances, added to several pieces of well performed work, served to advance his position with his employees, and, finally, the death of one of the seniors caused a general moving-up of those concerned in the firm's business, and Ed was admitted as a "real" partner, with a quite satisfactory drawing account, and every prospect of a nice profit-dividend at the end of each year. And we were delighted to receive the notices of the early wedding which closely followed upon the business advancement which had come to Ed.

We attended the wedding, and all agreed that no young married couple ever looked happier, and that no newly wedded pair ever seemed to have so happy a future mapped out for them by Destiny. The look of proud, loyal devotion upon the face of the bridegroom was set off by the equally noticeable expression of gentle, happy affection displayed by the young bride. The Fates seemed to have been in a joyous mood on the day when this wedding was arranged.

The early married life of the young couple, as we observed it from time to time, seemed to justify the high expectations entertained by their friends and respective families. They settled down in a cosy little apartment—a "regular little bird's nest" the bride's enthusiastic girl friends called it. Their little social entertainments were looked forward to with delight by their somewhat extended circle of friends—they were so simple and unpretentious, and at the same time so "perfectly enjoyable" and satisfying.

I was not their family physician, although being a close friend of the family—in fact my practice was almost entirely confined to my chosen specialty, and I had long

since ceased to be "the family doctor" of any of my old friends and neighbors. But in confidential conversations with Bess's family I was given to understand that the young couple had decided not to become parents for at least two years after their marriage; this in order to give Ed an opportunity to accumulate a little something to serve as a basis to provide for the rearing of a brood, as well as in order to give Bess an opportunity to become better developed physically before she undertook the duties of motherhood. But at the same time, it was commonly known that both of the young people were passionately fond of children, and that both looked forward with the keenest pleasure to the coming of the day in which they would be surrounded with a little brood of "kiddies." I mention this last fact in order that you may more clearly appreciate the irony of events which afterward attended the married life of these young people.

The two years rolled around very rapidly. During that time the gods showered every possible gift upon the young couple. Ed's success became assured, and he became looked upon as a rising young architect by the older members of his profession. Bess developed in charm, and had she wished to become a leader of or more prominent in social circles she could easily have done so, so popular did she become as time passed on. But she denied herself this ambition which would have tempted many another woman, and this because her mind and her heart were turning more and more toward the realization of a phase of life which seemed more and more attractive to her—Wifhood and Motherhood, these were her ideals, and the two were closely blended in her thought and feelings.

And the corresponding feeling seemed to fill the soul of Ed, particularly as the months rolled by, each bringing nearer to realization the longed-for event which was to

bring to them the crown of their happiness. He was a most devoted husband during the trying days of the months which immediately preceded the wonderful event. He was never lacking in those little thoughtful attentions which are so greatly appreciated by the expectant mother. Every little wish of Bess was anticipated by him, and he seemed to take a keen pleasure in suggesting new wishes on her part, so bent was he upon making these usually troublous days ones of additional joyousness.

Their little strolls each evening were laughingly commented upon by their neighbors, and with good cause, because they resembled rather the moonlight wanderings of the courting couple to whom all the world was forgotten except "just us two." And Ed manifested a rare quality, so often missing in men, the quality of being able to enter into the imaginative flights of the expectant mother regarding the "this and that" of the little stranger whose coming was so eagerly awaited.

Surely, everyone thought, here is the ideal husband and wife; and here the ideal future parents! Had we known the now popular term "eugenics" in those earlier days, we would surely have pointed to these young people as a living example of the physical, mental, and emotional mating which is the dream of the eugenists, and which, were they universally present, would regenerate the race of mankind in a single generation.

Although perhaps somewhat atrophied in sentimental attributes, and somewhat hardened in my emotional nature, by reason of the disillusioning experience common to those who practice my profession for even half the time to which I have devoted to it, I must confess that I felt arising in myself strange sentimental urges and emotional symptoms which I had thought had been left behind forever with many other characteristics of my youth, whenever I ran across these young people in these "second

courtship" evening strolls preceding the confinement of the young wife. I would often smile to myself when they passed me without perceiving my proximity, so wrapt were they in their earnest talks and tender soul communion. Ah me!

Arrangements were made at a leading hospital to receive the expectant mother when her time of travail came. Bess felt no shrinking concerning the coming ordeal, but manifested the most girlish interest in the selection of the room which had been promised to be reserved for her at the time when the arrangement was made a month or so previously. She had selected the room because it had a beautiful view, and she harbored a pretty idea of her baby having its first look at the outside world through those windows, and getting its first impressions of its future habitation in the form of that charming view which so delighted herself. And Ed entered into the spirit of the thing like a schoolboy. And they often talked it over in their evening walks, toward the last.

Finally "the Day of days" came. Ed was telephoned one afternoon, and came rushing home. The family physician assured the young people that there was really no need of hurrying so, and that they had "all the time in the world"—but as well try to stop an avalanche as Bess and Ed at that moment; they would take no chances, even in face of the positive assurance of the good old doctor whose word they would have accepted without question concerning any other matter, and under any other circumstances. And away to the hospital they sped.

The little one was not born until the afternoon of the following day, as the physician had expected. Everything passed off very well, as might have been prophesied by reason of the sane preparation and course of regime made by the young expectant mother under the direction of the old physician who was old merely in years, but

quite up-to-date in his methods. No complications arose. No unusual conditions were manifested. It was an ideal typical case in the opinion of physicians and nurse and all concerned in the case. The only unusual feature is that the doctor and nurse violated what to them was a never-to-be-broken rule, inasmuch as they permitted Ed to remain in the room during the entire time of the confinement; and they afterward freely admitted that he was a help rather than a hindrance, owing to the comfort and encouragement which his presence seemed to bring to Bess.

But after everything was over, and matters began to settle down, and Bess dropped into a peaceful doze, wearing on her face a rapturous smile, they had to "hustle out" Ed—they insisted upon driving him out into the uninteresting outside world, when all that was dear to him was confined in that hospital room. He protested, and wanted to stay, but here the physician and nurse were adamant. The physician drove him down to his office, and Ed began announcing to everyone he met, beginning with the elevator starter, the fact that he was the happy father of the "finest baby in the world."

So happy was the young father, in fact, that he felt within him the irresistible longing to "celebrate the event;" and some of his friends were in nowise loathe to aid him in the matter of the celebration. In fact, rumor had it that the celebration was continued well into the small hours of the morning.

But knowing the circumstances, and the fact of Ed's general steadiness, the few who heard the rumor smiled indulgently, saying: "Well he'll have to be forgiven this time, under the circumstances!" And before long the matter was forgotten; this being made easy by the fact that the few who had heard of it were men, who, in accordance with that unwritten code of men concerning

certain subjects which "women are apt not to see in the right light," forbore to mention the same to their better-halves or female relatives. A little fling doesn't hurt anyone, they said—particularly when the fellow is such a steady-goer as old Ed; and, then, think of the ordeal he had just undergone, said they. But nobody suggested the Bess would have been the better for "a little fling" after *her* ordeal—that was different, of course. But the men's women folk were not advised of Ed's "little fling"—because, of course, they would not have understood such things, and would have been apt to get false notions about such matters outside of their sphere.

Ed was at the hospital bright and early the next morning. And he chafed at the wait he was forced to undergo before they would let him visit a little with Bess and "the baby." His heart glowed with parental pride as the little bundle of pink mortality was placed in his arms. Bess felt rewarded for all that she had gone through when she beheld the manifestation of paternal pride. He was kind and gentle toward her, as usual. He told her how proud he was of her courage and fortitude, and how happy he would be when the little family would be again in their own cozy little nest. The old doctor beamed with pleasure when he saw the domestic picture, and he sighed to think how rare such cases were and how often the very opposite picture was presented to his view. Bess dropped again into a peaceful slumber, with the happy smile on her face; while Ed hastened back to the office to work still harder than ever in order to "buy a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby Bunting in." Everything was apparently as it should be with that little family.

The days at the hospital passed by slowly. Ed called every morning on his way to the office, and again in the afternoon after his day's work was done. And he and Bess discussed the little stranger, finally decided upon

its name, settled the question as to just whom it resembled—as well as such questions are never really settled between the two sets of desires and fixed ideas. Finally, Bess was carried home bearing in her arms the little mite which was the outward symbol of the inward affection of the loving young people. There never was such a baby, thought both; there never was such a happy mother, thought Bess; there never was such a pleased and satisfied father, thought Ed; and there never was such a happy family, thought all their friends and neighbors.

Everything went along finely, at first. Bess regained health and strength as rapidly as might be expected of a young mother in good physical condition, and one who had observed all the rules of natural womanhood and approaching motherhood, and who had received the best of attention during the critical period at the hospital. She nursed the baby from the breast, as all fortunate babies are nursed. Nothing appeared to cast even the faintest shadow over the fortunes of the little family of three.

Then, gradually, there arose and manifested itself a disturbing condition of mother and babe. The mother began to look worn and tired, and lost her usual buoyancy. She lost weight rapidly, and her appetite far from normal. At first there were no indications of organic troubles, and the physician diagnosed the case as one of the too frequent cases of general weakness in nursing mothers. Her milk became poor in quality, and scant in quantity, and resort had to be made to substitutes in order to supply the baby with its normal nourishment.

Then Bess began to experience pain in the region of the internal reproductive organs, accompanied with discharges of an alarming and unpleasant nature. The physician began to be worried over the case, and enter-

tained fears of certain conditions which all in his profession have encountered at times in their practice. And, worst of all, he began to suspect the possibility of certain frightful possibilities which for a long time his mind had refused to entertain as within the realms of possibility.

One night, the old family physician visited me, and we had a long talk over the case, particularly over those features of it of which he felt almost ashamed to have forced to his attention. As experienced as I had become in such matters, owing to my years of disillusioning specialty practice, I utterly refused to agree with him as to the possibility of certain conditions which he was becoming to regard as possible, nay even certain; and nothing but my respect for his experience and his careful methods of thought and diagnosis restrained my uttering of a caustic rebuke to him for his presumption in even thinking of certain conditions in reference to the case. To me even his hesitating, halting suggestion seemed akin to suggesting the presence of poison in a freshly plucked bunch of choice grapes. But I agreed to assist him in a careful and thorough examination, and in the minor operation which seemed to be indicated in the case, under certain contingencies.

The examination was made, and alas, it seemed that his preposterous suspicions were on the eve of complete verification. The minor operation speedily followed, and the result was appalling. Passing over the details, I will say that a frightful condition of inflammation, and worse, was brought into evidence. The fallopian tubes and ovaries were found in such a horrible condition that their ultimate removal was necessitated. The case was one of the worst I had ever experienced even in the case of prostitutes who had been diseased for years; and some of the conditions were so horrible as to render their

detailed mention impossible in any but works intended for the reading of physicians and nurses only.

Ed was in another city, engaged on an important case, at the time. Upon his return the family physician and myself told him what had happened. He became furious with rage and indignation, and nothing but our comparatively advanced age prevented him from making a physical attack upon me. As it was, he abused us for our incompetence and inability to distinguish between a case of "female trouble" and that which we related to him. He even went so far as to accuse us of trying to excuse ourselves for performing a needless operation which we had performed for the sake of financial gain, and threatened to "expose our rascality," and to institute legal proceedings against us for the terrible damage which our acts had caused him and his wife. The thought of his Bess being charged with having contracted a loathsome venereal disorder, and having been compelled to be operated upon for same, was maddening to him. And when he realized that it would be impossible for her to bear him any more children, he acted like a maniac.

We advised him to call in another physician of his own selection; and this he did at once, selecting a man standing at the head of his profession in that city. This physician, after hearing our story, impressed Ed with the fact that there could be no doubt as to the conditions described by us and that all that had been done in the case had been necessitated by the discovered conditions. He also insisted that unless Ed wished to insist that his wife had contracted the disorder from others than himself, he must submit himself to a thorough examination; Ed accepted the latter alternative, of course, though insisting that there were no signs of venereal trouble in himself, and that had such been the case that he would have noticed same long since as he was familiar with such things.

The examination followed, and in spite of the absence of the usual indications of such troubles, it was found that gonococci were present in the secretion from the seminal glands. His was one of those comparatively rare cases in which these germs of venereal disease fail to manifest their virulent activity in the organism of the person who has acquired them, but nevertheless persist in existence long after the time of their contracting, in a state of latency, giving little or no outward indication of their presence, only to manifest their full and virulent activity when they are transmitted to the organism of another. In other words, while this young husband almost entirely lacked the symptoms and outward indications of this venereal disease, yet its germs were present in his glands, and at the first opportunity were transmitted to his marital partner, and in her awakened to virulent activity, with the terrible result which has been pictured in these pages. Had he suspected this state of affairs, he might have been entirely cured of the trouble by a competent physician, and this life tragedy averted.

But, the reader may ask, how did such a man contract these foul germs? Surely not during the days of his pure courtship and pure marriage relations of his last several years. Alas, the tale which seemed so commonplace to him, as he told it to us, and which will seem almost incredible to you who have read of the character borne by him, is the tale of too many men who, while regarding sexual lapses as a crime in the case of a wife, consider the same act in a man as but a trivial incident, to be forgotten almost as soon as it is committed. And many of such men, like Ed are really only ignorant—unaware of the nature of that which they do, by reason of the false impressions and ideas implanted in the minds of young men.

Briefly, the story of Ed, as told by him to the three

physicians to whom he unburdened his soul, was as follows: On the night in which he "celebrated" the birth of his first-born child, he fell in with a fast crowd of former companions, and drank far too much wine. The night wound up with a visit to a celebrated house of ill repute, where still more wine was drunk, and gay dancing indulged in. As the evening progressed, and the wine drove out what little wits the crowd of men had left, some of his companions played "a joke" on the young father by introducing him to the boudoir of one of the inmates of the place, where they left him in a maudlin state alone with the meretricious charmer. The rest may be imagined, though not to be told here. In the morning, he left the place, after having taken some bromide preparation to sober him, and hastened to the hospital eager to see his wife and the new-born babe!

Incredible, you say! Perhaps to you; but certainly not to those who have the false ideas and false standards of Ed and many other men of his kind. He told us that he felt ashamed of himself that morning after the debauch, but only in the sense that he had allowed wine to play the fool with him. His lapse from virtue, he said, aroused his conscience no more than did the overindulgence in the wine and the dance—it was all a part of the "fling,"—something to be ashamed of, in a general way, but certainly nothing of which to seriously accuse oneself.

That which in his wife would have been a crime meriting death at his hands, perhaps—certainly a speedy divorce—was to him when committed by himself merely a peccadillo—a trivial incident of his "celebration." He told us that he had experienced no sense of wrongdoing, or impurity, whatsoever, when he had visited his wife and babe that morning after, at the hospital. When it was suggested that the act showed a lack of love and

affection for his wife, not to speak of disloyalty, he said: "Why that woman was nothing to me; I have forgotten even how she looked, or what her name was. My wife is the only woman I loved, or could love." It was an instance of that damnable heresy of the indulgence in the sexual relation without love, common to so many men, which had jaundiced his mind as it has that of many others.

Many, particularly women, may object that such conduct was impossible in the case of a man professing the character which I have pictured Ed as having. Such will say that either the tale is a lie, or else that Ed was not a man of the character attributed to him in the first part of the recital. All that I can say is that I have told the story as plainly, and as true to the real facts, as possible. There are such men as Ed—many of them, in fact. But the trouble does not lie so much in their "innate depravity" as in their ignorance—not as much in the "mortal sin" as in their false education regarding the Sex Life, and in the damnable heresy of the double standard of sex morality. These men do not need the aid of preachers as much as that of teachers. The fault is one of those foul weeds that grow and flourish in the dark corners of the cellar of Ignorance. The remedy is to "Turn on the Light!"

* * * * *

What of Ed, and Bess, and the baby, you ask? The baby died of malnutrition, and other disorders. Ed is a prosperous architect; Bess is still his wife—that is to say, she is still married to him; his real wife she has never been to him since the frightful revelation: it would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that she is a Mother to him, rather than a wife—and a good mother too. She sees the cause of the trouble, and has forgiven him for his ignorance (for such she sees it to have been), but all

wifely love in her has died within her heart. She has his interests at heart, and wishes to make him as happy as may be. She would even consent to bear children for him, if such were possible—for she knows the empty place in his life which can be filled only by children; but such is impossible, of course.

Ed sees it all now. He is under no illusions. His hobby is to encourage the dissemination of scientific information concerning what has until recently been considered as Forbidden Knowledge. He smiles bitterly when he hears critics say that "such things should not be spoken of in public," or that "the less the young people know of such things, the better it is for them."

But, in his heart there is found a constant cry: "If I only had known; if I only had known!"

IV

THE CASE OF STELLA

Stella was about seventeen years of age according to the family Bible. Measured by her knowledge of certain phases of human nature her age was about twelve years. According to still other standards she might have been considered as about twenty-four years old.

This apparent contradiction in the matter of age may be readily understood when one considers the environment in which Stella had been reared. In the first place she was motherless, and had been without a mother's care since about her fifth birthday. Since that time she had been but little in the society of women of her mother's class. She had been much in the company of the men associated with her father in mining work, and of the wives of the miners.

Stella's father was the owner of a small silver mine located in a part of a Western State which had formerly been known as "wild and woolly," but which had attained a degree of conventional respectability which speedily degenerated into a condition of deadly narrowness mingled with an undercurrent of elemental thought and action.

When her mother died, Stella's father was compelled to call in the widow of one of his former miners "to do the housework and to keep an eye on the girl." This woman was goodhearted and well-meaning, but was woefully ignorant of many things desirable in this particular

case. She was faithful in her service toward Stella, in so far as the child's physical welfare was concerned. She saw that she had plenty to eat, and that the house was kept clean, and that the child was comfortably clothed. But when this is said, all is said.

The good woman while having passed through some rough experiences during the lifetime of her late husband, and having touched elbows with the roughest classes which infest mining camps, had through it all maintained faithfully and steadfastly to her own code of respectability—a quite conventional and even narrow code so far as was concerned the doings of herself and her particular woman friends, but a quite unconventional and broad one so far as was concerned the women outside of her immediate circle of associates. Her viewpoint would have been difficult for an Eastern woman of her same general class to understand—yet it was typical of thousands of other women similarly situated.

In the first place, to this good woman and her friends the badge of "respectability" and virtue consisted in the fact of a woman being "married" to the man with whom she was living at the time. The question of just how the marriage was effected, and whether the formula of obtaining a divorce from a former husband had been observed, or whether the man had a discarded wife living somewhere else—these were questions not asked in that circle of respectability, and for obvious reasons. Nor was the past life of some of the "respectable married women" too closely inquired into in that community. In fact, some of the pillars of respectability in the little town which had evolved from the one-time mining camp were women who had known the inside of the dance halls of the old days; but now that they had "married," they assumed the respectable position which was accorded them as a matter of course, and in some cases

even became dictators of respectability when the disputed cases of newcomers came before the circle for settlement.

Outside of the pale of respectability in that little town, and the other towns near by, were the "sports" who had a little quarter of their own, and who, taking it all and all, were not in nearly so unfortunate a position as their sisters in the large cities where vice was under police supervision, and usually also "protected" by those to whom tribute was paid. Some of the girls in the "sport" quarter from time to time had married some of the miners who drifted into the place, and usually had "lived straight" ever after in some other camp or mining town. Others drank themselves to death in the regulation way, or else disappeared from the town and were lost sight of.

But the position of these "sports" was clearly recognized by the "respectable women" of the town, and they were not molested or interfered with so long as they kept to their own side of town and did not raise disturbances on the main streets. Their offence seemed to be regarded as not so much the violation of the conventional sexual moral code—that was touched upon rather lightly in the opinion of that town, and in fact many regarded the "sports" as a necessity arising from the presence of so many unmarried men—the heart and centre of the lapse from respectability seemed to be that of accepting money for their favors, of "hiring themselves out," as it was often expressed by the good women of the town.

A "sport," providing that she was not a confirmed drunkard or thief—and many of them in that primitive community had not fallen into these habits almost universal among their sisters in the large cities—might easily become respectable by "marrying" a man, the marriage often consisting merely of an agreement to "hitch

up" and live together, and to move to some other town, the latter usually being deemed advisable for the looks of things in case the woman had decided to demand her place in the respectable circles of the community. And to many with the big town point of view it would be surprising to learn what a large percentage of such unions proved stable and enduring.

The young girls growing up in that environment were taught to look upon the "sports" with a good natured tolerance mingled with a sense of infinite superiority. They were regarded as filling a legitimate role in the general order of things—something akin to the place filled by the male gambler who was one of the normal features of the life of the place. But she was a pariah, not to be mingled with socially, or to be allowed to come in too close contact with one, because she "hired herself out" to men, instead of having a man of her own. She was not actually an outcast—but merely one of a lower caste; there is a great distinction here, when one comes to consider the matter.

It was in this unusual environment that Stella was reared, under the general guidance, or lack of guidance, of the good widow of the former miner. Stella's mother had been of a different type. She was of French extraction and had come from a good family in New Orleans. She had eloped with the young American who afterward became the small mine owner, and had become estranged from her family to such an extent that all communications had long since ceased, and all trace lost of each other. She had never become thoroughly adjusted to the conditions of life in a mining camp, and had gradually weakened under the struggle, and finally died of "quick consumption." And Stella had inherited her mother's high-strung temperament, volatile spirits, and general mettlesomeness. She was like a young filly

herded in pasture with a lot of worn-out draft mares and their dull, heavy colts.

She mingled freely with the men of the place, and had a peculiarly "broad" point of view concerning their doings—this not because of any particular philosophy on her part, but rather because of her acceptance of things as she found them in that community. She took all things as she found them, and questioned them not. She had quite a comprehensive idea of certain phases of life, in one way; and quite limited ideas concerning the same things, in another way.

She knew in a general way the brutal facts concerning certain features of the life of the "sports," and regarded these as she did the corresponding incidents in the lives of the lower animals—as something foreign to her own life, feelings, and actions. She regarded the existence of these things as something concerned solely with the passions of men, who in some way seemed to her to be something like the lower animals—and she left the women entirely out of the consideration, except in so far as the taking of "hire" was concerned.

She thought in a vague, general way that these animal tendencies in men were usually cured by marriage, although she had understood that the wives in some cases had experienced considerable trouble in curing them. Regarding the mysteries of Sex, and the processes of the conception of children, her mind was almost a blank. She knew that children came in some strange, mysterious way to married people, and in rare cases to unmarried women who had deferred the marriage ceremony too long after becoming "promised" to a man; but of the rest she knew practically nothing. She did not connect certain relations, of which she had knowledge by reason of her information regarding the "sports," with the con-

ception and birth of children—and why should she, for those women never bore children!

She had asked the widow who had charge of the house some questions, from time to time, about the subject of the “why and wherefore” of babies, but that good creature had promptly silenced her by saying that “some things are not decent for young girls to talk about;” and so she had avoided the subject in the future. There were but few girls of her age in the little town, and she was confined principally to the married women of the town for company and society. And these married women observed religiously “the conspiracy of silence” when Stella was around.

Moreover, she was aware in a general way that there were a few girls, outside of the “sport” category, who seemed to fit in in some way between the “decent girls,” and the others; and that these odd girls at times acted “gay” with some of the men with whom they associated, accepting not money, but presents, as their “hire.” She had been warned against these girls, and in a general way despised them as being “scabs,” like some of the miners—coming in unfair competition with the regular “sports,” while continuing to live at home. That was her main grievance against these girls, and when, as usually happened, such girls graduated into the ranks of the regular “sports,” she felt less harshly toward them for some reason.

Upon several occasions, Stella had somewhat unpleasant experiences with young men, but the trouble was usually over in a moment, and was soon forgotten. Once or twice she had resented undue familiarities of this kind, and had informed the offending young man that she was “straight,” or not “gay,” and he had at once subsided. Another time when the offending man seemed loath to cease his unwelcome attentions, she had told him

plainly what part of town he should visit if his mind ran so much on certain things—and he had seemed quite confused, and had behaved himself from that time on; though why he should seem confused was beyond Stella's power to explain. Another time a young man asked her if she "was straight" and upon her positive answer "of course I am," he replied "Well, I thought you were, but I wanted to know for certain;" and after that he treated her with the greatest deference. And, in none of these cases did Stella harbor any ill-will against the offending young man; she considered the men rather stupid to have made such a mistake regarding her, but she did not feel aggrieved.

Some who read these lines will fail to realize that such a condition as that above described could have been possible, and may imagine that the old physician has been deceived by the plausible tale of some woman concerning her early inexperience and ignorance. But, let me assure such doubters that the writer has had abundant proof to corroborate and establish the truth of the statements just made—the case of Stella has many counterparts in primitive communities, and even in some less so. There is found in many instances the most grotesque mingling and blending of knowledge and ignorance on the part of young women; and in primitive and elemental communities there is often found a curious mixture of the most elemental and intimate knowledge of certain sexual facts, and the densest ignorance concerning other facts in the same general category. The reader may fully accept the above stated facts as being substantiated by my own investigation and general experience.

Stella had not experienced an awakening of her sex-nature at the time at which this story really begins. She was more or less of a tom-boy, and had mingled with the boys almost as one of them, and they had recognized in

her a kindred spirit, and respected it. Very few of the young men or boys had become "mushy" over her—she wasn't just that kind of a girl. She was rather more of a good comrade and friend than a prospective sweetheart. Her emotional nature had not been awakened as in the case of some other girls of the same age. Her physical development was rather slower than usual, and at seventeen she was not as fully developed in secondary sex characteristics as were many another girl of fifteen. She liked some of the boys better than others; but she had never been in love, nor imagined herself so. She was somewhat of a dare-devil in many ways, and placed herself in positions that would have been considered unquestionably compromising in the case of a girl in a large city—but she never realized this, and was totally unaware of any danger. In this respect she was, as I have said, not more than twelve years old in many respects.

In the office of a mining supply concern, which had established a branch business in the now rapidly growing mining town, there was employed a man whom we will call Jones. He was not altogether a bad sort of fellow, but he had acquired a knowledge of certain phases of life to which Stella was a stranger. He was from Chicago, and was employed in the Western town only temporarily, and expected to return to his native town before long. He and Stella became well acquainted, and grew to be good friends. But there was nothing of love, or affection, or passion in the girl's feeling toward the youth. He was a good companion, and nothing more. There had been no advances made by the young man, nor any manifestations of the tender passion. He was not in love with the girl, though he was attracted mightily by her primitive character and natural energy and vim. Had

Jones remained in the mining-town, this tale would never have been told—nor his case recorded.

But Jones was called back to Chicago by his employers, and here is where the trouble began. For several weeks before he left the town, Jones talked much about Chicago to Stella. He painted wonderful word-pictures of its wonders; its big buildings; its crowded streets; its wonderful stores; and even of the colossal Mail Order Houses the pictures of whose great building Stella had seen on the covers of the giant catalogues which were received regularly by the leading families in her town.

Stella listened attentively, with increasing interest and rapidly growing curiosity. Perhaps the thing which most appealed to her was the idea of actually seeing with one's own eyes the interior of those great Mail Order houses, upon the shelves of which reposed the almost unthinkable variety of goods and merchandise each particular article of which was the subject of at least a line of printed descriptive matter in the great catalogue, and many of which were reproduced in pictured form in the wonderful pages. And so Stella rose like a trout to its favorite fly to meet Jones' artful suggestion that she run away to Chicago, where he would meet her and personally show her the wonderful sights—particularly those great Mail Order Houses, the managers of which were personal acquaintances of Jones at least so he told the girl.

There was no trouble about buying the ticket, Stella said to herself, for she had enough money laid aside for Christmas to pay her way on and to leave her something over—and Dad "would sure send her the money to get back" when he heard where she was. As for a stopping place, she knew that her father's cousins lived in Chicago—she even had their street address written down in a book. And Jones would show her all the wonderful

things in the big town! The prospect was alluring. It appealed to all the romantic elements lying dormant in her blood. She decided to take up Jones on his offer. She cared nothing for Jones, but was grateful for him in proposing to show her the wonderful sights of the great city with which he was so familiar.

Jones pointed out to her that it would never do for her to leave town along with him. "Why, they'd say we were running off to get married," he said smilingly, and Stella fairly shouted with laughter at the ridiculousness of the suggestion. So they planned it all out carefully so as to avoid this danger, for she didn't intend to marry Jones or any other man, and didn't care to be the subject of gossip.

Jones planned to leave on a certain day, and Stella was to take a certain train from a near-by junction point exactly two days later; and would be met in Chicago by Jones, who would take her to a hotel and leave her for the night, and would call for her the next morning, and would then show her the sights of the city—particularly the great Mail Order houses—and before night would take her to the house of her father's cousins. Everything was nicely planned out in advance, down to the smallest detail; and Stella entertained no fears of the journey. It all seemed quite simple for her. She had never been more than fifty miles from home before, and distances had no meaning to her.

Jones left according to schedule, and Stella took the train from the junction just two days later. She left a note for her father, telling him that she was going on a little journey to see the world, and that he mustn't worry about her, for she could take good care of herself; and that she would write him in a few days telling him all about it, and giving him a big surprise. She thought that this was all that was needed in the case.

After a long journey filled with strange sights, and stranger happenings, Stella stepped from the train in Chicago in a state of bewilderment. She had never believed that the world was so big, and that Chicago was so far off, or that the city was so different from her own town. Jones was there to meet her, as promised; and a great wave of thankfulness arose in her heart when she saw his familiar face.

It was about sunset when the train pulled in, and in the fast falling twilight the great city looked frightfully strange and threatening to Stella. She clung to Jones' arm as if afraid that he would desert her. She had never felt so much the need of a companion and friend. Jones took her to dinner in a place which seemed palatial to her by reason of her inexperience. Then, after checking her travelling bag, he took her to a large theatre, where Stella saw and heard things of which she had read in books but had never dreamed of actually witnessing in person. She left the theatre in a daze, feeling worn out and sleepy by reason of the strained attention to the new sights and sounds. She begged Jones to take her to the hotel, so that she might get a good night's rest so as to be in good condition to see the sights tomorrow.

Jones took her to a hotel which seemed to her to be magnificent, but which was in reality a one-time well known hotel which had fallen upon evil days, and which had degenerated into a place in which all comers who could pay the price were accepted as guests, and with few questions asked. They were shown up to a large bedroom by the grinning bell-boy. Stella threw herself down in an easy chair and said to Jones: "I think you had better go now, Mr. Jones, for I am too tired to talk to you any more, and I want to get to sleep at once. I don't like to hurry you off, but I really am too tired to be polite any longer."

Jones then told her a tale which may seem incredibly weak to you who are reading these lines, but which sound reasonable enough to Stella in her inexperience and state of fatigue and bewilderment. He told her that these large city hotels were very particular about their guests, and that having entered the house together the hotel people thought they were a married couple; and that accordingly, if he were to leave her alone the clerks would become suspicious, and would think she was a "sport" and might even call the police and lock her up, for such were the customs of great cities. Stella was terribly frightened, for she had seen the policemen on the streets, and had read dreadful tales about them in the books at home. So she begged Jones to find a way out of the difficulty for her.

Jones then told her that it could be easily arranged. He would go down stairs to take a smoke, during which time she should retire—but she must be sure to throw one blanket on the couch for him when he returned, which he would use to cover him while he slept on the couch. He told her that everything was all right, and that she needn't mind him being in the room, for they were good friends, and that she was the same as a sister to him—and much more of the same kind of talk.

It all seemed strange to Stella, but she had confidence in Jones, and, for that matter, she had heard of men and women sleeping in the same room in camps, and on hunting parties, without anything wrong being thought of it. The old "wild and woolly West" had a code of its own about such things, which its men did not violate, nor did its women fear that it would be violated—and the general spirit of the old days had filtered down in general impressions and ideas, even to the days of Stella. And, so she said "All right," and Jones left the room, to return a half-hour afterward, and to throw himself on the

couch as he had proposed. Stella heard him come in and lock the door, and later throw himself on the couch; and then she dropped into a deep sleep.

I shall not attempt to repeat in detail the story Stella told me regarding the later happenings of that night. Enough to say that by plausible argument and protestations, and by appealing to the girl's inexperience and fears of the police, the young scoundrel worked his will on the girl. To tell the exact truth, there was not a moment during that struggle of wills in which Stella realized exactly the nature of what the man was proposing. At the worst she felt that he was not "playing fair" with her, and was taking some kind of advantage of her; but from her naive viewpoint much of the curse was taken from the thing by his repeated reminder to her that as she was accepting no pay from him, "not even a present," therefore she was not being asked to become a "sport." Jones had evidently realized the innocence of the girl, and her naive viewpoint—and he played upon both in order to accomplish his purposes. He promised to take her to her cousin's the next day if she would cease her objections—and she ceased.

Jones kept his word the next day; at least so far as taking her to her father's cousin's house is concerned. He even neglected to show her the sights of the town—even the Mail Order Houses were overlooked. He took her to her relative's house, promising to call for her in a day or so and fulfill his promise to show her the town—but he never called, and he passed out of the girl's life forever, at least so far as his personal presence was concerned. He had cautioned her against telling her relatives, or anyone else for that matter, about the hotel episode; for, said he, if the police were to get wind of it they would arrest her as a "sport," and for registering at a hotel as a married woman when she was not married.

She promised him to not to tell—and she kept her word. It was not for years afterward that she told me the whole story, and I was the first to hear it.

Oh, yes, I can hear you say, this is the old tale about the betrayed girl finding herself pregnant, and going to ruin in the swamps and quagmire of a large city. Not at all; nothing of the sort happened. Stella did not become pregnant, nor did she fall into the clutches of the panders, or the keepers of houses of ill-repute. These things she fortunately escaped. Instead, she spent a few weeks at the house of her relatives, and, after telegraphing her father of her whereabouts, she had her cousins show her the wonderful sights of the city, just as she had planned (except that Jones was missing), and she found that the great Mail Order Houses were even more wonderful than she had imagined.

At the end of her visit she was placed on the train by her relatives, and in due time reached home once more. She found no scandalous gossip awaiting her there. There was only a good natured scolding and shaking of heads over the escapade of Stella who had set out to see the world. They thought no evil of Stella—for they knew that she was "straight." Of Jones' connection with the journey they had not an inkling or a suspicion.

Stella told me, long afterward, that she had not blamed Jones very much, even after what had passed. She still felt that he had "acted mean" toward her, and had not kept his promise; but she excused this in some way satisfactory to herself. Men were queer, at the best, thought she. She believed that he had failed to call to see her afterward, by reason of his fear that she might have told about their stopping at the hotel, and thus getting him in trouble with the police, as he had said—those police seemed to be a lot of busybodies, anyway, and very stupid not to be able to distinguish "straight" people

from "sports" and their male friends. Incredibly naïve, you say; perhaps so, but facts are stranger than fiction, even in these latter days.

Some time after Stella's return home from the city, she began to experience unpleasant physical symptoms and manifestations, the exact nature of which she did not realize. She tried "patent medicines" which seemed to be suggested for her trouble, by reason of the disinterested advice found in the "almanacs" distributed by the makers of these nostrums. Finding no relief, she finally spoke to the good widow housekeeper about the trouble, and was informed that she was suffering from "female weakness," and needed medical attention. There was no regular physician located in the little town at that time, but in a neighboring town there was an old time doctor who did quite well in his way in the matter of treating the common disorders of the rather healthy inhabitants of that vicinity. So her father drove her over to see the old gentleman.

The old physician saw at once what was the matter, but, being discreet, he did not divulge the exact nature of the trouble to either the girl or her father. After giving her some necessary cautions, he furnished some old fashioned remedies, and equally old fashioned methods of treatment, and bade the father to bring the girl over again the following week. After a reasonable time the alarming symptoms abated, and finally disappeared; and the case was discharged as "cured." And, indeed, the outward symptoms were cured—but the root of the trouble was not removed, and it proceeded to spread its influence in many directions though its presence was unsuspected. I need not inform the reader at this point that the trouble arose from an insidious venereal disease, the root of which is often quite difficult to remove, though the outward symptom may apparently be

“cured” for a time. I need not go into details here—they are far from pleasant.

Stella, about two years later, married a young man from a neighboring town for whom she had developed a great respect. Her affectional nature was not deeply stirred, and her passional nature seemingly remained unawakened—in fact it has never since awakened, for its physical sources had been affected quite early, and rendered the girl less than normal in this respect. She did her best to be a good companion to the man she married, but she could never be the wife to him in the fullest sense; and both of them felt that there was something wrong about their mutual relations, and they gradually drifted apart, though remaining good friends throughout it all. Finally, the man asked to be granted a divorce, and Stella consented willingly, for she was fair and just in her relations toward others, always.

While a married woman, Stella visited some friends in a city in another part of the same State, and when in that city visited a leading physician for advice concerning her generally unsatisfactory physical condition, and particularly regarding certain pains and irregularities which had manifested themselves in the region of the reproductive organism. The physician diagnosed the case correctly, but in order to corroborate same he advised Stella to visit another city and to consult one of several specialists named. It was in this way that I met Stella, and heard the story as given in the main in the foregoing pages.

The result is not satisfactory for me to record. While everything possible was done to obviate the necessity of the operation, it was finally found impossible to dispense with the same; and in the end the entire internal reproductive organism was removed, in order to save the woman from something worse. It was too late, however,

to save her general health, and while she lived for a number of years in comparative health and comfort, she was never really a strong, healthy woman. She developed a beautiful character, and made the world happier by her good deeds. Her father made a "lucky strike" in his mine, and accumulated a fortune which afterward passed to Stella.

Though Stella has passed away from the scenes of earth, her good works live after her. In Chicago, particularly, there is a noble work still being carried on, though in a quiet way, by a devoted little band of workers; the financial end of the work being made possible by an endowment from Stella. The work is in the direction of protecting inexperienced country girls, who have come to that great city, from certain temptations into which they may become involved by reason of their inexperience and ignorance. She realized fully, from her own experience, that such things are possible, and she wished to save others from the after years of torture, physical and mental, endured by herself, and which found expression in her words to me when she told her tale:

"If I only had known; if I only had known!"

V

THE CASE OF JENNIE NELSON

Jennie Nelson was about seventeen years of age, at least so far as the calendar would testify, and as would be indicated by her degree of mental development and experience. But judged by her degree of physical development she was a mature woman. One to take a casual glance at her would obtain the impression that she was a well-developed young woman of about twenty-two, with a certain lack of experience registered in her facial expression and general demeanor which would indicate that she had not mingled with the other sex as is customary with young women of the age which her physical development indicated that she had attained.

Jennie lived in a small town in Pennsylvania which had developed into a thriving suburb of a large town in which were located the repair shops of a great railroad system. Her father and elder brothers worked in the great shops, reaching them early in the morning by means of a trolley car line connecting the two towns. There were no mills or factories in which women and girls were employed in either of the two towns, and Jennie found her only possible source of employment in the stores of the two towns. For some time past she had been employed as an extra saleswoman in a retail shoe store in her home town, being called in only on Saturdays and during the busy seasons. The rest of her time she spent at home, assisting in the housework which

kept her mother very busy because of the size of the family, which was composed of several older brothers, one brother of nearly Jennie's age, and a number of much younger children.

Her mother was of that type which some have spoken of as "a household drudge." She had but little education, and was below the average in intellectual development. She considered her full duty to her children performed when she provided a sufficient quantity of food for their active appetites, and a comfortable bed in which they could rest when their day was over. She was inclined to be very narrow and bigoted in her religious views and habits, and her almost only real excitement came from regular attendance at the periodical "revivals" which were conducted in the little church she attended. Many things which the more enlightened women of the town were beginning to discuss with some degree of freedom, were considered by Mrs. Nelson and her little circle of friends as being "positively indecent."

Jennie had mentioned to her mother one day something about a curious book which one of her school-mates had been given to read by her own mother—the book gave some simple, plain, common-sense information concerning certain physiological facts which women were beginning to see should be known by their daughters. Her mother flew into a righteous state of indignant rage at the mention of the subject of the book, and not only sternly forbade Jennie to read the book, or even to look at it again, but also instructed her to refuse to associate with the other girl again on the old terms of school-girl friendship.

Jennie's father was a typical shop workman of the old school. He worked hard and faithfully during the day, and asked only to be "let alone" in the evening. After doing full justice to a heavy "supper," he was wont to

sit in his shirt-sleeves (in the warm weather the undershirt taking the place of its more conventional brother-garment), with his feet either thrust in an old pair of carpet slippers, or else adorned only by his heavy socks. He was a stern man, and was heartily in favor of applying a rigid discipline to the children, though he punished them only when they acted wrongly "right in front of him," or when his wife directed his attention to some fault which they had committed during the day while he was absent at work. He used upon them a leather strap, wielded by him with the same degree of persistent efficiency as that which made him a good workman in the shop. He knew nothing of moral suasion or appeals to the intelligence of moral nature of the child. His wife quoted "spare the rod and spoil the child," and he acted upon the wisdom embodied in the precept. He was a good man of his kind—and there are many of his kind.

Jennie knew practically no form of amusement. The occasional plays which travelling companies produced at the little theater (called the "opera house") of the town, were forbidden to her, and she was not allowed to go to the "shows" of the larger town in company with some of her companions on an occasional Saturday afternoon. Even the "Nickleodeon," that ancestor of the present "movies," was forbidden to her by her mother; and her father, while himself occasionally "taking them in" to see just what they were like, agreed to the prohibition enforced by his wife, saying that "no good could come of them for young people."

Moreover, Jennie was not permitted to have young men call upon her at home, although many of her girl friends had this privilege extended to them. And if she were reported to have stopped on the street corner to chat with any of her old school-mates of the male sex, she was closely questioned regarding the matter, and

threatened with dire punishment by her father if she indulged in "any such skylarking" again. She was given the impression that it was not respectable for a girl of her age to have young men friends associate with her; and she was told that it was not decent for a girl to think about marriage before she was twenty-five years of age—the age at which her mother had happened to marry.

About the only excitement along the lines of sex-attraction which was open to Jennie was an occasional mild flirtation with some of the travelling salesmen visiting the store at which she worked at odd times. These flirtations were quite mild indeed, and scarcely worthy of the name. But to Jennie they seemed to open out a new and frightfully attractive world, the nature of which she did not realize but which, nevertheless, exerted the primal sex-lure upon her. She knew practically nothing about the subject of sex—certainly not the very things which she should have known, and known thoroughly. Regarding some of the most fundamental facts of life, she knew what amounted to nothing at all.

There was a dapper, young, bright-eyed, red-lipped "drummer" named Berkenstein who seemed to notice Jennie whenever he came to town on his regular trip. He flattered the girl in many little ways, and managed to awaken her interest in himself. He made a point of coming to the store at times when he knew her employer was absent, and at such times he would engage the girl in conversation and would talk about the great city from which he came, the bright lights of its streets, its great shops, the high wages received by girls working in the department stores, and the beautiful clothes that many of them wore. He introduced many tales about the theatres and amusement parks, and seemed to obtain great enjoyment from the wide-opened eyes of the girl as

she listened to his wonderful tales of his own big home town.

One time he told Jennie that if ever she wanted to come to the great city, he would get her a place in one of the great stores at once, and would see that she received a good salary right from the start, for were not the department managers great friends of his? well, he guessed they were, all right, all right. But Jennie shook her head—her parents would never allow her to leave home, indeed they would not; and so there was no use in thinking about the matter, or talking it over. But she always liked "Berky" (as the other clerks called him) to hark back to this topic—it seemed to fascinate her, always, and never lost its interest.

One Saturday evening, just as the store was closing, Berkenstein strolled by the door as Jennie walked out on her way home after the half-day's work. He had been in the store in the morning, and announced the fact that he was going to "Sunday" at the big hotel in the near-by shop town, of which Jennie's town was the suburb. "Hello, kid!" said he, "Which way you going?" Jennie told him that she was going straight home. He proposed that, instead, they go to the drug store on the corner and get ice cream sodas. Jennie was overcome by the tempting offer, so unusual to her, but stammered that her folks wouldn't allow her to go about with a young man. He laughed heartily at this, and told her that what the folks didn't know wouldn't hurt 'em any, and suggested that they go separately away from the main street, and then meet on a quiet corner where there was another drug store, and where no one would be likely to see them; he told her that she could excuse her few minutes delay to the folks, without fear of discovery. Jennie consented, and a few moments later the two met at the little drug store, and were soon deeply interested

in an ice cream soda with a big cherry at the top of each glass, which "Berky" had specially ordered to be placed there.

Much more time was spent at the drug store than Jennie had counted upon. She began to get frightened, and insisted upon going home. But "Berky" insisted that he accompany her home, going by way of a certain dark lane around the outskirts of the town. Jennie unwillingly consented, but felt that it would not be exactly polite to the young man to refuse his kind invitation. And so finally the corner of the street on which the girl's home was located was reached, and the young man left her. There had been no attempt at familiarity, or love-making on his part—he was playing his game too cleverly for that—he expected to return to that town again! He left her as one good friend would leave another, saying that he must now hurry to the larger near-by town where he was going to "Sunday," and where he was expecting to receive a telegram calling him back from his trip in order to start to work on a new territory during the temporary absence of one of his fellow salesmen.

Jennie reached home, trembling with excitement and fear, and trying to frame a plausible excuse for her lateness. But she did not need the excuse, for her mother met her at the door and began at once a shrill tirade the theme of which was that the girl had been seen "running around" with a "Jew drummer"—taking ice cream sodas with him, and then wandering about at that time of night with him along the dark lane, and doing the good Lord knows what else. It appears that a neighbor had seen them go into the drug store, and then tracked them to the dark lane when they came out, but relinquishing the trail at that point in order to gain the exciting experience of telling the awful news to the girl's mother. Jennie was dumbfounded at the crimes of

which she seemed to be accused, and could not understand the dreadful names which were hurled at her by her furious mother. Epithets which she but dimly understood were applied to her, and she was made to understand that she had forever disgraced herself and her family. It all seemed strange to the girl who could not bring herself to realize in just what manner she had sinned so grievously.

At that moment her father entered, and to him the mother flew with her tale of the atrocious behavior of the erring daughter. Jennie could scarcely believe her ears when she heard the two agree that she was to be taken before the court on the following Monday morning, and her committal to the Reformatory asked by the parents. She knew of the Reformatory, of course; it was the place to which incorrigible boys and girls were sent, and into which none but the vilest were admitted. She felt dazed at the mere thought of name of the place used in connection with herself. She felt that she was being made the subject of some hideous practical joke; or else that she was experiencing a horrible nightmare.

Her father finally turned upon her in a rage, and shouting to her that she was no longer fit to associate with the rest of the family, told her that before she was "sent away" she should be given something that she would remember until her dying day. And he made good his word, for the memory of that dreadful beating never faded from the mind of the girl, even throughout all the days of mental pain and spiritual torture which she was destined to endure.

Bruised and even bleeding where the cruel leather thong had cut into her flesh, Jennie was rudely thrust into her little hall sleeping room, and the key turned upon her by her father. But for an hour afterward she could hear the hysterical shrieks and outcries of her

mother, in which were uttered the word "huzzy," and certain other terms the meaning of which she had a general knowledge as applied to the female of a certain family of household animals. Jennie fell into a strange state of numb desperation. Even the pains of the beating left her, so strong was the mental pain coupled with the resolve to escape from the scene of her torture. She did not sleep, but sat until the early dawn in a strange state of dazed stupor.

With the first signs of dawn, the girl roused herself. First washing away the tears and dust on her face, she then dressed herself in her best clothes, and put on her Sunday hat. It was strange that she should have thought of these things at such a moment—perhaps it was an unconscious action on her part. Then she drew from the little cupboard a rather dilapidated old valise, into which she hastily thrust the few undergarments, and stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel which were at hand in her dresser drawers. Then carefully raising the window of her room and creeping over the low porch roof, she slipped down to the ground by means of the thick vine which trailed up over the roof, having first lowered her valise carefully to the ground. The girl seemed to have suddenly acquired the cunning of the primitive women—the demand upon her had awakened faculties which until then had been dormant.

Walking swiftly down the deserted streets, she at last reached the little shed at which the trolley car took its departure for the larger town a few miles away. She knew that the first car would be leaving shortly, and that the wait would be short. Taking the car, she was on her way to the neighboring town, where she had determined to seek Berkenstein at his hotel, and acquaint him with her purpose to seek the great city of which he had told her, and there, with his promised aid, to obtain employ-

ment and begin her life anew. She had with her but her scanty wages which she had received from her employer that night, and which in the excitement of the return home her mother had failed to demand of her as usual—this and a few dollars which she had taken from her little tin savings bank in her room, and which was made up principally of pennies and nickels, this little composed her entire fortune. But, not knowing the wants before her, she was not afraid. And then had she not Berkenstein to befriend her?—and certainly he seemed to want to be a good friend to her.

Berkenstein, enjoying his Sunday morning extra quota of sleep, was startled by the rap of the bell boy on his door, and the receipt of the message that there was a young woman waiting to see him in the parlor on the first floor of the hotel. He could not imagine just who it was—for he had a number of attractive young women “on the list,” being something of a modern Don Juan. Dressing rapidly, he thought of the possibility of meeting with some indignant, and perhaps threatening, young woman when he would descend to the first floor. He began to decide upon what action he should take should such trouble present itself. He had received his telegram the night before, calling him home and instructing him to report at his employers’ place of business on Monday morning. He had arranged to take an Eastbound express train about noon on Sunday, which would land him in the city about nightfall. And so he was prepared to make “a quick get-away” without interfering with his business engagements, providing the new circumstances seemed to indicate the wisdom of such course.

Entering the hotel parlor he was amazed to see Jennie Nelson waiting for him. She was about the last person in the world whom he had expected to meet in that quiet room at that early hour of the morning. He was startled

at the strange look on the girl's face, and noted almost unconsciously that she seemed to have acquired the expression of a woman ten years older. In a few words she told him the gist of her story. Berkenstein's mind worked rapidly, and he speedily planned out a course of procedure. Taking the girl away from the hotel to an all-night restaurant around the corner, he made her drink some strong coffee and eat something in order to bring her to a more normal state of mind and feeling—to "Berky" there was a close connection between physiology and psychology, and judging from Jennie's reaction to this treatment he seemed to have the correct working theory.

While waiting for their breakfast, he gave Jennie careful instructions regarding her actions and the course to be followed that day. In the first place, she was to take a trolley car almost immediately after the conclusion of the meal, and to proceed to a little town about seven miles to the east of the larger town; there she was to wait for a couple of hours for the arrival of a slow accommodation train travelling toward the large city. In this way she would not be observed by anyone knowing her; and her movements could not be easily traced. Berkenstein would take the later fast express train, and would arrive in the large city about one hour ahead of the slow train bearing the girl, and would be there to meet her when she alighted.

He told her not to worry about anything whatsoever, as he would arrange everything for her comfort and welfare when the great city was reached. There was nothing of the lover about him, and the girl felt that he was acting as a brother might under similar circumstances. She felt every trust in him, and experienced no embarrassment in accepting from him enough money to add to her little store to make possible the purchase of the rail-

road ticket, and to buy her dinner on the train. "You can pay me back when you begin making good wages," he told her—and it seemed quite the natural and proper thing to do. In later days she remembered that he had so closely calculated the cash on hand that she was left with exactly eleven cents upon her arrival in the city, and was therefore entirely dependent upon him for future supplies—but this thought did not occur to her at the time she was hearing his complete arrangements for the trip in that little all-night restaurant in the town.

The journey seemed a long one to Jennie, but was not without interest to her even in spite of her weariness—for she had never been twenty miles away from home in her life. She had never dreamed that there were so many towns in the world as those she witnessed in her slow journey through that most thickly populated portion of the country, with the train stopping every few minutes at a new town. And the never-ceasing coming and going of people aroused her interest and almost made her forget what had happened to her during the past twenty-four hours. In fact, the immediate past had come to seem to her like a bad dream from which she was just awakening. The present seemed to be the only true waking life—the past was fast fading into the memory of a dream state—the future seemed bright and promising, in a general way, though she was not even indulging in many mental pictures of it, for she was too much occupied with the sights, and scenes, and thoughts of the present to look very far ahead.

Berkenstein was at the railroad station awaiting her arrival. He met her quietly, as one would meet a member of the family who had been out of town for a few days visit to a near-by place. He managed not to attract any attention on the part of those around the station. He did not even hail a cab, but instead took her around the corner

to a street car in which they remained until a quiet side street was reached. Here the two went to a little restaurant in which "Berky" seemed to be known. He took the girl into a quiet screened compartment at the back of the room, and there they partook of a very satisfying supper. He insisted upon the girl drinking a strange sweetened mixture which he told her was "the latest thing in ladies' cocktails," but which she did not enjoy at all. He also persuaded her to sip a little wine during the meal, but she did not like that either, for she was not accustomed to such things.

Even the little that he induced her to drink, however, seemed to exhilarate her, and to cause her to feel strange and feverish. Then "Berky" said, "we will go to your boarding house"; and explained to her that he had arranged with the sister-in-law of a friend of his to "put her up" comfortably until she found remunerative employment, which would be within a few days of course. The matter of money need not worry her, he said, for he had arranged all that and she would be able to pay everything back from her large salary which she would be receiving in a few days.

The girl accepted all these assurances as a matter of course—for what did she know about "city life?" She felt most grateful toward Berkenstein, and told him that she did not know what she would have done without him—at which he smiled modestly. This time, however, he called a cab, and in a few minutes they alighted before a quiet house in a quiet neighborhood—even to the inexperienced girl there came the sense of a quietness strangely in contrast to the noise of the other streets over which they had traveled. It was quite restful, thought the girl; it was almost like home.

As the man and girl reached the top step and faced the door, the latter was quietly opened by a neatly clad light

colored girl who bade the couple enter the "back parlor." Here they were met by a somewhat flashily dressed middle-aged woman, of the type known by the man on the street as "a big blonde." She had evidently expected the visitors, and smiled pleasantly as "Berky" introduced "Miss Nelson, my little friend from the country, about whom I 'phoned you." The man then explained to the mistress of the house that Jennie had decided to come to the city to make her fortune, and that he would see that she obtained remunerative employment during the next few days; and that for the time being he thought it well for her to secure lodgings and board with "Mrs. Howard," the blonde landlady.

Mrs. Howard expressed herself as delighted, and said that any friend of Mr. Berkenstein was a friend of hers; and that anybody who had Mr. Berkenstein as a particular friend would have no trouble in getting along in the big city, for he knew everybody worth knowing and "was wise" to all the good things in sight. She told Jennie that she was a lucky girl in having Mr. B. as a friend. She would have continued in this strain much longer, had she not felt the pressure of "Berky's" foot on her slipper, and received a silent command to "soft-pedal." So she told Jennie that she guessed that she was tired and "done out" after her long trip from the country, and that she thought that she needed a good night's rest more than anything else. Jennie agreed heartily to the proposal, and "Berky" pretended that he was about to leave her, and started to say "Good Night."

But, in obedience to another silent command, Mrs. Howard said that she couldn't allow him to leave without joining her in a glass of home made wine, which she had made herself recently, and which was quite mild and harmless. "Berky" said that he wasn't afraid of any kind of wine, home made or "boughten"; but that it

probably would be just the thing for Jennie, as it would steady her nerves and make her have a sound refreshing sleep. Jennie objected that she didn't like wine, and wasn't accustomed to its use; but when the other two laughed at her objections, and told her that home made wine was different, and that even the preachers used it to quiet their nerves after preaching a long sermon, she consented to try the experiment, particularly as she felt that it would be impolite and ungracious to persist in her refusal of the hospitality extended her. And so a large glass of the wine was poured out for her, and she found it really not unpleasant to the taste, being somewhat sweet and apparently not strong. But before long she found herself sinking into a state of drowsiness, and before long she lost all consciousness. Had she been even partially conscious she would have heard Mrs. Howard say jokingly something to "Berky" about his robbing the nursery, and about him being a bad one if there ever was one, and about the "drops" being "enough to knock out a mule." But she heard nothing—knew nothing—felt nothing. She was dead to the world, to all intents and purposes, for the time being.

* * * * *

Jennie was never able to clearly remember the horrible events of that night. From the depths of her memory there arose nothing more than the same frightful hazy and distorted general recollections which forced their way into her waking consciousness about noontime of the following day. But, then, and afterward, she was aware of having experienced a hideous nightmare which took upon itself the semblance of reality, or else a horrible reality which had disguised itself as a nightmare. At times during the night she had partially awakened from her stupor, only to find herself in that terrifying condition so common to a certain type of nightmare, in which while

apparently conscious of dangers and threatening evils one finds oneself unable to move a muscle or to physically resist or escape from the evil things which threaten. This would endure for a few moments which seemed like years, and then she would find herself once more sinking into the deep stupor from which she had emerged a few moments before.

But throughout all the different phases of semiconsciousness, Jennie seemed to be aware of the presence of Berkenstein, and of the fact that she was utterly in his power, and that he was perpetrating nameless atrocities upon her, and that she was absolutely unable to fight him off or to resist him in the slightest degree. She never was able to efface from her memory the terrors of that night, and particularly of her sense of inability to struggle or resist the evil that was being forced upon her. Many a time in the years following would she awake from a nightmare which was but a faint reenactment of that real-nightmare or nightmare-reality of that first night in Mrs. Howard's house.

* * * * *

About noon of the following day, Jennie opened her eyes upon the world of consciousness once more. She was aware of being in a feverish condition, with a splitting headache, and with a burning thirst. She sat upright and gazed about her, striving to gather up the loose ends of memory concerning the events of the past two days. She was alone in the room, and soon discovered that the door of the room was locked. Her first impulse was to dress hastily and escape from the place, and it was then that she discovered not only that the door was locked, but also that her street dress, shoes, and hat, as well as her valise had been removed from the room. Her underclothing and stockings were piled up on a chair in the corner, and thrown across the chair-back was a gaudy

kimona, a pair of Chinese house sandals being placed under the chair. Then she noticed her pocket book lying opened on the dresser, with a banknote obtrusively projecting from it—and she remembered distinctly that no such amount of money had been in her possession when she had entered the house the evening before.

Seated on the edge of the bed, Jennie began to try to realize what had happened. She knew the worst, of course, but she found herself compelled to gather together her reasoning powers in order to fully comprehend the why and wherefore of the happenings of the night before—it seemed all so impossible, and so foreign to what she had considered would be the result of her journey to the city. It was as if she had felt the earth slipping beneath her feet, leaving her suspended in space.

How could Berkenstein have behaved in this monstrous way toward her? and how could a woman like Mrs. Howard have permitted such happenings in her respectable home? She had heard of things of this kind happening in savage lands, and had read of negroes being lynched for similar crimes in the South; but that such a crime could be perpetrated by civilized men in civilized lands seemed incredible to the girl. Then she thought that she would try to summon Mrs. Howard, and endeavor to have light thrown on the ghastly mystery, and perhaps to have legal punishment meted out to the man who had so vilely deceived and mistreated her.

In answer to the girl's repeated rapping on the door, Mrs. Howard at last appeared, and unlocking and opening the door greeted the girl's astonished ears with the brutal remark: "What in hell are you raising such a racket about? Do you want to get yourself pinched?" The girl knew what "pinched" meant—she had not read the newspapers for nothing. And like all country folks, or small town people, she dreaded the police of the large

cities with their "lock ups" and police station cells. She shuddered and looked appealing at the woman.

"Where is Berkenstein?" she asked. "Oh, he's gone on his trip, and won't be back for a week," replied the woman, adding "Guess you'll have to get along without your lover for a week, Sis." "He isn't my lover," replied the girl, "He's only a friend—that is, I thought he was my friend until this happened. What does it all mean?" "Oh, cut that out" said the woman with a meaning grin, "do you think that I am a boob to swallow all that stuff?" "You certainly had a terrible jag," added the woman, "the worst I have seen for a long time. And you letting on that you were from the country too, when anyone can see that you're an old timer. But you weren't so drunk that you forgot to collect your money, all right, all right"; and reaching out for the banknote showing itself sticking out from the pocket book on the dresser, the woman took it out and stuck it in her bosom saying, "That will help to pay for your room and eats, little girl, until 'Berky' comes back and coughs up the balance. And, take it from me that 'Berky's' considerable of a tightwad, girlie, and you will have to keep working him all the time if you would get ahead of the game. He's a good friend of the house, but I'm putting you wise for your own good, for you know how those birds are."

The girl, bewildered by the flow of cheap terms of the street, and amazed at the woman's assumption of the fact that she was something other than the girl from the small town which she was, tried to explain to the woman that she was an innocent girl who had been victimized and outraged. But the woman laughed raucously, and in a threatening tone said "Now, kid, don't try to put that over here—it won't go. If you think that you're going to get anyone to believe that you have been ruined in

my house, you're going to get left the worst way. In the first place I stand in with the bosses in this ward, and what they say goes with the cops. And at the first peep from you that you were done up in my house, I'm going to show 'em that you came here from some jay town with 'Berky,' and that he gave you money for your fare; and that you got full of booze, drinking with him down stairs; and that he came up stairs with you at your own request; and that you took his money all right; and that you are now trying to work the virtuous racket on me, and trying to pull my leg. Take it from me, it won't do, kid—you can't put it over. Any more of that kind of noise, and you'll spend a month or two at the Reformatory, and the cops will have you listed as a professional, and then your name'll be Dennis sure enough. Don't you know that you are working without a police license, anyway? Taking men's money, and having no license—what do you think they'll do to you if they know that? I'm willing to keep you here until 'Berky' comes back, that is if you behave yourself; but any more talk like that you've been handing out to me, and I'll have you pinched quicker'n you can wink. Now chew that over for a while, and make up your mind what you're going to do, kiddo." And, the woman swept out of the door, closing and locking it behind her.

And the girl sat on the edge of the bed and "chewed it over"—and it was a bitter and nauseating cud that was being mentally masticated. She did not understand fully what the woman had meant by some of the things she had said to her, but she realized fully the general import thereof, and the fact that she was trapped and was in the hands of persons from whom she could hope for no mercy or consideration.

She felt instinctively that the woman knew of the falsity of the charges made against the girl, but she also

felt that it would be hard for herself to maintain her claims in the face of the circumstances arrayed against her, and in view of the evident influence which these people had with the corrupt powers of politics and political control of the police. Her inexperience only served to bring out more clearly the apparent case against herself, and the evident impossibility of escape from the net.

Later in the afternoon the door opened and the colored maid entered bringing her some toast and tea, and displaying toward the girl a degree of kind consideration which was felt by Jennie. At first the girl refused the proffered food and drink, but the maid persuaded her to accept the same in order to "keep her strength"; and Jennie was surprised, and a little disgusted with herself, to find that she was able to eat all the toast, and drink the tea, with a certain amount of satisfaction. The maid then engaged the girl in conversation, and in not an unkindly tone and with a sympathetic manner told her exactly "what she was up against." She let the girl know that she accepted her story as truth, and told her that she knew that "knock out drops" had been given her in her wine; but she also told her that if she were called into court to prove the girl's case she would deny all such knowledge and belief, because she "warn't going to buck up agin that gang, no ma'am, deed I ain't."

Jennie then questioned the colored girl more closely, and began to understand the exact nature of the house of which she was an inmate. In the first place, the house was not a "regular house" in which girls were boarded and lodged, and in which they exhibited themselves as objects of hire. Instead it was "a private room house," in which rooms were rented for the purpose of assignation. The girl told her that it was also a "telephone joint," in which women living outside were called up on the phone and bidden to come to the house to meet men

who had called there and made the request. Occasionally, the girl added, a "kept woman" was accommodated there until she could find convenient quarters—but this was a rare thing, and one which "the madame" did not like, because "those kept girls were too sassy, and too fresh generally" to suit the good lady, an opinion in which the maid heartily agreed. Occasionally, "the madame" boarded some girl for a few weeks, as a "regular," and introduced her to men callers after pretending to call her over the telephone; but this also was not favored by mistress or maid, as "it made the house seem too 'regular,' and common."

She also told the girl that "Berky" was an old patron of the place, and had had many adventures there along the same general line as the present; but the girl frankly admitted that Jennie's case was "the wustest dat he had ever put over here." She also told the girl that what "the madame" had told her about her "pull" with the ward politicians, and the fact of her being on good terms with the local police, was true to the letter. The policeman on the beat, she said, dropped in regularly for his drink at night; and sometimes the sergeant dropped in also. The "ward boss," she said, was a "regular customer" of the house, but one who never spent any money there, being a "dead head" as the girl indignantly styled him.

She made it plain to the girl that the cards were stacked against her, and that the only sensible thing for her to do was to quit struggling, and to "play the game along with the rest of 'em." The girl advised her to work "Berky" for as much money as she could get out of him, and to "hold out" as much as possible from "the madame" as the latter was "a she-shark," with an insatiable appetite for money. In after days, Jennie realized that the girl, while obeying orders from "the madame"

to bring the girl to a full realization of her exact position and the futility of her efforts to escape from the net, nevertheless had given her what seemed to the maid to be "the right dope" about meeting the situation to the best advantage from the viewpoint of her own personal interests. The black girl was infinitely superior to her white mistress in the matter of common humanity.

* * * * *

The week passed by, slowly it seemed at one moment, and rapidly at another to Jennie. After a few days confinement to her room she was permitted to come down stairs and take her meals with "the family," the latter consisting of Mrs. Howard and an occasional woman visitor of the same class who had dropped in on some errand or another. These visitors seemed to tacitly assume that Jennie belonged to their own class, and so conversed quite freely before her. Mrs. Howard would casually mention that Jennie was there "waiting for a friend who was on the road," and no more was said regarding her status. She had not as yet been given her street apparel, and was forced to wear the gaudy kimona and the Chinese house slippers.

One day she saw the policeman drinking a bottle of beer in the kitchen, and Mrs. Howard introduced her to the policeman as her "little friend from the country who is waiting here for her friend who is on the road." The policeman greeted her with a good natured but not impudent grin, and said "Well I suppose you will like the life here better than in your home town; it pays better anyway, for those rubes are certainly tight wads even with the ladies."

And then Mrs. Howard told the policeman as a great joke that the girl had fooled "her friend" into believing her an innocent girl, and had even tried to "put over" the same story with her; but, she added, the girl had taken

good care to "strip something off his bankroll, and to hold on to it too, even though she was stewed," and asked the policeman "if that wasn't going some for an innocent victim." And the policeman answered, "You girls beat the devil with your tales, and even the slickest guys seem to fall for it sooner or later," adding, "But I don't blame you for getting when the getting's good, and there is nothing that will make a man melt quicker than that old 'innocent gur-rel stunt.'"

And then he gave her a piece of almost fatherly advice about "cutting out booze and dope," for that he said "is what gets the best of 'em that goes in for it." And, so Jennie began to see what little chance she had of being believed when she told the true story of her presence in the house. She began to realize that she was branded with the Mark of the Beast, in indelible outline, right on her forehead, so that all who saw her would know her, not for what she was, but for what it was decreed that she should seem to be.

During the week she also added to her store of knowledge concerning men like "Berky," and women like "the madame," by means of the broad hints and often plain statements made by some of the women visitors at the house. Some of the "phone girls" would drop in during the day, sometimes just to pass away time and to get a free drink and at other times to urge "the madame" to favor them more in the matter of "business." They discussed the general weakness and follies of men in plain terms, and told of new and ingenious ways by which men had been outwitted by them. All the phases and forms of the life of "the fast girl" were brought out in these conversations, and Jennie learned that there were many classes and grades of women in the underworld, and many different forms of their dealings with men in their "business." In fact, she found that "business" was dis-

cussed as openly, frankly and cold-bloodedly as the business of men; experiences were exchanged, and advice and warnings freely passed on from one to the other. Jennie learned that she was considered lucky because she was supposed to be "kept," and had only one man to humor and cajole instead of many.

* * * * *

Berkenstein came to the city at the end of the week, and arrived at the house late on Saturday night. He had a plain, brutally frank "business" talk with Jennie about her future with him. She was by this time completely cowed and terrified by what she had learned during the week, and made but little protest—there seemed no way out of it at all for her, and she accepted what seemed to her to be the inevitable. To her, Berkenstein stood in the relation of the master to the well-beaten spaniel. She accepted without protest his promise to pay her board and to buy her some new clothes, in return for which she was to "behave herself" during his trips on the road, and to be "his girl" in fact as well as in name.

* * * * *

This condition of affairs continued for several weeks, at the end of which time he told her that he had rented a furnished room for them, and that she could do her own cooking in the kitchenette attached to the room, as that would be much cheaper for him than the high board and room rent charged by Mrs. Howard, the latter having taken her in merely for accommodation and out of friendship for himself, at any rate, he said. The girl agreed to the plan, for it seemed to promise at least a greater measure of freedom for her. And so they moved into the "furnished room and kitchenette" in a building populated by others of their kind. "Berky" had friends in the building who promised that they would "keep an eye on her" while he was away.

During this period Jennie made several attempts to obtain employment, but without success. She was without experience, and when asked for references she could produce none, and did not know the art of gentle "faking" in this field. Moreover, when asked to give her address she found that the building occupied by the pair was only too well known to those of whom she was seeking employment; and she was frequently made the subject of leering glances and suggestive remarks, accompanied by evident surprise that she should have had the "nerve" to "give herself away" in seeking employment in this manner. One man in evident surprise asked her, "What's the idea? Is it a new way of drumming up business?" Another said "Cut it out, Sister; we don't hire no girls like that around here." And so she gave up the fight at this point, where a more experienced and a more worldly-wise girl would have succeeded had she really wished to change her manner of life.

* * * * *

One Sunday when "Berky" was at home, he told her that this thing of keeping her "sitting around doing nothing" when he was away was "all wrong," and that it was costing him too much money, and that he didn't intend keeping the thing up any longer. He proposed, instead, that his contribution to the family exchequer be limited thereafter to the room rent, and that she get her money for food and clothes, and all the rest of it, "outside." She didn't quite get his meaning at first, notwithstanding the tales she had heard at Mrs. Howard's table. He had up to this time been apparently so jealous, and so insistent that she should not even talk to another man, that the idea of what he was proposing to her did not at first become plain to her.

It was only when he went into brutal and sordid details that she grasped his meaning. He told her that it was

“up to you to hustle a little on your own account,” that she saw just what he was proposing for her. She rebelled, but in vain. He threatened that if she did not do as he wished he would “chuck her out without one cent to rub against another,” and that she would then have to become a street-walker, which would be far worse than the quiet “business” which he had in view for her. And finally she listened while he mapped out the details of the scheme of life which he had laid out for her.

He explained that he had made arrangements with Mrs. Howard whereby Jennie would be placed on her “telephone list,” and sent for as often as possible, providing that “the madame” was given a little larger share of the proceeds than usual. He did not wish the girl to “pick up Johns” on the street, for he said, he wouldn’t associate with a girl who had sunk that low. He told her how she could attract a little more revenue “when business was dull” with Mrs. Howard; and told her that he would send some of his friends around to see her when he was away, and that these would introduce her to others, and so on, ad nauseum.

And the girl consented—what else was there for her to do. She lacked that self-assertiveness which might have brought her out of the situation even at this time; and instead of having become shrewder and more calculating by reason of her association with the man and his kind, she seemed to become more completely cowed and non-resistant. She was little more than a child in intelligence—and not a very precocious child either. As one of “Berky’s” friends said to him after meeting her, “she will never be a thoroughbred—not in a thousand years.” And he was right.

* * * * *

Things drifted along for a while according to the plan which “Berky” had mapped out for Jennie. Mrs. Howard

attended to the details, and "threw as much in her way" as possible, urged to this by the extra percentage which "Berky's" business instinct had told him would produce this result. The man's friends also added to the revenue of the establishment. Jennie was not a good business woman—she permitted those with whom she had dealings to take advantage of her in many ways. In fact, were it not for "Berky's" constant scoldings and instructions, it is probable that she would not have been able to pay her part of the expenses of the apartment.

Finally, one day "Berky" told her that he was through with paying out money for "the joint," and that although he proposed making himself at home there while in the city, he did not propose to contribute one cent toward its expenses. She must look sharp and make enough to pay all the expenses, he told her. And he gave her instructions by means of which she could make the additional sum needed. Here, too, he won his point. And Jennie took another step on the downward path.

One day "Berky" came to the apartment in a bad humor. He had been drinking, and said that he had lost some of the firm's money in a poker game. He asked her how much money she had. She told him the amount that she had laid by to pay the rent and to buy some needed article of clothing for herself. He demanded to be shown the money in order to know whether she had told the truth. When he saw it he tried to take it from her, and when she managed to manifest enough spirit to defend herself against the theft, he beat her brutally and took the money away from her by force. He left her, uttering vile language, and said that after this he expected her to "cough up" an equal sum every week, which was no more than other girls were doing for their "friends," and which was "due him for what he had done for her" in starting her in "business." It seemed that there were

depths in the scale of degradation to which men might sink as well as women, and Jennie was beginning to realize this.

That night she packed up everything that she owned, and borrowing a few dollars from a neighbor she moved to another part of the city, and there rented a small, dingy apartment. Once settled therein, she started in to make her living as a "common street walker," although she lacked the cunning and self-protective instincts needed for success in that phase of the life of the women of her class. But notwithstanding these inherent defects of character, she managed to eke out a scant livelihood, and in the current phrase she "kept body and soul together." I shall pass over the experiences of the girl during this part of her career, for the details are sickening and terrifying, even by comparison to the preceding phases through which she had passed.

One night she was arrested for "soliciting" a plain clothes policeman, and she was haled before the judge in the Night Court. She tried to pass herself off as a hardened character, acting under the advice of one of the women of her kind who occupied the same cell with her, and who told her that she would get off with a light fine, and perhaps a month in the prison for "professionals," whereas if she were to appear as a less hardened sinner she would be sent to the Reformatory for an indefinite period, only to emerge "unreformed" at the end of that time, and again forced to take to the streets for her bread and butter.

The judge was disposed to take her at her word, but a woman worker for a quiet organization, who had a keen perception as well as a kind heart, perceived something in her tone of voice and shrinking demeanor which revealed the presence of a comparative novice, and one who was before the court for the first time. This woman asked

the judge to continue the hearing until she could investigate the case, to which he consented. She afterward obtained from him a special order removing the girl for the night to a place in which the surroundings were better, and in which she might be induced to tell the true story of her condition.

And this was the beginning of the end of the story of Jennie Nelson, and also the beginning of my acquaintance with the case—for I was a friend of the Good Samaritan woman worker, and one of those services she frequently availed herself of in cases of this kind. Jennie was ultimately released on probation, in charge of the good woman, and placed where she might gradually build up her weakened body, and overcome the mental daze which seemed almost destined to become her habitual state of mind; and to heal her bruised spirit—and this last perhaps the most important of all.

By what has already seemed to me to be almost a miracle, Jennie had escaped the venereal infection which is almost universal among women leading the life that she had lived during the latter part of her experience. She had undoubtedly been frequently exposed to such infection, but hers was evidently one of those rare cases in which a certain immunity seems to exist, at least for a time. But her general physical condition was very bad, and at first it was feared that she was on the road to that "general decline" so common in similar cases. Moreover, the promiscuous and frequent sexual relations which had been forced upon her by the life she had been leading had produced certain weaknesses and abnormal conditions which at first threatened to result in chronic troubles along these special lines.

But Jennie had a particularly good physical foundation and constitutional vigor, and in the quiet "retreat" to which she had been taken by the good woman interested

in her case she rapidly regained normal health and physical condition. Those connected with the case actually saw her regaining health and strength from day to day. It was as if a withering and dying plant had been replanted in rich, nourishing soil, and being supplied with fresh air, sunlight, and water, had responded by rapidly putting forth bud and blossom. The case was a joy to those in attendance upon it.

But the mental and spiritual recovery, although naturally greatly aided by the return of normal physical conditions, presented greater difficulties and caused more anxiety. The girl seemed to be in a dazed mental state, as if she had been injured by a severe blow on the head, or a severe physical shock of some sort. She seemed to have been sent back to the mental state of an average child of twelve years of age. Subjected to the psychological tests employed in such cases, she failed to respond to those normal to the average child of over that age.

At first it was thought that she was deficient in intellect, and was one of those too frequent cases of arrested mental development. But in spite of the first impression, those in attendance upon her felt convinced that the mental condition exhibited by her was not her normal state, but that she was suffering from a temporary mental shock which had for the time robbed her of at least a part of her normal mental powers. This impression was heightened by a glance at her eyes, and facial expression, for these strongly impressed one with the conviction that the girl was struggling to regain a measure of consciousness once possessed but which had been lost by her. So true was this that the attention of two leading specialists was directed to the case, and their professional instinct aroused to such an extent that they exerted themselves to the utmost, and put into practice some of the latest methods of medical psychology.

Under the psychological methods above referred to the mind of the girl gradually unfolded into normal functioning. She began to show interest in more difficult subjects, and responded quite satisfactorily to the tests which were applied from time to time in increasing complexity. Finally, to the great satisfaction of the specialists, and the general delight of those in attendance, she reached her normal state of mental activity, and showed not only an average mind for one of her age, but also one that promised to increase in power and to become above the average. The case, in some of its aspects, has furnished material for certain interesting essays on medical psychology which have been liberally quoted from by later writers.

And the "soul treatment," or spiritual therapeutics—if the term is admissible—was equally interesting and quite as satisfactory. Under the skilful and tactful guidance of a certain good woman who knew something of "inside" matters of which the average physician knows but the outer appearances, the bruised spirit and tortured soul of the girl were healed and restored to normal condition. Nay, more than this: the "something within" her was awakened, and later manifested in a spiritual beauty which might never have been hers otherwise. I am not referring to what are generally known as "religious teachings," for there was but little of such in the treatment, except so far as is concerned that natural religion which is imminent in all healing processes of the soul. There was in the treatment an entire absence of dogma and creed, or general "churchiness," which at the best are but the husks which surround (and too often conceal) the true spirit of religion.

Skillfully the girl's ideals were raised and exalted, and new aspirations awakened within her. A new life of hope and endeavor was opened before her spiritual eyes. As little reference as possible was made to her past life, for

under the advanced methods of "soul therapeutics" the past is not raked up for the purpose of producing repentance and remorse; but, instead the darkness of the soul was driven out by admitting the sunlight of aspiration and endeavor in the right direction—the stagnant stream was purified by pouring into it the clear stream of fresh water from the near-by spring. The negatives were neutralized and rendered harmless by the positives. Under the old methods the girl might have been driven into a state of morbid emotionality, if not indeed into actual insanity; whereas under the new method she was exalted into a higher state of feeling, thinking, and consequent action.

One of the most striking features of the case in the beginning was the extreme loss of will-power on the part of the girl, and the consequent extreme suggestibility and response to the will of others. Her spirit seemed to have been broken, and she was little more than an automaton registering the will of others. But under the "soul treatment" her will-power returned, though no direct appeal was ever made to it, nor was it the subject of the instruction given her. Instead, the awakening of the "something within" her soul seemed to bring with it an increasing sense of the integrity of her spirit, self respect, self confidence, and ability to stand unmoved and unaffected by assaults upon the citadel of her individuality. If I may be permitted to use the terms of a profession other than my own, I would say that the secret seemed to lie in the fact that the girl was gradually but surely led to the discovery that instead of *having* a soul, she, herself really *was* a soul; and that the awakened soul realized its prerogatives and calmly asserted its sovereignty.

But, this is an encroachment upon fields belonging to others, and I must leave these things to be said by those better able to express them. But I would say here, how-

ever, that *all* physicians are not materialistic, and *no* physician is *always* a materialist, the opinions of many to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * * * *

I wish to say here that when the girl was well on the way to recovery, her parents were written to concerning her, though no clue to her whereabouts was furnished whereby she might be subjected to influences likely to retard her total recovery and cure. All scruples regarding this concealment, however, were removed when some time after a letter was received from her father and mother in which they expressed their utter abandonment of the girl; and in which they expressed their conviction "that a righteous judgment had overtaken" the girl in punishment for her "evil nature" and wrongdoing. The letter expressed the desire that she be told that "she had made her bed, and must now lie on it," with a scarcely disguised suggestion that the best thing that she could do for herself and her family would be to throw herself in the river.

Incredible, you say! not at all—the cruelty and innate savagery of bigotry and conventional fanaticism is almost beyond belief, except to those who have been brought in direct contact with it. In the name of The Crucified, many seek to crucify other innocent victims—wearing the outward garb of The Forgiver, many are most unforgiving. It has been well said that: "To know all, is to forgive all"—but many, refusing to *know* that which they should know, likewise refuse to *forgive* those whom they should forgive. O Righteousness! how many crimes are committed in thy name!

* * * * *

And what became of Jennie Nelson? you ask. And how did the story end? I am glad to answer as you would like me to do in this case, and to be able to assure you

that this case is somewhat of an exception to the rule, inasmuch as it has "a happy ending." I wish that I could report a like happy ending to all the cases recorded in this book, but alas! the facts do not permit the same. If this were but a collection of "stories" retailed by a dealer in popular fiction, all of them might (and probably would) have a happy ending, where "all lived happily ever after"; but inasmuch as these cases are not "stories" in this sense, but are records of things which really happened, and of things as they are, such endings are not warranted by the facts of the case, and are denied us in the recital thereof. And, because of what has just been said, I am especially pleased to be able to state truthfully that "The Case of Jennie Nelson" ends as happily as the tenderest sensibility might desire.

Removed to another part of the country, where she would be far removed from the sights and suggestions of The City of the Dreadful Night in which the tragedy of her young life had been enacted, the girl gradually left behind her all but the faintest memories of "her past life." Following the advice of her devoted helpers, she refused to allow her thoughts to dwell upon the past, but lived in the present, with abiding trust and hope in the future. She adopted as her guiding motto that old, but ever true maxim: "Look forward, not backward; upward, not downward; outward, not inward; and lend a hand!"

She found congenial work, and realized that other blessing, the Joy of One's Own Work. She became an influence for good in her new community, in due time; and has been the inspiration of many a struggling soul, and a protector for many a threatened body, mind, and soul.

She later found a man big enough, and broad and human enough (in the highest sense of this much abused term) to understand her story and experience, which she in-

sisted he should hear from my lips—for she refused, even in this important moment, to pollute her soul with the recollection of the miserable crime which had been committed against her. There was no thought or words of forgiveness on the part of the man—on the contrary, he felt that forgiveness was due not *to* the girl, but *from* her. And little children have come to them. And the home is a happy one. Surely this is a “happy ending”—as happy as the fiction loving reader might desire. And all the better because it is true.

I can, in imagination, see and hear the incredulous expressions and words manifested by those of my readers who, having just finished the above paragraph are thinking, and saying, “Well, he surely doesn’t expect us to believe all that—he is as bad as the ‘goody-goody’ story writers—the thing is ridiculous.” But you will pardon me for not being disturbed by such expressions—for I know the real facts far too well to be affected by unbelief in them. I *know* that this story is a cross-section of real life—a few pages from the story of real lives. I know, moreover, that occasionally a glorious rose rises in full blossom from the dunghill of foul circumstances. And, so, I ask the good reader not to begrudge me the pleasure of being able to truthfully record a “happy ending” in this case; for, alas! such endings are far too rare in real life of this kind, and consequently missing from most of the stories of the cases recorded in this book.

No; I do not know what the fate of Berkenstein, that human hyena, that weasel, that filthy hound! But I think that his finish can be safely predicted from the incidents of the last scene in which he appeared in this little drama. The man who is gambling, drinking to excess, and who has become a panderer, and a partaker of the earnings of prostitutes, cannot remain long in the employ of any business house—his crimes cannot be forever hidden. And

the eyes of my imagination see him gradually sinking in the foul swamps into which he has enticed innocent girls. I think that we may close the chapter, safely leaving "Berky" in the hands of Fate, and feeling fully assured that his end will be that which all but neurotic sentimentalists might desire it to be.

VI

THE CASE OF PAULINE CUMMINGS

The more I see of women, the less do I know about the ways of womankind. There is nothing startlingly original about this remark, I know, but I find myself repeating it from time to time as I am confronted with some new evidence of the uncertainty of a woman's actions under any given circumstance, or as I recall from the deep places of memory some experience of the past which illustrates the truth of the statement.

A certain wise woman of my acquaintance, hearing me give utterance to this bit of ancient wisdom several years ago, replied: "Well what can you expect? How can a mere man expect to fathom the depths of a woman's motives and actions, when the woman herself cannot do so. No woman is able to tell in advance exactly how she will act in any particular emergency; she may be foolish enough to imagine that she can do so, but experience will usually show her that she was wrong. Most women, and most men as well, act not according to the dictates of reason, but rather upon the urge of feeling; and as woman's emotional nature is somewhat richer, and more active than that of man, it follows that her reaction to varied circumstances will appear more complex and irregular, and that it will accordingly be much more difficult to intelligently predict her reaction to any particular outside stimulus." The good lady, you will notice, was at home in the realm of practical psychology, and ex-

pressed herself according to its terms—had she but stated in slightly unusual terms certain plain facts of human nature that are well known to all women who have given the matter a moment's thought.

I also know a certain old bachelor professor who imagines that he understands the psychology of woman—in fact he has written a book on the subject, although this of course proves nothing. One of his pet notions is that woman is not nearly so subtle in her mental or emotional nature as man usually thinks her. On the contrary, he asserts, she is really quite elemental in her emotions, and quite direct in her actions in response thereto. Instead of "bothering her head" in reasoning about the right course to pursue in any case (as man thinks that he, himself, does, but which he seldom really does) she strikes a rapid balance of her feelings of the moment, and then proceeds to act upon these, and to move in a straight line from feeling to actions. At least, that is what this old bachelor professor says. He thinks that he can analyze and resolve into its constituent elements any and all strange actions on the part of a woman, and thus prove that there was nothing really very complex, subtle, or at all unusual about such action.

And so this old dry-bones professor, who knows less about some things in life than does the average girl of sixteen years, has proceeded to analyze the incidents of this Case of Pauline Cummings into its constituent elements, and to show that her behavior was not at all illogical, granting the existence of a certain combination of elemental emotions, instincts, inherited fears, "complexes," "reflexes," and the rest of the terms with which learned men so often conceal their ignorance while thinking that they are displaying wisdom. The professor's reasoning seemed logical, and his conclusions reasonable—but, at the last his results seemed unconvincing and incon-

clusive, and so at the end, as at the beginning, I found myself saying that I didn't know anything about the mental or emotional processes of Pauline Cummings which resulted in the actions which serve as the true basis for this record of an interesting and unusual case arising in my practice.

* * * * *

Pauline Cummings was "the madame" of a celebrated establishment devoted to catering and pandering to the animal passions, and depraved appetites, of so-called respectable men. Her place was generally believed to have been "protected" for many years through political influence. Her house had never been raided, nor her girls "pinched" en masse and transported to the police station in the patrol wagon. It is true that she was formally "arrested" at reasonable intervals (having been previously advised over the 'phone that she should appear at the police station at such and such a time, there to submit to arrest, and to have her accompanying bondsman furnish security for her), and subjected to a fixed fine the following day—but this was merely done to keep the record straight in case of newspaper investigation, or the accusation of the opposing political party. These formal assessments were recognized as part of the natural order of things, and were smiled at by those who knew. But the fact remained that no man ever felt any fear of the place being raided while he was in it—and that is all that that class of men cared about in the case.

Pauline was said to be utterly without conscience, and devoid of ordinary human feelings. She was generally believed to have been the silent partner in many cases of quiet blackmail upon prominent citizens not protected by their political "pull," and was popularly credited with having been the direct cause of several suicides arising from the belated repentance of certain men who

had misappropriated funds and had dissipated the same at her "place."

In speaking of her "place," I should have said "her places," for in addition to her "regular place" which was the scene of many a prolonged debauch on the part of wealthy men, and the sons of such men, she was the actual owner of a "shady hotel" which was in reality a celebrated assignation house, and even conducted a "call business," or "telephone house," as a side issue. Moreover, it was known by the "wise ones" that it was her money that was employed in a certain notorious gambling den which was the rendezvous of a certain fast set of business and professional men, and a less polished set of politicians of the dominant faction.

Pauline, you see, was a celebrated character, and was generally credited with "letting nothing get away from her" in which there was any money to be made by holding on to it. She was reputed to be quite wealthy, and after events showed that valuable real estate in other cities stood in her name.

The woman was said to display only two worthy human qualities, and these many said were dictated by self-interest rather than by any kindness or right feeling. The first of these so-called good qualities was that she would never allow in her "regular" place a "new girl" who was taking her first step on the downward path, and so far as was possible she prevented such girls from patronizing her "hotel," though this was somewhat more difficult owing to the changed circumstances of the case. When a girl of this kind would present herself to her she would be told that she couldn't stop there until she had become a "regular," after which time she would be welcome—no word of advice or suggestion was given, however, and the matter was treated as a business policy, which indeed it was generally accepted as being; it being claimed that

she ran less risk of scandalous exposures, prosecution, and court proceedings by following this safe course.

The other commendable quality, if such it could be so called, was that of sending her girls to a quiet country place at certain intervals, particularly when any of them became broken down physically, or subject to the disorders so frequent in the case of girls leading that life. But this was also said to be but good business policy, as it kept her girls fresh and in good health, and consequently more attractive physically. I make no comment regarding these things—I merely state them as they were generally regarded.

So far as the girls in her place were concerned, other than the two exceptions (or possible exceptions) above related, Pauline was "strictly business," and apparently "as hard as nails." She extracted as much as possible from the proceeds of the illicit traffic of the place, squeezing the girl's share of the same down to the last possible notch. When a girl ceased to be physically attractive, or became incurably diseased, or else addicted to the drug habit to such a degree that she became worthless in a "respectable" house of the kind, Pauline was understood to first send the girl to "the farm" to recuperate; and then to send her direct from the country place to some distant city, with a railroad ticket and a fair little sum of money in order to get her started properly in the underground life of the place. This was understood to be for the purpose of getting the girl out of sight, and not to have her associated with "Pauline's place" in the mind of the regular visitors to the place after she had "gone to the dogs." In some cases it was said that the transported girl was threatened with police attention if she dared to return—be this as it may, it was said that such girls never returned, or at least not for several years. So you see, Pauline Cummings was a rather unusual sort

of "madame," and it was no wonder that she had become a local celebrity.

I had met the woman several times during the ten years prior to the occurrences to be stated in this record. I did not, of course, make a habit of rendering professional services to occupants of places of the kind conducted by her, although I had been brought in contact with some of her girls under unusual circumstances, from time to time. Through her regular physician I was called into several cases in which my aid was sought by reason of my having made a specialty of certain forms of the physical disorders of women. At such times she sent or gave me instructions to give the girl the best possible treatment, without regard to expense, and to get the patient back to normal physical conditions if possible. This of course was most unusual in such cases, and at first I could not help saying as much, and implying that such action was very credible to her under all the circumstances and customs of such cases. But she would coldly inform me that she had her own good reasons for pursuing such course, and that she had but little to do with sentiment or sentimentality, but rather looked always upon things from the practical standpoint. So, after a while I ceased to mention such matters at all.

* * * * *

I had not met the woman for several years, when one morning her physician, calling at my office, asked me to join him in consultation in the Case of Pauline Cummings, who, he feared, had developed a malignant growth which to him appeared to indicate a fatal termination, certain and speedy. I consented to assist in the case, and visited the woman's place that morning.

I agreed with the diagnosis of the regular physician, and in fact saw at once that the case was even more serious and threatening than he had stated. We called in a

cancer specialist at once, and he agreed with us that there was but one possible termination possible, and that might come at almost any time; the woman being practically beyond the possibility of medical aid. For some reason known only to herself, the woman had long concealed her condition from her physician, seeming to dread the idea of an operation. She did not seem in the least afraid of death, however; and accepted without apparent grief the announcement of her condition which she insisted should be made to her without reservation as she "had some matters to settle" in case of the probability of a fatal outcome.

Dismissing the other physicians, she asked me to remain a few moments after their departure, as she wished to talk over with me a matter outside of my professional services in the case. I was much surprised, and somewhat embarrassed at this request, but feeling that something was due from one human being to another in such a crisis, I consented to remain. When we were alone she told me that there were only two men in that city whom she had met personally in whom she had every confidence, so far as honesty, integrity, and clear judgment were concerned. The said two men were a certain leading attorney and myself.

She asked me to wait further explanations until she could have the attorney present, at the same time asking me to telephone him, and, explaining the urgency of the case, to ask him to come to her place at once. I did so, and, as much surprised as myself, the man of law hastened to meet us. Until he arrived, however, the woman said not a word to me about the matter to be considered. I naturally thought that she was about to have him draw up a will for her, though I did not see just what part I was expected to play in the matter.

When the lawyer arrived, she bade us draw up our

chairs, and then asked us to listen carefully to what she was about to say, and to think carefully over the plan which she had in mind, and regarding which she wished to consult the lawyer and myself. She began by telling the attorney that she did not wish him to draw up a will for her, as that had been attended to some time past, and there were no special changes she wished made. She said, however, that there was a certain monetary arrangement which she wished effected, if possible, while she was alive, and which she did not wish to become involved in the settlement of her estate after her death. She said that there were certain difficulties in the case in question, which would become apparent when she had told us the peculiar circumstances of the case. She said that she was going to talk to us just as a good Catholic would talk to her confessor. At this point both the lawyer and myself interrupted her to say that perhaps a clergyman would serve the purposes better than could we, but she rather harshly replied that she "had no use for preachers or priests," and did not wish to have anything to do with them.

Then the woman began what was virtually a confession of certain events of her life. She made no attempt to justify herself, or to relieve that blackness of some of her actions; in fact she seemed to lose all sight of any wrong-doing or immoral action in the case—she seemed to view the whole matter as one detached from it, and as "above good and evil." Most certainly she did not show the slightest signs of repentance, and not the least indication of wishing to atone for any wrong done by her, or any desire to relieve her conscience by the performance of a meritorious deed. Whatever motives were prompting her actions, they certainly were not any of those just indicated—both the lawyer and myself agree fully on this point, at least.

If there ever was an un-moral and unrepentant woman, and a woman fearing nothing in the way of future punishment, and hoping for nothing in the way of future reward, then Pauline Cummings was that woman. I mention these facts so positively because I wish to bring out the mental and emotional state—the spiritual state, if you wish to call it such—of this woman, at the moment of her planning and setting into operation certain courses of procedure which might appear to have been prompted by repentance, remorse, conscience, desire to atone, hope of forgiveness, expectation of escape from punishment, or reward for a meritorious deed. I most emphatically state that no such motives appeared to be present and active in the case; and the lawyer agrees with me fully in this statement as I have just made it.

The Tale of Pauline

The woman began her tale by stating that her name was not "Pauline Cummings" at all, but another name which she had long since discarded. She said that she had been a stenographer in the office of a young attorney in a smaller city in another state. She had fallen in love with this man, although knowing him to be married. She told us that she had been virtuous up to that time, and in fact for a long time after she had fallen in love with the man. She said that she had resisted his advances for a long time, but had finally yielded to his importunities and her own passion, but only after he had promised to obtain a divorce from his wife and marry her if she gave herself to him. She said that she had no thought of or care for the wife's side of the case, and was not jealous of any affection for the wife on the part of the husband; but that she realized the disadvantageous position of an unmarried woman in such a case, as compared with that of a wife; and she

admitted that the promise of marriage had brought down the scales in favor of the man. But, she added, "I loved him as much as any woman ever loved a man, and would have gone through hell for him"—and, smiling grimly, she added, "And I *did* go through it too."

She said that the illicit relationship between the man and herself continued for some time. She repeatedly urged him to tell his wife about it and to arrange for amicable divorce proceedings, but he evaded the issue, and put the girl off with vague promises concerning future action. Finally, he told her that the thing was impossible—that it would ruin him professionally, that it would cause a scandal, and that it wouldn't be treating the wife right, for she had been an innocent party in the matter and should not be made to suffer by reason of "our wrong doing."

The girl then experienced that paradoxical emotion which many women know at some period of their life—the feeling of hatred and disgust on the one hand, and of love and passion on the other. The conflicting, yet blended emotions have been strikingly expressed by Kipling in one of his poems.

Finally, she decided to leave him without warning, and to go to one of the large cities to live her life as best might be.

She deliberately entered into the life of the prostitute, with her eyes wide open—she had no illusions concerning it, and determined to treat the situation cold-bloodedly. And she succeeded where the large majority fail. She turned everything, every man, every woman, to her own advantage. Before long she had managed to blackmail sufficient money from an elderly admirer of high social standing, and started an establishment of her own. She paid tribute to the powers that be, freely and without grudging—she treated this as a legitimate tax upon an

irregular business. She invested her money under the advice and direction of reliable persons, aided by her own shrewdness and developing business instinct. She kept herself away from drink and drugs—and, above all, away from men in the matter of love affairs. She had many lovers, all of whom paid dearly for their experience—but she loved no man. In her own words, she “played the game for all it was worth, and on strictly business principles.”

She made no attempt to communicate with her seducer, though she kept herself well informed regarding his doings. It seemed that he had continued his marital relations as usual, and in time several children were born to his wife and himself. Pauline told us that all the time she hated the wife with all the intensity of a jealous, discarded woman; yet she never really felt that the wife had secured or held that part of the man's nature which belonged to herself (Pauline). She felt all the time that she had but to call upon the man in the old words, and he would respond and hasten to her. Her hate was rather caused by the knowledge that the wife's position was impregnable, and that even Pauline's influence was not sufficiently strong to cause the man to disturb it. Her jealousy was caused by knowledge that the man would not hurt the wife to please his mistress, even though his passion caused him to prefer the latter to the wife. In short, her hatred and jealousy were rather for the position of the wife, rather than for her as another woman and a rival.

And firmly establishing herself in the life of the underworld, and when she had acquired her own establishment, Pauline wrote the man, telling him that she still loved him, and that she was now willing to accept him on his own terms without disturbing his family relations. He came to her at once; and thereafter made frequent and

regular visits to her city, making an excuse of special business in order to allay suspicion. Pauline treated him as the favored "lover" of the underworld—the "madame's lover"; and led him deliberately into drink, gambling and other excesses. And in all of this, she insisted, she had still "loved" him, and was merely wishing to strike at his family through himself; or, as she said, it was this motive, perhaps coupled with the idea that his wife might eventually cast him, off. But the wife although undoubtedly cognizant of her husband's downfall, pretended to know nothing of it, and kept up a brave show of ignorance.

Pauline told us that after a time, though too late, she found that nothing could ever change the nature of the man's feelings concerning his duty to his wife and family—although his passion for Pauline seemed to increase rather than to abate. By that time, however, the man had become a slave to drink and to the gambling table, and his professional practice had gone completely to pieces. He spent most of his time in the large city, under shadowy and feeble excuses, and visited his home but seldom. But (and here the woman telling the tale seemed filled with wonder, and seemingly with a grudging admiration) throughout it all the man seemed obsessed with the idea that his family must be "supported" financially, and must not be allowed to suffer. Perhaps it was a matter of pride, only, with him—perhaps it was one form of the sense of responsibility and duty, in spite of his lapses in other respects,—but, whatever it was, it was his dominant desire, and one of which even his passion and his vices had not succeeded in robbing him.

Pauline told us that when he had lost all his money, and was dependent upon her bounty for support, he would suffer the agony of the damned at the thought that he could not maintain his customary financial sup-

port of the family. And then, though she was unable to explain it to us or to herself, Pauline told us that she felt impelled by a strange though resistless urge within her nature to supply the man with money sufficient to enable him to continue his monthly remittances to the family. She appreciated the irony of the situation, and smiled rather grimly when she told us of it, but she had evidently accepted it as one of the unexplainable facts of life, and let it go at that. She said that for years, as the man had sunk deeper and deeper into the morass, she had supplied him with this money, and that even the lust of the gambling-table—perhaps the strongest of all lusts—had not tempted him into failing to send the money home.

Finally the man died, after a prolonged debauch. Pauline said that the first thought that had occurred to her when she was informed of the event was that the family would now be robbed of its support, unless she took some speedy action to prevent it. She said that she knew that the widow would never accept money that she knew had come from Pauline, and so it was necessary for her to devise some other plan. She acted quickly. Purchasing several thousand dollars worth of unregistered Government bonds, she had taken them to the safe deposit box originally rented by the man for the purpose of keeping some of his private papers, and to which she also had access, and had there placed them with his papers. She then had the knowledge of his possession of the box conveyed to his home-town lawyer, in an indirect manner; and when the bonds were found they, with his little life insurance, formed his entire estate. The estate of course passed to his wife under his will, and the proceeds of the bonds (which were sold one by one) had served to keep the family in fair circumstances, and to provide for the education of the children up to that time.

But, the woman said, the amount realized from the bonds and insurance money, she thought, was now nearly exhausted; and in a short time the widow would be unable to continue the education of the children and to provide for her and their support. The thought seemed to be most painful to Pauline, and she asked us (the lawyer and myself) to undertake a secret trust for her in order to prevent the threatening condition. She did not know how it could be worked out in detail, but she had planned a general plan whereby the widow could be led to believe that a comfortable little fortune had been left to her by some friend of her husband, or by some debtor—these details could be arranged by us, she said—and would be enabled to accept the money without injury to her pride or violation of her ethical standards; and thus the object of the gift be attained. She urged us to accept the trust at once, as the matter must not go through the courts, or be made public—and as she might die suddenly at any time.

The lawyer began to interpose objections—the whole thing was all irregular, he said, and it was contrary to the ethics of his profession to undertake a secret trust of this kind, and then the whole matter if ever made public might make himself and myself objects of suspicion and subject to unjust criticism, etc. But the woman, suddenly sitting upright in her bed, grasped his arm and said: “You *must* do this for me—I *demand* it as a dying woman.” And, looking toward me, she added: “The Doctor will consent, I know.” And it ended by both of us accepting.

Bidding us open her safe, built into the wall of her room, and hidden by a bit of tapestry, she told us the combination, and then pointed out a certain compartment therein. From the compartment we took a large bundle of convertible bonds of a large denomination, and she

then placed these in our hands. The lawyer insisted upon drawing up a receipt or deed of trust, or something to be evidence of the transaction; but the woman positively refused to have this done, insisting that the matter was one entirely between us three, and that she trusted to our honor to carry out her wishes. She said that she knew all about us, and had selected us for the purpose, and that we should leave no record or trace of the transaction that could become public after her death and thus defeat the object of her wishes. Finally, the lawyer consented, and after closing and locking her wall-safe, we left the room, bidding her good-bye and promising to execute faithfully the trust imposed upon us.

The second day after the visit, Pauline Cummings was found dead in bed. On her table was a bottle of cyanide, and a letter saying that she had taken a short cut from the world in order to escape the inevitable suffering of the malady with which she was afflicted, and for which there was no cure or hope of improvement. The suicide was a matter of a week's sensation, and then was almost forgotten, only to be temporarily revived by the discovery that the woman had left a considerable sum of money, securities, real estate, etc., all of which had been disposed of by her will, and all of which had been bequeathed to distant relatives and family connections. Not a penny was left to churches or charity, and there was absent any and all of the usual attempts to bribe one's way into Heaven, and out of Hell, by legacies to pious foundations, worthy objects, etc. To all intents and purposes, so far as the public knew, the woman had died as she had lived—"as hard as nails."

* * * * *

The lawyer and myself had really very much less trouble than we had expected in complying with the wishes of Pauline Cummings. The lawyer found by a

visit to the home town of the widow of Pauline's old lover that her family lawyer was an old classmate and college chum of his; and he had the courage to make a clean breast of the whole story, and to enlist the services of the home lawyer in the carrying out of the scheme devised by Pauline's business brain.

There is no need of reciting all the details. Enough to say that a bundle of worthless mining stock formerly belonging to the late husband of the widow (and Pauline's lover) was pressed into service, and after letters written by my associate conspirator and myself to the home lawyer, in which we stated that we wished to gain control of the stock of the said mining company, and were willing to pay a good price for the same—and after the home lawyer had "raised" our original offer to the full extent of Pauline's fund, he advised the widow to close the matter at once, and to keep the transaction quiet as we had stipulated upon in our offer. She solemnly accepted the offer, and received our certified check, while we took over the bundle of worthless mining stock. The home lawyer charged only a nominal fee for his services, and the widow and her children were possessed of a small competency, quite sufficient to educate the children and to keep the wolf away from the family door thereafter.

I hope that it will not detract from the moral of this story to have me add (as I must in the interest of truth) that shortly afterward the widow married a worthy, and quite wealthy man of a neighboring town, and then made the "mining stock money" over to her children in their own right; and so didn't use any of it for herself. But such was the case, and really it was perhaps just as well, after all. And while Pauline Cummings' little scheme was really not needed after all, and was in a sense futile, nevertheless, somehow, I feel glad that she carried it out

and expressed into material form a strange desire which had long existed within her heart.

* * * * *

Carefully concealing the identity of the respective persons of the case, I have at different times presented the main facts to two persons of my close acquaintance, in hopes of having some new light thrown on the psychology of the motives impelling this woman, Pauline Cummings, to act as she did toward the wife and children of her "lover," while at the same time she insisted that she hated those persons, and was consumed with jealousy of them. The two persons to whom I propounded the problem were, respectively, the certain bachelor professor, and the certain wise woman of my acquaintance, both of whom I have mentioned in my recital of this case.

The professor discoursed learnedly of certain currents of elemental emotions—one current of strong sex passion which made the wishes of the man she loved so dear to her, herself, even though they resulted in the welfare of a rival; the other current being that of elemental mother love, diverted from its natural channel, and transmuted into that strange "mothering" of the man she loved which is found in so many women—particularly among childless women—and which was afterward reflected in the "mothering" of those toward whom he had assumed no obligation of support, etc. It was all very convincing, no doubt—but some way it seemed to lack flesh and blood to me, but appeared to be all bones.

The wise woman listened carefully to the story, and then told me that there was nothing at all complex about the matter—that it was all quite simple, and as plain as the nose on my face (this figure of speech causing me to wince slightly, as my nose is far from being small and shapely). But when I asked her to tell me this plain secret, which was to her no secret at all, she shrugged

her shoulders and said: "Why, she *loved* the man—that's all there is to it." And when I asked for further explanations, she favored me with another shrug, and said that there was no use of my trying to understand this thing, for I wouldn't and couldn't, "No, not in a thousand years;" and left me with an inscrutable smile on her lips, and a Mona Lisa expression in her eyes.

And, so, as I said in the beginning, so I say now at the end: the more I see of women, the less do I know about the ways of womankind. And the wise woman's peculiar behavior only serves to add to this conviction.

VII

THE CASE OF LAURA MASON

Laura Mason was known to her friends and family as "strange," or "peculiar." While generally well liked by those who knew her, she was always regarded as being "different" in some indescribable way, and as being "hard to understand." While not in the least priggish, she had many of the characteristics of "the highbrow;" and while not in the least "spooky" she had that something about her which denoted the individual with tendencies toward mysticism and with a leaning toward the occult phases of life and being.

From early childhood Laura had been attracted by and toward odd books. Some of Bulwer Lytton's occult stories were eagerly read and re-read by her when in her early 'teens, and some of Marie Corelli's works exerted a like fascination upon her at a slightly later period. She was for a time rather attracted by Spiritualism, but the teachings of that cult finally rather repelled her by reason of what appeared to her to be the hungry demand for "phenomena," and the crass and crude imposture on the part of some of the "mediums" who from time to time visited the city in which she lived. Some of the spiritualistic books, particularly those claimed to be written "under inspiration," were attractive to her, but when she met the people who formed the bulk of the regular attendance at the meetings and seances the teachings lost their charm for her.

Later, she was attracted toward Theosophy, and found great enjoyment and exaltation in carefully studying the works of some of the writers of that organization, although she felt that there was rather too much emphasis placed upon the intellectual conceptions of the Cosmos, and too little upon the "spiritual" side of things. She found it difficult to define her conception of "spirituality," but in a general way it seemed to consist of an exaltation of religious emotion, coupled with a consciousness of love for all living things which merged into an overpowering love for the Source of All Life. And she felt that Theosophy lacked in its appeal to that part of her nature.

From Theosophy she wandered into an investigation of the various "new religions," and new philosophies, the philosophies and teachers of which appeared from time to time in her city, and formed "classes," and taught and preached to their little circle of interested seekers after wisdom (or mental and emotional excitement, in many cases). She found something in most of these so-called "new" teachings to attract her, but also much that repelled her. The principal cause of her lack of satisfaction in these cults and quasi-religious organizations was "the lack of true spirituality," which has been previously referred to, coupled with a general lack of refinement on the part of most of those attending the meetings and "classes." These people were all right in their way, she said to herself, but "they lack the true spiritual consciousness." Once a friend told her that she was confounding the term "spiritual" with the term "spirituelle"—but she failed to see the grain of truth embodied in the witticism.

And, so, she became an ardent searcher after Truth in strange places. Philosophy had no attraction for her, for it was too "intellectual," and it failed to appeal to

her "spiritual" nature. Science of course proved equally unattractive. The church attended by her family, and those which she sometimes visited with her friends seemed to lack in the spiritual appeal, and were silently condemned by her as having lost the spirit of religion while maintaining the old form. The Catholic Church, with its wealth of ritual and its wonderful musical service, seemed to appeal to her more than anything else. Had she fallen in with some good Catholic of a similar nature to her own—one who had found in some the writings of the Saints or the Old Fathers that Wine of Mysticism which is there waiting to be partaken of by those who are athirst for it—Laura would have ended her spiritual pilgrimage and have found complete satisfaction in the Mystic Doctrine which permeates many of these old writers safely protected by the broad blanket of that Church which by outsiders is considered to be most narrow. (I assure the protesting non-Catholic reader that I am not a Catholic, nor interested in advocating its cause—I am merely stating certain facts which I have discovered, and am but presenting them in a detached way.)

Instead of this, however, she found that most of the Catholics attending the services which exerted such a powerful appeal to her were mere formalists upon which the "spiritual" exerted little or no influence—persons whose idea of religion consisted mainly of strict adherence to certain forms, duties, obligations, etc., and who were apparently entirely lacking in appreciation of the higher truths embodied in the doctrines as presented to the masses, and resting at the heart of the ceremonies and ritual. The Catholic of mystical tendencies and emotional exaltation usually finds satisfaction in his or her own church, in some of its many contributing sources; and is not often tempted outside of the fold and

caused to worship strange gods by reason of the lack of the opportunity of satisfaction of such tendencies in the Church body of teachings. But the Protestant of mystical tendencies frequently finds nothing in sight with which to quench his or her thirst for the Wine of the Spirit, and so frequently becomes one of the frantic seekers after Truth who make up the attendance of the preachers and teachers of the "new" religions and philosophies of which we hear so much in these latter days. And Laura Mason was one of this class.

* * * * *

About this time Guru Ramabhakta came to town. Bearing letters of introduction to a few devoted stalkers of Truth, who were ever announcing that they had "found the Truth at last" in the person and teachings of the last of the numerous horde of itinerant prophets who came to town—and who were always found quite as ready to "switch to" the later comer—bearing letters from others of the same class who lived in other towns, came Guru Ramabhakta, announced as "the great Hindu sage, prophet, and teacher," who had deigned to visit this Western land of barbarism in order to preach the Gospel of Love to the ignorant dwellers therein.

Establishing himself in a quiet way among the members of the little circles to whom he had brought letters of introduction, the Guru first attracted to him that curious swarm of novelty-seekers and excitement hunters who always settle around the preachers and teachers of strange doctrines and "new" truths, and who remain there until a new comer draws them away. Then gradually, a rather more earnest and sincere class was attracted—persons who, like Laura, felt a spiritual hunger and a mystical thirst for a Something which they felt must exist for them, else it would not be craved; and who were drawn to any source from which they thought it

possible that the waters of truth might flow, or the bread of life be furnished. And so in a few months the Guru Ramabhakta had gathered around him an earnest little band of truth-seekers and spiritually hungry and thirsty souls. And his fame was slowly but surely spreading among the larger circle of those who "are interested along these lines."

* * * * *

Here it may be well to pause a moment while we ascertain just who and what the Guru Ramabhakta was and had been—and what he was not and never had been.

The Guru was really not a "guru" (Hindu term for "spiritual teacher") at all—at least not in his native land. Neither was his name Ramabhakta, although he may be pardoned for adopting a "teaching name" composed of two terms well known to all students of Hindu religions, since the bona fide Hindu teachers who have come to this country usually follow this ancient custom.

It matters not what the family name of this man was originally, if indeed he ever had one—he was a half-caste born of a native woman of the southern part of India, his father being unknown but generally believed to have been an English civil service clerk. Living with the family of his mother he became well acquainted with the life of that part of India in which he lived, and as he played much in the neighborhood of the temples he acquired a somewhat extensive knowledge of the ceremonies and observances thereof.

He attracted the attention of an English woman, who, learning of his English blood, thought to better his condition, and accordingly made arrangements with his mother's people whereby he was informally adopted by the English woman, and was taken into her household of servants and at the same time being given a very fair English education. He later served as a clerk in another

part of India, and was thrown constantly in the company of English persons while at the same time always keeping in partial touch with the native life, customs, and religion.

While a servant, he had noticed the strange attraction exerted by certain phases of the Hindu religion upon some of the Caucasian women—particularly upon traveling English women, and upon American women. And he soon began to assume an air of mystery, and a clever use of mystical terms, which drew to him much quiet attention from visitors to the household. Later he took an interest in the meetings of the native branches of the Theosophical Society, and became acquainted with many of the English people who were attracted thereto, and so he acquired quite an extensive knowledge of the English and American views toward Hindu religions, and particularly regarding the features which served to fascinate them.

He made it his business to acquire a curious collection of strange doctrines and theories culled from that assortment of spiritual weeds which, as has been well said, flourish as well in the garden of Hindu thought as do the rare plants which have been found to exist there. At one time he thought of trying to gain entrance to the priesthood of one of the less advanced sects popular in that part of India, for there was something about the life of the priesthood which appealed to him—but circumstances altered this idea, and turned his thoughts in a far more promising direction.

It is not necessary to go into details concerning these circumstances. It suffices to say that a middle-aged English widow, a relative of a higher employee in the service in which he was employed, was attracted to and by the young man—particularly by his pretense of knowledge of the Hidden Mysteries of the Hindu reli-

gions, as she was one of those moths who circle around the flame of strange doctrines. Judging from the tastes and habits later manifested by the man, it is probable that he managed to attract and interest the widow in other directions, but we need not stop to consider the question. Finally, when the widow returned to London she took with her as "private secretary" the young half-caste, much to the disgust of her relatives.

In London, the young man became the centre of a little coterie of mystery seekers, under the general protection of the widow, and gradually blossomed into a teacher of Hindu Wisdom, assuming the name of "Guru Ramabhakta" after explaining to his following the "spiritual meaning thereof." He was well supported financially by the widow, and the little circle, and was careful enough to lay by quite a snug little sum of money during the several years in which he lived in London.

Then the widow died suddenly one day, without having carried out her plan to bequeath to the Guru her little fortune. And about the same time several Americans, visiting in London, had become interested in the Hindu Sage, as they regarded him, and induced him to make a missionary tour of the States, in order to spread the Doctrine of Love to the millions in that benighted land who were sadly in need of the same. They offered to pay his passage money to America, and to finance his mission there for a few months. He was supposed to be without money, this as he claimed being one of the obligations of his Order in India, for he now claimed to be the consecrated priest of a large Order in the land of the Ganges.

He accepted the offer, and began his "mission" in America. At the time at which this record begins, he had met with success in several cities of the new country, and had accumulated not a little substantial reward, and at the same time had managed to have some rather inter-

esting adventures along the lines of earthly love, usually carefully disguised as manifestations of heavenly affection. His teachings had changed somewhat, and were now along the general lines of a certain Hindu religious sect or cult, not favored by the best Hindus, the same being carefully adapted and modified to conform to the particular demands of his new public.

He was not an unattractive man—in fact, by many (especially women) he was considered “positively handsome.” He had just about enough coloring to give him a warm tint suggestive of oriental lands and scenes. His features were regular and “refined.” His lips were rather full, and very red. His eyes, however, were his principal points of attraction: they were large and dark, dreamy and mystical—the kind of eyes of which romantic maidens dream of, and which nearly all women consider more or less “soulful” and fascinating. His manner was dignified, being modelled on that of some of the best priests of his own land, and added to by his observation of polished Englishmen. He undoubtedly had an air of distinction, which was added to by the atmosphere of mystery with which he surrounded himself, and by his semi-oriental garb which he affected in this country. There was no sincerity about his religion, however, and he had well developed within him the worst traits of both of the races which had contributed to his blood. He was a dangerous and unprincipled charlatan, wearing the outward appearance of a devout saint and religious mystic.

The religious doctrines and philosophical teachings of the Guru Ramabhakta, as taught by him after his arrival in America, were the result of evolution, or rather of “natural selection.” That is to say, they had evolved from comparatively simple beginnings into a rather elaborate system, with many fancy fringes of doctrine and

many fantastic trimmings; the "natural selection" being that of the selection and emphasizing of such features of the teaching that seemed to be attractive to his audiences and classes, and the gradual discarding or softening of the points of doctrine which did not so appeal to them. The Guru followed the policy of expediency, and trimmed his sails so as to catch the winds of popular taste.

Without going into great detail, the Guru's Creed may be summarized as follows: The great Creative Principle of Being, from which all things flow, has two aspects or natures—the first aspect or nature being Masculine, and manifesting as Power; the second aspect of nature being Feminine, and manifesting as Love. This Feminine Aspect of Divinity was called Shakti, or the Divine Mother, and was also worshiped under the personified form of Kali, the goddess.

The details of the system were skilfully adapted from certain phases of Hindu religio-philosophy known as the Tantric Teachings, portions of which, at least, are not in good repute with the adherents of the better known schools of the Hindu philosophy and religions. The Guru skilfully eliminated the more objectionable outward presentations of the doctrine, which really bore a very close resemblance to the old Phallic Worship, though in his Inner Circle these doctrines were subtly introduced. In his public lectures there was merely the teaching of The Doctrine of Love, under the general form of worship of the Divine Mother.

In his Private Classes, and his still more private Personal Instruction, the Guru taught some strange and mysterious methods, practices, and exercises. These comprised Meditation, Introspection, and Inner-Concentration—in short, the varied form of that which modern science knows as Auto-Hypnosis, in which the person gradually develops a negative mental state akin to that of the

hypnotic "subject." These psychological states were induced by means of monotonous "mantrams" of repetitions of certain sounds or words; gazing fixedly for long periods at small shining objects; the practice of "thinking about nothing," and "making the mind blank," and various other practices which tend to induce abnormal psychological states in the human being. These practices were referred to as "holy exercises," and the abnormal psychological states were referred to as "states of spiritual consciousness." Throughout the whole miserable process there was ever present the glamour of "spirituality," and religious fervor.

The public lectures of the Guru were free, though a "Silver collection" was taken "in order to meet expenses," but which yielded but little to the Guru in the way of net financial return, though most valuable to him in the matter of advertising. The audiences attending these public lectures formed a fertile field from which spring a rich crop of students attending the Private Classes, and the still more remunerative Personal Instruction. The students of the classes were recruited from the persons attending the general lectures, and from the batch of students in each class certain persons were induced to take personal instruction from the Guru. These personal students were usually persons possessing means, or personal characteristics attractive to the Guru, and many were the "offerings" of money from them which flowed into the treasury from time to time. They were mostly women of the sensitive, emotional, or so-called "spiritual" class, and the Guru played upon them as does the master upon the strings of a harp—for his was the master hand in the art of playing upon the emotional nature of women.

It was into this strange and dangerous circle that

Laura Mason was drawn by her restless search after Truth.

* * * * *

From the very first Laura was attracted by the teachings of the mysterious Hindu Sage, for so he proclaimed himself. Her religious emotions were aroused by his beautiful discourse upon the Divine Mother, and Her Principle of Love. Skilfully the half-caste Guru pictured the passing away of the old conceptions of Deity, personified as Jehovah, with His doctrine Force, Power, and Strength, which had for countless centuries kept the world in a state of War, Cruelty, and Selfishness; and the spiritual evolution which was now unfolding into the consciousness of the race the beneficent ideal of the Divine Mother, with Her doctrine of Love, Love, Love. Christianity, he subtly informed his hearers was a beautiful religion, serving as a connecting link between the Old and the New—a great improvement over the old Jewish ideal of Jehovah, but still burdened with the ideal of the Masculine Principle, and serving at best merely to bridge over the chasm which led to the beautiful land of the soul in which flowered the doctrine of the Divine Mother, and naught but LOVE!

Laura was lifted up into the seventh heaven of religious emotionality, and the gates of Heaven seemed to be opened unto her. Surely this man is inspired, she said to herself. After the lecture she introduced herself to the Guru, and was told that in her soul (as mirrored in her eyes) he saw that she was one of those ready and prepared to receive the Inner Doctrine; and she received the subtle suggestion that great "spiritual development" awaited her, and that she might possibly be one of the few who were chosen from the many who were called by Kali, the Divine Mother.

Laura left the hall in a daze, and could scarcely await

the day of the next public lecture. Here she became more than ever convinced that here indeed was the Truth to be found, and before leaving she had registered as a student of one of the private classes of the Guru. She was not directly urged to join such class—the Guru was too subtle for that—and she was rather given to understand that she was greatly privileged to be admitted to the class at all, and that she could come in only as a probationer, her future acceptance as a regular student to be dependent upon her aptitude for the teachings.

The classes were composed principally of women, many of them mere idle excitement seekers; others coming from curiosity; others by reason of that call toward mysterious doctrines found in so many women of a certain emotional temperament; and others, like Laura, being attracted by an unsatisfied longing for higher forms of religious satisfaction. The teaching consisted of two parts, the first of which being the somewhat tedious presentation of certain quasi-philosophical and pseudo-religious doctrines, enlivened by a strong emotional appeal to LOVE of which the Divine Mother was the Principle. The second part of the teaching consisted of the repetition of certain “mantrams,” or “sacred words,” usually ending in a long drawn out sound of the letter “m”—the combined sound reminding one of a large hive of gigantic bees.

Combined with the above was the practice of “meditation” “mystic introspection,” and other methods of producing self-hypnotization, or auto-hypnosis. These meditations started with concentration upon a rose or similar object; then in a later lesson the student being taught to “turn the gaze inward,” this being aided sometimes by directions to close the eyelids and to turn the eyes upward toward the roots of the nose (a well known method of producing self-hypnosis); the later lessons being devoted

to teaching the pupils to "try to think of nothing at all."

Some of the pupils would occasionally lapse into a state of light hypnotic sleep, from which they would be awakened by the Guru who would assure them that they had been in one of the first stages of Samhadi, or Sacred Consciousness. The Guru apparently had a thorough working knowledge of the psychology of abnormal mental states, and developed each student according to her degree of suggestibility. His classes would generally end in most of the students becoming quite negative and hyper-suggestible to the Guru; those who escaped the contagion would usually be dismissed at the end of the course as lacking in spiritual aptitude, and as being too material-minded to receive further instructions at this time. Some, however, who seemed to have money were promised development later if they persisted, and were permitted to remain in the higher classes after they had earnestly plead not to be cast out of the fold.

The most promising, and the wealthiest, students attending the classes, however, were usually graduated into a class of Personal Instruction, in which the particular student would receive the Higher Teachings in the form of private lessons from the Master, the student being alone with the Guru in his private lesson room. Quite a number of students took personal lessons of this kind—including several old ladies with private means who were regular attendants thereof, and seemed never to be satiated with the wondrous wisdom dispensed during the half-hour or hour spent with the Guru at the rate of five dollars per half-hour.

It appears that these private lessons were varied in subject-matter, according to the particular needs of the student, but all seemed to revolve around the general subject of LOVE, as represented by the Divine Mother,

or Love Principle, and her chosen personal representative, the Guru. I am, therefore, not in a position to state in detail all of the weird doctrines and wisdom dispensed by the Guru in this phase of his instruction, but must confine myself to the particular forms of the teachings as passed on to Laura Mason, as afterward related by her to myself and another physician.

Laura, it appears, had attended several classes before she was admitted to the privilege of Personal Instruction. In these classes she had been thoroughly saturated with the Love Doctrine, and she fairly radiated Love, as well as breathing it in from the Divine Principle, and breathing it out to the World (these being the terms employed in the instruction). She finally felt the consciousness that she was immersed in an Ocean of Love, in which she lived, and moved, and had her being (more terms of the teaching).

Moreover, by arduous and faithful practicing of the Meditations and Mantrams she had brought herself into a condition of extreme negativity and suggestibility. She told the Guru that she had never been quite able to attain the stage where she could actually "think of nothing," and that she felt somewhat chagrined at her failure to attain this; but he told her not to be discouraged, but that she would attain this in due time, and that in the meantime instead of thinking about Nothing, she could "think about Love." It was shortly after this that the Guru informed her that she was now about ready for the Inner Doctrine taught only in personal instruction, and that she would now be accepted by him as a personal pupil. She was so overcome with the honor thus bestowed upon her that she wept softly with joy.

As the personal instruction proceeded, the Guru informed her that she had now arrived at the *intellectual* conception of Love, but that the deeper fountains of her

soul must be uncovered and made to send forth the precious stream of love into the suffering world. These hidden springs, he told her were fed from the Principle of Love—the Divine Mother, Kali. They were covered up by Maya, the Principle of Illusion, and could be uncovered only by the uprush of Love induced by means of Bhakta, or the Power of Love. The Power of Love, he carefully instructed her, would not exert itself until called into activity by some outward stimulus of a high, spiritual order; and then only in the direction of that high spiritual object.

Laura sighed. She wished to have the Springs of Love to flow freely in her soul—but where was to be found the spiritual stimulus, and spiritual outward object which would awaken them? The Guru sighed wearily, yet with resignation. Here, once more, he told her he must crucify his personal inclinations toward peace and quietude, in order to serve as the Object of Love in the case. But, he carefully and positively assured the girl, there would be nothing of the personal element involved—his personality was simply the symbol to be used in the spiritual process; she must never forget this.

The Guru also impressed upon her the fact that he was making a great personal sacrifice in the matter, and that naught but a great sense of his obligation as her guru, or spiritual teacher, would impel him to serve in the spiritual process of unfoldment which was before her. The girl meekly thanked him, as one would an archangel who had offered to lift her to Heaven in his strong arms. The Guru then dismissed her, promising that she should be given the first lesson in the new series on the following day. The girl fairly counted the hours, and could scarcely sleep that night.

The morning hour set for the first lesson arrived. Laura was ushered into the private study of the Guru, and he

received her in a dignified manner, and a well assumed air of detachment from earthly things. He began the lesson by reminding her of what had been previously taught her concerning the Divine Love Principle in which her being was based, and which was striving to express itself through her personal self. He pointed out that, unaided, the Divine Love Principle found itself unable in most cases to break through the hard soil of materially and selfish personality, and that the effort was greatly aided, and the soil rendered less resistant, by the presence of some definite object toward which the thought of love might be directed.

By varying the nature of the Love Object, he said, the full force of the Love Principle was called into play. And, as has been before noted, he offered to sacrifice himself on the altar of duty, and to play the part of the Love Object, in order to aid her bound soul to extricate itself from the material clay of personality, and to unfold itself into the sunlight and air of Divine Universal Love. All this seems ridiculous and incredible to most of those who read these lines, I know; but by those who have come in contact with charlatans of this kind the picture will be readily recognized.

The Guru then told the girl that for a period of two weeks or more she must concentrate her thought upon himself as her Beloved Teacher. She must keep him in mind at all times, picturing him as the inspired teacher through whom the Divine Love Principle was to reveal itself to her. She was to think of him reverently and with the deepest respect, but her thought was "always to be bathed in the sacred emotion of Love." During this period she was to visit him frequently, and to take a private lesson at the time of each visit (these lessons were always charged for at the rate of five dollars per half

hour), and to keep herself always "in soul communion" with him.

The girl did as directed, and filled her mind with repeated and continuous auto-suggestions of love for the inspired teacher. The auto-suggestions were aided and strengthened by the direct suggestions given to the girl during the frequent private lessons taken by her during the period. At times she was practically in a state of light hypnosis, and was being rendered more and more negative, suggestible, and weak of will every day.

The end of this period terminating, the Guru instructed her as to the Second Phase of the Unfoldment. For another period of two weeks she was to think earnestly of him as her Beloved Father, letting all the love emotion in her nature go out toward him as a greatly loved father—giving to him all the love and devotion which went with the ideal love of a daughter to a father. In this stage he planted upon her brow the chaste kiss of a dignified parent to a young daughter. And he fondled her as a father would a petted child. These attentions were accepted by the girl as a natural part of the programme, and the dignified and reserved manner of the Guru disarmed all suspicion and alarm on her part. She knew but little of men and their ways, and had never had a real lover in her "worldly life," and so was not in a position to recognize the symptoms of passion in a man; and, for that matter, there were no outward indications of anything approaching passion on the part of the calm Guru in his chaste caresses.

Then followed the Third Phase of the Unfoldment. Here for a period of two weeks the girl was taught to think of the Guru as her Beloved Brother, and to manifest toward him the inner and outer forms of love emotion natural to a girl toward a brother to whom she was closely bound by the ties of affection. Naturally, the

caresses became a little more frequent, and more personal. But a pure girl never connects the idea of brotherly and sisterly love with anything concerning passion, and Laura accepted it all as natural and as a "perfectly beautiful demonstration" of unselfish and pure affection. She was taught to call the Guru "dear brother," and he would murmur "dearest little sister" in her ear as he ruffled her hair, or patted her cheek.

The Fourth Phase of Unfoldment brought with it the command to think of the Guru as her Beloved Child. Here the girl was commanded and urged to let her mother-love pour out toward her beloved child without stint or restraint. She was taught to caress the Guru as she would have her young son. She was even instructed to call him "my dear son," and to allow him to address her as "dear mother." And, being possessed of a strong imagination, and a dramatic instinct, she played the part well. Under the power of the spell of repeated suggestions, and auto-suggestions, she manifested toward the half-caste a strong affection. The beast, with his cunning knowledge of psychology and suggestion, managed to play upon the most sacred emotions of the girl, and to establish a closer sympathetic mental and emotional bond between her and himself than had been possible before. Each step was planned with diabolical ingenuity, directed by the long experience with women gained by the man since he had been playing the part of a holy man.

Then came the Fifth Phase—that in which she was taught to picture him in imagination and in feeling as her Beloved Lover. He was careful to tell the girl that there was to be nothing of the gross, material selfish love common between man and woman, in this beautiful phase of the Unfoldment. Instead, there was to be merely the pure, chaste platonic affection possible only to those who had risen about the entanglements of the material

plane. Theirs was to be the pure, chaste love of the poets. He was to be to her as the true knight of the days of chivalry, and she as the dear lady who inspired the knight. Their caresses were to be on that plane, and the demonstration was to be a wonderful and beautiful one. And it must be admitted that he played well his part, and never overplayed it, at this time. The girl lived through this period in a beautiful day-dream of Romance—all that she had read of or dreamed of in her girlhood days seemed now to be made real and manifest. She went about as one in a dream, and her feet scarcely touched earth. The visits to the Guru was counted off by her as the beads of the rosary by the devout worshipper.

When the period of the Fifth Phase drew to a close, the Guru told her that she was now approaching a severe test, and a critical period, in which the powers of evil would fill her mind with suspicions and misgivings, in hopes of dragging her back from the Path of Light upon which she was now about to take the two final steps of Unfoldment. He warned her against these temptations and doubts, and told her that this was the great period of the initiation in which so many fell, and forsook the path; only to live through many more incarnations trying to regain their foothold upon it. The girl shuddered at the danger of being turned back, and bravely told the Guru that she would face all such threatening dangers, and would emerge from the ordeal unaffected, with her feet still fixed firmly on the path. She asked the nature of the next two, and final, Phases of the Unfoldment, that she might be prepared for the attacks of the doubts and distrust which the powers of evil would pour into her mind.

The Guru then told her that the Sixth Phase was that of the Beloved Husband, and the Seventh Phase that of the Beloved Soul Mate. The Seventh Phase, he said,

suspicious once awakened, she managed to get some of the other women to talk with her about the thing, and their mutual discovery was terrifying.

She denounced the Guru to his face, but he laughed at her and called her a silly child. He told her that advanced souls like himself were above personal attachments, but that their love was "universal," and like the rays of the sun extended to all. He then attempted to befool the girl with some of the sophistries which he had at command, and tried to make her see that certain of the teachings of Phallic Worship, which were repeated in some of the Hindu Tantric Teachings, were the true doctrine. In short, he threw off the mask of "spiritual love" completely, and boldly and unflinching preached the brutal doctrine of Unrestrained Lust to her. But he had lost his hypnotic power over the girl—something within her aroused itself, and made her see as if by a lightning flash the morass into which she had walked unaware. And she left the Guru never to return.

But the Guru was not so easily cheated of his prey. Tired of the girl as an object of his passions, he tried to maintain her on his list of contributing students by means of a subtle threat of blackmail conveyed through another woman victim who had followed him into the undisguised teachings which have been alluded to above. She was threatened with exposure and scandal if she did not consent to make regular monthly contributions of large amounts—the Guru knew about her private source of income, of course. The intent, evidently, was to eventually obtain control of the girl's entire fortune. Later investigation showed that a similar scheme of blackmail had been worked by him upon a number of women having money of their own, or money which they could secure from relatives.

The girl began to show symptoms of a nervous collapse,

with periods of mental disturbance manifesting in period of apathy in which she seemed to be as one in a daze. Her physician called me into the case, believing that there were certain physical conditions which were responsible for the mental and emotional disturbance. At first she was quite reticent, but finally under sympathetic and careful questioning she disclosed the main facts as above related, following this with a full statement of the case.

The result was that a quiet investigation, made under the direction of the district attorney aided by a celebrated detective of national reputation, resulted in a complete exposure of the entire web of that human spider, the Guru Ramabhakta. His past record and history was uncovered, and it was found that since leaving India he had left a trail of victims behind him in each city he had visited, but had managed up to this time to escape open exposure. Even where suspected, and the facts partially uncovered, the families of the victims had allowed the case to drop because of the scandal and publicity which would have involved the women in the case.

He was arrested, at last, however, on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a certain girl under sixteen years of age, and although he used his accumulated wealth freely, and employed the best legal talent, he was found guilty finally on this particular charge and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary, where he afterward contracted tuberculosis and died. The district attorney had a long list of his victims, with some appalling details—but these were never made public, and the matter gradually passed from the public mind, and received that bath of indifference which the public bestows upon most of such things after they have ceased to be the subject of sensational interest.

But what of Laura Mason? you ask. Alas, I cannot give this story a "happy ending"; though I would like

to do if the facts warranted. The facts are as follows: In spite of the endeavor of the best specialists in nervous troubles and brain disorders, Laura seemed to gradually lose ground. Her trouble lay back of the physical, and seemingly back of the mental plane of her being as well. At the risk of the criticism of some of my professional brethren, I will say that the complaint seemed to be that of her "soul," which reflected itself in her mental and physical being. This diagnosis will not bear scientific criticism, I know; but it expresses a very definite idea in my mind, and one which I am sure will be recognized and agreed with by other persons, the scientific objection to the contrary notwithstanding.

The girl faded away, physically, until she became as a mere shadow of her former beautiful self. She lost all color, and appeared as a walking corpse. Her brain also began to lose its power of normal functioning, and finally she reached the mental condition of a girl of about seven years old—but a very quiet, "old fashioned" girl of seven. She seemed to live almost constantly in a dream-land into which no one else could enter. Returning from this state at times, she would prattle like a child and take a delight in childish things. She developed a peculiar, sweet-sad smile, which somehow brought the sensation of pain to those who witnessed it—it was like the dying smile of a tortured soul. Her eyes gazed at you with a peculiar blending of the innocence of a child, and the worldly-wisdom of a soul centuries old and half-asleep.

I remember that upon one occasion, when I was visiting her in the private sanatorium in which she spent her last few years of life, I was overcome with the haunting idea that the real Laura Mason was not dwelling in that frail body, nor functioning through that poor weakened brain—but was dwelling Somewhere Else, afar from the scene; and that what we called "Laura Mason" was but the

faint and distorted reflection of her real self. But, this of course, was merely a fantasy of the imagination, and having no rightful place in the thought of a modern physician.

Whatever we thought of the Case of Laura Mason, however, was soon passed on to the realm of memory, and record-books; for the poor girl obtained a much longed for, and greatly deserved, rest and peace, in the course of time. Her body now sleeps peacefully in a cemetery in one of our great cities. Over her rises a beautiful monument, erected by her loving family, upon which is carved some conventional inscription. I sometimes see this monument as I drive through the place on a visit to the resting place of some of my own loved ones; and in my mind's eye I often see on the base thereof a new inscription, one which I feel would better express the spirit of the tragedy of Laura Mason—merely these words:

“If I only had known.”

VIII

THE CASE OF MRS. MYTON

The case of Mrs. Myton, accused of the murder of her seducer, attracted considerable attention in our city several years ago. That the woman had killed the man was clearly established at the coroner's inquest; and that she had purchased the pistol with which the murder was committed, and had then deliberately sought the interview at his office which had resulted in the shooting of the man, was likewise proved beyond doubt. It was legally a clear case of murder in the first degree, in the view of those qualified to pass upon such matters.

The woman, however, acted in a strange manner, doing the things which she ought not to have done, and leaving undone the things which she ought to have done, so that in the minds of many persons coming in contact with her there arose a grave doubt whether she was not mentally unbalanced. She declined to employ counsel to defend her, although several leading attorneys had volunteered their services to her free of cost, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case. She maintained a policy of passive resistance throughout the whole course of the legal proceedings, even going so far as to refuse to consult with the attorney finally appointed by the court to defend her in the absence of regularly employed counsel.

As the trial opened, the counsel for the defense stated to the court that owing to the peculiar actions of his client he had grave reasons for believing that she was

mentally unbalanced, at the present time at least, whatever may have been her condition at the time the crime was committed, and asked that the court appoint a commission to examine her for the purpose of determining her mental condition. The court granted the request, and I was one of the physicians appointed to act in the matter. I did not pose as an alienist, or as a specialist in mental disorders—in fact my specialty, as was well known to the court, was that of the treatment of an entirely different order of troubles to which the flesh is heir. I believe that the judge thought that there might possibly be some physical conditions producing a disordered mental condition, and for this reason wished me to be given an opportunity to express my opinion.

Mrs. Myton received the commission courteously, maintaining a dignified demeanor throughout the entire interview. She told us, firmly, at the start that she would be glad to answer any and all proper questions asked her, excepting such as related to the commission of the crime or to the incidents or circumstances leading up to the same. She was carefully examined by the physicians on the commission who were recognized as alienists or specialists in mental disorders, but they were compelled to report later that they could find no traces of abnormal mental functioning, and no traces of anything approaching insanity or irresponsibility. After they had finished, I asked Mrs. Myton certain pertinent facts concerning her physical condition, but she answered positively that she had never suffered from any physical troubles which might be likely to produce a hysterical condition. She consented to a physical examination on my part, but I could find no traces of anything that I had really almost hoped to find, for my sympathy had been aroused in the case.

The trial proceeded, and it looked from the start as if

a conviction were inevitable, so conclusive was the evidence against her. She refused to go on the stand on her own behalf, and would not assist her attorney in preparing even a shadowy defense. The attorney, however, was a man of resources, and perhaps saw a chance to make a reputation in the case, and he began to build up a defense based upon the ground that the woman committed the crime in a moment of temporary insanity due to mental strain brought on by the refusal of the man to marry her, although he had promised to do so when she had obtained her divorce from her former husband—she having recently obtained such divorce on the grounds of cruelty, from her former husband, a traveling salesman, having refused to defend the case.

The attorney for the defense brought many witnesses to prove that there were good grounds for believing that the man whom she had murdered had seduced her during her husband's absence from home, and that he had been overheard assuring her that she would be his wife some day "when things get straightened out." It was proved that the couple had visited neighboring cities together, and had registered there at hotels as man and wife. The divorced husband, called to the stand, admitted that his wife had frankly informed him of her love for the other man, and had informed him that the man had promised to marry her if she could get a divorce. He also admitted that in order to shield her name, and in order that she might be able to marry the other man, he had agreed to have the charge of cruelty made against him in the divorce proceedings, and had failed to enter a defense thereto. He stated that he had acted in this somewhat unusual way solely because he felt that the woman had been frank, open and honest with him in the matter, and that he desired her to be happy with another so long as she had found happiness with himself to be impossible.

Other witnesses were called to prove overhearing fragments of conversation between the man and the woman after the divorce had been obtained, and their testimony seemed to establish the fact that the man had refused to keep his part of the bargain, and had declined to marry the woman, and that the latter left him the evening before the tragedy looking dazed and distraught; or, as one witness expressed it, "she looked as if the ground had opened under her feet." Everything seemed to point to the fact that the man had tired of the woman, and had repented of his promise, and had expressed his determination to end the liason, and "to leave the woman in the lurch," as the papers expressed it. But the woman refused to go to the stand to establish this fact, although it was believed that if she would but do so she would gain an acquittal from a sympathetic jury, for the feeling was strongly in her favor, and the jury undoubtedly was conscious of the popular feeling in the matter. But she refused to lift her voice in her own behalf.

The jury disagreed, after being out a long time—they stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction with a recommendation for mercy. The two persons did not hesitate to say that had the woman but testified in accordance with the evidence brought out in her favor by her attorney her acquittal would have been voted by the jury without leaving their seats, on the plea of "temporary insanity"—but the failure on her part to take the stand had made the two jurors afraid that "there was something behind it," and had caused them to refuse to agree in the acquittal. The jury was duly discharged, and the case ordered for a new trial at the next term of court.

But the second trial never came. The woman was found dying one morning when her cell was opened by the attendants. She had managed to obtain a sharp instrument in some way, and had used it on her wrists; she had

slowly bled to death without uttering a cry—a stoic to the last. The suicide attracted the usual interest for seven days and then died out. It looked as if the secret was buried in the grave with the woman, and that the true facts would never be known.

But the old adage “murder will out” proved true in this as in many other cases. A few days after the inquest, I was visited by a prison worker—a woman of estimable qualities and a warm heart—who had visited Mrs. Myton the day before she died. Mrs. Myton had told the woman that sometimes she “felt as if something might happen to her some of these days,” and asked her to agree to undertake a charge for her. The worker agreed, providing that the prison rules were not broken in so doing. The prisoner replied that these rules might be broken in form, but not in spirit, and that no escape was planned or anything irregular plotted. The worker finally agreed to undertake the trust, and to keep quiet about it; whereupon Mrs. Myton handed her a sealed envelope, in which she said there was a letter addressed to a certain person, which was not to be delivered unless “something happened” to her unexpectedly.

When the suicide was reported the prison worker was at first impelled to report to the authorities the fact of the letter given into her keeping. But second thought told her that no good could come to anyone by such course, and that perhaps she might be blamed for violation of a prison rule, and her further good work there be interfered with; besides which, she reasoned to herself, by making the letter public she would probably be the cause of making public property of some heart secret of the dead woman. And so she held her peace, and said nothing to the authorities of the matter. After a few days she broke the seal of the letter, and found a second envelope contained therein and addressed to myself. She

made haste to deliver the letter to me, after exacting a promise of secrecy, and then tried to forget the whole matter.

With a strange emotion I opened the letter from the woman in the grave. I could not imagine why she should have written me, or what she wished to tell me—for I was not a friend of hers not one upon whom she would be likely to call for the performance of a duty or the execution of a trust. The whole matter was a great mystery to me—before I opened the letter, and even after I had read the contents thereof.

The letter began by saying that the writer had found it contrary to her conscientious urgings to go to her "last sleep" without unburdening her soul to some one. She did not understand this feeling, she said, but she found that she could obtain peace only by making a confession to some one whom she felt sure would understand. She had selected me because she felt that my experience would enable me to understand the motive underlying the murder of her lover, as explained in the letter; and also because she knew that I would not give the letter to the public press, or to otherwise cause it to become the property of the local busybodies. She added, however, that if I ever saw fit to make use of the facts of her story for the purpose of teaching a lesson to other women, and to prevent them from committing the folly into which she had stumbled, then in such a case I was to feel free to use the facts in any such way as my judgment and conscience might dictate. And, as I think that the inclusion of the main facts of the recital in this book would tend to work out in the manner indicated by the woman, I have taken advantage of her permission and have embodied them in this series of strange cases arising in the practice of my profession. (It is unnecessary to state, I hope, that I have used a fictitious name in the recital.)

The letter was apparently written calmly and with deliberation. There was, moreover, a sense of the complete detachment of the writer from the events recorded—it was as if she had already passed across the dividing line between Life and Death, so little personal feeling was shown. There was no effort to place blame, or to shield herself,—no apparent desire to prejudice me against the man, or to gain my sympathy toward herself. I tell you, the woman was detached from such things, and in spirit had already “passed over,” leaving only that automaton, her body, to act out the orders impressed upon it.

The letter began with a simple recital of her meeting with the man—a man of intellectual attainment, but of little human sympathy. She said that his intellect had at first dazzled her, particularly when she contrasted it with the “humdrum” intellect of her husband. The man evidently exerted every possible charm of his magnetic personality upon her, and before long she had surrendered her mind to him, then her heart, and finally her body. She gave him all, without reservation. She idealized him, and trusted him implicitly. She became virtually his mistress, and risked all the penalties of society in order to be with him whenever the opportunity presented itself.

But, throughout it all, she did not lose all sense of duty and fair-play. Though she had deceived her husband, she soon determined to tell him the truth, and to ask him to divorce her. She did this, and the husband responded by offering to let her instead of himself, secure the divorce; he agreed to stand the blame of cruelty, rather than to have the good name of his wife dragged in the mud. The other man had frequently told the woman that if she were free then they could be together always, and although no actual mention of marriage had been

made, she had tacitly understood that he would marry her as soon as the law made it possible to do so.

The latter hastened to the point, and brought the story down to the securing of the divorce, in a few pages. The woman then wrote of her interview with the man after the divorce, and of her first intimation that the lover did not contemplate marriage with her. She was stunned at first, but kept quiet about it during the interview. Her first thought was that the man had tired of her, and was contemplating breaking off the affair. This, she said, while most mortifying and painful, would have been forgiven by her; for, as she said, "I would never want to tie a man to me who had ceased to love me." She wished further assurance on this point, but could not obtain a plain statement from him. He was frank enough to tell her, however, that he had never intended to have her believe that he would marry her, but had merely wished to imply that their liason would be continuous and uninterrupted, after the divorce. He refused to tell her why he would not marry her, while asserting that he was "still very fond of her"—"as much so as ever," he added.

At their last interview—the night before the tragedy—she said that she had demanded to know the reason why he refused the marriage. She said that if he would tell her that he had tired of her, then she would leave him forever, and in peace. But he persisted in the statement that he still was "very fond" of her, and wished to continue the liason—but that "marriage is entirely out of the question." She then demanded the "why" in the case—and insisted so strenuously and determinedly that the man finally lost his patience, and blurted out the brutal truth which set her soul on fire with rage and indignation and sense of personal injury.

Here are the words, as they appeared in the letter: "He told me that while he still was 'very fond' of me, and

desired that our relations should continue, nevertheless he could never give me his name, nor let me take my place before the world as his wife. He said that my own good sense should tell me the reason, without necessitating his use of plain terms; but that since I insisted, he must make it plain to me that he could never give his name to a woman who had already proved false to her marriage vows to another. For, as he said, 'I never could trust a woman who had done this even for myself: I would always fear that she would treat me the same way and bestow her body upon some other man when I was not there. A man must have implicit trust in a woman whom he would make his wife; and how could I implicitly trust you, in view of what has happened in the past?' "

She then hurried on to say, in the letter: "It was if a bright light had flashed across the darkened sky. I could see plainly the distance, as wide as that between the two poles, between the woman's point of view and that of the man. I could see that while to me all that I had done was done for love of him, yet to him my actions had been simply those of a passionate, disloyal, faithless woman. I had thought that I was to him a wife in all but name; while to him I had been naught but an adulteress all the time. I could have forgiven him a change of heart, a dying away of love—even admitted deception and planned seduction, together with its usual penalty; but to be made to know that I had never been more to him than an adulteress, a faithless wife, leaving one man for another because of a greater passion—that I could not bear. The burden was intolerable. I left as if in a nightmare—but one from which there could be no awakening."

I shall pass over the remainder of the letter, in which she told the story of the crime, and what had led up to it. She was undoubtedly practically insane for the moment,

and Infinite Justice would undoubtedly so hold. But, she said, the moment after the tragedy she began to repent of what she had done; and she determined to pay the penalty of the law, and to make no attempt at defense. She even ceased to blame the man, as will be seen from the next paragraph. She saw behind the personality of the man, and recognized the forces and influences that had made him what he was.

“Why should I have blamed him, or punished him?” she wrote. He was merely what conventions and civilization, or influences deeper than these, had made him. He was true to his type—faithful to the ideals of his sex. And, at the last, I perceived that I had killed him not for the crime *but simply for being a man*. I had no more understood him, the man, than he had understood me, the woman. We were the sport of Destiny—the subject of the laughter of the gods—the Irony of Fate had claimed us both as victims. He has paid the final penalty of his ignorance; and I am now about to pay the final penalty of mine. I blame no one—I blame nothing—we are all (God help us), nothing but the pieces on the board, moved here and there by Circumstance.”

And so ended the letter of Mrs. Myton. I do not agree with all that she has said, as above quoted; but she had come uncomfortably near to the truth in regards to the conventional attitude of man who receives, and the unconventional attitude of the woman who gives, in love affairs of this kind. The man is dead. The woman is dead. Perhaps there may be a Somewhere, in a Sometime, when the tangle can be set straight, and the wrong righted. This is not “the worst of all possible worlds,” as the pessimist claims, nor yet “the best of all possible worlds,” as claimed by the optimist. Rather is it a world in which there is much to be done in the direction of setting right many things regarding which the world of men and women is sadly wrong, and sadly at a loss for a remedy.

IX

THE CASE OF MARY FAY

Several years ago a friend of mine, a physician devoting considerable time and attention to patients coming for treatment to a hospital conducted by a certain organization devoted to the care of "fallen women," called me over the 'phone and asked me to help him in a certain delicate operation upon one of such patients, promising me that the case was of such an interesting and unusual nature that I would be well repaid in added experience for the time expended on the case. I knew this friend well enough to feel assured that if the case was "unusual and interesting" in his eyes, it would certainly prove likewise to me, for he was a man of wide experience and of unusual ability in his special line of practice.

And so it proved. The diagnosis revealed a very unusual complication, and promised important and valuable information from the operation which was clearly indicated as necessary. There is no need to go into details concerning the physiological phases of the case in this recital, for the latter is concerned principally with the record of the psychological experience of the woman, Mary Fay by name, who was the subject of the treatment and operation. The operation was quite successful, I am glad to say. There was something about the woman which attracted my attention and aroused my interest; and I visited her several times at the hospital while she was convalescing.

The following "story of her life" was obtained from her during the conversations between us which occurred during such visits. I have thought it proper to tell the tale here, not alone because of the special interest it might have, but also because in many respects the case is one typical of that of thousands of other women in our large cities. I shall not attempt to tell the story in her own words, but I shall adhere as closely as possible to the actual form of her statement, and, of course absolutely to the facts brought out in her recital.

Mary Fay, according to her story, was an orphan. Her mother was a general maid of all work employed by a family in a small town in the Middle West. Her father was the oldest son of that family, and he had seduced the girl when she was about seventeen years of age. The family threw the girl out when her condition was discovered, and sent the son away to school in another city. The girl was taken to the almshouse, where she was kept until her child, named Mary Fay as was her mother, was born in the hospital ward attached to the institution.

Unable to support the child, the mother placed it in the charge of the authorities, and left the county; she died when the child was about three years old, but never saw Mary after leaving her. The father, and his family, showed no inclination to do anything toward the care of the child, and apparently took no interest whatever in its welfare. Mary was then "bound out" to a poor family who afterward took her to another part of the state. She was made the household drudge of the woman of the family, and had the constant care of the rapidly increasing brood of children of the woman, besides having to do the "chores" usually performed by half-grown boys of families in similar circumstances. She received as little education as the family were actually compelled to have

given to her, and had little or no opportunity to acquire a practical knowledge of the world around her.

When but little over fourteen years of age, Mary was seduced by the eighteen years old son of a neighbor. During our conversation in the hospital, Mary Fay positively and repeatedly assured me that "she meant no harm," and "was not bad" when she permitted the lad to take undue liberties with her; and that she was in absolute ignorance of the elementary facts of sex life. In view of her extreme frankness and lack of excuses concerning the events of her after life, I am inclined to believe that she told the truth concerning this matter; and that her case is but another of the many instances of the kind which constantly come before the attention of physicians, charity workers, and the public authorities, in which young girls—mere children in some cases—become pregnant without realizing the nature of the circumstances leading up to the condition. Yes, Mary Fay became pregnant, but it was a long time before her condition was discovered, so incredible did the whole thing appear.

When her foster parents discovered the nature of what "ailed" Mary, they began to revile and abuse her, and to taunt her with following in her mother's footsteps. "What more could we expect from a girl with a mother like that?" asked her foster mother, who added: "In spite of the Christian training that we gave her, and the good example always before her, the devil in her worked out and she coaxed the boy into the thing, the little huzzy!" And so the girl was sent to the Reformatory, in a neighboring city, where she was later delivered of a babe which died shortly after its birth, and who was almost followed by its child mother.

The Reformatory was in charge of persons probably well meaning, but lacking in scientific knowledge of the care of girls like Mary. She told me that she was never

allowed to forget the fact of her "crime," and that her religious teachers always reminded her that she was a vile sinner fit only for eternal damnation, and possible only of salvation by faith accompanied by a long life of repentance and humbleness—and work.

As she somewhat naively expressed it to me, life at the Reformatory "was nothing but scrubbing and praying;" and so, when about seventeen years of age, the girl escaped from the place and started to "tramp it" to the large city about two hundred miles away. She fell in with "a man in a buggy," who gave her a ride for several miles, and who then threatened to hand her over to the nearest constable unless she yielded to his demands. She yielded without more than a mere protest, so much did she dread a return to the Reformatory; for as she stated it, "I had been told that I was a vile creature, and so I thought that I couldn't be anything worse, no matter what happened to me." The man in the buggy, however, apparently afterward became afraid of exposure or legal troubles, for he gave her enough money to carry her about half the distance to the city, and bade her purchase a railroad ticket at the near-by station, and to take the next train; and Mary said that he watched her from behind a shed near at hand, to make sure that she had left the place on the train.

Mary said that when she neared the place at which she must leave the train—this being the furthest point to which her ticket would carry her, and she having no money left—she was overcome with fear and loneliness not to speak of hunger, for she had eaten nothing since supper the night before, and she burst into tears. A well dressed woman in the car came over to her and asked her what was the matter, and Mary told her that she was running away from home because of ill-treatment (being clever enough not to mention the Reforma-

tory, though her coarse shoes and rough clothing doubtless told that part of the tale for her), and that she was tired, and hungry and discouraged. The woman then told her not to worry, as she would pay her way to the city, and find her a nice place in which to stop; and would see that she got something to eat when the train stopped for twenty minutes a little further along the line. Mary rose at once from despair to hope, and saw the sunshine breaking through the clouds of her life at last.

Arriving in the large city, Mary was taken by the "nice lady" to a quiet apartment on a side street, and introduced to the woman who lived there as "a young woman from a small town who wishes to find a comfortable home with nice people." Thanking her friend on the train, Mary eagerly agreed to work as "parlor maid" for the woman of the house, and was promised easy work, congenial employment, and good wages. She then was sent to bed to rest and get settled down. The woman of the house then had a quiet little chat with the lady of the train, much to the evident satisfaction of the latter, who departed smiling. Mary told me that she afterward learned that the lady of the train had been repaid the amount of her expenditures on the girl, and fifty dollars as a bonus, by the woman of the house. At any rate, Mary said, the said amounts were charged up to her and afterward deducted from her earnings in the woman's place. Girls were frequently "sold" in this way, she said—the younger and more attractive they were, the higher the purchase price paid.

Mary soon discovered that there was something unusual about the apartment, which was a large one; and that there were many men callers; and that at the time of each call the lady of the house telephoned to some girl who would shortly after enter the apartment, and would afterward entertain the man in one of the "spare

rooms," as Mary said she had at first called them. Mary's work was to carry drinks to the rooms and to keep the rooms clean and in perfect order between their frequent periods of occupancy.

This continued for a few weeks, until Mary had become accustomed to the fact that women hired themselves out to men for money—something that was entirely new to her, although some of the girls in the Reformatory had spoken vaguely of such things. The shock once over, the matter was accepted as a matter of course, and Mary was not at all appalled when the woman of the house suggested that a colored maid be employed to take her place, and that she, Mary, be a "home girl" in the establishment, for the purposes of entertaining visitors to whom the arrangement might appeal.

Mary consented—she had acquired the habit of consenting, it seemed; she didn't see any other way out of it. The woman of the house had pried out of Mary the whole story of her previous life, including the story of the escape from the Reformatory, and vaguely held this as a club over the girl, and rendered it impossible for her to do otherwise than as the woman commanded.

The woman bought Mary some more attractive clothing, replacing the neat servant's garb with which she had been furnished the day after her arrival. This put Mary more than ever in the debt of the woman, and it was a long time before she "caught up" from her comparatively small share of her earnings in the house, after paying her heavy board bill, etc. The mistress kept the lion's share of the money earned by Mary—far more than even the share allowed the woman by the unwritten law of "the business," for she took advantage of Mary's ignorance and lack of experience in "the sporting life."

Mary said that most of the women who were "called" when needed by the landlady preferred that form of pros-

titution to the other phases of that life, as it made them feel more independent and less tied down, and besides they considered it "more respectable," and were inclined to look down upon the inmates of "parlor houses," and their still lower caste sisters, the streetwalkers. They considered themselves almost of the same caste as the "kept women" or mistresses maintained by one particular man. They did not feel "as common" as the girls who accepted the more promiscuous attentions of the "parlor house," or the still less restricted attentions paid the walker of the streets.

Those who have investigated the social evil for the purposes of remedying and reforming it agree with the statement of Mary regarding this class of houses of ill repute. They agree that the class of women frequenting such places is considerably better than those of the lower forms of resorts, the women usually being better educated and more refined, and having for the most part come from better families. Moreover the associations are less degrading, and the women become less demoralized by reasons thereof, and maintain a less depraved mental attitude toward themselves and life in general. The clientage of such places is less promiscuous than in the others, and the demands upon the women are less frequent and less continuous, the amounts paid them being larger. These women usually resent being classed as prostitutes, and in many cases regard it as only a temporary occupation which they contemplate forsaking bye-and-bye. But the "bye-and-bye" is deferred too long, in most cases, and the woman finds herself caught in the cogs of the machinery, and dragged deeper into its dark recesses, from which she never emerges. Losing youth and attractiveness, becoming "stale" and perhaps "too common"—and frequently becoming infected with disease and therefore undesirable in a place of that class in

which "the trade" must not be hurt,—she finds herself compelled to descend lower in the scale, and thus loses her formerly boasted and prized "caste" or "class."

And in the due course of time, the fate above indicated overtook Mary Fay. Although carefully cautioned and warned by the landlady, the girl was unfortunate enough to become infected with a serious venereal disease, and before she or the landlady became fully aware of the fact the infection had been communicated to a number of the male patrons of the place, and as these "perfect gentlemen" were quick to complain when they discovered what had happened, the landlady was made the subject of a torrent of abuse and threats on the part of several of her "regular customers." She turned upon Mary in a fury, and visiting upon her head the blame for the whole trouble, she threw her from the house—at the same time cheating her out of the balance of the money due the girl, which the woman had kept in her possession "for safe keeping."

Mary, shocked and discouraged, applied to a hospital for treatment, and was admitted. While there she was advised by other patients of the same class as to the best course for her to pursue in the future; addresses were given her, it being agreed that a "parlor house" was the only place for the girl, at least for the time being, under all the circumstances. And upon her discharge from the hospital, the girl entered one of these vile resorts, and by so doing lost caste and sunk one degree on the scale of the life of the prostitute.

The "parlor house" of which Mary became an inmate was typical of its class, but was one several degrees below "the best" in that district. It was quite prosperous, however, and had a large following among politicians, "men of the town," and sporting men of all classes—it did not attract the "quiet trade" of prosperous business

and professional men such as had frequented the "call house" at which the girl had formerly lived. There was far more drinking going on there, and the scenes in "the parlor" and other parts of the house were far more boisterous than in the only place that Mary had known before. The girls were of a lower type, and the entire atmosphere was coarser and "less respectable" as the girls themselves expressed it.

Mary said that the "parlor house" in which she first took refuge after leaving the hospital treated the inmates about as well as the average—but that was none too well. They charged her twenty dollars per week for her board, and then sold her "parlor clothes" at a scandalous profit, taking weekly payments from her for same. The landlady was always insisting upon her buying new "parlor clothes," and thus making a large profit from her, and keeping her always in debt to the house. The "parlor clothes" consisted for the most part of flashy silk kimonas, silk underwear and loud silk stockings, slippers, etc.

She was also charged extortionate rates for "hair dressing," facial massage, cosmetics, etc. She was plucked at every turn, and on all sides. When she left the parlor with a man, she was given a brass check by the landlady, which she could afterward turn in as cash, the payment by the man being made directly to the landlady or her "housekeeper." The inmates scarcely ever had any real money in their possession, and even the little they had was doled out to them grudgingly by the management. The women were really slaves, and were frequently cheated and robbed as well, and then thrown out of the place.

In the "parlor house" the girls are kept almost as prisoners, in many cases. At least until she has been thoroughly "broken in" and her spirit crushed she is never

allowed to leave the house except accompanied by a "trusty" who keeps a close eye on her. Every possible device is employed to keep the girl heavily involved in debt to the house. She is encouraged to drink, and to run up a bar bill to the house. She is tempted to buy expensive, though flashy jewelry from some friend of the landlady, the house paying for the same and deducting so much a week from the girl's earnings. A large share of the receipts of each girl is claimed by the house, the girl being allowed but a small percentage thereof. The brass check system is enforced in order to prevent the possibility of the girl ever coming into possession of cash which might enable her to flee the place. In some of the cheaper places even a card system is employed, the landlady punching the girl's card instead of giving her a brass check.

As Mary described the life in these places it must be a veritable hell to the inmates, and it is no wonder that the majority of them are driven to the use of drink or drugs. The girls were assembled in the parlor, sitting around in their flashy kimonas, there to entertain the guests and to induce them to spend money in treating to drinks purchased from the house, as well as to patronize the house in other ways. The conversation in the "parlor" she described as being foul and obscene beyond the imagination of a decent person; and the place was said to reek with cigar smoke and the odor of liquor. Quarrels and fights were not uncommon, and the vilest profanity was freely employed, and was in fact the customary language of the place.

The mere mention of the number of calls and demands made upon the inmates on a "busy night" is sufficient to disgust and nauseate a person not familiar with the customs of such places. Mary told me that on "a busy night" she sometimes had as many as thirty brass checks

to her credit. No wonder that even the men habitually patronizing such vile dens find it necessary to befuddle themselves with liquor before they can bring themselves to indulge in the further practices to which the places are devoted!

I need not dwell at length upon Mary's story of her life in these dens. She was thrown out of the first one after a quarrel with one of the men visitors who made certain beastly demands upon her with which, as yet, she was not willing to comply. She went to another place of the same kind, and later to another.

Sometimes the places were raided, and the inmates brought before the police court, and then dismissed with a fine or "thirty days." The fine was usually paid by some man associated in some way with the house, and then deducted from the small share of the earnings of the girl which she was allowed to consider her own. "Grafted upon," cheated, imposed upon, and exploited by nearly everyone with whom she came in contact, the girl gradually sank to the condition of the beaten slave. She accepted her lot without further complaint, for she had passed the stage of complaining. Not only could she no longer consider her body her own, but her mind and her soul seemed to have passed beyond her control.

Mary told me that the effect of all this bondage upon the girl of the "parlor houses" and the streets was to render her a mere passive instrument of the will of others. In many cases, she said, the girls fell into the clutches of male "lovers," who acquired a control over them by means of threats; or hopes of protection, and who really claim to "own" them. These girls were known as "Jack Brown's girl," or as "one of Jack's girls," for these fellows frequently had a number of girls on "their staff" at the same time. These men collected the girls' earnings from the houses in which they lived, or from the girls di-

rect when they were streetwalkers; and the girls became so accustomed to being preyed upon that they accepted this condition of things as normal. These men sometimes acted as panderers and solicited the patronage of other men for the girls on their "staff." The girls seem to lose their will-power and habit of self control and sink to the status of automatons moving in obedience to the strings pulled by their masters.

One time, Mary, when out of a "parlor house" by reason of a raid which had closed the place temporarily, sought shelter with a former inmate, a girl who was now a streetwalker. The girl initiated her into the ways of this branch of the underworld life, and Mary found it in some ways a relief from the slavery of the "parlor houses," and decided to adopt the plan in the future. She told me that although it seemed to her to be "lower," and "not so respectable" as life in the houses, yet at the same time it afforded her a sense of comparative freedom and independence which she had lacked while living in the houses. She did not have the bulk of her earnings taken from her by the house management, and was not exploited by so many persons—the policeman claimed "protection money," and at times the sergeant put in an appearance on her "beat," and claimed a still larger contribution; but even so, the landlady and her harpies were pleasantly absent from the scene. And so on the whole, she felt that while she had sunk in the scale, she had bettered her condition somewhat.

The tale of Mary's experiences on the street, however, cannot be related in detail, here, for obvious reasons. Accustomed as I was to hearing unpleasant tales of life, and as familiar as I was in a general way with the revolting conditions of the life of the average streetwalker, I must confess that when Mary began to relate in intimate and frank detail the inner story of her life at that period,

I became mentally and physically nauseated. I was chilled with horror, and a cold perspiration appeared on my brow. For the moment I felt that I did not care to live in a world in which such bestiality were possible.

The details of her recital were so loathsome that they cannot be repeated—I would hesitate to repeat them in the presence of a roomful of decent men. Some of them would be out of place in an ordinary medical text book, and could be mentioned only in a privately circulated medical treatise upon the subject of abnormal and diseased sexuality. The limits of normal physiology were passed beyond, and the facts entered the domain of abnormal psychology. And yet this woman sat there and spoke of these things to me as frankly and with as little concern as if she were discussing the performance of ordinary household tasks. But, somehow, I felt that these things had touched her only superficially, and that in the depths of her nature there were regions of her soul which had not been contaminated by these unspeakable things.

Sometimes, however, I wish that it were possible to relate some part of this portion of Mary's story in printed form, the circulation of which could be in some way restricted to young men who were being tempted into having dealings with prostitutes. There would be nothing salacious or appealing to the passions in such a book, however; on the contrary, I feel assured that the presentation of the facts would drive every thought of that kind out of the mind of its readers, so repellent and brutal, so disgusting and nauseating, would some of the plain facts recited by this woman appear. It is a pity that the conventional prejudices concerning these subjects prevent the publication of such a book, for I am firmly convinced that the bald and unadorned disclosure of some plain facts concerning the life of the streetwalker, and ordinary prostitute, would so appall the young man (or older man) to

whom they were presented that he would flee from such associations as he would the company of those afflicted with leprosy.

Were I to go even into general details regarding the prevalence of and details regarding the infectious venereal diseases with which these women are habitually afflicted; or were I to set down in plain, actual figures the number of men with whom the average streetwalker associates each night between the hour of the appearing of the stars, and the hour of four o'clock the following morning, I feel assured that so long as a man carried a keen mental picture of these things with him, he would be immune to the seductions of these poor creatures of the pavement, no matter how lacking in morality he might be. I have often thought that if some of the preachers were to inform themselves regarding these matters, and would tell them to the young men of their congregations, and other young men gathered together in "meetings for men only," they would do more toward preventing certain forms of immorality than they could accomplish in the most eloquent of ordinary sermons.

* * * * *

This is the end of the story of the Case of Mary Fay. There is nothing which especially distinguishes it from the stories of other girls leading the life of the prostitute in any of our large cities—many of these women could supply truthful material for far more sensational tales. The case of Mary Fay has only two points which entitle it to a place in this book, namely: it is true—it is a typical case—and it goes rather more into the details and unpleasant facts than do most of such tales, for most of these tales hold much back because the teller thereof fears that such things would reflect upon her and would prevent sympathy.

Mary was honest and frank, brutally so, naively so—

and her story was told without the usual reservations of women of her kind. To my mind her story constitutes a "human document" deserving careful attention, and a sympathetic examination. It is not a pretty tale—many things in life are not pretty but demand attention nevertheless in order that the process of human betterment may continue.

I have, at times, tried to imagine what I would do were I the Supreme Judge of Mankind, passing sentence in the Case of Mary Fay. Upon whom would I place the blame? Upon whom would I pronounce judgment? Not upon Mary Fay, at any rate, I am sure. And I am not so sure but that the blame rests squarely upon each and every one of us, good reader—upon you, and upon me, along with the rest. For we are the individual units which compose that which we know as SOCIETY—and Society is the real criminal in this case, I am inclined to think. And, at the last, "Society" is merely You, and I and the Other Fellow, is it not?

* * * * *

Again the question asked by some persistent reader: What became of Mary Fay? I wish that this question had not been asked—for I fear that my answer would not be accepted as the truth, were I to make it to you. What would you think if I were to tell you that Mary Fay, now a settled, matronly woman, was in charge of a refuge for "fallen women" of youthful years, in a far Western city, and has been "making good" for a number of years? No; you would not believe me—I knew you wouldn't, it is too much like the conventional "happy ending" to be true, isn't it? And so I will not tell you the full truth, for it is something like that which I have just suggested, only "more so"—much more so, in fact.

But is she married, and has she a family of children? I can hear some of the feminine readers asking me—par-

ticularly the younger ones. No, dears, she is not married, nor has she a family of children—there are some things which even Divine Providence seems unable to effect, although it must be quite a source of regret to it, I think, in certain cases—and this is one of such cases in which something of the kind would be needed in order to “even up things,” a bit, in my opinion. But, even so, the ending is far happier than some of the “good folks” would have it, were they the dispensers of rewards and punishment, I fear—and far happier than Mary Fay would have deemed possible at the time when she told me her story.

What do you think of these things, friends? And what do you intend doing in the matter of Society vs. the Mary Fays still on the streets?

X

THE CASE OF BESSIE LAYTON

Bob Layton was a stock broker—a junior member of a large firm. He was a “good fellow,” an excellent salesman and business-getter, and quite popular among his large circle of acquaintances. He dressed well, and was of fine physical proportions, and had a carriage which expressed success and general prosperity. He had that “winning way” which attracts women to a man of his type, and was aware of the fact.

Bob, without attracting to himself any unusual notoriety and comment, was “one of the boys.” He travelled with a rather fast set, and “went the paces” in the regulation manner. He was not of the degenerate type which revels in low associations and the environment of vice—in fact such things rather repelled than attracted him; his frequenting of resorts of evil repute and vile surroundings was apparently the result of his drinking too freely while “making the rounds” with his friends, and of his desire to be companionable and to “stick to the bunch” to the end of their spree.

My attention was first directed to the fact that Bob was beginning to reap some of his harvest of wild oats by a visit paid to my office by one of his near relatives in whom Bob had considerable confidence, and to whom he had confided the whole story of his trouble. It appears that Bob had manifested certain disturbing symptoms which impelled him to seek the advice of a physician

making a specialty of venereal diseases. The physician advised him that he had acquired a serious case of syphilis, and that he required long and careful treatment. The treatment had been commenced, and considerable improvement had been noticed, and he had begun to think that the whole thing was of no consequence, and that the physician had tried to frighten him into taking a long and expensive course of treatment. The relative had decided to ask my advice in the case so that he could intelligently advise Bob in the matter.

I told the relative that the physician having charge of Bob's case was a reputable practitioner, having an extended experience in cases of this kind, and being capable of giving Bob the best possible attention. Moreover, I told him that the physician was not one of that class of medical "grafters" who tried to extract money from patients by persuading them to continue treatment longer than necessary, but, on the contrary, had the reputation of discharging his patients as soon as their condition warranted the same. On the whole, I told the relative, my advice was that he advise Bob to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his physician, and be absolutely governed by his advice and instructions in the case. The relative left me, promising to do as I had suggested.

The matter of the visit had almost passed from my memory until, one day, I met the physician above mentioned at a club frequented by members of our profession. He laughingly reminded me of the case by saying that Bob had told him of the relative's visit, and my advice in the matter. "I see that you have the old fashioned idea of professional ethics," he said, and rather grimly adding, "some of the latter-day fellows would have tried to steal the case." I then asked him about the case, and stated that I trusted that Bob would have more sense than most young men in such circumstances, and would persist

in the treatment until he was completely cured, instead of discontinuing the treatment after the outward symptoms had disappeared, leaving the seeds of the disease active in his system to break forth in activity at some later time.

The physician tightened his lips and said: "He is like the rest of them. When he came to me his face showed the typical eruptions, and he had some ugly spots on his body. He had patches on his tongue, and in his mouth, and one was forming on his lip. His hair was even beginning to come out, and the case was developing rapidly. I administered the usual treatment, and he responded finely to it. He seemed to carefully carry out my instructions, and was a model patient in every respect. After about four or five months of constant treatment, and careful living on his part, the outward indications passed away, and he looked if anything better than before he had contracted the disease, for he had taken better care of himself during the period of treatment, and had 'cut out' liquor, dissipation, fast women, and the rest of it. So well did he look, and feel, that the friends whom he consulted advised him that he was cured, and told him that I was only trying to keep him on my list because of the money to be obtained of him. He did not tell me all this directly, but I gathered the facts from what he said and what I heard from others. I, of course, told him that I did not wish to have him continue treatment if he felt that way about it, and would feel pleased if he would change physicians; but I earnestly and positively informed him that he was far from cured, and it would be a year or so before he could feel safe in the matter. He laughed in my face, and said that he didn't think that he would trouble any other doctor this time, for he knew other fellows who had had the same complaint, and that they were perfectly well now after a few months medical attention. He said that he

believed that I 'meant all right,' but that all specialists became fanatical regarding their specialties, etc., etc., etc. I became somewhat annoyed, and dismissed him rather curtly, I fear. What fools these young men are, and what frightful risks they run in cases like this," he added.

I agreed with the physician, of course, for I had only too much experience with cases of the kind in question to allow me to think otherwise; and the matter was dropped, as the conversation turned to other things. I thought no more of the case until about six months later the relative of Bob paid me another visit. He told me that Bob Layton was "talking of getting married," and that although Bob felt no anxiety concerning the matter he, the relative, felt somewhat worried about the possibility of the germs of the disease not having been thoroughly eradicated from his system and of their making their presence known later and in a terrible way. He asked me to advise him in the matter.

I told him that all I knew of Bob's case was what had been told me, incidentally, by the physician who had treated him; but that on general principles I thought that Bob was taking a desperate chance in contracting marriage in absence of a careful examination, test, and report from the best medical practitioners. I pointed out to him at some length the danger of the virus not having been eliminated from his system, and the probable consequences of a marriage contracted under such conditions. I told him of cases of this kind which had come under my observation, in which the wife would become infected from the uncured man, and would manifest the disease in some of its several forms and stages; how the wife would probably suffer many miscarriages; how the children of the couple, if any be born to them, would be weak and puny and lacking in vitality. I told this relative to tell Bob that in my opinion it should be made a penitentiary of-

fence for any man knowing himself to have been infected with syphilis, and not having positive proofs of having been completely cured, to contract marriage with a woman without fully advising her of all the facts in the case and furnishing her with a medical report showing the probable consequences of such a union.

The relative afterward informed me that he had delivered my report and message to Bob, but that the man had snapped his fingers in his face and told him that he did not purpose having "old fogies" of relatives or "grafting physicians" meddling in his affairs; that he knew just what he was doing, and felt all right about it, and that it was no one else's business, etc. He added that he was not bothering about "doctor's advice" in the case, and that the doctors were only "out for the money;" and that he had talked over the matter with men who had been "through the mill" themselves, and had thoroughly satisfied himself that there was no danger whatsoever as he felt himself completely cured, for, as he said, "there's not a pimple or spot on me, and I'm as free from blemishes as a young baby." And as for telling the girl or her folks of his previous diseased condition, why the jackass of a doctor must think that he was a fool. And more along the same line, until the relative retreated in dismay and disgust.

Until I read the announcement of the wedding in the newspapers, I did not know who was the fortunate (!) girl upon whom Bob Layton intended to bestow his name, his worldly goods—and his disease. When I read the name I was heartsick. The girl was Bessie Marshall, just passed twenty years of age, and as fine a specimen of healthy, normal, innocent young womanhood as one would wish to see. Her father was dead, and she had no brothers. Her mother was a good woman, though not well informed on the ways of the world, and having few thoughts outside

of her household work and the care of her two daughters. The family had a little money, and lived in a simple old-fashioned way.

The girl's youthful beauty had apparently attracted the interest and passion of Bob Layton who was about twelve years older than herself. The idea of this girl becoming the wife of this man, under all the conditions as I knew them, sickened me in spite of my familiarity with similar cases. Such cases often arise from pure ignorance, but here was a case of wilful and criminal negligence and omission. The lawyers tell me that there is supposed to be a law covering every possible form of wrong and crime; but here, certainly, there is an exception to the rule, for there is no law to punish crimes of this kind upon innocent women and unborn children.

* * * * *

Several years after the marriage of Bob and Bessie, I was called in consultation by another physician in the matter of a case in his care. The patient was introduced as "Mrs. Layton," but at first I did not recognize her as the onetime Bessie Marshall—the young woman who had married Bob Layton—so frightfully changed in appearance was she. The once graceful contour of figure had disappeared, and had been succeeded by a thin, scrawny, emaciated figure. Her once rosy coloring had entirely disappeared, and had been replaced with a sickly pallor suggesting the presence of chronic abnormal conditions. Her large expressive blue eyes were now dimmed—and worse. Her lips showed evidences of sores and spots, and her gums and the inside of her mouth were repulsive to the sight when examined. Several of her teeth had dropped out, and her hair had lost its lustre and color, and was now unattractive and in spots gave the appearance of being "moth-eaten." But the most significant change was that of the shape of her nose, which once classic in

its beauty, was now disfigured by an affection of the bridge which had caused a "sunken in" appearance, and which had also drawn the other parts of the organ out of their original shape.

The history of the case was pitiful. The young bride had begun to suffer from the infection as early as a few months after the marriage. She became feverish, had bad headaches, and began to "break out" and to show blotches and spots on her face and body. She consulted a physician after repeated demands upon Bob to take her where she could receive medical attention. The physician, undoubtedly warned by the husband, had pronounced the case to be ordinary eczema, and had given her treatment which caused the outward symptoms to disappear for a time, only to reappear in worse form a little later. This course of treatments, and temporary relief had continued ever since; and all the time the more important symptoms were begging to assert their presence. And, at last, without her husband's knowledge, she had visited the physician who had called me in consultation, and had discovered the truth regarding her condition.

She had had a number of miscarriages at short intervals, ever since six months after her marriage. One child had been born alive, but in a very weakened condition, and which died a few weeks after its birth. She had wished very much for children, and had felt that the presence of a baby would make her forget her general miserable condition. When she learned what kind a child her baby would have been had it lived, she fell to weeping, and thanked God that the little one had died and that no other living children had been born to her. She was stunned by the fact that her husband had contracted the marriage without having taken the precaution to obtain medical advice in the matter; but she was of course ignorant of the fact that he had deliberately refused to take

such advice, for my lips were sealed in the matter by reason of professional ethics.

Layton was furious when he discovered that his wife had been told the truth regarding her condition. He would have preferred to have allowed her to suffer, and finally to die, in ignorance of his criminal negligence and selfish indifference in the case. His principal concern seemed to be that she might make known the circumstances of the case, and thus bring scandal and reproach upon himself. He did not seem to be much disturbed concerning her own loss of confidence in him, and the death of her love for him. He had for some time past been "running around" with his old associates again, and spent but little time at home. His concern about his wife's condition was of a wholly selfish nature, and his own reputation was the only thing thought of.

To my mind, possibly the most selfish exhibition on the part of this one-time "good fellow," was the afterward discovered fact that he had become aware of his wife's condition some time ago, and had then sought the advice of the best specialists concerning his own case, and had then been practically cured of the disease—or at least had its progress arrested and restricted. But he had feared to take his wife to the same specialists, because he had dreaded the possible effects of their disclosure to her of her true condition.

There were good reasons why the progress of the disease should have been so much more rapid in the case of the wife, than in that of her husband. The best authorities agree that in the case of wives contracting syphilis from their husbands, the disease frequently manifests itself in a far more virulent and malignant form than in the latter case—and that its progress is far more rapid. This from a number of reasons, principal among which is the fact that the husband, through fear, withholds knowl-

edge of the real cause of the trouble from the wife, until the disease has progressed so far, and has gained such impetus, that the benefits to be gained from early treatment are no longer possible.

* * * * *

The physician who had taken charge of the case of Mrs. Layton took pains to inform me, from time to time, concerning the progress of the case. It developed into one of the most stubborn, obstinate, and malignant cases of syphilis that had come under his observation, or mine. He called in the same specialists who had given the husband a stay, or a partial cure, but they pronounced the case hopeless.

I will spare the reader the revolting details of the progress of the disease, for they do not make pleasant reading for the layman. Enough to say that eventually the entire nose was destroyed, and the palate and upper lip almost completely lost. For a long time Bessie Layton appeared on the street only when she could conceal her face with a heavy veil, similar to that once worn for mourning dress. Later, she did not leave the house at all, but remained in seclusion under the care of her mother who did for her what few nurses could be found to do.

Bob Layton, the husband, had long since fled the house as one would a pesthouse. When spoken to about it by a friend, one day when he had been drinking, he leeringly stated that he "didn't propose to take any chances on a thing like that," now that he considered himself cured of the original infection. The brutality of his attitude and expressions disgusted even the men who had been his associates in his debauches; and in time all his old friends forsook him, and he became as a pariah among persons who knew anything of the story. He removed to another city where he was not so well known; but even there the memory of his crime remained with him, in fact it seemed

to awaken into increased activity, probably owing to his efforts to stifle it with drink.

One night after an all night debauch at various road-houses, while attempting to drive home a party of boon companions of both sexes, his automobile plunged over an embankment and he sustained injuries from which he afterward died. Those present during his last hours say that he thought only of himself even then, and told those at the bedside that he "certainly had played in bad luck"—there was no word for his wife, and no regret for the unspeakable crime which he had perpetrated upon her. Like so many "good fellows" he was thoroughly selfish at heart, and when put to the test he showed himself to be a craven coward and a monster of egotism.

His crime at first was that of criminal negligence caused by the conceit of ignorance and his general "smartness" and self-satisfaction—and this might possibly have been excused under the general plea of Ignorance. Like some of the other characters in these records of cases, he might have honestly said to himself, "If I had only known." But there is no such excuse possible for his after conduct—his actions after he discovered that his young wife had been infected with his horrible disorder owing to his negligence. Here he showed the innate selfishness of his character, for instead of informing her of the deplorable truth, and giving her the benefit of the same skilled medical treatment of which he took advantage in his own case after the discovery that he was still uncured, he took her to an incompetent practitioner, who agreed to do what he could in the matter and, above all to "keep quiet" about it.

I do not wish for a moment to intimate that he deprived the woman of the proper treatment because of the expense involved—he was not miserly or unwilling to spend money, and that consideration probably never occurred to him in

the case. The neglect after the discovery arose from the fear of exposure and scandal, for he felt that his wife would leave him at once and that he would "be talked about." For this cheap price of fancied safety from publicity, this "good fellow" condemned his wife to a living death. This was the action of the man who had only a few years before stood with this trusting, healthy girl before the altar, and there solemnly taken the vows to protect her. When I think of cases like this, I often feel in perfect agreement with the remark attributed to Mme. De Staël, who is reputed to have said: "The more I see of men, the more I care for dogs."

* * * * * * *

And what was the fate of Bessie Layton after the death of her husband (!), you ask? I am glad, very glad, to be able to say that she died within a very short time after the man was ushered out of this phase of his existence. Do not be shocked when I use the term "glad" in this connection: the person who, knowing all the circumstances and existing conditions, would not have been "glad" to learn of the woman's final relief, is the kind of person whom I would not care to know very well. There exist some persons who substitute mushy sentimentality and formal words for the irrefragable facts of life; and there are hypocrites who are seemingly beyond all decent honest expressions: but I do not care to associate with either class any more than I can help doing. There are some things worse than death—and why not frankly rejoice when Death brings relief as it did to Bessie Layton.

XI

THE CASE OF ALICE MAYNARD

Alice Maynard was the daughter—the only child—of Benjamin Maynard and his good wife Emma. The family might have been aptly described as “rather old fashioned.” Benjamin Maynard was a watchmaker of the old school, and at one time had been the owner of the principal business of its kind in the little city of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants in which he had lived since boyhood, and where he had succeeded to the business started by his father when the town was a mere village.

For many years Benjamin Maynard had made what was called “a comfortable living,” and had managed to lay by a little money for a rainy day, besides having built a comfortable home for his family. But for several years previous to the time of this tale his business had been falling off, as he was unable and apparently unwilling to compete with the cheaper class of jewelry stores, and general stores having watch and clock departments; and at last he was forced to move into a smaller shop and to confine his time principally to watch repairing, etc., at which he was an expert, leaving the sale of new timepieces to the larger stores. But still he managed to make both ends meet, by careful management and the economical administration of the household affairs by his good wife.

The Maynards were members of the Congregational church—the oldest church organization in the town—and Benjamin was one of the chief lay workers therein. But

they were not aggressive in their religious life, and in this as in every other phase of their life they were spoken of as "quiet but steady workers." They maintained a simple faith and a general trust in the righteousness of things, and were almost incredibly ignorant of many of the incidents of circles of modern life other than their own. They may be said to have led a sheltered life into which penetrated only the echoes of the outer world.

They knew that there was evil in the world, but it had never touched themselves, and they seemed to feel that such things never came into the life of those who did not deliberately seek them. They had but a limited circle of intimate friends, and "went out" but little; and were really out of touch with the current of men and things of their day and generation. Benjamin seemed to have taken over the environment as well as the business of his father, and to have done his best to maintain both in their original condition. Emma, his wife, was but a reflection of her husband, and had merged her life and thought into that of her husband to such an extent that she veritably seemed to be a part of him.

It was in this environment, and under this influence, that Alice Maynard had passed her childhood, girlhood, and young womanhood. She was now about twenty-two years of age, and had never been further away from home than the State capital, about seventy-five miles distant, which she had visited about eight years previous upon the occasion of the inauguration of a Governor coming from the home county. She was a quiet, unassuming girl, of high ideals and with a serious, earnest view of the things of life. She was not a weakling, or lacking in character or individuality—in fact under proper circumstances she would probably have developed considerable strength of character, and manifested marked individuality. As it was her character was still in the plastic stage and her

individuality had never been called into active expression.

Alice was not what was called a "goody-goody" girl, nor even the typical Sunday School girl. Instead, she accepted the religious view of life, and the conventional ideals of conduct, as matters of course, no more to be questioned than the rising of the sun or than the procession of the seasons. The presence of evil she viewed as merely the slight and distorted shadow cast by the great body of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. The Ugly and the Bad she thought were almost entirely obscured by the Beautiful and the Good—the False, she thought, served only to bring out the light of the True. To her, Life was a most serious and solemn affair; she was fond of quoting the lines beginning "Life is earnest; Life is real;" and she had quietly determined to do her full part in the general betterment of things, in her own simple way, without attracting public attention.

Up to the time of her twentieth birthday, Alice had helped her mother in the household duties, and when necessary she would take charge of her father's little shop when he was called to some other part of town on matters connected with his business. She had not thought of making her own living by means of outside employment, although at times she had somewhat envied some of the girls who had secured employment in the offices and larger business houses of the town as bookkeepers, stenographers, and clerks. But about this time she began to realize that the family revenue was being impaired by the falling off of her father's business, and that "something would have to be done." She talked the matter over with some of the girls of her acquaintance who were employed in business offices, and she decided to fit herself for a similar position so that she might support herself, at least, and thus take that part of the burden from the shoulders of her father.

She announced her intention that very day, and after successfully meeting the first opposition of her father she took the necessary steps to carry out her plan which had by that time assumed very definite form. She drew from the savings bank about half of the little balance which had grown there by small additions from her childhood, and paid this into the treasury of the leading business college and shorthand school of the town.

She was a good student, and was filled with a new ambition to learn and to do things, and she acquired as comprehensive a business education as the school was able to furnish. She obtained a position in a business office as "combination bookkeeper and stenographer" and remained with these employers for a time, on a small salary, but always on the lookout for a better position as "regular stenographer" with some concern employing this class of workers.

The long hoped for opportunity appeared at last. She was telephoned to by a friend and told that one of the stenographers in "Lawyer Marcy's" office was about to hand in her resignation because of her approaching marriage. Alice knew one of the office force in the lawyer's employ, and telephoned her about the matter, and was assured that "the boss" would be spoken to in Alice's behalf at once. The friend kept her word, and Alice was told to apply for the position at the earliest opportunity. She went at once, and was "tried out" by the chief clerk of the office, and pronounced efficient; and after a hasty glance of approval given her by Mr. Marcy, she was told that she could have the position as assistant stenographer made vacant by the resignation of the other young woman, to take effect as soon as the latter finally left the office force. The salary was quite attractive, and the position was considered one of the best in the town, for Marcy was particular about the quality of his employees, and was

reported to pay the best salaries in town for the class of work done by them.

Marcy's office was the leading law office in that town, and commanded the best paying class of clients in that county. It had been long established, and Marcy, who had been originally the junior partner, had succeeded to the practice of his seniors as they dropped from the ranks as the years passed by. At the present time he was the senior member, and practical owner of the large and remunerative law business transacted at the offices, having several junior partners, and legal assistants under him, in addition to what was the largest law office force in the place. Alice was considered a very fortunate girl, and her friends predicted a bright future for her in her work, providing that she did not get married, for Marcy was said to recognize ability and faithful service, and to reward it by promotion.

Edward Marcy was a distinguished looking individual, tall, broad-shouldered, erect, and of but moderate girth. About forty-five years of age, he was in his prime. He had a commanding presence, and his bright, intelligent eyes were well set off by his wavy iron-gray hair which showed an attractive whiteness around his temples. Of somewhat stern general manner, he manifested a fascinating personality when he would unbend; and his keen intellect, well brightened by constant tests with other minds, rendered him a most agreeable conversationalist under encouraging conditions.

There were a few tales floating about the town about certain escapades of his younger days, and it was whispered that at one time there was nearly a scandal in the large city of the State concerning his friendship with the wife of a leading banker of that place. But these things were of the past, and were merely whispered among the older dwellers of the town. For about twenty years he

had been married, his wife being the daughter of an old settler of the place who had left her the bulk of his fortune. Mrs. Marcy was a somewhat austere, cold woman, who was the social leader of the town and the near by places. She spent much of her time in the large city or at summer resorts, her husband apparently being content to have her lead her own life in this way, his own time being well taken up by his professional work at home, and attendance upon the higher courts in the larger cities of the State. There were no children, but neither the husband nor the wife seemed to feel this to be a great loss.

For some time after entering the employ of the lawyer, Alice saw but little of him. Her work was almost entirely confined to taking dictation from the associate partners, and the assistants, copying briefs, and other routine work. Then, one day, during the temporary absence of the middle-aged woman who acted as the private secretary of Marcy, she was called into the office of "the boss" to take some short hurried dictation from him before he left to take the train. Ordinarily, others would have been called for this task, for Marcy was very particular concerning his own work, but all the other stenographers happened to be busily employed, or else absent for lunch, at that particular moment, and Alice was the only girl available.

When she entered his office, the lawyer greeted her with a slight frown of annoyance for he remembered certain previous unsatisfactory experiences with nervous, self-conscious, assistants of the office; but when he began to dictate in his quick, imperious style, he quickly perceived that the girl had thrown herself into her work with such earnestness that she forgot her nervousness and self-consciousness. Hastening to her typewriter, the girl transcribed her notes, speedily, correctly, and neatly, and after handing the sheets to Marcy she hurried back to her

regular work without any of the cheap tricks or mannerisms which annoyed him when manifested for his benefit. He made a mental note of the fact that the girl was efficient and not silly, and then hastened to his train.

The private secretary shortly after wired the office that she would be compelled to remain away from the city for several months, owing to the serious illness of her sister; and it was found necessary to fill her place temporarily with the members of the regular office force. Several stenographers of longer service were tried in turn, but all seemed to be rendered nervous and self-conscious by the fancied importance and difficulty of Marcy's personal work, and they irritated him. Finally he told the chief clerk that he thought that "the new girl" seemed to possess qualities lacking in the others, and suggested that she might be given a trial with his work. Alice was pleased, but was not overcome by the announcement. She had a serene confidence in her own ability, and the thought of failure never occurred to her—she was not accustomed to thinking of failures.

Marcy found the girl well suited for his work and her presence instead of irritating or annoying him, seemed rather to exert a calming influence upon him. She instinctively acquired a knowledge of his likes and dislikes, and almost intuitively acquired his viewpoint and general business methods. She soon was anticipating his wants, and having present the papers he required, and the books to which he wished to refer. And, responding to this quality, he before long grew accustomed to leaving certain details to the girl for attention, thus giving him more time to attend to the more important details himself. He felt relieved when his old private secretary finally wrote him that her sister having died and bequeathed to her her little nest-egg of a fortune acquired originally from her deceased husband, she had determined to settle down in

California where her sister had lived and had a bungalow, there to spend the rest of her life. And within an hour Alice found herself promoted to the position thus left vacant, at a greatly increased salary, and with added prestige.

Marcy had for a considerable time failed to notice the womanly qualities of the girl. To him, she was merely an efficient part of the machinery of the office. But under the influence of association with him, and seemingly stimulated by his intellectual power and brilliancy, Alice had undergone a change from a somewhat raw girlhood into a state of full womanhood. She did not notice the change herself, but the man was finally impressed by it, and seemed instinctively to realize that he had had something to do with it. He began to notice, also, that there was something about her mental and emotional make-up that served to bring out the utmost keenness of his own mind.

Whatever the true psychological reason might have been, it became apparent to him that there was something about the girl which drew from him the strongest that was in him. When she asked him questions concerning cases upon which they were both working—for she was really a helper after she realized just what was required by him—he found that her inquiries acted as a stimulus to his brain and brought to the surface of his mind the answers which had previously been sought in vain. She was not brilliant herself, but she seemed to make him brilliant—these cases are met with occasionally, but seem to defy scientific explanation.

The girl, without realizing it, gradually allowed her life to become absorbed in the professional life of her employer. Her thoughts ran constantly on the matters occupying his attention, and she was often able to suggest some point of importance, or to call attention to some overlooked facts. She was not conscious of a personal

feeling for the man, but her whole thought and feeling was freely poured out toward his work. She began to think of the work as "our" work, and the word "we" sometimes dropped from her lips in their conversation regarding the working out of some important plan. She had acquired his full confidence—that is, as full confidence as any man of his character could give to any one; he trusted her honesty, her discretion, and her ability, and this was much on his part.

One day, after having worked hard on a case of some difficulty, the papers were folded and tied up, and Marcy incidentally spoke of the personal side of one of the parties concerned in the case. The girl answered him, and before long the two were engaged in an animated, though serious conversation, concerning the motives underlying the actions of the person under discussion. Alice brought into the discussion the feminine point of view, which threw a light on the factor of the case which Marcy had overlooked. He made a note of the fact at once, and then purposely drew the girl out along associated lines of thought. He found no brilliancy there, but rather a certain presence of new angles of view and thought which served to start his own mind on the track of things which had previously eluded him. He began to realize that in the girl he had something more than a good private secretary—he had in her a mental stimulus which seemed to cause an unusual reaction in the form of brilliant thought on his own part. He determined to make use of this quality in the girl, or whatever it was, and to turn it to good account in his work.

Marcy began to have matters which required work in the evening, after office hours; and he called upon Alice to assist him in such work, always insisting that the chief clerk credit her with overtime allowance for same, although she would have been glad to serve without same,

so intent was she on the work. I feel compelled to state, however, that I do not think that Marcy purposely arranged these evening sessions in order to cultivate the personal side of his relations to the girl. At the first, I believe fully that he was moved solely by the fact that he could accomplish more and better work in this way, and to take advantage of the psychological effect that the girl appeared to exert upon his brain, as well as her material assistance in his work. But, nevertheless, these evening meetings brought about an entire change in the relations of the man and the girl.

Before long it became the custom of the man to engage the girl in general conversation after the business before them had been completed. She found that she enjoyed these talks with the man more than anything else in her experience. His brilliant intellect, his wide scope of general and special information, his facility to express himself clearly and with strength, his keen analytical faculties, and his wonderful faculty of perception, all these raised the girl up into a higher world of mental life, and acted as a stimulant to her own mind. Before long she had caught the spirit of his thought and general views of things, and was able to intelligently join in the discussions which arose. The man was grateful for this, as his opportunity to converse with fresh, clear minds was limited, owing to his devotion to his work, and the narrow environment of the small town. And, so, gradually, a very strong attachment grew up between these two—a mental attachment, it is true, but one which was growing stronger every day. The man seemed to realize the consequences, but to the girl it was all a matter of course, to be accepted as one accepted the sunshine and air, and not to be questioned or analyzed.

The close association seemed to arouse in the man certain emotional qualities which had long been quiescent.

He experienced that realization which comes almost inevitably to those who have sought to maintain the state of human relationship known as "Platonic friendship," or as "the union of minds." That spirit of the Will-to-Live, or the Life Principle, which exists in all living things, and which is seen in its state or most characteristic activity in the manifestation of Sex, sometimes seems to cleverly disguise its true form in the guise of Friendship and Intellectual Companionship—but sooner or later it throws aside its cloak and mask, and stands revealed for what it is.

The inevitable transference of the interest and attention of these two individuals—this man and this woman—from the purely impersonal subject of outside things to the purely personal subject of their own affairs, came in the due course of time. One evening, after the close of their work, Marcy asked Alice something of her own life, her ambitions, her dreams of the future. She tried to tell him, but to the embarrassment of herself and the agitation of the man, she found herself saying that all of her ambitions, her aims, her dreams were merged in the professional work and achievements of the man. She found herself confessing that she had allowed her own life to become absorbed in his, so that she was really looking at the world from the viewpoint of his personal interests and work. But, even in the telling, she did not seem to realize that she was telling the story of her love for the man. She thought that she was talking from her head and not from her heart. But the man, knowing sighed.

And then came the inevitable sequel. The man told her of his own aims, his former struggles, his ambitions, now fully realized but only to be succeeded by larger and greater ones. He told her of his marriage, and of the great material aid his wife had been to him by reason of the money she had brought into his hands. But he also found

himself telling her of the barren intellectual and emotional regions of his nature. He told her that his wife had made no effort to fill these regions of his soul, but had seemingly been content to live her life in her own way, even from the first, making no effort to awaken his higher feelings, or to give to him that mental companionship which was an imperative requirement of his nature. The two, he said, apparently had not a single thought, idea, feeling, desire or aim in common; and the absence of children had resulted in the lack of that connecting bond which children so often supply in the case of parents otherwise far apart in mind, heart, and spirit.

He did not complain, and he made no open appeal to her sympathy; but the impression of his utter loneliness of soul, and of his groping, as of one in the dark—seeking for understanding, companionship and the touch of the helping hand, appealed to all that was best in the girl. The recital touched her heart; the latent sympathies and affection in her nature were stirred into activity, and rushed to the surface. The totality of her womanhood sprang into action and manifestation, bringing into play the entire battery of emotional activities of her nature, from the sympathetic urge of motherhood to the overwhelming call of matehood. And, as he sat at his desk, with bowed head and averted eyes, apparently appalled by his revelation of the barrenness of his soul and the dwarfed expression of his spirit, the woman—no longer a girl—rose from her chair, and, placing her arm over his shoulders, pressed upon his forehead the virgin kiss of her new born Womanhood.

• • • • •

It would not be easy to fully explain the motives underlying the action of Marcy in this critical experience with the girl. Nor would it be easy to disentangle the true from the false in his statement to her which had led up to

the climax. That the man was lonely in spirit was undoubted, and that there was within him an unsatisfied longing for understanding and comradeship was equally true. But his was a spirit which, like the eagle, delighted in lonely flights and felt contented in solitary soarings. Moreover, his years of experience with women had taught him that only in very rare cases was there to be found that intellectual companionship which he felt was missing in his life, and that when a man thought that he was attracted toward a woman by a promise of this, he usually found himself disappointed, and realized that once more he had been tricked by the subtle wiles of Dame Nature who had sought to accomplish her ends under the guise of the particular thing which seemed to attract him most. He knew at the bottom of his heart that Alice could never fill that vacant space in his nature—and that in all probability the place could never be filled by any woman; the sense of lack arising logically from the fact that he had risen several degrees above the mental height of those around him, and accordingly felt that loneliness of spirit which comes to all of his kind.

But, on the other hand, it would not be wholly just to Marcy to assume that he had deliberately played a part calculated to call into play the latent sympathies of the girl. With all of his sophistication and cynical philosophy, he would have probably hesitated to go so far deliberately to entangle the girl's interest and affection. He had a profound respect and liking for her, and would have felt a certain disloyalty to their friendship in putting into effect, in cold blood, such a plan. The man was not a heartless libertine taking a morbid delight in entangling in his net a rare bird by a carefully selected bait.

It is doubtful if Marcy ever thoroughly realized just how the thing had come about. Looking back over it, it seemed to him to have originally started in a few candid

and frank observations regarding his own life, and longings, and lack; and the instinctive realization that the girl was reacting to the stimulus in an amazing manner, thus flattering his self-esteem and awakening into activity the ever present instinct of the man to lure and capture the female. It had seemed as if he then had allowed himself to be carried along as if by the stream of circumstances, and as one detached he had realized that he was playing the part of the subtle tempter of the woman, and was skillfully playing upon the strings of her nature which most readily responded to his own notes. He remembered having realized that the more common sex appeal would repel rather than attract the girl, and that the note of sympathy and call for "understanding" was the one note which would set into vibrations the structure of her womanhood. Instinct plays a much larger part in such cases, and deliberate reasoning a much smaller part, than is usually realized.

* * * * *

Marcy was too astute, and his intuition too keen, to permit him to follow up to much greater length the advantage he had gained that evening, and which was expressed by that chaste kiss upon his brow. Instead, he sought to cause the girl to feel that she had done nothing which called for regret or remorse. Nothing of passion marked his manner toward her, or his words. Instead, holding her hand gently, he told her what a revelation the experience of the evening had been to him; how it had opened up a new world of wonderful possibilities to his views; and how it had made him aware of the opportunity for a beautiful and pure friendship between them, which was quite rare in a world dwelling upon a lower and more material plane of thought and feeling. He bade her leave the office very shortly after the scene above described; and he was careful to avoid any unusual

manifestation of familiarity in the parting, contenting himself with imprinting a chaste fatherly kiss upon her temple.

Alice walked home as one in a dream, and she was awake most of the earlier part of the night. But she experienced no feelings of remorse or shame, for she did not feel that she had done anything of which her conscience would disapprove. She felt that she had discovered a new and beautiful region of the soul—a land of Friendship which the ordinary mortal could never hope to find. She had read poems on Friendship, and in this new experience she felt that she had lived out all that the poets had sought to express in their lines. She did not sense the slightest danger in the new relation, and her conscience was clear.

Marcy greeted her with the usual courteous formality when she presented herself at his desk the following morning. The work of the day proceeded as usual, except that there was manifested between the two a new and subtle shade of understanding and companionship. That evening there was more "extra work" to do, and when it was completed there was a half hour of "understanding" between them, in which beautiful thoughts and high ideals were discussed. Just before Alice left the office, however, there was a little close and intimate talk about their "beautiful friendship," in which the strings of emotion were touched in both of the two.

The discussion of the "beautiful friendship" seemed to grow in importance, length, and frequency, as the weeks rolled by. The subject seemed to possess a strange and strong attraction for the two, and they found themselves ever recurring to it. They analyzed, dissected, and turned inside out this ideal of their friendship, in order to discover what manner of wonderful thing it was. They even sought to distinguish between it and Love, and grad-

ually were led to admit that there was but a thin dividing line between the two emotional states. They discussed the possible danger of allowing themselves to cross the dividing line, and determined that the temptation must be overcome by resolution and determination on their part. It would never do, they agreed, that the beautiful friendship should be allowed to drift into a feeling which they had no right to indulge in inasmuch as the man was not free. They talked much of "duty," and apparently bowed down to it and worshipped it. Alice always had a high sense of Duty, and now experienced a holy joy in living up to it in spite of temptations.

One evening, however, in Marcy's eyes there appeared a trace of tears, following one of these earnest talks about "duty"; and Alice at once responded by an involuntary filling of her own eyes with the tears of sympathy. Ah, these tears of men! A woman should always be especially on her guard—on guard against her own feelings—when the eyes of the man show signs of tears. There is something so unusual in the sight, to the inexperienced woman at least, that she feels that some terrible pain is afflicting the soul of the man, and her womanly sympathy at once rushes to the surface, and a flood of pity overcomes her better judgment—and "pity is akin to love," as we all know.

A few harmless tears in the eyes of a man (brought there by a little emotional excitement of his nervous system, and having but little real high feeling behind them) have been the cause of many bitter tears on the part of the woman, in after days. Every man, in his heart, knows what a cheat and counterfeit such tears of his sex really are—but woman seems slow to understand this and she pays dearly for her ignorance.

Alice, seeing the tears of this strong, self-controlled man, felt that in his soul he must be suffering unutterable

agony; and her sympathies rushed into activity in the direction of comforting him and soothing his sorrows. And, in the twinkling of an eye, the "beautiful friendship" was forgotten, and in its place was found the presence of an overpowering "love" between a man and a woman.

But even after this discovery, the girl did not fully realize the dangers of the situation. There was much more talk of "duty" between the two this time the "duty" seemingly consisting in the avoidance of certain forbidden manifestations of their affection. Instead of the "beautiful friendship," there was now "a strange and wonderful love," which somehow seemed to be miles removed from the lower and material phases of that passion. This strange and wonderful love was a love of the soul it seemed, in which the physical played no part, but was to be forever excluded.

And so the girl dreamed on—and the man allowed her to dream on, for the situation seemed to appeal to some important part of his nature. Perhaps it was some feeling of taking advantage of an unusual state of innocence and experience that held the man back; or perhaps it was but the unconscious manifestation of the spirit which causes the cat to play with the mouse before killing it, or which prompts the hunter to allow the game to have an apparent chance to escape before he sends the shot into its heart. Who among us is competent to intelligently analyze these emotions of men or women?

* * * * *

The weeks and months rolled by. The "strange and wonderful love," had merged by degrees into a love neither strange nor wonderful, in the eyes of the world, but which never seemed to the girl to be other than pure and sacred. So high were the ideals of the girl, and so great her innate purity of soul, that she never seemed to

realize that there was anything really wrong about the relations existing between herself and Marcy. She never felt a twinge of conscience, nor a rebuke from her higher nature. The approach had been so subtle, and the evolution so gradual, that the outcome seemed to carry with it the purity of her original ideal of the "understanding."

* * * * *

To those who have experienced, directly or indirectly, human passion only in its crude and gross phases, the attitude assumed and maintained toward it by Alice will seem impossible. Men, particularly, will consider the picture overdrawn, and contrary to the facts of life; but there will be some women who read these lines who will know from their own experience that this viewpoint of a young woman is not impossible; and some physicians, though having acquired a somewhat brutal and disillusioned attitude toward certain elemental facts of life, have experienced cases in which the young woman has maintained until the last this "impossible" viewpoint of her relations toward some man she loved. The matter is not nearly so simple or easily understood as the half-wise imagine.

* * * * *

Then came the first act of the tragedy, to which all that has been recorded was but the prelude. To anyone of experience who could have seen the development of this unconventional relationship between this man and this woman, there would have come the certainty of a tragic ending. There is always a tragedy in these cases—sometimes concealed, and sometimes exposed to the public gaze; sometimes a great tragedy, sometimes but a minor one; but always a tragic event occurring during or at the end of the experience.

The man or woman—particularly the woman—who tries to run counter to the current of conventional usage

and custom, thought and feeling, concerning the matter of the relations of the sexes, will be sure to directly or indirectly experience the force of The Conventional. Those who hope to escape this but deceive themselves. And perhaps the bitterest punishment of some of those who have entered with high ideals into this struggle against the current is the fact that the world will ever revile and sneer at their pretensions of beautiful ideals and honest purposes, and will attribute to the "found out" offender the very vilest and coarsest of feelings, thoughts, ideals, and motives. Those who stumble and fall are not allowed to regain their footing, but are trampled down into the mire and mud of the road, until there is not visible the small spot of original cleanness and purity. And it is to escape this fate that men and women—particularly the women—take steps which lead them directly toward other tragedies.

One beautiful day in the Springtime, Alice told Marcy of a certain fact which made his face lose all color, and which chilled his blood—not merely because of fear of exposure, or scandal, but because he had begun to realize the innate purity of soul of this girl who had given him her all. Even the news which she bore to him did not in itself distress her as much as it might have a more sophisticated woman. She did not feel that she was in danger of being detected in a crime—for she did not feel that a crime had been committed. Her main feeling was one of dismay at the thought that this thing that had come upon her might cause a scandal and tend to destroy the promising career of Marcy, for already his name was being talked of as a promising candidate for a high judgeship in the upper courts of that state. For herself she felt but little fear, so completely was her life, and thought, and ambition wrapped up in the career and success of the man. Could she have annihilated herself so that he might

have attained success, she would not have hesitated at the ordeal.

Marcy made a hurried trip to a large city of another state, and there entered into negotiations with a certain physician who had a wide reputation for performing successfully a certain class of services for the wives or women friends, of men of wealth. Before returning, he had made complete arrangements for Alice to visit the city on a vacation, and while there to place herself in the hands of this practitioner for the purpose of undergoing an illegal operation. Marcy provided for the best care and attention for the girl in a private hospital, where she was to be sent by the practitioner after he had performed the operation. He was assured that the element of danger in the case was practically nothing, and that the girl would return in a few weeks in good health. And so the stage was set for the tragedy of Alice Maynard.

* * * * *

About ten days later, in the distant city, the girl was told that she was dying and asked whether she had any statement to make concerning those to blame for her condition. The "perfectly safe" illegal operation had resulted, as it so often does result, in a condition which defied the efforts of the skilled physicians called in at the last moment. She asked that a public official be called for that she might make a dying statement. When the official arrived, she stated that she declined to name the practitioner who had performed the illegal operation, as no good could come from naming him.

She then made a solemn statement that, being aware of approaching death, she wished to exonerate all innocent persons from suspicion of blame for her condition; and that with such intent she wished to name her betrayer as a traveling salesman with whom she had become acquainted through a flirtation on her way home from

church one Sunday. She said that the man had given her a name which she had afterward discovered to be fictitious, and that she saw no object in now stating the fictitious name that he had given her. She stated further that she had never seen or heard from this man since the date of her betrayal, and did not know his real address. She said further that she had been furnished the address of the abortionist after her arrival in the city, and that she had come to the city upon her own volition and for the express purpose of having the illegal operation performed. In short, she absolved every known person of any part or share in the crime and what had led up to it, and fastened the original offense upon some unknown man. She had lied like an angel—to save the man she loved. A few hours after making the statement and giving the address of her family Alice Maynard passed away from the scene of her trouble.

* * * * *

There was much excitement in the home-town of the girl, and much shaking of heads over the case. Finally, however, in view of the girl's well known character for veracity, and the fact of her deathbed confession made with all due solemnity, her statement of the case was accepted as the correct one, and further gossip ceased. The pastor of her church preached a beautiful sermon over her body, in which he urged all to exercise the Christian virtue of charity, and to forgive the departed sister for her sin, just as all hoped to be forgiven. Mr. and Mrs. Marcy were prominent at the funeral, and their presence was favorably commented upon by the general public who interpreted it as their loyalty to Marcy's former employee, and a desire to publicly express the same in spite of the girl's sin and her violation of her employer's confidence and trust. And the body was at last lowered into the ground, and the mourners left the scene.

But Marcy heard but little of the words of the preacher, or the murmured words of his friends at the funeral. For burning in his consciousness were the words of the final message of the girl to him, which had been confided by her to a certain person whom she had intuitively trusted during the few days she had spent in the hospital. The message was simply this: "I have kept the secret for the sake of you, and your career. Do not undo my work. I love you now, as I have always loved you. Remember me sometimes. Alice."

But he accepted the sacrifice and spoke no word in which he took up his share of the cross. He allowed the dead girl to carry the Scarlet Letter upon her shroud, but refused to place the brand upon his own breast. But he shuddered as his wife said to him as they rode home from the funeral: "I never suspected that girl of anything of that kind; but you never can tell. I am glad that she confessed, however, for they might have tried to start some scandal about yourself in connection with the case, in view of her being in your employ in such a confidential capacity; no man's reputation is safe in these days, when there's a flighty woman around him."

* * * * *

Marcy is now a judge of the higher courts of his native state. He has attained renown, and his name is mentioned for still higher places. He bears the reputation of being one of the hardest working men on the bench, and is said to apparently find his sole source of pleasure in his work.

His wife found a more congenial mate in a prominent society man of New York, and after a brief sojourn in Reno obtained a divorce from Marcy and immediately afterward married the society man.

Marcy is very attractive to women, and many women of wealth have vainly sought to capture him, but he has

failed to take them seriously. Married women of the faster social set have likewise set their nets for him, and have sought to entangle him in intrigues, but he has been found by them to be a man of ice. He is spoken of in certain circles as "the man who lives in his head," and is popularly regarded as being devoid of the passions which play such a dominant part in the lives of many brilliant men. At the time of his divorce many sympathized with his wife for having been linked for so many years to a man of the icy, passionless, intellectual type.

But the man carries with him constantly the consciousness of a love which, though thrown away, still abides in full force within his heart of hearts. Only when he had lost the woman who was the subject of this love did a full understanding come to the man. Only when the opportunity of manifesting this love in its full flower was lost to the man did there awaken within him the full realization of its presence. To Edward Marcy the rewards of his successful career, and the promised higher rewards, are as nothing. He "plays the game" merely for the sake of the game, and because in the playing he finds his only possible mental relief—and forgetfulness.

In his moments of rest he is often obsessed with the full conception of the sacrifice made upon the altar of his career and personal welfare by Alice Maynard. He remembers the ancient aphorism which states that greater love hath no man for another than he who will lay down his life for his friend. But he bitterly adds the mental statement that Woman is capable of still greater sacrifices, for here was a woman who not only laid down her life for a man, but also her good name, her reputation, and the understanding and forgiveness which might have been hers had she made known the true facts of her tragedy. He feels at times that both Alice Maynard and

himself have been sacrificed upon the altar of the gods of Irony who take such an active part in the affairs of mortals. And, sighing, he turns to his desk and takes up again the work in which alone is he able to find surcease of his sorrow.

XII

THE CASE OF LYDIA

Lydia was a girl of an inquiring mind. She began to manifest a "high brow" mental attitude early in her young womanhood, and as the years passed she developed along the lines of radical thought. She assumed an attitude of lofty disdain for the conventional standards of society, and gloried in the conviction that she was a consistent "rebel" against all popular forms and conventions.

She attended lectures without number, and read books beyond easy counting. She met all sorts of queer people at the meetings she attended, and became saturated with radicalism as it is expounded by the enthusiasts. But, up to the time of the happenings about to be related here, she had never ventured beyond the border line which separates the thought from the deed—she had been content to indulge in the most radical theorizing and verbal expression, without having even stepped a toe over the dividing line of "respectability" and conventional living. While in thought a violent radical of radicals, she was in fact and in deed the most conventional of conventional women. Her radicalism, in the words of a somewhat witty friend, was "all in her mind"; and as the same friend also said she practiced "absent treatment" in the matter of radicalism.

About this time, however, Lydia was threatened with a violent change in her manner of living. She promised

to manifest her radical thought in correspondingly radical actions. And all because she had conceived a somewhat violent passion for a "parlor radical" whom she had met at some of the gatherings in which conventional-ity was denounced, and "the new freedom of the sexes" glorified. But she did not allow herself to be swept off her feet by the onrush of passion—there was something of the Caledonian canniness in her mental makeup, probably inherited through a Scotch grandmother, and in the words of the street "she took a second think" over the matter. And right here is where I entered the case.

The man in the case was a lawyer well known as having been quite successful in freeing several rather notorious criminals, and who had built up quite a large practice among the higher circles of law breakers. He was spoken of in the press as "the celebrated criminal lawyer, Mr. Blank." But he was not of the "low brow" type of criminal lawyers, with which we have become familiar in novels, the stage, and in "the movies." Instead, he was decidedly "high brow." He was one of a well known, wealthy, and socially prominent family of the city, and the names of his wife, his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts frequently appeared in the society columns of the newspapers in connection with some function of "our best society." He was a member of several of the most exclusive clubs, and was received in "the best houses."

His radicalism was well known to his social and business associates, but was generally regarded as a harmless vagary. It was noticed that, while he associated at times with extreme socialists and self-styled anarchists, he still managed to accumulate as many dollars as possible, and to hold on to those he had with even a greater persistency. His radicalism was distinctly of the "parlor" or hot-house type. He kept his radicalism and his conventionality in separate compartments of his mind and life, and never

was guilty of mixing the two. While associating with the radicals he avoided all references to his conventional life; and while enjoying the conventional social functions he breathed not a word of radicalism.

He had met Lydia several times at some of the meetings of the long-haired and flowing-necktie clan, and had been attracted toward her. The girl responded to his efforts to attract her interest, for his was a most fascinating personality. His intellectual power impressed itself upon her, and his cleverness of expression and his faculty of apt rejoinder and epigrammatic statement attracted her mightily. And so she welcomed the somewhat lengthy conversations with him, which took place after the meetings, and which he seemed to be determined should be as frequent as possible.

Blank at first confined himself to a general discussion of the subjects common to all radical thinkers and devotees. This was familiar ground to Lydia, and she held up her own end of the conversation. Gradually the man worked the main discussion to matters concerning Sex as expounded by the radicals. Lydia was not to be frightened by this, in fact the subject seemed to exert the usual lure upon her. She agreed with the most radical theories, and gave expression to thoughts and opinions which would have appalled her family had they heard her. But they had never heard her, for Lydia, like Blank, kept her home opinions and her radical opinions in separate watertight compartments. But there was this difference between the two persons, that whereas Lydia had kept within the safe lines of thought and theory, Blank had freely manifested the thought in action, and the theory in practice.

Blank soon discovered that the girl had not "demonstrated" her radical theories of Sex in her life. The discovery added zest to the pursuit of the girl, for into such had his interest passed. He set himself to work to "con-

vert" the girl into a "really and truly" radical, for his own purposes and selfish pleasure. And he was a master hand at this, for this was one of his favorite forms of woman-hunting. In fact this was probably one of the main reasons why he spent so much time haunting the homes of radical thought. He had met many women who were attracted to the radical meetings by the novelty of the doctrines proposed there, and the general "forbidden fruit" aspect of the whole proposition. And he had subtly and cleverly led these women on, step by step, until they were at last willing to "demonstrate the life of freedom" under his capable instruction. With men of Blank's type, the chief pleasure of the hunt is in the pursuit; and with the possession of the game comes dissatisfaction. And so these women were speedily discarded by the man; the favorite procedure being that of passing on the woman to some other male "free soul," the woman being made to believe that in such a way her vision was becoming broadened and her "freedom" increased.

It is a fact readily conceded by many conscientious men in the radical ranks that the movement attracts to it far too many men who use its ideals for the purpose of prostituting women to their own passions; and that many of the younger women attracted to the movement are actually exploited by such men in the basest manner, and without the slightest excuse in the best radical thought. Some of the most sincere radical writers have called attention to this fact, and have uttered words of protest and warning. These writers have not objected to the violation of conventional morality in such instances, for they do not recognize the value of the same; but they have protested against what they have seen to be the brutal and selfish exploiting of the women in the case. The women, as a rule, are drawn into the machine in the best of faith on their part, and regard the sacrifice as a worthy tribute to

the high ideals of which they have dreamed. But the men like Blank have entertained no such high ideals, but have merely pretended to accept the same for the purpose of more readily seducing women of this type of mind. True radicals recognize this deplorable state of affairs, and regard it as an excrescence upon the body of radical thought.

Blank began by enlarging upon the subject of the "free union" between men and women, as contrasted with the "servitude" and "licensed prostitution" of the conventional married state. He exerted himself to the utmost in painting the high ideals of the association of the sexes upon this basis. Painting dark pictures (alas, too true in many instances) of conditions of married life under the conventional standards and customs, he then presented the other side of the picture in most alluring colors. Using his undoubted power of eloquence, magnified by his power of personal attraction, and added to by the interest in himself which he had already awakened in the girl, he presented a picture of Unbound Love—Love in which there were no bonds other than the flowery ones of affection itself, and which resented the intrusion of the public, and of the law, as an impertinence. He spoke of the ennobling and exalting power of Unbound Love upon the human soul, and carried the girl into the seventh heaven of poetic dreaming.

At the same time he appealed to her intellect. He quoted from eminent writers to the effect that Morality was simply a matter of geographical latitude, and of time. He showed her that nearly every possible form of the association of the two sexes had been considered moral, at some time in history and at some place in the world; and that the same form had been pronounced grossly immoral by men in some other place, and at some other time in the world; and that, this being the case, there was of

course no absolute standard of sexual morality, and that all so-called standards were simply temporary customs and habits of certain people at certain times. This being so, he argued, the intellectual members of the race, and those in whom superstition and blind assent had been killed,—the Supermen and Superwomen of the race—these persons would adopt the standard appealing to their Reason and the Affections as the only true and sane guide. And much more along the same lines, all of which is the stock in trade of the writers upon the subject from this viewpoint. The girl had heard and read all this before, but it seemed to take on a new and more beautiful meaning when expounded by this fascinating teacher.

Gradually, the man managed to bring the subject around, over and over again, to its personal application in their own particular case. Why should they not “demonstrate the free life” together, and participate in the “free union” of Unbound Love? he asked. He was careful to tell the girl that, of course, in the present state of public opinion one could not afford to live this life and to proclaim their “free union” from the housetops; but that, on the contrary, they should keep the matter secret to themselves and thus avoid the meddlesome interference of Society.

He showed her how each might continue to live his or her own usual life, so as not to attract attention, and while maintaining a little bower of Love known only to themselves. He failed to add, however, that the “little bower of love” of which he painted such a charming picture, was already prepared by him, and had been occupied by several successive mates all of whom had in time been expelled from the nest. The girl was “almost persuaded,” but something within her (probably the bit of Scotch caniness) prevented her from taking the final and decisive step. She put the man off, half promising future compli-

ance, and keeping him in a state of doubt as to his ultimate success.

About this time Lydia consulted me concerning some comparatively trifling matter of physical disarrangement, and we renewed an old acquaintance which had begun in her early girlhood. She seemed to feel the need of some one in whom to confide—probably the last urge of her instinct of self-protection; and as she found me far from being bigoted and hidebound concerning many important facts of life, and yet disposed to avoid the extremes of thought on such subjects, she began to tell me something of the facts above mentioned in this recital.

Encouragement on my part brought out the whole story, and at the end she asked me frankly for honest and frank advice in the matter. I was not seeking this responsibility, but on the other hand I am not in the habit of shirking such tasks when they are actually set before me; and so I told the girl just what the case appeared to me to be like, in the light of my experience.

I passed lightly over the consideration of the relative merits of the conventional and unconventional aspects of the relations between the sexes—I did this deliberately in order to reach what I felt was the real crux of the matter in the mind and soul of the girl before me. I pointed out that the real touchstone of the whole question was the actual and undoubted sincerity of the man. In another case, I might have emphasized other points, but I perceived that the one great question presenting itself more or less unconsciously to the girl's mind was that of whether or not the man was absolutely true, consistent, and honest in his statement of principles. And I knew that the man would fail if this test were plainly presented in such a way that no escape would be open to him.

I told the girl what I knew of this man, and of his kind and type. I related to her a number of actual instances

in which such men had seduced girls under the pretext of high ideals and teachings, only to cast them off as "damaged goods" when they had served the selfish purposes of their tempters. The girl rose in indignation at first, when I suggested that this might also be true in the case of Blank; but when I told her some of the things that I knew of his own doings of this kind, she resumed her seat and expressed a willingness to listen to what further I had to say to her about the case. Before leaving, she expressed a willingness to submit the man to a positive and absolute test of his sincerity, in a plan to be devised by myself, and the preliminaries of which would be carried out during the short absence of Blank from the city on a business trip which he would begin that very night.

* * * * *

I knew that Blank's wife, and his sisters, and several others of his near relatives on the feminine side of the family, were actively engaged in "social work" among the poorer members of Society—such work being mostly along the conventional lines which merely scratch the surface of the trouble, and never really get to see the real social disease, much less to cure or relieve it. I had come in contact with these good ladies in several of such worthy enterprises, and had performed some professional services for some of their "cases" at times, with results which they seemed to appreciate. Rightly or wrongly, they seemed to feel that they were under some obligations to me, and therefore when I telephoned the principal member of the family circle, she expressed a willingness and desire to aid me in solving an interesting social problem which I told her had confronted me. She arranged for a meeting of herself and the rest of the good ladies of the family, to be held the next day. I then called up Lydia, and without telling her whom she was to meet, I arranged that she

was to attend a little meeting at my office the following day.

• • • • • • •

The good ladies arrived at the hour set by myself—some little time before Lydia was expected. I told them briefly of a deplorable condition of affairs upon which I had stumbled, and then recited the main facts of the case which I have presented to you in the preceding pages, but of course without mentioning the name of Blank or that of the girl. They were highly indignant, and talked about “exposing the wretch,” and much more of the sort.

About this time Lydia was announced, and without mentioning the names of the other women, I said, “This young lady would like to present to you certain doctrines and theories of life, upon which certain persons are basing their life and happiness. Kindly allow her to proceed to the finish, without interruption.” And, I then told Lydia quietly to state the facts of the teachings, but without mentioning names.

Lydia proved an eloquent exponent of the doctrine, and presented it in plain but burning words, introducing all the arguments which Blank had presented to her, and becoming so warmed up with the presentation that she almost seemed to be trying to convert her hearers to the truth of the theories—perhaps she was really hoping to do so, and thus to turn the tables on me.

The women listened with flashing eyes, and burning cheeks, and with scarcely repressed indignation and protest. Every idea and belief which they held sacred was attacked and reviled in Lydia’s presentation, and the indignation of their outraged Respectability could scarcely be restrained until Lydia had finished.

When Lydia had resumed her seat, the storm broke. The other women all tried to talk at once. The most awful terms of abuse were employed, and the whole doc-

trine was torn to shreds by their pitiless sentences. Lydia was horror stricken at their reception of the teachings, and thunderstruck at their attitude, for she had expected to meet a little circle of rather "liberal" women.

When the women had subsided a little, after denouncing in unqualified terms not only the teachings but also every man or woman voicing them, or even listening for a moment to them without a protest, I turned quietly to Lydia, saying: "Miss G—, these ladies are Mrs. Blank, and the Misses Blank, and the Whole Blank Family" (or words to that effect) And Lydia, burning with indignation, retorted "In that case I am unable to understand this violent attack, for Mr. Blank is one of the most earnest and active individuals working in the cause of Unbound Love; and is in fact the particular person who has given me the truest insight into them." And, carried away by her ardor and the heat of the conflict, she added: "And I am proud to say that he has asked me to live with him in the state of 'the free union,' and I am seriously contemplating acceding to his request in the near future."

At these last words, Mrs. Blank rose in a fury, and called the girl about everything that one jealous woman could call her feared rival, even in circles far below those in which the Blanks moved. She ended in a fit of hysterics, which required the attention of the nurse in attendance in my suite of offices. The sisters Blank, and the cousins Blank, drew back from Lydia as if they feared contamination. One of the sisters audibly expressed the opinion that the girl was a "dangerous woman" who was trying to cast reproach upon their male relative, and possibly to "blackmail" him.

Lydia was stunned. She stammered, "Why, he told me that his wife and sisters were in hearty sympathy with his views, but did not come out openly in the matter for fear of public criticism." This was the last straw.

The Whole Blank Family insisted upon leaving at once. They assured me, in terms as polite as possible under the circumstances, that they acquitted me of all wilful complicity in the occurrence, but that they had never been so insulted in their lives, and that I should beware of trusting "that creature" (Lydia) any further, but should call the attention of the police authorities to her.

On second thought, however, they decided that it would be as well to let the matter drop right there, and not to create a scandal and newspaper notoriety. They assured both Lydia and myself, however, that when Mr. Blank returned he should be thoroughly informed as to the scandalous accusations made against him by "this young person." And I smiled like Mephistopheles when they left following this threat—for it was for just this end that the whole scene had been arranged by me.

* * * * *

Lydia was stunned by the disclosures of the interview with Blank's "women folks." She had been solemnly assured by him that not only his wife, but also his sisters and the other women of his family were in sympathy with his views regarding the "outgrown marriage system" and the relation of the sexes, but that for reasons of expediency and policy they preferred not to publicly voice their convictions. He had told her that the relations between his wife and himself were merely formal (that same old lie so solemnly told by married men making love to other women), and that his wife was free to live her own life and was content to let him live his. His sisters, he had said, while not as yet manifesting their convictions in actual practice were prepared to do so "whenever the right man" appeared.

He had given her to understand that at some future time, after the two had entered into "the free life," he would take her to visit his family where she could see

for herself how much they were in harmony with his high principles and ideals on the subject. But, now, she had no illusions left on this score; the outraged and horrified women had expressed themselves so fully and so clearly on the subject that she was forced to admit that in this phase of the matter, at least, Blank had grievously deceived her. But, woman-like, she would not feel that that man was insincere and a liar all along the line, until she had heard the words from his very lips. I agreed that this was reasonable and proper, and advised the interview with him upon his return; I knew that I was safe in this, for I realized just what would be the outcome in the case of a man like Blank.

* * * * *

* Blank returned from his trip the following evening. He found a family council of his "women folk" assembled in the library of his house. What passed between the good ladies and himself need not be repeated here. He, at first, denied everything, and sought to cast the gravest reflections upon the girl in the case; and he even impugned my motives in the matter.

But his canny old mother-in-law, who had been notified by her daughter of the occurrence in my offices, and who really knew more about Blank's personal habits than did his wife, had insisted upon being present at the family council; and she did not hesitate to express herself there in forcible and convincing terms concerning his conduct. She threatened that in case of his continued denial she would face him with the girl in the presence of his wife—and at that Blank wilted. He muttered something about "a harmless flirtation," and about having had his curiosity excited in the direction of ascertaining "just how far one of those fanatical free-love women would go," and tried to have the matter dropped at that point.

It was characteristic of his audience, however, that

they blamed him not so much for what he had done, and had contemplated doing, to the girl, but rather because he had "dragged us into it" by his scandalous intimation that his family were "tarred with the same brush"—this last was unforgivable.

The interview ended with the common agreement that the less the matter were stirred up, the better it would be for everyone; and the promise that Blank would forever after forego the company of "those impossible persons." Blank promised, but with the mental reservation that he would tell Lydia just what he thought of her behavior. His ardor, however, was cooled—in fact, it was frozen.

• • • • •

The following day he communicated with Lydia over the telephone, and arranged for a meeting at once. The girl met him fully prepared to demand an explanation of his conduct. But she did not have an opportunity to state her wishes in so many words, for the man opened the batteries of his wrath upon her as soon as the door was closed. He wanted to know what she had meant by insulting his wife and family by introducing the subject of "free love, and other rotten stuff." More particularly did he revile her for having spoken of such terrible subjects "before my young sisters" (said sisters all being older than Lydia). He told her that she had forced his family to listen to talk "not fit to be discussed before decent women"; and intimated that if she ever "forced herself upon them again" he would be compelled to report the matter to the police.

In short, he assumed the position of a saint upon whose robe the sinful had spattered filth. The crowning insult came, however, when he took from his pocket a roll of bills and tried to hand it to Lydia, accompanying the motion with the remark that "This is what you are after,

of course, so take it—but this is the last that you will get from me, so don't try to work any blackmail stunt on me!"

Lydia was calm—frightfully calm—throughout the entire tirade of the righteously indignant man (for so he tried to convince himself he was). At the last and final insult, however, she burst into a peal of ironic laughter; and bestowing upon him a prolonged contemptuous glance which seemed to pierce into his inmost soul, she left the room, saying: "I thank you for furnishing me this wonderful experience, Mr. Blank; you have rendered me an invaluable service."

Lydia has long since exchanged the ironic laughter for a natural, wholesome expression of amusement. She has attained her balance. She sees that while there are many things in this old world which sadly need mending, there are still other things well worth while. While respecting the honest endeavors of honest unconventional thinkers who are endeavoring to work out a saner order of things, she now understands and detests the insincere and dishonest "hangers on" of such movements whose only object is to exploit the enthusiastic but credulous women who have been attracted to the "freer doctrine" because it has promised to cure the evils which have been brought to their notice in their own experience or that of others.

She now understands that progress lies in the direction of improving, remedying, and rectifying, and not in the mere iconoclastic tearing down of that which the race has spent centuries in carefully building up.

Regarding the problem of Sex, she believes that the remedy consists in *improving* Marriage and not in *destroying* it. And, at the last, she realizes that Man is prone to exploiting woman in the "liberal" and "radical" circles as well as in the "narrow" and "conventional" ones. She

sees that human nature does not change by the mere change of names and terms.

She takes quite an active part in certain liberal movements, and is brought in contact with many girls who are closely or remotely, directly or indirectly, threatened with the same danger which so nearly overtook her. And she has come to the rescue of many such a one, and has brought them back to sanity and rational perspective by having them apply to "radical" man the test of "*are you willing for your wife, mother, and sisters—or daughters—to do as you wish me to do in the name of 'Freedom'?*" And she bids them take not merely the word of the man for this, but to force him to allow her to discuss the matter with his "women folks." And she has seen—over and over again—the man "fall down" when this test was applied, and has witnessed him slinking away like the jackal he is, instead of the noble lion which he wished the woman to think he was.

The moral of this tale, if it has one, is this: "*It makes every difference in the world just whose ox is gored*"—or *just whose ewe lamb is stolen*. This is a truth as old as the world—but one which ever needs telling.

XIII

THE CASE OF THE MARTINS

The marriage of Fred Martin and Ethel Wright was one approved by the respective families and many friends of the two young persons, and their wedding was one of the bright events of the season. Both were members of the younger set of the oldest and most respected social circle of their home city, and the church was filled to overflowing with some of the "best people" of the town. The general opinion was that the young couple had entered married life under the most favorable aspects. The girls envied Ethel; the young men envied Fred; and the older married people envied the newly wedded pair.

Ethel was what her friends called "a sweet girl." She was womanly and gave promise of developing into the ideal wife and mother. She was well educated, yet showed no alarming "high brow" tendencies. She enjoyed the social life of her set, yet one could see that the attractions of society would never cause her to neglect her home and family. She was pure in heart, yet not a prude. She was innocent, yet not entirely ignorant of some of the plain facts which many have insisted should not be known by the unmarried woman. In short, she was a very satisfactory specimen of the modern normal, healthy-minded young woman.

Fred Martin was a very fair average specimen of the young man of his particular social circle. He gave promise of becoming a good business man, and had already

shown indications of ability in managing some of the minor departments of the manufacturing business owned by his father and uncles. He had graduated from college along with the rest of his class, neither lagging behind nor yet standing in the front rank. The word "average" seemed to come into one's mind when one thought of this young man.

Fred, while not becoming known as a particularly "fast" young man, and while having a reputation for never drinking more than was good for him, nevertheless had sown his share of the "wild oats" which Society seems to consider indispensable in the case of young men, evidently closing its eyes to the frightful crop which so often springs up after the sowing season has passed. He had "gone the pace" more for the purpose of keeping up with his associates than from any particularly licentious motives. He had visited houses of ill repute, and had associated with their inmates while "out having a good time," but was said by his friends never to visit such places at other times.

As the result of these experiences, and the lack of the proper instruction on certain important subjects, Fred had acquired the conventional mental attitude of young man regarding the subject of the physical relations between the sexes. His ideals concerning the matter had been largely influenced by his association with prostitutes, and he was lacking in that appreciation of the finer shades of feeling concerning these important relations which are entertained by women of refinement and culture. Without being naturally gross and brutish in his appetites and tastes, yet in this particular thing he was miles away from the ideals of a refined woman concerning the same fundamental facts.

Fred was not very different from most of his young men friends in this respect. It is one of the tragedies of life

that men and women are so far removed in understanding and natural feeling concerning the elemental facts of the sex relationship between man and woman. The young man is apt to emphasize the physical relations in the manifestation of affection between man and woman; while to the young woman the more subtle elements of the association are emphasized, the physical relation being felt by her to be only an incident of the greater relationship. With most women "love" is the one important thing, and the physical expression the incident; while to most men the physical expression is the important thing, and "love" is regarded as merely incidental. Of course men do not think of these matters in just these terms, and may resent the statement above made—but their actions show their general attitude, notwithstanding their protests and claims to the contrary.

The average woman utterly fails to understand the ability of the average man to divorce the physical relation from love—or the man's willingness to manifest the physical relation without the presence of love. She knows that men often do make this separation, and often indulge in the physical relation without the accompaniment of the affectional feeling and sentiment—but she fails to understand it, finding no corresponding urge within herself. On the other hand, man is too apt to consider that the woman's willingness to participate in the physical relation must spring from the same source as does his—he attributes to her the same motives, and thus entirely loses sight of the characteristic viewpoint and nature of the woman. He utterly fails to understand the woman-nature.

In another way, Fred shared the characteristic false-knowledge of his sex. From the lack of proper instruction on the subject, young men acquire a more or less distorted, coarse and impure conception of the marriage

relation and the incidents thereof. They find in the physical relation a subject for ribald mirth, coarse joking, and sneering comment. They have usually been brought in contact with a class of women who have lost their original respect for their sex-nature, and who now gain a livelihood by catering to man's lowest passions. Gradually the ideas and conceptions of the young man suffer a degeneration; and while grossly indulging his animal passions, he views them with a scornful contempt.

The young man suffers from his false education regarding the sex-nature of woman. He regards the sex-relation as essentially gross and impure, and although he may indulge in it he feels that he owes himself an apology for so doing. Naturally, this feeling extends to the women who submit to his desires and whom he feels have descended to his own low plane in order to meet him. He respects womanhood in the degree that he regards it as divorced from the physical sex-relation. He utterly fails to get the pure woman's viewpoint in which the physical relation is regarded as merely the accompaniment of love, and unthinkable under any other circumstances. He knows that the physical sex-relations with which he has become familiar have had little or nothing to do with affection and love—they have been merely an appeal and response to lust and vulgar passion—and he has no knowledge of the higher phases of the relations between the sexes, which, if known, would entirely change his mental attitude in the matter.

None of these thoughts, however, were evident to Ethel during the days of courtship and the period of engagement. Fred was a tender, respectful lover, and nothing in his words and actions ever gave to her a hint of the lack of understanding on his part to which we have referred. In the case of many lovers there is manifested this strange paradox, or duality of feeling, which tends to deceive the

woman ignorant of the ways of men. On the one side, the man honestly feels and manifests the chivalry and tender love of knighthood, while on the other side there is lying nascent within him that which will later manifest in brutal, gross, selfish lust and animal passion, awaiting merely the opportunity of gratification which will be furnished by the marriage ceremony.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that the greater part of the trouble arises from want of knowledge and sane education on the subject—or perhaps I should say, from the presence of false-knowledge and false-education derived from association with women of low ideals and debased lives. There are many men who have been given the proper instruction on the subject, and who have become acquainted with the true ideals of sex, who approach the marriage state with quite a different mental attitude—and happy is the bride who enters into marriage with such a man. I would repeat, with as much emphasis as possible, that the failing of the man is the result not of total depravity or inherent coarseness on his part, but rather from false-education, abnormal experience, and ignorance.

Those who have read the foregoing paragraphs may readily imagine the possibilities for disillusionment and future unhappiness in the case of Fred and Ethel Martin, as they left the altar before which they stood when they were pronounced man and wife. And the same possibilities, probabilities, nay, the certainties, are present in the case of thousands of young married couples every day. Into no other serious relation of life would men and women think for a moment of entering without careful instruction and the acquiring of the correct information; but, here, into this most important of all human relations, the young man and the young woman enter without a word of advice or warning. Certainly, every mother owes

it to her sex to inform her son concerning certain facts without which information he may wreck the happiness of his home and family—but how few mothers dare to broach the subject to their sons.

* * * * *

In after years, Ethel Martin was able to calmly look back over the terrible happenings of her first few days of her married life—that period which we with unconscious humor style “the honeymoon.” But at that time it seemed to her that she had been grossly deceived and betrayed by the man to whom she had given her love and the making or marring of her life’s happiness. The revelation had come as a terrible shock to her—the disillusionment was complete. She had seen her knightly lover transformed into a gross, bestial creature, devoid of all decent feeling, and seemingly desirous of revelling in the most vulgar debauchery. The woman, expecting even more tenderness and thoughtful consideration than that manifested by the man in the days of their courtship, found such a manifestation entirely lacking, but in its place a brutal disregard of her finer feelings and refined sensibilities. She felt that she had been outraged, and had been made to play an unworthy part in an indecent and degrading performance. She found herself thinking, over and over again, “This, this then is what I am wanted for.”

Ethel’s experience is but that of many another young bride. Too often, the husband entering into the marriage relation with distorted ideals and lack of education, commits a very grave offense against the person of his young wife—and this at the very beginning of their marriage relation. Many a bride has been so shocked, horrified, and disgusted by the ignorance, brutality and sensuality of her husband—by his utter lack of respect for himself, herself, and for the ordinary decencies of life—that her

love has taken wings, never to return. Thereafter ensues a deplorable condition, maintained by the economic dependence of the woman, the fear of public opinion, and the acceptance of the apparently inevitable, in which the relation of the married pair degenerates into a sort of dull, drab neutrality, with lives blunted and dulled, and with deceit as the prevailing characteristic of the counterfeit union.

Every physician knows of many instances of almost unbelievable grossness on the part of otherwise considerate, thoughtful and kind men, on the occasion of "the first night," and the succeeding days and nights, of the "honeymoon." And, this, as I have said, does not result from any innate depravity or grossness of the man, but rather from his lack of knowledge, and his false education on the subject, the latter having been obtained from inmates of the brothels he has frequented. Many a man, in after years, when he has learned the truth about these matters, has been mortified beyond measure, and grieved of heart in equal degree, when he remembers his own experience in the days and nights of early married life. But often this knowledge and remorse comes too late—for the love of the woman has been forever lost to him.

You think that I am placing too much emphasis upon this incident, do you? Then talk to any intelligent family physician about the matter, and ask him to tell you his experience regarding such things. If he is frank with you in the matter, you will agree that I have understated, rather than overstated the case. Let me, for the first and last time in this book, ask you to allow me to quote from outside authorities. Here follow the statements of three well-known, and highly respected authorities of this important subject, taken from books of wide circulation:

(1) "When first entering upon the marriage relation, young husbands are in danger of making some very serious mistakes. Many a husband has had cause to regret that in his lack of consideration he has allowed his passion to awaken in his wife such a feeling of disgust as to obliterate her affection for him, to blast the prospects of all future happiness, and to render both himself and his wife miserable throughout all their subsequent years. With ignorance on one side, inconsideration and ungovernable passion on the other, the combination is unfortunate and the results often serious. The first act of the drama which is to culminate in separation and an effort to secure a divorce, is often enacted upon the night of the very day which witnessed the marriage ceremony. The ignorance and inconsiderateness, or both, are alike to blame for this sad result—the wife for her lack of knowledge and consideration, and the husband for his lack of intelligent and thoughtful appreciation of the delicacies and dangers of the new relation. It is enough to make a thoughtful and considerate man blush to think of the scores of wives who annually confess to their physicians that the only rape that was ever committed upon them was by their own husbands, and on the first day of their married life."

(2) "Tenderly and with great consideration should these privileges be accepted, for, contrary to the opinion of many men, there is no sensual passion on the part of the bride that induces her to grant such liberties. Then how exquisitely gentle and forbearing should be the bridegroom's deportment on such occasions. Sometimes such a shock is administered to her sensibilities that she does not recover from it for years; and in consequence of this shock, rudely or otherwise administered, she forms a deeply rooted antipathy against the very act which is the bond and seal of a truly happy married life."

(3) "Do not be in too great haste to brush the bloom from the fruit you covet. It will lose half its attractions at once, if you do. Practice in lawful wedlock the arts of the experienced lover, rather than the violence of the man who commits rape, and you will find the reward of your patience very sweet and lasting. This bud of passion cannot be rudely forced open. Its development must be the work of time. If the young wife is met with violence, if she finds that her husband regards the gratification of his own desires more than her feelings—and if she be worn and wearied with excesses in the early days of her married life, the bud will be blighted. The husband will have only himself to blame if he is bound all his life to an apathetic, irresponsive wife. It is easy to imagine the unsatisfactory conjugal relations which are brought about in punishment of the husband's early impetuosity and ignorance. He finds an unreciprocal wife, and doubts her affection for him, because, with his masculine nature, he cannot conceive of a love unblended with passion. She, in her defrauded womanhood, feels aggrieved and debased by any conjugal approach—especially an enforced one—and finds it equally hard to understand how affection and passion can be united; the one she knows to be so self-forgetful and denying, and the other she has such abundant cause for believing utterly selfish and rapacious."

* * * * *

The first year of the married life of Fred and Ethel Martin served only to widen the chasm between them which had been opened by the ignorant and thoughtless conduct of the husband at the very beginning of their "honeymoon." And in this process of increasing separation of the two natures, there was manifest the same evil factor which was at the base of the first breach—**IGNORANCE!**

Fred Martin shared the opinion of many men of all circles of life—the opinion regarding “husband’s rights.” Without ever having thought much of the matter, he accepted as one of the facts of life the idea that women should “submit themselves unto their husbands,” without questioning or protest. To him, and to his kind, there could be no “wrong” in the marriage relation—the legal and religious sanction transformed all things into “right” ones. He considered it “natural” for the woman to so submit herself, never stopping to think that even the female of the lower animal kind possesses, and infallibly exercises, the right and privilege of consent or refusal; and that the unmarried woman of the human race does the same, except in case of rape; it being reserved for the “civilized” married woman, and the female slave, alone, to become the sexual “property” of a man, according to law and custom.

It is time that men should learn that “husband’s rights” are often “husband’s wrongs.” To assume that a man has a “right” to the person of a woman—even though that woman be his wife—is to insist upon a “right” artificially acquired in the old state of serfdom to which woman was subjected at one time in the history of the race, and one which has no correspondence in the free natural life of either the human race or of the lower animals. The female animal acknowledges no such “right” on the part of the male—neither did primitive woman. The primitive woman, and the female animal, will defend with her life her right to her sex-self, as against the undesired male, or even against a favorite male at an undesired time. And the primitive man, and the male animal knows enough to respect this natural feeling on the part of the female—even though she be his lifetime mate; and so does, or will, the civilized man who has acquired wisdom on the subject.

And, so, as the months rolled by Fred lost even the slight vestiges of Ethel's love for him which had survived the first shock of disillusionment. And Ethel began to manifest the characteristic physical appearance of the woman whose sex nature is outraged in this way. She lost color, and her spirits drooped, and she began to show signs of a nervous breakdown. Not only was her husband regardless of her wishes, desires, and natural inclinations, and insistent upon subordinating everything to his own desires and passions, but he was also ignorant as to the normal extent, limits and frequency of the gratification of his passions. Ethel's case, as afterward related to her physician, disclosed an almost unbelievable abuse of normal function—but such cases are far from unusual in the experience of the family physician.

No children came to the Martins. The couple drifted apart gradually. After a time, Ethel sought to escape the bondage of her matrimonial relations by frequent and long extended trips and vacations to far distant places. She traveled much, and it was noted that she was never so well and attractive as after she had been away from her husband for several weeks. Then the roses returned to her cheeks, and her spirits rose to nearly their old level.

After a time the husband and wife drifted so far apart that they practically led their own lives, each without regard to that of the other. They were now married merely in name, and all the usual relations between husband and wife became a thing of the past with them. Finally they appealed to the divorce courts to sever the bond that was indeed a "bond," the pressure of which was eating into their souls. The end of the play had come. Was it a tragedy, or a farce?

* * * * *

Fred has married again—this time to a fashionable

widow of a somewhat over-developed sexuality, who demands of her new husband an excessive compliance with her desires similar to those which he had previously demanded of his former wife. By the irony of circumstance he is subjected to the same one-sided exercise of "rights" that he had previously so rigorously insisted upon on his own part. His new wife tyrannizes over him in many ways, chief of which is by open or veiled threats of seeking more congenial male associates if he should fail to render to her that conjugal attention and marital devotion which her nature craves, and which she demands as her normal "right." He is showing signs of broken health, and is likely to become a nervous wreck; beside which he is drinking heavily and neglecting his business. He lives in a state of jealous irritation, and his mind is filled with suspicion of his wife, for he reposes not the slightest trust in her loyalty, and he knows that she has not a particle of true affection for him. He has become the victim of poetic justice, and in the words of the old operatic verse "the punishment fits the crime," in his case.

* * * * *

Ethel passed through a long period in which she hated all men, and in which she saw only the beast in them. Finally, however, she yielded to the devotion of a man of about forty-five years of age—about the last man in whom she would have been thought to take an interest. This man was a widower, and had the reputation of having been the participant in several celebrated cases, two of which had resulted in newspaper scandals and divorce proceedings on the part of the injured husband. He was very attractive to women, and seemed to fascinate them—for he understood them.

Ethel knew of the reputation of the man, and at first dreaded him as representing what to her was such a hateful thing—the passions of man. But subtly the man grad-

ually impressed her with the idea that though his morals might have been open to just criticism, still he was not a "beast" in certain ways known only too well to her. Ethel seemed to attract him in a different way from the women of his former experiences—he seemed to perceive in her (and it really existed there) an undeveloped love nature which waited the approach of "the right man" to nature into full blossom, perfume, and beauty. And, finally, Ethel accepted his offer in marriage, after a most unconventional conversation with the man, and a frank statement and promise on his part—the latter, by the way, having since been conscientiously kept by him.

This marriage, singularly enough—or, perhaps naturally enough—proved very successful. Ethel found her new husband to be everything which the old one was not, and lacking in the objectionable traits which had caused the first marriage to be a failure. From the first, he manifested the attitude of a lover toward the woman he had married, and in every way sought to avoid shocking her sensibilities or arousing a protest from her womanhood. It may be objected to that in this he was but exercising the arts of the practiced lover, the efficacy of which he had tested by previous experience—but I have nothing to say about this, for I am but relating the results in the case. Ethel responded to the method of her new husband, and gave to him that which she had never been able to give to Fred—the full manifestation of wifely love. The two have now been married for several years, and their friends jokingly refer to them as "the perennial lovers," so ideally do their respective natures harmonize and blend. Some, somewhat cynically, have been heard to say "I do not believe that they are really married—they seem to be too much in love with each other." But, they themselves know that they are one of the few who are

“really and truly” married, and, therefore, so much in love with each other.

* * * * *

I shall not attempt to point out the moral of this Case of the Martins—some, indeed, may think that it has none. For my part, I think that there are several to be found in the case—but I prefer that each of you discover them yourself.

XIV

THE CASE OF SARAH PERKINS

Several years ago, I was summoned as a witness in a certain case coming to trial in the Criminal Court of a county in a near-by state. It is not necessary to go into details concerning said case, for, though interesting and important to a student of medical jurisprudence, it has no direct bearing upon the case before us for consideration here. Enough to say that I was cited to appear in the trial of the said case as an expert witness, being called to establish the existence of certain physical conditions which were held to have resulted in certain mental disturbances on the part of the woman on trial.

The case in question did not come to trial for several days after the expected date, but was delayed by reason of the court calendar being filled with minor cases placed ahead of the more important cases on the list. As I had nothing left for me to do other than to wait patiently for the calling of the case in which I would appear as a witness, and as I found that the time hung rather heavily on my hands when I waited at the hotel, I determined to attend the sessions of the court in which were being tried the minor case on the list before referred to. My experience had taught me that even in many of such cases there was to be found material for careful thought and consideration, and sometimes information of value to me in my own special branch of professional practice. It was during my attendance upon these trials of minor cases

that my attention was directed to the Case of Sarah Perkins, and to the class of general cases to which the said case belongs.

For nearly the entire period of two days the court was engaged in the trial of cases brought by the State against young men who were charged with being guilty of having had illicit relations with young women and girls, such relations having been followed by pregnancy and childbirth. In the ancient phraseology of the courts of that old Commonwealth, this offense was technically known as "Fornication and Bastardy," which was somewhat flippantly abbreviated by the lawyers and court employees to "F. & B." I remember hearing the attorney for the defense, in the case for which I had been called, apologizing to me for being kept in waiting so long during the trial of "those 'F. & B. cases.'"

The county seat was a small town of about 5,000 inhabitants, but the county was a large one containing several fair sized towns; the cases for the whole county of course coming for trial to the court house in the county-seat. Most of the 'F. & B. cases' involved young men and women from the principal town in the county, a city of about 60,000 inhabitants, the balance being almost evenly divided among the other townships of the county. I noticed that where the young people came from the rural districts many of the cases were dismissed upon the recommendation of the District Attorney, because the principals had married since the proceedings had begun. Most of the cases coming from the larger town, however, reached the court for adjudication.

In most of the latter cases, however, there was merely a show of a defense, and the proceedings were more or less perfunctory. In such cases the District Attorney would avoid going into details in his examination of the girl, who was always the first witness called. He would

generally ask the following questions, in the order given: "State whether or not you gave birth to an illegitimate child." "State the date of the birth of such child." "Who is the father of such child?" "Are you married to him?" "When did you maintain the relations with this man which resulted in the birth of this child?" "Where?" The answers were usually given with like brevity and directness by the girl; and in absence of an active defense by the accused young man the case then was adjudicated by the judge, as jury trial was usually waived in cases in which there was no active defense. The penalty was usually the imposition of a nominal fine, accompanied with a provision that security be furnished for the payment of the lying-in expenses of the girl, and for the support of the child during its early childhood. In absence of the furnishing of such security, the young man went to jail, unless some other arrangement was accepted by the court.

The attorney in my case, seated by my side, leaned over to me when these cases began to be called on the first of the two days during which I waited, and whispered into my ear: "Take note of the number of 'Camp Meeting Cases' on this list of 'F. & Bs.' " I was at a loss to understand the meaning of his strange remark, at first; but the full realization of a remarkable state of affairs was borne upon me as case after case was called on this calendar of misfortune and mistake. To some present the startling association between religious emotion and sexuality seemed to be the subject of coarse or flippant jest; but to me the cases brought back recollections of previous investigations into similar cases, and my reading along similar lines—and the matter was viewed by me as a series of life tragedies, and far from being comedies.

In case after case, when the question was asked the unfortunate girl: "When?" the faltering voice named a

date within a two weeks period occurring about eleven months before the time of the trial; and when the next question "Where?" was asked, the almost whispered answer came "At the Shady Grove Camp Meeting!" To me, accustomed as I was to unexpected facts brought out in the cases presenting themselves to my professional attention, the effect of these answers (so often repeated as to become almost the expected) made by these young women, each carrying in her arms the babe which was the physical evidence of the violation of the statute, was startlingly dramatic and tragic; and I resented the half-smothered giggle which would sound through the courtroom at each recurrence of the strange answer to the question "Where?"

During the noon recess of the court, and while taking lunch with the lawyer in my case, I asked for an explanation of the matter, and he gave me very full and detailed particulars concerning the unusual state of affairs.

He told me, in the first place, that in the large town of the county, and also in some of the smaller nearby towns, there was a fanatical religious sect known as "The Holy Ghost Church," which was better known by the irreverent appellation of "The Holy Jumpers," the latter name having been applied to them by a scoffing public because of the tendency toward excited leaping, jumping, and similar physical contortions on the part of the members of the cult, manifested at their regular meetings but more particularly at the yearly "revivals" held in a wooded section of the county known as "Shady Grove"—the yearly "revival" meetings being known as "the Shady Grove Campmeeting," as the faithful erected temporary tents on the ground for shelter during the two weeks annual meeting.

These camp meetings were attended largely by the young people of the nearby towns, particularly the large

towns, as access to the grounds was rendered easy by the trolley cars and a nominal carfare. The young people were originally attracted to the meetings by curiosity, and by a love of excitement—and there was much excitement furnished them by the hysterical physical contortions of those “convicted of their sins” by the sensational and fantastic preachings of those conducting the meetings. It is probable that the opportunity to roam about with comparative freedom in the extensive woods surrounding the camp may have had something to do with the popularity of the night meetings with the young people; but so far as I could ascertain the element of emotional excitement played a very important part in the matter, for although the grounds and woods were open to the public all the year around, they were practically deserted by visitors except at the times of the meetings.

The young people nearly all agreed that they had visited the camp “to see the fun,” in the first place; but that many of them had become “interested” or “carried away” by the emotional excitement of the meetings, and not a few of them had “professed religion” before the meetings closed, though they had almost forgotten the whole matter a few months later. Investigation afterward made by some friends of mine whom I had interested in the case revealed the fact that quite a number of the girls who had come into court with their nameless babes in their arms, the fathers having refused to marry the mothers, had experienced at least a partial “conviction” at the camp, and had been under the sway of the hysterical emotion brought about by the intense excitement prevailing at the meetings of “the Holy Jumpers.”

According to the best information, the actions of some of the “convicted” and “converted” at these meetings were akin to those familiar to students of abnormal psychology in its phase of many forms of so-called “reli-

gious" excitement. In many primitive communities these things are still to be found, and in Southern negro camp-meetings they are said to be still common. But in the communities such as I have named as the scene of the present cases, these occurrences are now comparatively rare, and are confined almost solely to the meetings of some of the fanatical sects such as "the Holy Jumpers."

The devotees at the meetings were said to jump, turn somersaults, handsprings, and to perform similar acrobatic contortions, shouting all the time the news of their "conviction" or "conversion." It was said to be quite common for men and women to indulge in prolonged mutual embraces, and to kiss each other publicly—these demonstrations being approved of under the name of "the holy embrace," and "the holy kiss." And yet, there was no moral "looseness" taught by the preachers; on the contrary, the theology was of the most orthodox type, and consisted principally of threats of eternal hell for the transgressor who did not repent, and an eternal state of ecstatic joy and of bliss for those who did repent of their sins.

The "regular" religious denominations of the community frowned upon these exhibitions of religious lack of self-control, and used all their influence in the direction of keeping their young people away from the campmeetings; but the attraction was too great to be easily resisted, and the young people were in the habit of "sneaking off" to them whenever they got the opportunity.

But the objection on the part of the elders arose almost solely because of their lack of sympathy with the particular form of the services of the cult, and because they did not approve of "such doings"; there seems to have been no conception whatsoever of the danger of the young people being affected by the hysteria and abnormal psychological contagion to which they were exposed at these

meetings. In fact, it is probable that many of the good parents would have resented any such suggestion, because they would imagine it to be a reflection upon Religion in general. Such people are very loath to being told that "evil can come out of good," even though the "good" may be of a form which does not appeal to their particular tastes. Many persons would be benefited by having some of the plain truths of psychology blended with their theology—and many of the best informed preachers are now recognizing this fact, and passing it on to their congregations.

The lawyer who explained to me the "reason" why the date of the two weeks camp-meeting of the "Holy Jumpers" happened to be the date given in court as that of the downfall of so many young girls, and "just why" the scene of the campmeeting happened to be the place named by the girls in answer to the question "Where" asked by the District Attorney, did not realize the psychological explanation of the unfortunate occurrences. Instead, he, and the general public with him, held to the idea that it was a case of the "natural cussedness of human nature" which caused the time and place of a so-called "religious" meeting to be the time and place of such manifestations of "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

But when I told him that medical science could furnish a perfectly logical sequence of cause and effect in the case, he seemed interested, and said: "Well, in that case, there may be a satisfactory explanation of the case of Sarah Perkins, which has caused much talk and comment in this community—a very sad case by the way. This case was on the original list of 'F. & Bs' at this term of court—but it will not be called, for it has passed to a Court of Higher Jurisdiction."

I asked him for the particulars of this case, but he

said that he preferred that I hear the story from the lips of a member of my own profession who happened to be the one person in possession of the "inside information" in the case, and who would doubtless be glad to share the same with me. He invited me to have a talk with this physician at the club that same evening, for he would see that he was there to meet us.

That evening, over our cigars, the lawyer and myself listened to the "inside history" of the Case of Sarah Perkins, as given to the physician by the girl herself several months previous to that time; supplemented by a recital of the subsequent developments in the case. Without any attempt to reproduce the exact words of the physician, I herewith give you the main facts of the case as he related them to me.

Sarah Perkins was about sixteen years of age, and was a plain, everyday sort of girl, coming from honest parents, and having been brought up under apparently careful training, and under favorable environments. She was a girl of good habits and principles, a good scholar at the schools she had attended, and a regular attendant of Sunday School. She was of a rather serious turn of mind, with a tendency toward church-going and church societies. There was nothing "flighty," or "gay" about her—certainly no indications of "fastness." In the ordinary course of events she would beyond doubt have developed into a good average wife and mother, and have lived as a respectable and worthy member of society in the town in which she was born and in which she had lived ever since.

Sarah was not "boy crazy," although she manifested the usual normal, healthy liking for the company of young men of her acquaintance. She had begun to "keep company" with a rather dull, though well-regarded, young man of her own social class, who was about eighteen years

of age. The young man was neither "gay" nor "fast"—in fact was of about the same general character and reputation as the girl. They were merely a pair of average young adolescents—neither better nor worse. Their respective families were well satisfied with their "keeping company," and had no objections to their continuing the same until they were a few years older, when they would probably marry as did the young people of their set—early marriages being regarded as the rule in that portion of the little community.

The young people were fond of attending the "Shady Grove Campmeeting," and no particular objection was interposed thereto by their families; the only stipulation being that they should return home at a "respectable hour." They attended this particular year's meeting rather more regularly than usual, but nothing unusual in their demeanor was noticed; that is, with the possible exception that Sarah seemed to have been more than usually impressed with the religious spirit of the meetings—if such that spirit might have been called. Her parents told her that it was all right if she really felt "moved" by the preaching, but that if she wished to join church she should connect herself with her own denomination, rather than with "that freaky set of Holy Jumpers."

Several months after the meetings had closed, the girl began to manifest unusual physical irregularities and disturbances, the nature of which she did not seem to suspect. After attempts to relieve her by the familiar home remedies, aided by patent medicines advertised in the home papers, the family had her visit the physician who was telling me the story. He at once perceived the nature of the trouble—the girl was pregnant, and the supposed illness was but the usual conditions manifested by a woman who would become a mother in the due course of time taken by Nature in such cases.

He told the girl plainly what was the trouble, and in a kindly sympathetic way questioned her regarding the occurrences which had led up to her present condition. The girl, overcome with distress, told him frankly and fully what had occurred, and begged that he explain the matter to her parents, for she feared that they would blame her and would consider her to be "a bad girl," which she insisted she was not. She not only gave the physician the physical data which he wanted, but went into other details—in fact, she literally bared her girlish and undeveloped soul to him.

She told the physician that she had attended several of the meetings at the camp, in company with the young man with whom she was "keeping company;" and that she had felt "stirred" by the sermons and exhortations of some of the preachers. She said that she had felt "very much worked up" regarding the welfare of her soul, and had "felt very serious" for several days. One night, she said, the preacher had delivered a powerful sermon upon the subject of "Love one another," which had been followed by marked demonstrations on the part of the faithful in the form of "the holy embrace," "the holy kiss" exchanged between the men and women of the flock, particularly between the new Converts.

She said that she had felt strangely "excited" and "all worked up" by the sermon, and the subsequent scenes. She then took the usual walk "in the woods" with her young man, and when he placed his arm around her and kissed her as usual, she confessed to having felt herself carried away with an unusual emotional excitement, which swept her off her feet, but which she insisted had not seemed to her to be "badness."

The two young people sat down, and evidently indulged in ardent demonstrations of their affection—nothing more than at other times; only "kissing and hugging,"

the girl said. Then, she said they began to talk of marriage—their own marriage at some future time, and how happy they would be when the day arrived. Then, the girl said, she had told the young man that she felt that they were really married in spirit, at the present time, and wished that they were both of age so that they could have the minister “speak the words” over them right then and there.

She insisted that the young man was not to blame for what had followed as a natural consequence—she absolved him of all the blame, if blame there was in the case, and said that it was “all my own fault,” and that “I oughtn’t to have said what I did to him.” But she insisted positively that they did not intend to be “bad,” and that they did not feel as if they had sinned. She said that as they walked back to the camp, they had indulged in talk about “being married in the eyes of God,” and that no thought of impurity had entered their minds, although they felt that they had been indiscreet. The girl even insisted that they had knelt in prayer before entering the camp grounds on their return, and had asked God to love and help them, as He knew that they loved each other and were married in His eyes.

The succeeding meetings of the camp brought repetitions of the folly of these young people; but the girl insisted that after the close of the meetings there had been no repetition, and that there had then come to them a clear perception of their mistake, and a determination not to repeat the same. While she did not understand the exact connection between the hysteria of the meeting and their own actions, still the girl seemed to feel certain that the “excitement” of the meetings, and the state of “happiness” of the devotees and converts, had in some way upset her own judgment and had caused her to “act foolish.” She would not

admit having experienced a single sense of having "sinned," however, or of having been "bad"—she was as firm as a rock in her conviction on these points.

The physician, believing the girl's story, and understanding the nature of the case, carefully and cautiously broke the news to her family. Her parents were horrified, and at first were disposed to blame the girl for her "badness," and might have even thrown her out of the home if it had not been for the protestations of the physician. He talked earnestly to them, and spoke intelligently of the temptations of young people in their position, and appealed to the charity and love of the parents. They finally agreed to "make the best of it," and they forgave the girl as well as they were able to do, considering their training and conventional outlook.

The physician then consulted the parents of the boy. They were very indignant, and from the first blamed the girl for "leading their dear boy astray." The boy, called in, admitted the facts, and tried to take all the blame. He had evidently not possessed the high ideals of the girl in the case, and was not so free as was she from the sense of having been "bad"; but he said that he was older than was she, and that he was the one who "should have known better." The physician suggested a speedy marriage for the young people as the right and only way out of the difficulty; and the boy was eager to follow this course, not only because of his sense of duty, but also because he loved and respected the girl, and realized her innate pureness and freedom from evil intentions.

But the boy's parents positively refused to listen to any such suggestion; to them the girl was "bad" from beginning to end, and was "evil" at heart. They would not allow the family to be disgraced by "any such person" being brought in to it. They said that their duty was

to protect their boy from "such a huzzy" as Sarah Perkins; and that they would send him away to an uncle in a neighboring county, and would "let the court settle the rest of the matter." They said that they would pay what the court would decide the boy should pay, and that ended the matter for them. As for the girl, they said "she has made her bed, now let her lay in it." And, so, there the matter ended with them. They sent the boy away, and prepared to settle the matter in court when it reached there. And yet they were not particularly unkind people, as the world goes; they were simply the conventional, everyday "respectable" parents—that's all.

The girl was sent to an aunt in a nearby town, and her child was born there. The case was reported to the District Attorney, in compliance with the requirements of the law in such cases, and it was placed on the list of the "F. & Bs", and set for trial at the forthcoming term of court. But it was never reached for trial, as the lawyer had said.

So far as could be learned, the girl had visited the leading preacher of the "Holy Jumpers" shortly after the birth of her child. This fanatical personage had assured the girl that there was but little hope of forgiveness on earth, or hereafter, for her—although "while the lamp held out to burn, the vilest sinner might return"; and that perhaps a life of repentance, and good works in the particular cult to which he belonged, might possibly help somewhat.

He called her a Magdalene, and quoted Scriptural verses in which occurred the word "harlot" and similar phases. He told her that she would always be a vile thing in the eyes of Christian men and women, and also in the eyes of God. He pretended to be horrified when she told him the circumstances under which the "crime" had occurred; in fact, he gave her to understand that the

offence committed in the very shadow of the Holy Meeting, caused it to appear very much like "the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost," in his eyes, and that in the eyes of God she was beyond redemption except by a miraculous exercise of His power of forgiveness.

[It may be of collateral interest to record that later in the same year this same old hypocrite was "run out of town" after an exposure of his immoral relations with quite a number of the women of his flock—he being shown to have been for a number of years a lecherous, lascivious old scoundrel, who had recently worked the ruin of over a dozen young women and girls of his congregation.]

Sarah walked home, carrying her babe in her arms. This time she scarcely noticed that her former friends passed her with averted eyes, or else crossed the street when they saw her coming their way. Her mind was filled with the terrible sentence pronounced upon her by the old hypocrite of a preacher, and her soul was filled with horror, remorse and despair.

She crossed the bridge which connected one side of the town with the other, and under which ran the web of railroad tracks which divided the town. A fast express train was nearing the bridge. The girl saw it, and the way of deliverance and possible redemption by sacrifice opened itself to her mind. As the train rushed on toward the bridge, the girl clasped the babe close to her breast, and throwing herself over the railing of the bridge she plunged under the wheels of the heavy train, and the lives of the mother and babe were ended.

And, this is why the Case of Sarah Perkins never was tried in the court at the county seat—it had passed to the Count of Higher Jurisdiction.

* * * * *

The best authorities on the subject may be said to practically agree upon the fact that there is a very close con-

nection between intense, unusual and continued excitement of the religious emotions in the case of adolescents (i. e. young people of either sex in the period of life between puberty and maturity) and a marked sexual excitation. The carefully reasoned out theories of the cause of this correlation need not be gone into here, for the subject is too technical to be covered in a brief popular statement; but there is the best authority for the statement that in many cases unusual and abnormal excitement of the religious emotions, such as often occurs at certain sensational "revivals," and other meetings and exercises of the kind, have been followed by unfortunate results among the young people subjected to such emotional excitement.

In the case of young girls, particularly, it has been found that such unusual emotional excitement, particularly if long continued, frequently results in a species of hysteria which tends to become transformed into unconscious sexual desire, and which predisposes the young girl to inclinations in the direction indicated, and also tends to render weak her resistance to temptations along those lines.

This is no new idea, although it has remained for modern science to place the phenomenon on a scientific basis. From the earliest times it has been noted that abnormal emotional excitement arising from religious stimulation has been accompanied by a reaction in the direction of sexual excitement and consequent immoral actions. History is full of instances of the kind, and the strange association of religion and lust so often found in ancient religions (and in many modern strange cults) is now recognized as having a valid psychological and physiological basis.

I need scarcely say, however, that the actual religious element of the meetings and revivals is not the cause of

the trouble—the trouble arises from the abnormal emotional dress in which religious element is draped. A similar emotional excitement is known to result from excessive novel reading, in which the emotions are strongly and frequently excited. Certain forms of music (such as that of the “jazz” type), if indulged in too frequently, tend to produce a similar excitement of the emotions; and recent experience has shown us the danger of certain erotic phases of the dance. Again, it has been noted that an over-indulgence in the matter of attendance at the theatre where strongly emotional plays are being produced has had similar results. In fact, it may be stated as a general principle that an intense and long continued unusual excitation of the emotional nature (particularly in the case of young women) tends to induce a tendency toward sexual excitement.

Without attempting to go into the details of the psychological explanation, it may be said to be a general rule that where the emotions are strongly and continuously excited, the action of the intellect becomes weakened and inhibited, and the will-power to resist outside influence becomes weaker. There appears in such cases to be a “letting go” of the restraints built up through many generations of social life of the race, and a reversion to the early types and conditions in which the emotions and feelings rule the actions, with but little restraint and control on the part of reason and will. In addition to this must be mentioned the will-weakening influence of the “crowd contagion” in cases where “the crowd” manifests lack of self restraint and indulges in the hysterical actions so frequent in instances like the meetings of the “Holy Jumpers” mentioned in this recital.

In the case of young people, particularly young women and girls, attending meetings of the “Holy Jumper” type, and yielding to the excitement and emotional contagion

to be found in such crowds, it would seem that there is aroused a powerful emotional impulse which, like all other emotional impulses, seeks expression in action. If the young person does not get to the point of dissipating the emotional strength in the manner of the devotees to indulge in the grotesque activities of jumping, rolling, shouting, etc., there remains an unexpended emotional force which naturally will seek the next easiest channel of expression—and this channel, too often, in young people is found to be along the lines of sexuality. It is not the "religion" of the meeting which causes this result—it is the unusual and abnormal emotional excitement induced by the sensational preaching, the earnest rhythmic singing, and the contagion of the excitement manifested by the "worked up" devotees that reacts in the manner indicated.

In short, the frequently noticed unfortunate sequels to meetings of this kind in a community arise not from "the natural cussedness of human nature," as the lawyer considered it, but rather from perfectly natural and scientifically explainable psychological and physiological causes. The indulgence on the part of young people in what has aptly been called an "emotional jag," arising from any of several causes, often results in their "losing their heads," and "going the limit" in their emotional orgy—only to suffer from the reaction surely resulting in the case of emotional inebriation as well as that of alcoholic inebriation.

The Case of Sarah Perkins has many counterparts in all sections of the country, as many thoughtful persons have recognized. In due time public opinion, and the law, will take cognizance of these dangers, and will take steps to cure the evil. The fact that these Psychological Crimes are committed in the name, and under the guise of Religion, will prove no protection for their perpetra-

tors, when once the public mind recognizes and realizes the nature and consequences of these abnormal exhibitions of emotional excitement, mental suggestion, and "contagion of the crowd."

THE END

125-



Handwritten scribbles and the letters "ibr" are visible in this area.

