



OUR WHITE SLAVES MUST BE FREE

America now stands forth as the scene of the greatest battle of the world between the forces for good and the white slavers. It is doubtful if ever in the history of civilization was waged such a fight as is being fought to-day for the preservation of the country's good name and against the unspeakable traffic in girls, known as White Slavery.

The people are aroused; their sensibilities have at last been touched. For the first time since the beginning of anti-vice crusades the decent forces of the community, from the government officials to private citizens, from specific reform associations to church bodies, have risen in response to the signal of alarm sounded by leaders. The total reform force of the community has been set in motion. America has awakened. The knell has been sounded, and the infamous white slaver, canker sore on the face of modern civilization, is to be hunted, and fought, and prosecuted to his death.

Not alone for the sake of the white slaves themselves, but for the sake of civilization, is the mottoes of the new crusaders, and this is the motto that has been adopted by the varied but consolidated army that will fight shoulder to shoulder until white slaving is a thing of the past.

The forces that make up the army are as representative for good as could be gathered together throughout the United States, not counting the hundreds of private citizens who have volunteered to act as detectives in running down white slavery.

Arrayed against them in sullen battle, foully fighting



for continuance of the terrible conditions that make their existence possible, are the white slavers, the "owners" and sellers of the unfortunate enslaved girls, the keepers of unnameable resorts, proprietors of tough saloons, the boss politicians to whom these people and places are a power in time of election and a source of rich graft the year around, and lastly the unspeakable male vermin who hang around the fringes of the Red Lights and live on the pitiful pittances that fall from the table of unfortunate women. It is a fight between the decent element and the foul beings who squirm and toss in the slime of the under-world. It is a fight between the good and the unspeakably bad. For once the good starts out with the determination to stay in the fight until the evil is wiped from the face of the earth.