

GLIMPSSES OF UNDERWORLD

W. G. MacLaren, Superintendent of the Portland Commons and of the Women's Rescue Work, who was in Independence recently, delivered the following address at the Calvary Presbyterian church. His mission here was more particularly to present the work of the Portland Commons in their efforts in behalf of discharged and paroled prisoners:

Glimpses from the underworld X Isaiah 42:22. "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith, Restore."

We are living in an age of indifference to righteousness, and how to make the indifferent different is the great problem.

1st Cor. 1:18. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God."

Delinquency in the home, the church, city, county and state officials is alarming and appalling. Degeneracy on every hand. The whole race seems to have gone mad. The frenzied spirit faces us on every hand.

A young man appointed as a delegate to his club convention in one of our large cities kissed his sweet wife of a few months good bye; and while away a company of men bent on a good time visited the scarlet district in that eastern city. This young man, on his return to his home town with a broken heart said: "My God, my God, I would give my right arm if I could look into the face of my good, pure wife with as free a conscience as I did before I left home."

A young couple, eighteen months married, with a sweet-faced baby, bright prospects, happy surroundings, never dreamed that sorrow was near. Their first born was stricken with convulsions. They waited patiently on the little one, did everything that they could; the family doctor called, he shook his head and the little one passed away. The mother stood by the open grave—the room without windows—and as the little casket was lowered to the ground to its resting place, she gave a sigh and murmured, "My God, why was God so cruel as to take my little darling away?" The husband stood and gritted his teeth, spoke not a word, but the saying rang in his ears: "The way of the transgressor is hard; and what ye sow that also shall ye reap" and musing on the nights of revelry, the voice of conviction said unto him: "Thou art the man." The family doctor knew but he kept his secret. They went to school together, they visited each other's homes; he was well respected and well thought of. He mixed in the best of society, but there were vacation seasons when he visited a society that was different.

This age of prosperity has overpowered goodness and caused men to lose sight of God. A continued performance of burlesque, the clink of the glass, the music and song, gaiety and frivolity,—My God, my God; how long will these last?

We have an army of immoral, impassioned inhuman practitioners against the law of human nature. Talk of the white plague. It is not to be compared with the white slave trade. Go with me to the Portland scarlet district. Let us cut out our false modesty. Let us look this awful traffic squarely in the face, and then God fearing people will be compelled to cry out: "My God, my God; how awful!"

Only a few months ago in the north end of Portland ran a cigar and confectionery store. He advertised in our public papers: "Wanted, good looking, bright, intelligent girls from 14 to 20. Good salary, light work." This man was suspected and after investigation found that he owned three houses of prostitution. He was convicted and found guilty.

How to make the indifferent spirit toward this awful condition different is the problem. We, as a people, seem to care more for stock than we do for human beings. We have market inspectors, hog inspectors, cattle inspectors, but no lodging house, tenement and scarlet district inspectors.

Scene in Municipal Court

John Doe, you are accused of having sold strawberries packed in a strawberry box that already had been used for that purpose; guilty or not guilty? Guilty. Fined \$10.00.

John Doe, you are accused of permitting a cat to purr against a batch of bread in your bake room. Guilty or not guilty. Guilty. Fined \$25. The amusing part of the story is the cat did not belong to the baker, but the baker having unfortunately a broken pane of glass in his bake shop, the cat took the privilege and liberty of creeping in. It seems so ridiculous that we can spend good money to investigate such cases when in our large cities hundreds of mothers' girls are being contaminated and sold into slavery nightly. An army of men in all walks of life are rubbing elbows in contact while dabbling in the cesspool of the vilest contamination. 178 girls, not one of them over 20 years of age, were cared for at the Loise Home; 5 babies born and some of them contaminated—the result of our scarlet district. Many touching stories could be told here regarding these poor, weak unfortunates. I will quote one. A sweet-faced seventeen year-old girl was lured away from her home to one of our road-house resorts and rescued after her ruin was accomplished. Glimpses of the underworld XX and hysterical mother suffered untold agony. This probably could have been avoided if we looked after human beings rather than after less important things—cattle and hogs.

From one lodging house, five girls were rescued, two of them contaminated, and one of them in an unfortunate condition. Not one of these girls was over eighteen years of age, and all came from the suburbs of Portland.

The saloon and the scarlet district are a disgrace to civilized America. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Men are moral cowards; men are selling their honor; what is needed is a clean sweep! This is a battle—purity and morals against silver and gold! This may seem a strong assertion, but nevertheless it is true. The cause of the whole business is rotten politics and the saloon. The great cause of the social crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When we hear of a family broken up, ask for the cause—drink. If you go with a man to the gallows, ask the victim the cause—drink. Then I demand every man of you to study the cause, and you will be compelled to say, rotten politics and the saloon.

Then the chiftians of the blotched face—the army of rum sellers will try to tell us there is no sin in it, no hell hereafter; and they are rushing them in to hell by the regiment every day.

Have you ever visited St. Augustine, Florida, that historic city, famed all over the world for its beauty, stately coconut trees and waving palms, flowers and beautiful esplanades, bands of music and other things, the old historic market place where the black woman was sold at auction? We can hear the crack of the whip and the barking of the dogs; we can hear the wailings of the colored mother and the screechings of a young woman about to be sold into slavery. We hear the auctioneer's voice shouting, "I am bid once, I am bid twice, I am bid three times," and the last time she is sold to her master. We can see him take her by the hand and pull her roughly to his side. Money was spent and blood was shed to free the black, but we have in our land of liberty today a greater slave trade, a more heart-rending slave trade, the wickedest slave trade—the selling of our young womanhood.

In that same historic city a few blocks from the market place there stand a lot of little houses where fair American young womanhood are being sold for silver dollars. These conditions exist in Oregon—all over Oregon. We are compelled to say that men in office and out of office, who tolerate such conditions to exist, are moral cowards.

In the scarlet district we have rooming houses that are accommodation houses; grills and restaurants registration booths of vice; skating rinks and dance halls the initiating parlors for the scarlet life. Rotten on the left of us, rotten on the right of us, rotten behind us and in front of us! Do the police know? Do they see? If not we ought to send them to the blind school.

Again, did you ever think of the product the saloon puts out? Have you ever traveled along the by-lanes of the scarlet district and looked in the windows to see the accursed goods for sale? Next door you see three brass balls, the sign of distress and sorrow. You will find in the window baby shoes, sold for the price of an inhuman father's drink.

A fur cloak, probably a marriage present; marriage rings snatched from the wife's fingers to satisfy the appetite of an alcoholic maniac; a

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For Men SUITS, OVERCOATS, HATS, UMBRELLAS, SMOKING JACKETS, BATH ROBES, FANCY SHIRTS, NECKWEAR AND ALL ARTICLES OF MEN'S WEARING APPAREL.

For Women UMBRELLAS, MUFFLERS, BATH ROBES, INDIAN BLANKETS AND ROBES, SWEATER COATS. WE HAVE A NEW AND FULL ASSORTMENT OF MEN'S TOILET SETS, MILITARY BRUSHES, TIE RINGS AND COLLAR BOXES. THESE ARE ARTICLES THAT EVERY MAN AND BOY LIKES.

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Prices Right, Quality Paramount

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family Bible,—anything and everything to satisfy the demoniac craving of the wild inebriate. I am compelled to cry, "My God, my God, stop the blotched faced army of inhuman robbers. They will steal mother's girl; they will steal your husband, your son, and your home, farm or factory."

In the penitentiary today, we have 425. Ask them why they are there and eighty per cent will tell you, "Behold I played the fool. I drank till I was mad, I committed a crime, and I am paying the penalty."

We have 1620 in our state insane asylum. It is needless to ask them why they are there. Crimes against the laws of human nature has driven them mad. You can trace it and investigate and you will come to this same conclusion, "They have played the fool and erred exceedingly."

We have 100 in our state reform school, and if you ask the question, broken homes, divorce and drink. Delinquency, delinquency, caused by drink, and immoral surroundings.

We have rescue homes, detention homes, rock-piles, county and city jails. If we look into the faces of this vast army, we are compelled again to cry aloud, "My God, how long will this traffic in the ruination of flesh and blood be permitted to go on?"

Let us appoint inspectors, counselors, care takers for the weary feet

of the weak unfortunates. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; guide them in the paths of righteousness. Let us erect mission stations, beacon lights and harbors of refuge, with well trained, clean, God-fearing shepherds of the lowly Nazarene, that will go into the highways and by-ways, the dark places and prisons and bring the unfortunates home.

In concluding, let me remind you that if you will take a retrospective view of your own past life, if you will permit the X-ray of God's heavenly search-light to get into your soul, you will be compelled like David, Saul and others to cry aloud, "Behold, I have played the fool and erred exceedingly; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Let us all read the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, and practice the fundamental teaching of Christ's precepts—Love.

Banks on Sure Thing Now

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Shingeeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed." Unequaled for Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, Chills, Malaria and Debility. 25c at all druggists.

George Kennedy of Salem was in the city Monday.

ANOTHER ENTERPRISE

Independence Men Have Established Automobile Route to Crossing.

One enterprise in Independence that is deserving of much credit is the garage recently established in this city by the enterprising firm of Long & Campbell. This establishment is well equipped and is perhaps the best in the valley outside of Portland. This week they purchased the stock of the Central Garage and consolidated, making their stock nearly doubled and the equipment much better.

This manifestation of industry on the part of these gentlemen is deserving of the unanimous support of the citizens, and we believe they are going to have it.

In addition to their garage and machine shop they have established an automobile route between here and McNary crossing on the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad, making it possible for people to make close connections with east side railroad points. They drove a car over Wednesday and the trip can be made successfully, consequently it will be a permanent thing unless the roads should become too bad during the latter part of the season, as is sometimes the case.

Dr. Duganne, Dentist, over Independence National Bank. Bell phone 121; Independent, 4410.