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LIBERTY ENLIGHTENS THE WORLD

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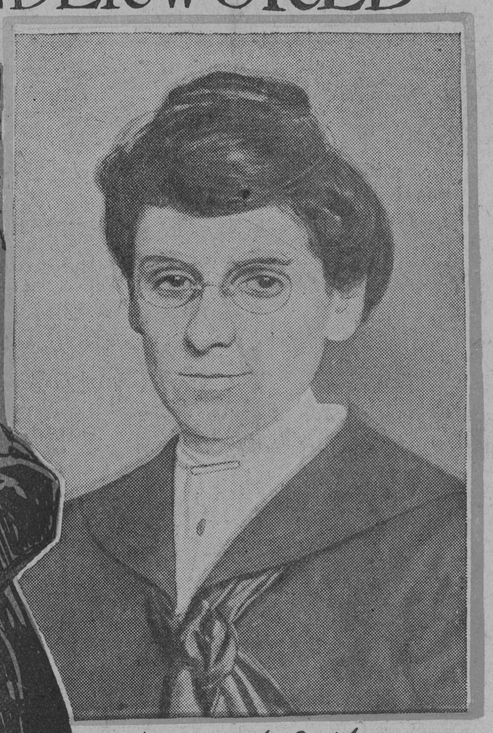
ONE WOMAN AGAINST NEW YORK'S UNDERWORLD

As Rose Livingston Appears When Making the Rounds of Chinatown



Rose Livingston, the Good Angel of New York's Chinatown.

She Is Rose Livingston, Who Fights 10,000 Policemen and Thousands of White Slavers

SOMETIMES, but very rarely, there happens into the dead prose of modern life a figure clothed in chivalry and romance; and the figure may be so prosaic, the romance so common, that none know it through all the passing years.

Such a figure has appeared in Chinatown, in New York. It is the figure of a modern Bayard; but a woman Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

Her name is Rose Livingston. She will probably be murdered. But, so far, she lives, although often wounded. She is the woman who is fighting New York's police, procurers and thugs for the immortal souls of the city's young girls, innocent still or already ruined.

WITHIN less than half a dozen years Rose Livingston has reduced the number of depravity's victims in the Chinatown of New York by almost 50 per cent. When she began her self-appointed task within that tiny sink of iniquity she found 600 lost women in the houses that pander to Chinese vice and 200 more plying their awful trade on the few hundred feet of streets within its boundaries. There are now only 350 women to let to Chinese masters in the houses, and no more than 100 for sale on the streets.

Rose Livingston in the interim has rescued, carried away, warned off and fought for more than the 350 whose number is the difference. These 350 are merely the actual reduction among the total of the slaves. New York City proper, Brooklyn, the outlying boroughs and American cities and towns far removed today hold thousands whom, to her delight, she has succeeded in saving before the deadly taint of vice could poison them.

If all whom she has saved, directly or indirectly, within the past six years could be enumerated, it might well be that she has to her credit a human soul for every day she has passed in that awful inferno.

All, or nearly all, of her rescues have been of quite young girls—under 17 years of age. That is because she has found that other agencies are devoted to the aid of the women, for one reason, and for another, because she herself is convinced of the hopelessness of trying to save those who have experienced the degradation of the life in its completeness.

Preventive work of the kind which obviates the actual contamination or, at worst, withdraws the victim while she is still young enough to retain her instinct of rebellion, appears to be the most efficient method for minimizing the evil.

Here, then, is a woman zealot of unflagging intensity of purpose, of inflexible courage and of peculiar intelligence, wholly disinterested, who represents the sole hope of redemption in the Sodom of New York's Chinatown; and to say that she has fought the whole police force of the city is no exaggeration, in the light of the revelations showing the ramifying influences of the city's vice. In justice to the police, however, it should be said that those who have actually offered her violence or have connived at it when the local thugs attacked her, were mostly the cops locally on the beat.

You can see her any day or any night within the three blocks between Mott and Doyer streets and the one block from the Bowery to Chatham Square. That is Chinatown proper; but it is so crowded now with Chinese and other aliens that its lost women are to be found further—to Bayard, Catharine and Division streets. So Rose Livingston, too, is liable at times to be outside of the strict limits of the old Chinatown.

If you see a black-haired, black-eyed, rather sallow little woman, who looks about 30 and doesn't weigh over 100 pounds, her face quite free from paint and her clothes those of a poor dressmaker who aims to be comfortable instead of stylish in any detail, you can recognize Miss Livingston in Chinatown. Outside of it there may be 100,000 other women in New York who look just like her. But you can make sure by glancing down at the hand which carries her handbag; the leather thong of it is wrapped around her hand. That is to prevent any of the local purse snatchers from getting it away from her without a fight.

She looks a trifle younger than she is, for her age is really 32. She came from Wyoming to New York ten years ago, and after a few years was poignantly impressed with the need that existed for some one to undertake the rescue of the girl children who were being immolated on the altar of Chinatown's hideous vices. "Immolated" is the right word, for the sacrifice there is made of the body as well as the soul; death comes, as a rule, within five years of the victim's introduction to Chinatown.

She looks a trifle more prosperous than she is; poor dressmakers get more than she does. The ladies of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, pay her humble room rent, her washerwoman and give her $1.50 a week. She says she trusts to the Lord for the rest, and people who hear about her work send such money as they choose to spare to James L. Laidlaw, the big banker on lower Broadway, who dispenses it to her as she needs cash to keep herself and the girls she rescues from going hungry. But that is not the reason why she is thin; she probably gets all she can eat. But she sleeps so little, she is under such constant nervous strain and she has been beaten and stabbed so often that she doesn't eat much. These handicaps do lessen the appetite.

The 800 white slaves of the Chinese whom she found there, in cells and on the streets, when she first set foot in Chinatown on March 4, 1907, included about 300 girls under 17 years of age. There is now not one. So long as Rose

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)

Six Years of Rose Livingston's Life in Chinatown, New York

March 4, 1907—White slaves in Chinatown houses		600
March 4, 1907—White slaves in Chinatown streets		200
Total		800
Now—White slaves in houses	350	
Now—White slaves in streets	100	
Total	450	450
Reduction gained by Miss Livingston		350
March 4, 1907—Girl white slaves under 17 years		300
Now—Girl slaves under 17 years		0
Reduction gained by Miss Livingston		300

Injuries Sustained by Miss Livingston Since March 4, 1907:

Kicked down cellar steps by cadet while taking away a slave of his; back seriously injured; suffered for two weeks.

Knocked down and kicked in the hallway of No. 13 Pell street; blinded, and breast and lungs seriously injured; laid up ten weeks.

Stabbed through the lung at No. 18 Mott street; still suffers from wound.

Jaw splintered and seven teeth knocked out in attack by cadet for rescuing white slave.

Minor injuries received on various occasions.

Lives under constant threats, and in constant expectation, of death.

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