CHILDREN'S CORNER.

EARLY ANXIOUS.

This little girl stands in a chair where she had eagerly climbed that her hat might be tied on—eagerly, because her hat and coat were both new and she welcomed the opportunity of displaying them. Is it not often so with children of larger growth? Guided by my picture almost any mother could make the little coat, which was of fawn colored cloth and had a band of silk of the same shade, finished in front with a rosette. Feather trimming finished the end of the sleeves, and a pointed derby collar set of the neck. The large hat was of felt, with bow and strings of rose-colored ribbon. ESTELLE.

PARMELE, N. C., April 17, 1893.

I am a little girl 13 years old. My papa is an Allianceman and takes THE CAUCASIAN and I like to read it very much. I am glad you take enough interest in the children to give them a corner in your paper. Mamma dearly loves to read it also. She thinks your Woman's Column very good. Papa is trying to get a club for your paper.

I will close with many wishes of success for your paper, I remain

Yours truly

ADDIE WHICHARD.

An Open Vision.

A young girl, some sixteen years of age, had all her life been the victim of a blemish in her eye that hindered perfect vision. At length a surgical operation was agreed upon and successfully made.

The girl was kept within the house till her eyes gathered full strength, and was permitted gradually and sparingly to go out of doors. It so happened that some time elapsed after her recovery before she went into the open air after night-fall. One evening she rushed into the parlor with her face aglow with excitement. The joy of a great discovery illumined every feature.

"Oh, come!" she exclaimed, "come out quickly to the lawn, and see what beautiful things have appeared in the sky!

Her friends hastily followed her out of doors, wandering what might have occurred. They saw nothing.

"What do you mean?" they asked her.

"Look!" she said, pointing eagerly heavenward, "don't you see those bright things up their? There they are—and there—sparkling all over the sky!"

"My dear child," said one who loved her, "those are the stars."

Yes, the stars, which she had not seen before. Friends could hardly take in the fact that for all the years of her life, the dear child had been moving through God's world with a limited vision, seeing only what lay close around her, utterly oblivious that there were stars, hosts of stars, all over the sky, and all so very beautiful! How strange it all seemed.

Yet how many there are who go through life with imperfect vision of the best things that lie along their pathway! The best of love, truth, sympathy and goodness is unknown to them, just because they will not open their eyes to behold. Let none imagine he perceives or understands all of Divinity or of Divine truth in the world till his eyes have been opened by the truth that points to and makes it plain the highest in knowledge and happiness.

The Tribulation of a Fellow Who Wants an Appointment.

(Washington Post.)

"It is a dreadful thing," said a Georgian yesterday, as he aimed at a cuspidor in the hotel corridor and missed it a foot, "to think how little it takes to dash a fellow's hopes to earth when the fruition of his desires depends upon the temper of one man who holds a position like that which President Cleveland fills so completely. Here I am, and I want an office. It is not a big thing, not more than $3,000 a year, yet the comfort of my family and ability to clear myself of debt depend upon my success. It is very important to me. I have spent money to come here and spend money to stay here. When the executive reaches my papers he may not feel well. There may be a clot of undigested mustard upon his stomach, or he may have a slight cold in the head. Up I go! If I had this thing to undergo again I would rather plow seven days in the week and feed the mules myself."

Are You in Order?

Cushings Manual of parliamentary rules is the only standard authority on the correct government of all deliberative bodies. Presidents, vice-Presidents and secretaries in particular and Allliancemen in general should have a copy that they may know when their business is conducted in a business like manner; also when a member is in or out of order. Don't undertake to govern unless you know you are right in your rulings. It may be that the reader of this will be called upon to represent his county in the next Legislature, if so, this manual will be worth many times its cost. One copy by mail post paid for $1.00, one dozen by express for $9.00 pre paid. Mention the number of your lodge when ordering and address

J. E. RUE,
Littleton, N. C.

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HON. MARION BUTLER IN HENDERSON.

[Special Correspondence.]

VANCE CO., N. C.—The 13th of April will be long remembered by the Alliancemen of Vance county as one of the most pleasant occasions of their lives. It was the day their beloved State President made one of the greatest speeches of his life, thoroughly non-partisan from beginning to end.

A few days before the writer received a letter from Capt. E. G. Butler, Co. Secretary, inviting Bro. Graham, Pres. of Co. Alliance, and myself to meet Bro Marion Butler at his house the night of the 12th, as he had promised to spend that night with him. Capt. Butler lives at Dabney, about three miles from Henderson, on the R. & D. R. R. We arrived there about half past six o'clock p. m. and some time after eight we heard the train whistle for Dabney, and our hearts were filled with pleasure at the expectation of meeting our State President again, who being soon after together with Bros. Z. T. Garrett and Gill led by our worthy host came in. After supper which was an elegant one, we spent the most enjoyable evening we have done for a long time, for which to a great degree we were indebted to our polite hostess and host, no pains were spared to administer to our every want. Hon Marion Butler is as entertaining a conversationist as he is gifted in speaking. About one o'clock we reluctantly gave our consent for him to retire knowing that he had a full day's work before him on the morrow. We arrived in Henderson the next morning about 8 o'clock and although it poured down rain most of the morning, the true and tried Alliancemen of Vance came in spite of wind and weather, and pretty soon there was hardly standing room in the office of the large and commodious Alliance Warehouse—where tobacco is sold at highest market prices and lowest charges—the boys were coming in to shake hands with their President whom they "love for the enemies he has made." We had the largest meeting I've seen of the county Alliance we have ever had since I have been a member. If those who tried to kill our order could have seen it they surely would have thought their efforts were in vain. After going through the regular order of business, and I would say here that every Alliance in the county was represented—the doors were thrown open and the house was filled, some were unable to get seats. I would say in compliment to those who were present that it was the most orderly and attentive audience considering the size of it that I ever saw. There was a good many of the citizens of Henderson present and some of her most prominent business men, who listened attentively to the speech. How any one could listen impartially to that speech and be opposed to the Alliance surpasses my comprehension.

We need not fear what our enemies may say if we are true to our principles. We are bound to win in the end.

T. A. EPPES,
County Lecturer.

AHE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

The National Citizen Industrial Alliance has forwarded to us a blank petition to the President Attorney General and Senators of the National Congress, which we publish as follows:

PETITION TO RELIEVE THE PEOPLE FROM THE UNJUST AND EXTORTIONATE RATES AND CHARGES OF THE CELL TELEPHONE COMPANY MONOPOLY.

To the.....

WHEREAS, The Bell Telephone Patent has expired after enriching a few stockholders of a private Corporation by over a hundred millions of dollars, extorted from the people by exhorbitant rates and charges for the use of that instrument, through its monopoly by the Bell Telephone Company of Boston. And as

This monopoly is still continued by illegal and fraudulent Patents reissued by the United States Patent Office, in violation of the Laws of the United States, and in defiance of the written protests of the Attorney-General of the United States, who seven years ago, entered a suit in the Courts to repeal the Bell, Edison and Berliner Patents, as expired by Law, and void, illegal and fraudulent, which suit cannot be forced to trial by the Attorney-General of the United States, as this monopoly, by its great wealth and influence, can block the wheels of Law and Justice in all our Courts and Halls of Legislation, and own and control the Ring in our Patent Office, who in every case rule and decided in favor of Corporations, and against the rights and welfare of the people.

BE IT RESOLVED, That we petition the President of the United States, the Attorney-General, and the Senate and House of Representatives to relieve the people from the oppressions and exactions of this great and powerful monopoly, who propose, in defiance of all Laws and justice, the voice of the Press, and the desires and will of the people, to continue to rule and rob our citizens who use the Telephone, by a fraudulent use of this illegal reissued Patent, and by dilatory litigation in our Courts of Justice.

Chairman.

Secretary.

As President of the N. C. F. A. we voice the sentiments of the members of that order in saying that we stand committed as opposing monopolies of all kinds, while we being ruralists are not interested to any great extent in the telephone business and do not conceive that a petition bearing our signature as Prseident of that order placed than at the request of the order would have much effect upon Mr. Cleveland the Attorney General and Senators, we stand ever ready to enlist in and lend our aid in any undertaking having for its object the breaking down of monopolies, rings and trusts and the granting of equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

It is reported that a farmer in Watauga county recently sold a curly walnut tree for $500.

FACTS CONCERNING PENDER COUNTY ELECTION.

As a great many voters of North Carolina have heard of, and read in different papers that there would be a case of contest between the Democratic and People's party candidates for the offices of Sheriff and Register of Deeds of Pender county, and whereas the case of contest has been nonsuited, we feel it our duty as a public journalist to give the cold unvarnished facts concerning the election, in a non-partisan spirit, and let our readers judge for themselves whether it was right to declare the Democratic ticket elected.

The returns from every precinct were all made out in due form and duly signed by the Registers and Judges of election.

The returns from Rocky Point had the following statement written on a blank space: "Upon comparing the vote with the poll book, we find too many votes in two boxes, viz. County and Legislative. This statement was not signed by any one. In Topsail township a complaint was made on the returns and signed by John B. Davis, one of the Democratic poll holders, and was as follows:

"The undersigned poll holders of Topsail Township, Pender county respectfully protest against counting the vote in Topsail Township owing to the fact that ballots were secured from persons in my opinion not legally registered, after they were challenged." Signed,

JNO. B. DAVIS,
Poll Holder.

The above were all the complaints which were made on the original returns.

When the Board of Canvassers met and proceeded to call for returns from the different townships, each member handed in the returns and announced that his township was all right, with the exception of Rocky Point and Topsail. At the conclusion of the call, however, Jno. T. Bland County Attorney appeared before the board and lodged a complaint against the returns from Burgaw township on the grounds that there were two illegal votes cast. That there were two votes more found in the boxes than there were voters recorded as having voted, and that the poll holders did not keep a poll book. Whereupon Mr. M. M. Moore the member of the board from said township (a Democrat) protested against any action against said township, alleging that the election had been fairly and honestly held in said township, and that there was no excuse to justify the board in throwing out said precinct. The Board proceeded to examine R. N. Bloodworth, acting registrar of Burgaw township, who stated in regard to the two votes found in the boxes than there were names recorded as having voted, that the poll holders had examined the poll list, and discovered, as they thought, that they had found the two men who had voted and whose names had not been entered on the poll books. But a later examination of the poll list showed that one of the parties had been recorded. Upon this evidence a motion was made to throw out the township, and was carried.

The poll holders at Burgaw did not keep a record of the votes on a regular poll book, but recorded them on legal cap paper, one sheet of this paper disappeared before the board met, and has not been seen by the public since. The Board was requested to put in writing the reasons for which it threw out the township, which were as follows:

"Burgaw precinct is rejected on account of illegal voting."

The members of the Board from Rocky Point, Mr. D. S. Black complained about Rocky Point saying that the ballots of the People's party were on colored paper. He was asked in regard to the more votes in the boxes than were voters recorded. If the registration books showed more names than were ballots in the box; to which he answered yes. He was then asked if he and the other poll holders did not keep a close watch on the boxes all day and if he thought it possible for any one to slip ballots in the boxes without their knowledge of it. To which he replied that they did keep a close watch and that he didn't think it possible for ballots to be put in without their knowledge of the same.

With no further investigation of the Rocky Point case a motion was made by J. T. Johnson, son of the Democratic candidate for the Legislasure, to throw out Rocky Point township which was done. The grounds for which action as regards Rocky Point township, as recorded by the clerk of the Board is as follows:

"Returns from Rocky Point Township is rejected on account of illegal voting."

After having thrown out Rocky Point and Burgaw precincts, which action, left a majority of the votes counted for the Democratic candidates, the Topsail case was taken up for consideration. And after some little discussion as to it, a motion was made to accept said township, which was done. The vote in Burgaw township stood 127 for A. H. Paddison P. P. candidate and 79 for K. F. Powers Democratic candidate. In Rocky Point, Paddisons vote was 189, Powers' was 98. As Paddisons majority in the whole county was 95, it was necessary to throw out the vote in these two townships to defeat him. Rivenbark, P. P. candidate for Register of Deeds, was elected over Stringfield Democratic candidate by 26 majority as shown by the original returns. The above is a full statement of the facts in the case so far as the Board is concerned. Continuing we give an account of the actions of the poll holders of Burgaw township as regards the two votes more being found in the boxes than were names recorded. The vote for Sheriff did foot up two more ballots than were names recorded, as having voted. This being the case one of the Democratic poll holders, Mr. A. E. McNeil refused to sign the returns unless that statement was endorsed upon them. It being thought that would cause trouble with the canvassing board and furnish a probable pretest for throwing out the township, members of the People's party present insisted that the poll holders, if possible, ascertain if there had not been persons who voted, and whose names had not been recorded, as there were several on the registration books who had not voted. Whereupon a careful examination of the poll list was made to see if the name of J. T. Collins, a prominent citizen of Burgaw, was recorded, as two of the poll holders were absolutely certain that Mr. Collins had voted. Such examination failed to find Mr. Collins' name recorded. Whereupon the poll holders expressed themselves being satisfied that his was one of the two ballots in question. They then began an examination of the registration book to see if another name comld be found which had not been recorded on the poll list. They had proceeded no further than the initial "B," when they found the name of L. N. Bowden. One of the poll holders, a Democrat, stated that he was positive that Mr. Bowden had voted and as his name was not checked on the registration book the poll list was again carefully examined to see if his name was on it. His name had not been recorded on said list, and as the poll holders themselves were positive that he had voted, his made the other vote which was alleged to have been too many, whereupon Mr. McNeil expressed his willingness to sign the returns saying that he wanted every thing right, and as everything was now satisfactory he would sign the returns, and did so. Now in regard to the two alleged illegal voters, one of them was a Democrat to whom the registrar had given a certificate so that he could register in another township, on the day of election.

The acting registrar told this man that he could vote, and he did vote. The other alleged illegal vote was cast by a colored man named Tom Jordan. It appears that there are two Tom Jordans, as later in the day another Tom Jordan presented himself to vote, but as there was only one Tom Jordan registered, they refused to let the last one vote. It was claimed before the canvassing board that the one that was registered. But even that statement was was not proven by witnesses. A pretense was made before the board that the ballots of the People's party tickets had device upon them. The alleged device consisting of three water lines running perpendicularly through the ballots. The lines, however, were invisible only when held up to the light. This was such a poor excuse that members of the canvassing board said it would not do; that it was too thin. The board also abandoned the question of the color of the ballots and based their actions on the grounds as stated in the above quotations. The abstract of votes for county officers were first written with pencil and then covered with ink, and filed in the office of the Superior court on November 18, subjected to inspection by any one who might wish to see them. They are there now and can be seen any day. Conservative people of all parties denounced the action of the canvassing board as shameful and outrageous.—Burgaw Sun.

RAILROADS PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

There can be no question that railroads are public highways, just as much as the old plank roads were public highways. The people had it pay tell on these public highways. How did they abolish this toll? Simply by the government, local and State, taking them and running them in the interest of the people. Would anybody like to return to the old plank road system? Hardly. It is the mission of the Populist party to bring all the railroads under control of the government. It does not only aim to make laws regulating rates, but its ultimate object is to own and operate the railroads, as the post-office is now owned and operated, and give the railway service to the people at actual cost. If there is any profit in the rail-road business let us all have a whack at it; if there be loss in their operations we can all better bear the lost than to throw the burden upon the poor Goulds and Vanderbilts. If the railroads could be built and run exclusively upon private property there might be some excuse for letting them remain in the hands of private individuals for private profit, but no road can be built except it be built upon public property. We have, therefore, that which is the property of all used for the benefit and profit of a few. This is violation of equal rights.—Kansas Free Press.

The Dakota Ruralist One Year For $1.00.

The Dakota Ruralist is one of the pioneer Alliance papers of the northwest. It is edited by H. L. Loucks, president of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industral Union, with J. R. Lowe, president of South Dakota Alliance, as associate editor, which is a sufficient guarantee that it will be a stalwart advocate of the Alliance demands. We Co.

We hav[illegible] arrangements whe[illegible] that a farm[illegible]rnish THE CAUCA[illegible]nty recently sold [illegible]ralist for $1 [illegible]ree for $500.

EVILS OF GAMBLING.

REV. THOMAS DIXON ON THE "GATES OF HELL IN MODERN BABYLON."

Appalling Facts on the Prevalence of This Particular Vice—The Prince of Wales and His Disrespect For Tennyson—All Classes In New York Infected.

NEW YORK, April 30.—One of a series of sermons on the "Shadows of the City; or, the Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon," was delivered this morning in Association hall to the great congregation which packs the building to its utmost capacity. Extraordinary interest has been manifested in the series from the first. When the hall is filled, the ushers are compelled to close the doors, and hundreds are turned away. The text chosen this morning was from Matthew xxvii, 35, "They parted his garments among them, casting lots."

Gambling may be defined as the art of securing the property of another without giving him anything in return. It is to get something for nothing or the attempt to get something for nothing. When this is done by game or trick in an artistic way, it is called gambling. When it is done by force or in a clumsy, inartistic way, it is called thieving. There is practically no difference between stealing and gambling. The principle involved is precisely the same. It is the violation of the fundamental law of nature, the law of compensation and just exchange. Any man who gambles steadily for 12 months will steal. Men may deny it, but those who know the facts in gambling life know that it is true. If the gambler does not actually steal, in the vulgar sense of the word, it is simply because he has not yet met the opportunity or the crisis demanding it.

Gambling is the total debauchery of the whole man. It is the debauchery of his body as well as his soul. The body is debauched because the conditions surrounding gambling imply it of necessity. It means the indulgence of every passion that clamors for the destruction of the body. There is no fascination like it. The spell it throws over the whole personality of man is simply resistless. No serpent ever charmed its victim with greater power. No fowler ever set his snare with surer results. It is an appeal to the pride and to the skill of man. It is an appeal to his love of superiority, to his desire for power, to the heroism of his nature, to his greed and lust for gain. Above all, it is a delusion of his religious faculties. It is a playing with the world of chance, which becomes finally confused with the world of spirit. Hence the debauchery of the gambler is complete and the wreck of character total. When the spiritual nature is burned out, there is nothing on which to build. Body and soul of necessity collapse. The gambler becomes the victim of a hopeless mental disease.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BRUTE.

Gambling is nothing short of a mania, and gamblers should be incarcerated in lunatic asylums with just as good reason as that which requires that other lunatics be isolated from society. This disease of the mind when once fixed is utterly hopeless. The victim follows his will-o'-the-wisp as the weary traveler follows the fatal mirage. A man recently set out from Juarez, Mexico, to go to Palomas in New Mexico and nearly lost his life from a mirage delusion. He was driving his wagon when he saw a short distance off in the desert a beautiful lake shadowed by trees. Both he and his team were thirsty, so he turned out of his course to get water. After traveling several miles the lake seemed as far off as at first, but it was there, clear, distinct, before him. He continued in the direction of the lake and fancied he could feel on his face the fresh breeze from the water, but as the distance did not diminish at last the idea dawned on him, and he turned back toward the road. But the night overcame him. He lost his way. On the morrow he could not recognize any indication of his course. All his efforts to find the road were unavailing. At last, after a terrible struggle of four days, wrestling with heat, and with hunger, and with thirst, he succeeded in reaching the road, more dead than alive. Such is the experience of the man whose being is in the grasp of this relentless demon. It is a craze; it is a madness.

Mazarin was so fascinated with gambling that he played as he lay on his deathbed until he became too weak, and then he got some one to play for him. Walpole tells of a certain Lord Stavordale, who, when under 21 years of age, lost $55,000 in one night, but recovered it by a single great stake, whereupon he swore a great oath, adding, "Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions." It is said that two men were found by the police in Hamstead road in 1812, one on a wall and the other hanging by his neck from a lamppost, just "shoved off." They had tossed all day, first for money, then for their clothes and lastly to decide which of the two should hang the other. It was a logical conclusion to the day's work. It is the inevitable conclusion to the gambler's day on earth.

Gambling is not an evil that has developed primarily in modern times under modern conditions. It is as old as human depravity. It is as old as theft. It is as old as superstition. Savages and tribes in the most primitive conditions are and always have been, when discovered, addicted to gambling. And this leads us to the inevitable inference that gambling is a survival of the brute inheritance. Tacitus tells us that the Germans, whom he studied and reported, entered so heartily into gambling that they even staked their own persons, the one becoming the slave and absolute property of the other. Herodotus relates that a certain king of Egypt gambled with Demeter in the infernal regions. Plutarch says that Hermes gambled with the moon. The old Greek missionary, Patroclus, Homer tells us, "lost his temper over dice."

Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, when one of her sons had been killed by a slave, played with the king, her husband, for that slave, and by her skill won him. Cards were known in China long years before they found their way into Europe. Cards are so old that history fails to give their origin. It is probable that the devil himself invented them. While gambling has thus its history that dates back from the day when man emerged from the brute world—

It has remained for the modern city to develop the pestilence of gambling to a degree of deadly power never before known in the history of man.

THE RACE TRACK.

Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the fact that the city is itself the center of so many influences for weal or woe. That which touches the city life intimately touches every class of human society. Gambling has grown to be in our cities a chronic epidemic of practically resistless power. It touches every business and threatens its stability. Every counting house, every bank, every merchant, is threatened every night in the year by this dread power. Every home, every wife, every mother, every child, is threatened every day in the year. With its relentless grasp it lays hold of every race, every kindred, every tongue.

We see the immense development in our cities of this evil.

First—In the widespread influence and power at present exerted by the race track. Of all the institutions of gambling that curse our modern life, I am thoroughly convinced that this is the most terrible. It is carried on day in and day out, year in and year out. And what makes it so universal in its power to touch and destroy life is the fact that there is not a newspaper published today in our great cities whose columns are not disgraced by the reports of this infernal institution. The press panders to the doings of the race managers, their programmes, their races, their results, until it is impossible for an honest young man to read the happenings of the world daily and not be brought into immediate contact with the possibility of entering a gambler's life.

There are race tracks that are called respectable. There are those that are denounced by the papers. But they are all reported, and the results are thrust under the nose of men and women whose lives are the furthest removed from such an influence. In the name of God and of truth and of right, in the name of the thousands and tens of thousands of young men ruined every year at the race track, in the name of broken homes and debauched lives through the contact of disreputable characters elbowing each other at these public assemblies, I arraign those who are thus debauching the lives of the innocent public.

In the name of God, I ask our editors who profess Christianity, who profess humanity, how it is possible for them to denounce the lottery and the policy shop and make a specialty of reporting the races. Every race track is a field of blood, and no man can deny it and talk seriously of life. When men, referring to the race track, say that its purpose is to improve the breed of horses, they lie, and they know they lie. The breed of horses has not been improved by the race track. The breed of horses is not being improved by the race track. It never has been so; it never will be so. The horse which is the product of the race track is not an improvement on the normal animal. He is a monstrosity; he is useless except as a senseless extravagance. Not only is the race horse useless to the world; he is hideous to look upon. He is neither beautiful nor useful; he is trained and bred to be all bone and muscle. The laws of beauty are all bred out of him; he is simply transformed into an aggregation of legs and strained neck.

POOLROOMS OF THE CITY.

The thousands of young men and women who attend the races are ruined in influence and character, and I assert, without the fear of contradiction, that no man who attends the race track and pretends to respectability would keep in his employ a young man whom he should meet at the same track. He knows that he could not trust him with his money. He knows that he could not trust him with his business. He knows that the man who attends the race track constantly will come, and come early, to lie, to cheat, to swindle, to steal. The only reason why the man of respectable name and pretensions in society, and even in the church, who attends the race track is not guilty of these things is simply because he does not meet the temptation or does not have the opportunity.

Gathered all around the race track, and inevitably so, are the poolrooms of the city. These are veritable hell holes, to describe which is a superfluity. No man has ever dared to stand up before rational men and women and give one word in excuse for their existence. They pander to the lowest and the vilest. The results upon character are always utterly vicious. The power of these institutions to destroy young men is something appalling, and the preacher of the gospel who comes in contact with young men as I do in this hall has a revelation on this score that is simply heartrending.

There are from 4,000 to 5,000 young men who attend these services. I am brought in contact daily with the lives of thousands of young men. I would not give a copper for the character of any young man who has attended a race track or a poolroom or a gambling den for six months. There is nothing left in him after that experience. There is no character by which you can take hold of him. I have seen them go down, again and again, again and again, until, sick at heart and almost in despair, I have felt like giving up the work of preaching the gospel of love and leading a crusade with sword and torch against those who are destroying the possibility of manhood and of life.

I received a letter from Scotland some time ago asking me to look after a young man in my congregation. I did. I interested myself in him. I did my best with him. It was no use. He was a liar and a scoundrel, and he had not attained his twentieth year. He did not know how to tell the truth, because the very foundations of truth and honor and integrity had been destroyed in gambling. I found a young man some time ago in distressing circumstances, about to fall into the hands of the law because of his extravagance. I lent him money, and he promised everything, and he kept no promises. He took good pains, however, to keep the money. I have sought with tears and prayers and sacrifices to save scores of young men when once under the influences of gamblers and gambling, and I have never succeeded in saving one to my knowledge. I have advanced money again and again to keep them out of jail and from public disgrace, and I have in every case lived to regret it. I have never advanced one of them a dollar that has been returned. The reason is they do not know how to tell the truth. They do not know the value of money. They have lost their powers of reckoning from the moral point of view.

A young man with brilliant mind and liberal education came to the city some time ago. His life had been hallowed by prayer from his cradle. He had the brightest prospects before him. He had the highest testimonials in his pockets. He had the best avenues open for success. But he went to the races one day. He went again; he continued to go. He dropped from the race track into the poolroom and from the poolroom to the house of strange women, where he lived in debauchery for a year, until wrecked in both body and soul. There is nothing in him now to build on. He does not know the meaning of honesty or truth or manhood. I have seen this thing go on until my soul was sick unto death.

MR. RICHARD CROKER.

Our legislature has recently had a spasm of virtue most remarkable, and they have given us a bill to close the poolrooms, for which we devoutly thank God. We would not deceive ourselves, however, as to the cause that produces this remarkable piece of legislation. The reason we succeeded in getting it was simply that Mr. Richard Croker, our boss, has himself decided to go into the race track business. He has recently purchased, so report declares, the famous Belle Meade farm of race horses in Tennessee for $500,000. Besides this amount, the distinguished Tammany chieftain is known to have spent $60,000 in the purchase of race horses last fall. The source of this marvelous wealth, pouring from a man who never followed any regular business except office holding in the city, is of course one of the modern miracles as yet to be explained. The poolrooms were in full blast up to a short time ago, when Mr. Croker or some one else in power determined to close them. The poolrooms are of course the enemies of the owners of race horses and the owners of race tracks.

We hope that between these two rivals we may at least reduce the evil while the fight continues. But no one who has any knowledge of the condition of our cities today will believe for one moment that the poolrooms can ever be suppressed so long as the race tracks are legalized by our lawmakers. It is unfair, it is unreasonable, and it is legislation for a disreputable portion of the community. The whole race track business is of the same piece. It is gambling pure and simple. There is not a race track in America that could live one year without gambling.

I charge the race track with the fact of lowering the tone of the nation's life at its centers, and of lowering it to a degree of debt and conscienceless effrontery never before known in our history. This fact was aptly illustrated recently when Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of the English world, was buried in Westminster abbey. Tennyson was the matchless songer who paid that wonderful tribute to Albert the good, the father of the present Prince of Wales. Thus he sang of Albert:

Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander—no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her.
* * * * * * *
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure, but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot!

So sang the bard of the consort of her who sits upon the throne and worthily and with dignity impersonates the power of the English people. And yet while they were burying the great poet and while the whole world stood with uncovered head, even outside of England, the Prince of Wales, instead of going to the burial, preferred to spend the day at the race track. The contrast between the Prince of Wales and his father is a very clear expression of the contrast between the tone of national life today and what it was during the life of Albert. And for this lowering of character and of manhood the race track has played one of the mightiest roles.

THE POLICY SHOP.

Second—The power of the pestilence we observe in the development of the policy shop of the modern city. Our streets are honeycombed with these institutions, in which boys as well as young men are ruined from day to day. The bootblack and the newsboy begin their downward career from the time that they can earn three pennies on the streets. The extent to which this business is carried on is something appalling to those who have ever investigated it.

A recent defalcation in a lawyer's office of a trusted clerk revealed the fact that he had stolen $125,000 and lost it all in the policy shops of New York city. In these shops workingmen spend their hard earnings and leave their families to starve. Boys, catching the spirit that breathes through them, can be seen on any street in the city, where they congregate, tossing up their pennies and gambling until the last cent of their earnings is lost, and until the last cent of what they can steal is staked. What the harvest will be when these young gamblers have grown to manhood it takes no prophet to foretell.

Third—We see the tremendous power of this evil in our city in the daring and defiant gambling holes themselves. There are always from 50 to 100 gambling holes, with all the apparatus of their species of chance game, running in full blast in the city of New York. These are the illustration of the daring of the gambling spirit. The number of these institutions and the number of their immediate patrons in no sense measures the actual gambling evil of the city. We have 5,000 barrooms, for instance, in New York, and in every one of these barrooms there is a room dedicated to the gamblers, and there is not a night in the year that there is not gambling in progress in these barrooms. These are the feeders to the 50 or more grand central institutions in which the professionals ply their trade. Many of these gambling institutions are as well established and as well known as the great dry goods establishments on Sixth avenue, and some of them are older. Some were established as far back as 1835 and have been running continuously, with brief interruptions of a few weeks, during all the years since their founding and at the same stand in the city.

DALY'S GAMBLING HELL.

In one of these institutions it is said that one man lost in a single night $118,000. A young man from a western city recently arrived in New York and made collections for his firm. He went to Daly's gambling hell and lost all the ready money he had in his possession. He cashed the checks for the money he had collected and lost that. He left Daly's absolutely penniless, with his hotel bill unpaid and not enough money left to get out of the city. The profits of Daly's house are often as high as $20,000 or $30,000 in a single day. When the game is opened at night, they start in with no money in the drawer. The first money that is deposited there is that passed in by the player who first buys his checks.

The manager of another one of these established institutions recently said to a reporter, who asked him the heaviest amount of money ever won at his table at one sitting: "Sixteen thousand dollars. This amount was won by a young doctor who used to play here frequently. The doctor played $100 on the colors, and a continuous run of luck put him $16,000 ahead of the game in an evening's play." "Did he keep it?" asked the reporter. "No. Few people who play on the outside ever keep their winnings. A few months after this winning I won $20,000 from the doctor in one night's play. He continued losing, and six months later," said the gambler, "we picked up the newspaper one morning and found that he had committed suicide after robbing his sister's estate of a large sum."

Such are the higher institutions of gambling where the so called square game is played. The great majority of the gambling institutions are those where tricks and liquor and sharpers and cutthroats and a dissolute winning are the levers used to fleece their victims. There is no trick too mean to be resorted to. The man that goes into the average gambling hell in New York usually comes out without a dollar in his pockets at last, and he is fortunate if he can come out the front door.

These men do not hesitate, have not hesitated again and again, at murder when the winnings were so large that they were afraid of possible exposure and trouble. Again and again do the papers in New York report mysterious disappearances. Again and again in every city of America are these disappearances reported, and again and again do the tides bring in the bodies of unknown dead. The rivers with their secrets could tell the story of many a life that closed in play in a gambling hell. How many men are killed in our cities and spirited away—thrown into the sewers, thrown into the rivers—God alone knows. The work goes on continuously, and the world is practically none the wiser.

There is no brute more heartless than the confirmed gambler. A group of gamblers recently went into a church and broke open a vault, took city [illegible] body, dragged it to [illegible] table, placed it on the [illegible] themselves around this [illegible] They played cards, [illegible] the whole night. This is [illegible] of the spirit of [illegible] brutality, of [illegible] indifference, which is the [illegible] companiment to the gam[illegible]

But the evil is far [illegible] The gambling spirit today [illegible] atmosphere of the city. [illegible] dren in the streets [illegible] are full of it from day to [illegible] wonder that [illegible] I was amazed [illegible] my eldest boy, only 6 years [illegible] ing with the utmost [illegible] guage of the race track [illegible] with glee that he was [illegible] they had races every day [illegible] His playground was [illegible] on Ninety-fourth street. [illegible] were the neighboring children [illegible] the vocabulary of the game [illegible] ly. They knew [illegible] races, of decisions, lists, [illegible] race club organized. The [illegible] air of the city is full of it.

ALL NEW YORK [illegible]

Not only do we [illegible] atmosphere in public [illegible] the shops, in the hotels, but [illegible] of our very social organizations [illegible] are 500 social clubs in the [illegible] York, and every one of them [illegible] have their buildings or [illegible] more or less a gambling [illegible] great clubs are all of them [illegible] gambling holes, and some [illegible] disreputable gambling [illegible] of New York are organized [illegible] basis in order to avoid the [illegible] of the police. I [illegible] clubs of the city of New York [illegible] this fact. Playing cards [illegible] one of their standards. [illegible] When they are not drinking [illegible] wine, they are playing cards.

Nor must we be [illegible] ment of the lower gambling [illegible] the high toned, swell [illegible] Stock Exchange, in which [illegible] handled from day to day [illegible] gambling hell. Our courts [illegible] long ago decided that the Stock [illegible] is a gambling institution. [illegible] well dressed, high bred [illegible] are of the same low stripe [illegible] Daly and Mr. John Morrissey [illegible] come down to bottom facts [illegible] with bigger stakes. They [illegible] money, and they work in [illegible] the gambling hell is [illegible] and murder, so this exchange [illegible] bets on grain, its bets on [illegible] the trick of a margin or [illegible] must answer at the bar of [illegible] homes and blasted lives. [illegible] must answer that touches [illegible] tolerates it with its law.

The Panama scandal [illegible] the very existence of the [illegible] ment is the result of a gamble [illegible] to which the French government [illegible] aid. Is it any wonder that [illegible] corruption were the results [illegible] lottery? What else could [illegible] What else ever has been [illegible] the world was founded [illegible] please today, and wherever [illegible] touches the trick of the gambler [illegible] pay for it and in the same [illegible] individual fool pays. Only [illegible] in the track of every gambler [illegible] legalized and unlegalized [illegible] tion in the Sandwich Islands [illegible] close upon a lottery bill [illegible] and degradation of the [illegible] classes can be directly traced [illegible] that they spend $10,000,000 [illegible] national lottery.

WANTED—A QUARANTINE.

The hope of any nation [illegible] men. Let the nation [illegible] There are no [illegible] gambling hell tonight [illegible] night, and you will scarcely [illegible] above 40 years of age. Only [illegible] men gamble? Why? Because [illegible] do not grow old. They die [illegible] are consumed in this hell [illegible] average life is so small that [illegible] case to find a man over 40 [illegible] at the gambling table. The [illegible] stake and lose are from 20 [illegible] years of age. The rest of [illegible] gone. They have gone [illegible] They have gone to the [illegible] have gone to the morgue [illegible] gone to the jail. They have [illegible] penitentiary. They have gone [illegible] lows and the electric chair. [illegible] hood is the hope of the nation [illegible] hope of the world. If we [illegible] the nation, our cities must be [illegible] antine not only for cholera [illegible] gambler.

Wanted—a quarantine for [illegible] dynamiter. We are discussing [illegible] lem of how to save society from [illegible] namite fiend. Piracy we have [illegible] The slave trade we have outlawed [illegible] are punished as offenses against [illegible] man race. Laws against them [illegible] national; for all the world [illegible] ca, universal. The pirate [illegible] slave trader we will not take [illegible] day has come when the dynamiter [illegible] the gambler must be added [illegible] list.

There is no deeper hell [illegible] the hell to which the gambler [illegible] yet thousands of gates that [illegible] hell spring wide open before [illegible] today. There are at least [illegible] bling institutions, counting [illegible] rooms, that are in blast [illegible] this city. And other cities [illegible] as high a proportion. There [illegible] a young man who enters [illegible] tions. A mother's tears have [illegible] many a wayward boy from [illegible] father's appeal has put his [illegible] the road of honesty. A [illegible] love has led the drunkard [illegible] cups; but, alas! for the gambler [illegible] should be written across [illegible] "He who enters here is [illegible] hope." He has gone to the [illegible] The cry of wife and child [illegible] home and homelife, no longer [illegible] heart, and he who cannot be [illegible] of his own in cold and hunger [illegible] in the deepest hell. Dr. Cook [illegible] said:

Dark is the night. How dark! [illegible]
fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint [illegible]
Shivering she watches by the cold [illegible]
For him who pledged her love [illegible]

"Can he desert me thus? He knows [illegible]
Night after night in loneliness [illegible]
For his return, and yet he sees [illegible]
No! No! It cannot be! He will [illegible]

"Nestle more closely, dear one, [illegible]
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! [illegible]
not part!
Husband, I die! Father, it is [illegible]
O God, protect my child!" [illegible]
three.

They're gone, they're gone! [illegible]
spark hath fled.
The wife and child are numbered [illegible]
On the cold earth, outstretched [illegible]
The babe lay frozen on its mother [illegible]
The gambler came at last, but [illegible]
Dread silence reigned around. [illegible]
four.