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TELL ME I HATE THE BOWL!

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady whose father, once one of the brightest intellects in America, by drinking became a besotted idiot, and died in a ditch. She was accused of being a fanatic on the subject of temperance, and she gave her reply in the following lines: Go, feel what I have felt— Sink 'neath the blow a father dead, And the cold world's proud scorn; Then suffer on from year to year— Thy sole relief the scorching tear. Go, kneel as I have knelt, Implore, beseech and pray— Strive the besotted heart to melt, The downward course to stay. Be dashed, with bitter curse, aside, Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied. Go, weep as I have wept 'O'er a loved father's fall. See every promised blessing swept, Youth's sweetness turned to gall. The fading flowers strewed all the way That brought me up to woman's day. Go, see what I have seen, Behold the strong man bow; With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood, And cold and livid brow. Go, catch his hopeless glance and see That mirrored his soul's agony. Go to my mother's side, And her crushed bosom cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear. Mark her worn face and withered brow, The gray that streaks her dark hair now. Her pallid face and eyes so dim, All point the ruin back to him, Whose pledged faith in early youth Promised eternal love and truth; But who, forewarned had yielded up His manhood to the cursed cup, And led her down through love and light, And all that made her prospects bright, A-d-chained her there mid want and strife, 'Till lowly lying—a drunkard's wife! And stamped on childhood's brow so mild That with 'ring blight—a drunkard's child!

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ACELDAMA."

A WORD INCARNADINED WITH THE LIFE OF INSURABLE VICTIMS. TEXT: Acts 1, 19: "Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood." The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue Aceldama, meaning "The field of blood." Well, there is one more to write to-day over each race course where wagers are staked, and every pool room and every gambling saloon and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnadined with the life of insurable victims—Aceldama. The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns, and cities are now suffering. The farces recently enacted in our Brookline court room, by which it was proved that in the City of Churches there is not enough moral force to put into the penitentiary the gambling jockeys who belong there, is only a specimen of the power gained by this abomination, which is brazen, sanguinary, transcontinental, and hemispheric. While among my hearers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life, and the shadows are lengthening, and the sky crimson with the glow of the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life; and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, gleaming and gleaming, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns as clerks and bookkeepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the fiery war-horse. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you; nay, some of you have already buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age and calling, the subject of gambling, about which I speak to-day, is pertinent. Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At the very time this son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in "Horne's" famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars,

was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying: "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil," not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world. Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you have. The instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The stuffing and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while on the other cases, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or billiards, or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on election, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra money or goods in transactions without foundation but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler. It is estimated that one fourth of the business in London is done dishonestly. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering equivalent in money or time or skill is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools, and churches, conducted on the raffish system come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with an instrument of game, or time, or place, or the money that depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or 100 shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuels," or "book making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest, for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent. This crime is no newborn sprig, but a haggard transgression that comes staggering down under a mantle of ages through the centuries. All nations, barbarous and civilized, have been addicted to it. Before 1838 the French government received revenue from gaming houses. In 1667 England, the improvement of her harbor, consisted in a lottery to be held at the front door of St. Paul's Cathedral. Four hundred thousand tickets were sold at ten shillings each. The British Museum and Westminster bridge were partially built by similar procedures. The ancient Germans sometimes put up themselves and families as prizes, and suffer themselves to be bound, though stronger than the persons who won them. But now the laws of the whole civilized world denounce the system. enactments have been passed, but only partially enforced, and at times not enforced at all. The men interested in gaming houses and in jockey clubs wield such influence by their numbers and affluence, that the judge, the jury, and the police officer must be bold indeed who would array themselves against these infamous establishments. The house of commons of England actually adjourned on Derby Day to go out and bet on the races, and in the best circles of society in this country to-day are many hundreds of professional, respectable men who are acknowledged gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in this land are every day being won and lost through the game of chance. I have traveled through the west, and have traveled a thousand miles at a time upon the western water, and seen gambling at every waking moment from the commencement to the termination of the journey. The southwest of this country reeks with this sin. In some of those cities every third or fourth house in many of the streets is a gaming place, and it may be truthfully averred that each of our cities is cursed with this evil. In themselves most of the games employed in gambling are without harm. Billiard tables are as harmless as tea tables, and a pack of cards as a pack of letter envelopes, unless stakes be put up. But by their use for gambling purposes they have become significant of an infinity of wretchedness—six hundred gambling saloons in New York city when last counted. Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack and winks in the unsuspecting traveler, providing free drink all around, but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings. This sin works ruin, first, by unhealthful stimulants. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium; the Persian by chewing hashish; the sailor in a squall in the inebriate in the bottle, and the aviarious at the gambling table. A thousand vices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is desire God-giving. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back is a terrific reaction is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician in bringing out the tune, plays no hand, breaks the instrument! God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement. No wonder if, after having failed in the game, men have begun to sweep off imaginary gold from the side of the table. The man who has been enough when he started at the game, but a maniac at the close. At every gaming table sit on one side Ecstasy, Enthusiasm, Romance—the frenzy of joy; on the other side, Fierceness, Rage, and Tumult. The professional gambler schools himself into apparent quietness. The keepers of gambling rooms are generally fat, rollicking, and obese;

but thorough and professional gamblers, in nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin, nervous, tremulous, and exhausted. A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at a hazard table and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime's sweat and tears, it will possess it away. Intemperance soon seizes its victim—kicking him out of a slaving tool into the ditch, or sending him with the drunkard's through staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose the victim. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the throbbing carotid, and his embarrassed business. Yet he is not the road to hell, said not preacher's voice, or starting warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is across his path, and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains they would snap like rusted wire, and though you piled up in his path heaven high, Bibles, tracts, and sermons, and on the summit set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks on his way to perdition. "Aceldama, the field of blood!" Again this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of trying to make these \$50 in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never know a confirmed gambler who is industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time not actively employed in the game in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw, and cut the teeth of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo and broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea of gaming is at war with all the industries and societies. Any trade or occupation that is in the way is ennobling. The street-sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by clearing the house of vermin. The dog that takes the sweetness from the drag of the cup compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return; but it is disgrace to the man, and he despairs to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children, and eternal wailing away to his soul. He pays in tears, and blood, and agony, and darkness, and woe. What dull work is plowing to the farmer when the village is held at one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tape and measure nankeen and cut garments and weigh sugars when in a night's game he makes and loses a year's income? He is bold again the profits of the season? John Borsak was sent as mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for \$87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard street, London, \$29,000; in Fulton street, New York, \$10,000, and in New Orleans, \$3,000. He was imprisoned, but afterwards escaped, and went into the gambling profession. How it diversifies and ruins! The crime is getting its level under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comforts and immortal souls. How it diversifies and ruins! It is inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly \$25,000,000, of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed. What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and sufferings entailed by gambling. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where in the Bible or in any society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest does there come a balm that can soothe the gambler's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children, are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to him to fan the cheek of sickness and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But so gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gamblers? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage, went back, put up his horses and carriage, and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and on a side alley met a friend, from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and gave a great while he had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler described to him the way over the poor man's grave? Not one. Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is getting marked out by the cards. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the pack. Expert gamblers have their accomplices, and one wily may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platinum so that doubles come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men

who have come into the play, and the accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wretchedly they begin, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, and wretched. They would not be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gaming house in San Francisco, a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenance of every slowly the cards were dealt. Every eye was fixed. Not a sound in the hall. The ace is revealed favorable to the "Foul!" There are shouts of "Foul!" "Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the "upward eye" is fixed. The bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. The gambler has lost a large sum. There is no chance about it. But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds that are committed in order to get the counterfeit with the nefarious work. Gambling, with its greedy hand, has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphan; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature; emptied the banker's money vault, and welded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no sin to which it will not stoop. Merciless, unapproachable, fiercer and wilder. It blinds, it hardens, it blinds, it crushes, it damps. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. Many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration, and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia who stole \$103,000 to carry on his gaming practices. Witness the \$600,000 stolen from a Brooklyn bank in the memory of many of you, and the \$180,000 taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose. These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies committed for the purpose of carrying on the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day, but if all the millions of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast—for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year. Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short-cut to death, and of his old father and mother, and wrote thus: "My beloved parents, you will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the receipt of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all your dear parents, is the last letter you should have a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but, oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall best please Him! This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you will have received this from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot say, I will not suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive in the dying prayer of your unfortunate son." The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter, and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first, but they brushed by the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? "Aceldama, the field of blood!" When things go wrong at a gaming table, they shout: "Foul! foul! foul!" all getting fonder of the world. "Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the pack. Expert gamblers have their accomplices, and one wily may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platinum so that doubles come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men

around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable. Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Splint hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the hell-gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and have seen the foaming and the hissing and the whirling of the horrid deep in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed, and died—the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the waters gurgled over them. To a gambler's deathbed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last!" but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantine around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out, and the spirit of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler. SHOULD THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BE PROTECTED? BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST. The whiskey dealers of the West are aroused and mean business, which gives us the best encouragement for the success of Prohibition in the near future. Agitation is the best evidence of progress. At a meeting of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, held in Chicago, it was decided to ignore party lines in the coming campaign, and to support candidates who would preserve the rights of saloon keepers. They say, "We are neither with the Republicans nor the Democrats, but will take care of our friends." The call for the convention says that it is necessary, in order to take some action to repel accusations and check the growth of public sentiment hostile to the rights and business of the whiskey trade, and that this sentiment is no longer to be ignored. The brewers and whiskey dealers would be justified in their demands for protection if their business was a harmless or healthful employment of capital; but instead of being a useful business, it is not only injurious, but is so detrimental that it is con- sidered by all who have opportunities to know, that not less than nine-tenths of all the crime, wretchedness and pauperism of our country is directly traceable to this liquor traffic, so that we are not justified in a condemnation of the business, but all good motives and generous sympathies should prompt our humane efforts to oppose it. Besides, our just claim to self-protection demands that we should not withhold our time and influence to put down this horrible traffic, but should use our best efforts to banish this monster of vice and corruption from the land, we being, otherwise, responsible for the woe and misery it produces. We are not only justified in waging a war of extermination, but we cannot afford to stoop to the low, groveling plane of expediency, or study only our personal comfort or the loss of some of our old and cherished sentiments. We must have the courage of strong convictions and devotion to principle, which will invariably force the conclusion that

If am stopped on the street with the threat, "Your money or your life," shall I say, "I know this is a free country and I shall not interfere with your liberty," and hand over my purse without any protest? Must this be done again and again, until it becomes so common a practice that any interference would be called a "sumptuary law" that interferes with the rights of the criminal? Shall the criminal practices of bad men, especially those whose crimes are most injurious to our homes and society—such cruel crimes, that bring lamentation, woe and wretchedness in every household—be justified with a legal sanction? Shall we tell these criminals that for a money consideration we will give them a monopoly in certain districts to carry on their terrible depredations on the lives and property of the people without our protest or molestation? Is it not on account of this wicked concession to the rummeller that our land is now flooded with crime and wretchedness? and is it not the rummeller who makes most of the hell we have on earth? Could we suppose it possible that in any civilized community this heinous debauchery of the people could find so much justification and sanction without an entire destruction of the people? The great wonder is that there is any virtue left, or that we are saved from our own recklessness; that we are not left to disintegration, even annihilation, of all that there is in life worth living. It would seem that nothing short of demoralization, anarchy, riot and destruction could follow such debauchery; for what are the elements of anarchy if not justice dethroned, selfishness let loose on society, crime sanctioned by the people, law made the pretext and vehicle for violence? Where, when and how are the terrible evils that flow from this liquor traffic to be prohibited, if not by Prohibition? Prohibition is our only salvation; it is demanded by the most sacred and imperative claims of justice and humanity. The saloon interest comprises a vast army of vampires that have their clutches on our most vital energies; all the moral sentiments of the people are benumbed and paralyzed by these alcoholic demons. These rapacious monsters of vice must be annihilated by the strong hand of a willing, noble and valiant combination of the conscientious voters of our country. What is now required is a combination of the people to vote on the right side, because it is right, and not sanction the liquor-sellers because they will advance the interest of our party. We must rise above old party prejudices if we would have this monster crushed. The law must not only be made effective by new restrictions, but we must have a party behind the law to secure its enforcement. The ballot must be our new reaper to gather in this grand harvest for God, home, and humanity.—Demorest's Monthly for December. DRIVING BOYS FROM HOME. Mothers who are disturbed by the noise and unfitness of boys at home must be careful lest by their reproaches they drive children from it in search of pleasure elsewhere. "There are those banisters all finger-marked again," said Mrs. Curry, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime, you shall be punished." "I should like to know where I am to go," said George; "I cannot stay in the kitchen I am so much in the way; and I cannot go into the parlor for fear I'll muss that up; and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know of a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Nip's corner. I can smoke a cigar as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it." And so the careful housekeeper virtually drives her son from the door to hang about the steps and sit under the broad, inviting por- tico of the village grog-shop.—National Bulletin. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, bequeathed \$75,000 to her servants.