

A Plain Talk on Gambling.

By Elder Hubbard in the Phillistine

AS a cold business proposition let me give you this. I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as you could fling Tarus by the tail.

I will not do business with a man who plays cards for money if I can help it.

No individual in my employ—or anybody else's—who plays cards for money can ever hope for promotion.

A professional gambler may be honest, but your clerk or business man who indulges in a quiet game of darw, is a rogue, a liar and a cheat.

And the man he cheats most is himself.

And the only man he really deceive is himself.

And the man who deceives himself and cheats himself will get no chance to cheat me if the matter can be avoided.

Beware of the white face, the soft hands and the impassive smile of the poker-player.

The amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation, then to add interest, the game transforms itself into penny ante. From this to betting all the money he has, is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

He wins.

But to quit when you have won, and not give your opponents a chance to win their money back is more or less a disgrace.

He plays again—and loses.

Then he wants a chance to get his money back.

He plays first only in the evening—an hour after supper. Then if he can get away from work, at four o'clock and play until supper time he will do so, just as scores of government clerks do at Washing-

ton. In the evening he plays again—excitement in the air—challenge is abroad—he will come out even and then quit. Men who have work to do cannot play all night and do business the next day, so midnight may end the game.

But Saturday night the game goes on until daylight.

Of the "morality" of gambling nothing need be said—all I affirm is that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat, and to win is a calamity.

The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional, he has to, for business men shun him.

No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us have a surplus of brains, and if you are going to succeed in business, all the power you have to your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime hasn't yet been born.

Life is a bank account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? If you draw your checks for this, you cannot for that—take your choice. And above all, do not draw on the Bank of Futurity by breathing bad air, keeping bad hours and bad company.

The man who succeeds in business is the man who goes to bed before ten o'clock at night; and only one thing is he jealous of, and that is outdoor exercise.

Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the pasteboards. All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself