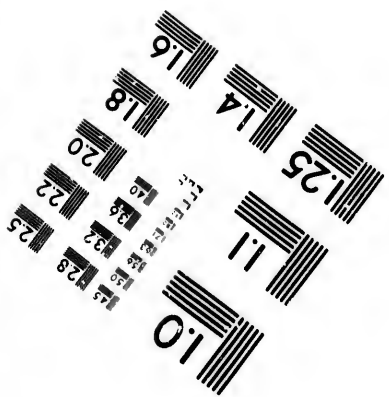
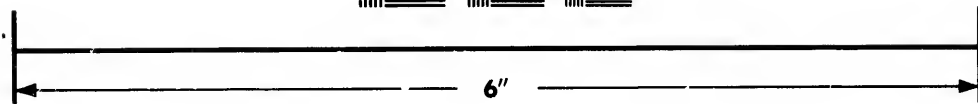
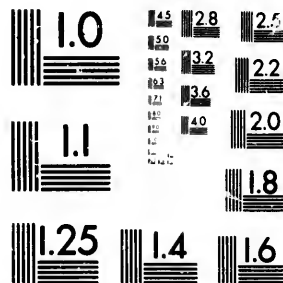


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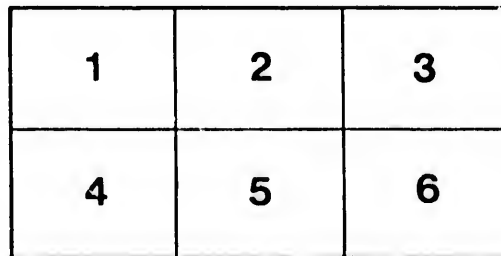
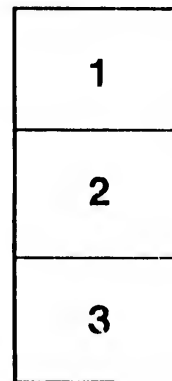
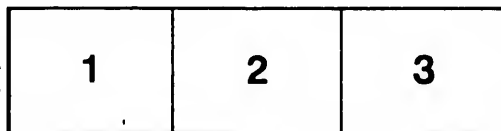
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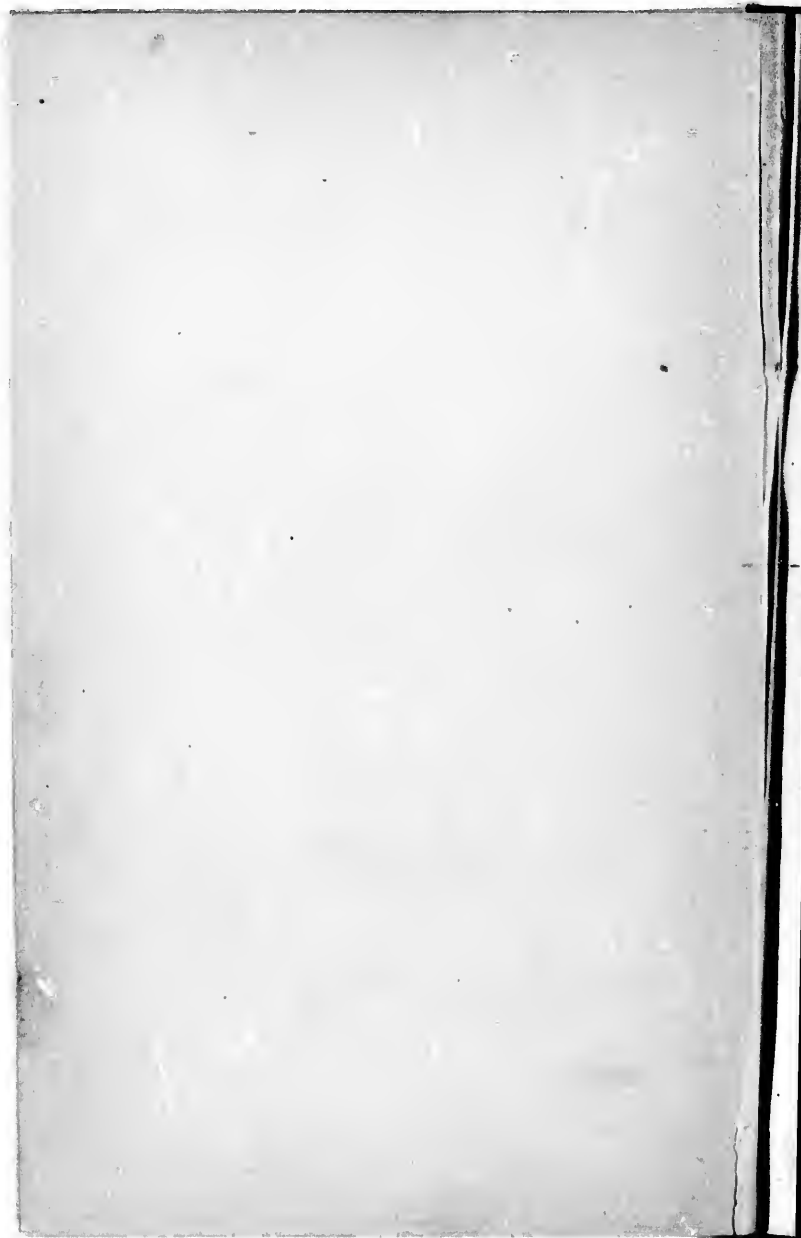


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DANGER SIGNALS.

THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH,
FROM THE BUSINESS MAN'S STANDPOINT.

*(Containing Advice to the Young on the Evils of the Day
from Many Merchants of Boston.)*

mark
BY REV. F. E. CLARK,

Pastor of the Phillips Church, Boston. Author of "The
Children and the Church"; "Our Business Boys," etc.



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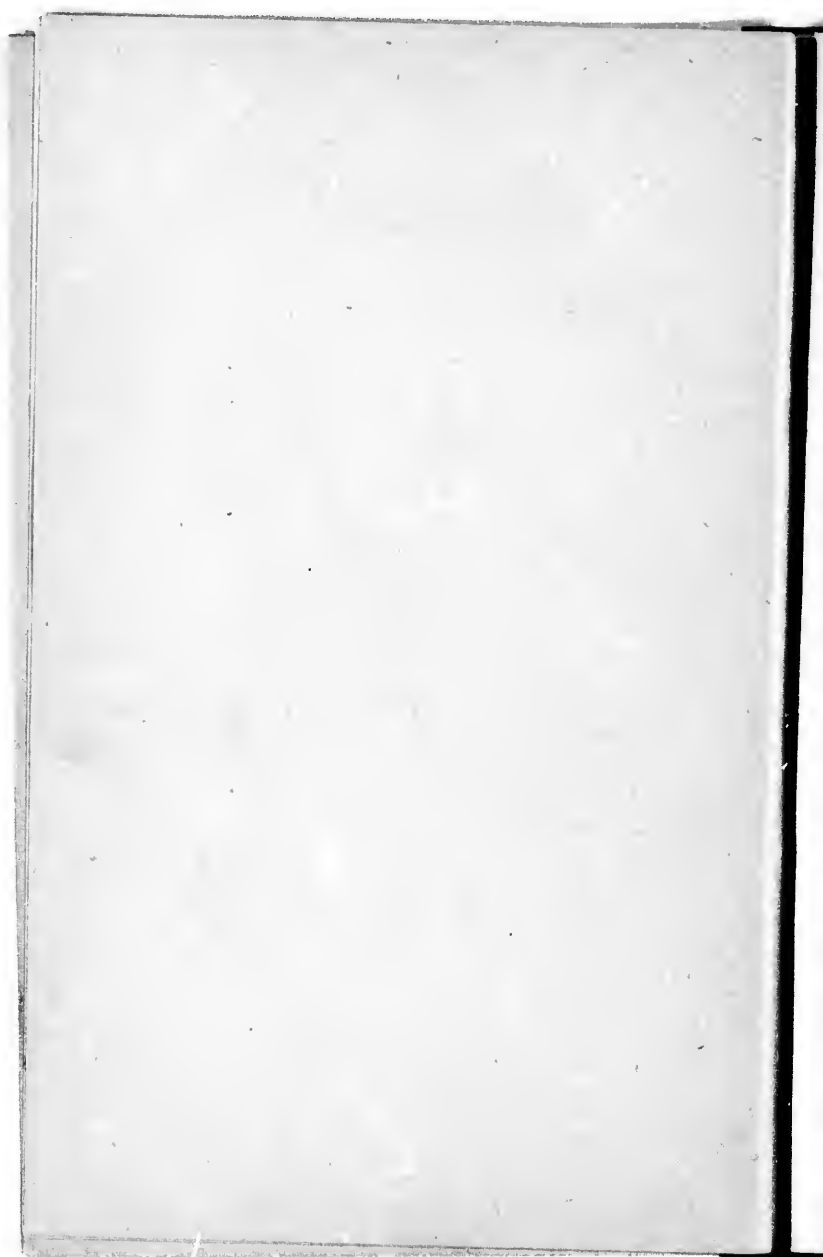
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Dedicated

**TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF PHILLIPS CHURCH
AND CONGREGATION,
WHO HAVE EVER STAYED UP THEIR PASTOR'S HANDS.**



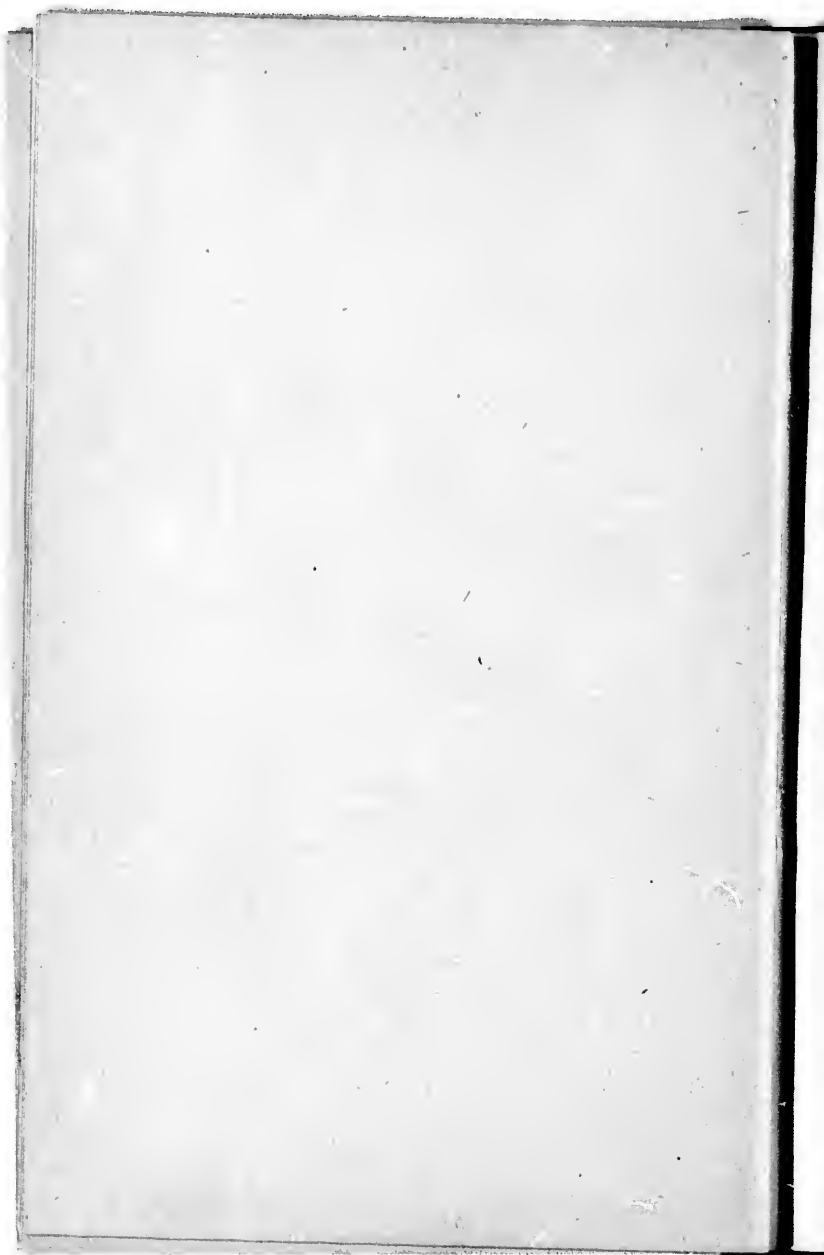
PREFACE.

THE following chapters were delivered as Sunday evening addresses in one of the churches of Boston, to an audience embracing hundreds of young people, among whom was a large proportion of young men.

They are now presented to a larger audience with the same hope that first led to their preparation, namely, that some of those who are about leaving the home port on life's voyage may be warned by the "Danger Signals" flying in these pages, of storm centers which would otherwise wreck manhood and womanhood.

The direct form of address, originally used, is continued in these pages, and the personal pronouns have not been blotted, in order that the young people who read these chapters may know, as well as those who were spoken to, that they are individually addressed.

F. E. C.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY. 9

THE RED FLAG WITH A BLACK CENTER. WHAT IS THE USE OF IT. THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK. THE BARRIER BETWEEN THE CLERGYMEN AND THE YOUNG MEN. AN ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME IT. LETTER TO THE BUSINESS MEN. THEIR RESPONSE. "FOR THE SAKE OF THE BOYS." THE POOL-ROOM AND THE PRAYER-ROOM. AN APPEAL TO SELF-INTEREST.

CHAPTER II.

KING ALCOHOL. 16

INTEMPERANCE A WITHERING SIMOON. WHAT THE BUSINESS MEN SAY. THE STORY OF A MORAL WRECK. THE REVENUES OF KING ALCOHOL. THE NUMBER OF HIS RETAINERS. HIS ABSOLUTE POWER OVER HIS SUBJECTS. ONE STRONGER THAN KING ALCOHOL.

CHAPTER III.

THE HENCHMEN OF KING ALCOHOL. 38

KING ALCOHOL, TOO WISE TO COME FOR HIS VICTIMS HIMSELF, SENDS HIS BETTER LOOKING HENCHMEN. PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS

MEN. BAD COMPANIONS. FEW BOYS ENTER THE RUM SHOPS FOR THE FIRST TIME ALONE. THE BOSTON BOYS' SOLEMN COMPACT. WEAK WILL—THE TRAITOR. IDLENESS. WHY SOME OF BOSTON'S BUSINESS MEN ARE RICH. BUSINESS THAT IS NOT BUSINESS. HOPE FOR ALL.

CHAPTER IV.

DIRT IN INK.

55

WHY MANY BUSINESS MEN PLACE BAD LITERATURE FIRST AMONG THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH. THE TREE WITH THE ROTTEN HEART. THE INSIDIOUSNESS OF THIS EVIL. THE GYPSY BOY'S VENGEANCE. INDICTMENT OF THE BAD BOOK. IT GIVES A STRAINED, UNNATURAL VIEW OF LIFE. IT GLORIFIES EVIL. IT LEAVES NO ROOM FOR THE GOOD. THE JELLY-BAG READER. THE CORRUPT LITERATURE OF FRANCE. TREE-FROG MINDS. WHAT THE LAW CAN DO.

CHAPTER V.

TRASH IN INK.

78

INFANT INDIAN EXTERMINATORS. FURTHER WISE WORDS FROM THE BUSINESS MEN. JUVENILE BURGLARIES AND FLASH PAPERS. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE OF BOSTON KEEP COMPANY WITH TRAIN WRECKERS AND HIGHWAYMEN. THE CAUSE OF THIS TRASH IN INK. CHEAP IMITATION OF BURDETTE AND MARK TWAIN. A WASTE OF TIME. A

CONTENTS.

7

SUM IN ARITHMETIC. THE SCRAPPY MIND OF THE MERE NEWSPAPER READER. THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMEN NEAR BOSTON. THE STORY OF THE JUDGE'S SON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOW THEATER.

103

THE GENERAL "THEATER QUESTION" NOT DISCUSSED. WARNINGS FROM THE BUSINESS MEN. THE MURDERER'S STARTING-POINT. THE PERIL TO PURITY OF CHARACTER. THE LOW THEATER ALWAYS CATERERS TO LUST. THREE THEATER BILLS. THE RUM SHOP NEXT DOOR. JESSE JAMES PLAYS, AND THEIR "STRONG SITUATIONS." THE LOW THEATER ATTEMPTS TO MAKE BLACK APPEAR WHITE, AND CONFUSES MORAL DISTINCTIONS. THE TRUE PICTURE OF VICE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GAMBLING DEN.

126

THE LITTLE HORSES OF INTERLAKEN. BASE-BALL POOL-ROOMS. FROM THE PRIZE CANDY BAG TO THE ROULETTE TABLE. THE BEANS IN A BOTTLE. THE SOAP LOTTERY. WHAT THE BOSTON MERCHANTS HAVE TO SAY. THE BUTCHER BIRD OF THE COMMUNITY. HOW A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR CHANGE HANDS. REVELATIONS OF AN OLD GAMBLER. THE GAMBLER'S PREVAILING TRAITS. CUPIDITY AND LAZINESS. MIDAS' EARS. GOOD THINGS ALWAYS COST. THE DEVIL'S PRIVATE WAY.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEPER OF IMPURITY.

148

THE DREADED LEPER OF ANCIENT TIMES. THE MORE
 LOATHSOME LEPER OF MODERN TIMES. WHAT THE
 MERCHANTS THINK OF HIM. INSANITY OR SUICIDE.
 THE THREE DOORS BY WHICH THIS LEPER ENTERS
 THE HEART. IMAGINATION-DOOR. DR. HOLLAND'S
 WORDS OF WISDOM. EYE-DOOR AND EAR-DOOR. A
 WORD TO YOUNG WOMEN. KEEP SAFE THE JEWEL.
 BALLS AND SKATING RINKS. A DANCING-MASTER'S
 OPINION. OUT-DOOR SPORTS. THE UNSPEAKABLE
 TURK. THE LEPER'S END.

CHAPTER IX.

SAPPERS AND MINERS OF CHARACTER:

FRIVOLITY, SELFISHNESS, DISHONESTY. 172

AT PETERSBURG IN 1864. THE ENEMIES THAT WORK
 UNDERGROUND AND IN THE DARK. FRIVOLITY. THE
 WRONG NAMES IT ASSUMES. THE LAUGHTER OF
 FOOLS. PORTRAIT OF THE FRIVOLOUS YOUNG MAN
 AND WOMAN. A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW. SELFISH-
 NESS. CULTIVATE THE GENEROUS NATURE. THE
 MOTH MILLER OF CHARACTER. THOMAS CANFIELD.
 DISHONESTY. MORE WARNINGS FROM THE MER-
 CHANTS. HONEST GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HONEST
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A LAST WHISPER IN THE EARS
 OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE RED FLAG WITH A BLACK CENTER. WHAT IS THE USE OF IT? THE OBJECT OF THIS BOOK. THE BARRIER BETWEEN THE CLERGYMEN AND THE YOUNG MEN. AN ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME IT. LETTER TO THE BUSINESS MEN. THEIR RESPONSE. "FOR THE SAKE OF THE BOYS." THE POOL-ROOM AND THE PRAYER-ROOM. AN APPEAL TO SELF-INTEREST.

SOMETIMES in stormy weather I look off toward our Signal Station, and there see a red flag with a black center fluttering in the breeze and I know that a beneficent government has ordered that flag to be flung out as a danger signal to warn the sailor of an approaching storm. "What is the use of doing anything of that sort?" the objector might say. "That red flag won't save the sailor's life. Provide a safe harbor and a breakwater to keep off the force of the sea, and a lighthouse to mark the rocks, and a good dock for the vessel, and never mind about that red rag fluttering

from the Signal Station." "No," says the government; "we will dredge out the harbor and provide the breakwater and lighthouse and dock, and we will also run up the red flag to tell the mariner of his need of refuge." The chief office of every church and minister of the gospel is to present the constructive, building truths, to lift up the Cross and the great Sufferer upon it, as the only Redemption of a lost race, to tell of the safe haven, and to point out the good roadstead where tempest-tost vessels on life's ocean may ride out the storm, but it is also the duty of every church and preacher of the gospel to warn the mariner of approaching gales. The *red flag* saves life as well as the breakwater and the lighthouse.

Raging storms and fierce are abroad. Before we know it our children may be involved and eternally wrecked. For their sakes I have felt it my duty to run up these Danger Signals.

When this conclusion was reached the next question to decide was how may this best be done.

Young men are apt to feel that a clergyman is more or less of a recluse, who shuts himself up

with his books, and knows little of the temptations and struggles of real life. A false idea I believe, for the most part, for the wind howls and the storms beat against the study window as well as against the counting-house window; and if *any one* has a chance to know something of every phase of life and human nature it is the pastor of a modern parish. However, I recognize that feeling, and know that many half unconsciously say to themselves whenever a preacher presents a truth, or utters a warning, "Oh yes, that's a minister's view, that's his business. He is expected to say such things."

Realizing this barrier which some of you would half unconsciously set up, I have requested a large number of the business men of Boston to assist me in running up these danger signals, and accordingly sent out the following circular letter:

"DEAR SIR. For the sake of the boys and young men will you help me point out to them some of the dangers which lie in their pathway? I propose to give a short series of addresses upon the "Enemies of Youth" in which I wish to set before them not only a minister's views, but the opinions of practical and suc-

cessful business men such as most of them aspire to be. Such opinions will have the greatest weight with them.

"So will you please tell them, through me, what, in your view, are their greatest enemies, e.g. rum, bad literature, gambling devices, low theaters; these, or any other evils of like nature.

"I would be very glad of your reasons for these views, and of any incidents or illustrations which have come under your notice, which serve to corroborate them; but if in asking for this I am trespassing too much upon your time, may I ask you to indicate in a word or two the evils which appear to you most dangerous and seductive.

Yours in behalf of the boys, ——"

Most of these men to whom I wrote thought it worth their while to answer my letter. More than that, many took great pains in answering it, sending me frequently ten or a dozen or fifteen pages of good advice.

Many of these men are well known, and have been well known for years in commercial circles of Boston. Some of them count their wealth by millions, and all of them have obtained what they have, be it much or little, by honest, straightforward, manly dealing. Their success has been true success, not the glittering success of prosper-

ous roguery, which is worse than failure. They are men for whom you work, young men; men who watch some of you from day to day behind the counter, men who know thoroughly your temptations and difficulties, men who have been where you are now, climbing up the ladder, men whose places you aspire to fill one of these days.

I have been particularly pleased with the generous response I have received from these busy men, because it shows the intense interest that these merchants of Boston take in your welfare. Many of them speak hearty words of approval of this attempt which I am making to hoist these danger signals, and thank me for the opportunity I give them of aiding you by a word of advice.

These letters show me, too, that the shrewd business men of Boston have their eyes upon you. They take far more notice of the young men than the young men are apt to think. They know a church from a saloon and they know when you frequent the one and avoid the other. A pool-room and a prayer-room do not particularly resemble one another, and you cannot hoodwink these men very long as to the place of your pref-

erence. You may think that in a large city you are lost in the crowd, and that nobody knows or cares what you do with your time or your money, but let me tell you that is a great mistake. Said a very prominent and wealthy man of business to me: "A young man's calibre and habits are soon known in a business community. His employers are reading *him* while he thinks they are reading the morning paper; and he very soon takes his own place as reliable, honest, and worthy of promotion, or the reverse."

Says another merchant prominent and honored in many circles of Boston: "An employer can quickly tell whether his clerks find their happiness in late hours and dissipation, or in manly and rational and healthy and Christ-like exercise of mind and body."

Says another merchant of Boston whose name is as widely known as any between the covers of the Boston Directory: "The men who seek clerks or employees for any work seek those who avoid dissipation of any description and now as never before."

This same idea I find in many letters. So, my

young friend, if I cannot appeal as yet to a noble Christian principle within you, if I cannot argue with you on the highest plain of morality, let me appeal to this lower motive of self-interest while I ask you to give heed to these "Danger Signals."

CHAPTER II.

KING ALCOHOL.

INTEMPERANCE A WITHERING SIMOON. WHAT THE BUSINESS MEN SAY. THE STORY OF A MORAL WRECK. THE REVENUES OF KING ALCOHOL. THE NUMBER OF HIS RETAINERS. HIS ABSOLUTE POWER OVER HIS SUBJECTS. ONE STRONGER THAN KING ALCOHOL.

FIRST on the black center of the blood-red flag which I would hoist before you I read the word "Intemperance." I raise this signal, not because this evil comes first, necessarily, in order of time, not because it is always the most dangerous, for it is too hideous to be seductive to many of you, but because, like a hot-breathed, withering simoon, this storm wind is always blowing, blasting everything strong and fair that comes within its influence. There are twenty-nine hundred saloons in the city of Boston, I understand, and a thousand more unlicensed, and every one of them is a horrible storm center in which the Evil One takes the place of fabled Eolus of old, and

seeks to wreck every fair bark upon the ocean of life. When we see at the signal office a white flag with a black center raised over a red flag with a black center we know that it means an off shore cautionary signal; that is, that while the storm has not passed, the prevailing winds are blowing off shore, and hence not so dangerous. But in the Simoon of Intemperance the winds never blow off shore. They are always driving their hapless victim upon the rocks of destruction and upon the wreck-lined shore of eternal misery.

Most of the business men to whom I applied, have placed this evil at the head of their list, declaring it the gigantic curse of curses. One of them speaks to you in this way: "The good fellowship of friends is pleasant, the politeness, freedom, desire not to be considered green, are all natural, but no business man wants a clerk in his employ, who is a visitor at bar rooms or has associates who are frequenters of the same."

Says another: "Intemperance being the leader, none of the other vices can be successfully assailed unless this is first controlled. The man who bows to this leadership, though he may be called

a man, has not in my judgment the moral attributes in exercise which give the quality of manhood, having neither instinct nor reason."

Says still another: "I am decidedly of the opinion that intemperance is by far the greatest enemy that boys have to contend with. At various times I have had six apprentices, and nearly all of them have turned out badly and this in spite of my best endeavors to have it otherwise. It would be doing the boys a great service if you can in any way make them see what the result will be of such a course. The difficulty is to make them believe there is any danger *in their case.*"

Says yet another: "As I look back over the list of my friends and acquaintances of the past thirty years I am pained to recall the number of those who have died or been badly injured by this curse of mankind.

"The approaches of the evil are so winsome that the young cannot be too constantly on their guard. Some one has well said that A-le, B-eer, C-ider are the beginning of the drunkard's alphabet. It was Christian reasoning which led a gen-

tleman daily dining with a score of business friends, when asked by one of the number why he was the only one of the party who never took even a glass of lager beer, to reply, that he was often tempted to do so, as the flavor was appetizing to him, and an occasional glass might do him no harm, but that he realized somewhat the evil of intemperance and so was willing to deny himself what might be a harmless indulgence that he might help by his example others who were struggling to overcome the tendency toward strong and ruinous drink."

I wish I could give you the many sad and touching incidents which have come to me from these men of affairs who wish to save you from the misery which they have witnessed.

Says one whom many young men in Boston have occasion to revere and love: "I know a young man who formed the habit of using the social glass while in college, which habit he has never been able to fully overcome, and though he has fine talents, has many friends, and has held important public office, is occasionally overcome for a few days at a time, to his own sorrow and

shame, to the grief and mortification of his friends, and to loss of that public confidence which might otherwise entitle him to high position in public life."

A gentleman who is a leading partner in one of the largest firms of Boston sends you this warning in guise of an "o'er true tale." "I know well a family, called by my wife and myself the *model* family—so gentle and lovely in disposition and so obedient to parents and respectful to everybody. The eldest son expressed a hope in Christ during Mr. Moody's visit to this city some years since and united with the church of which his father and mother were members. He had never been out into the world; he was sent to a private school in Connecticut, and, at the end of the term, went with his teacher and members of his class to Europe. How or when the appetite for spirituous liquors got hold of him his father could never learn. Suffice it to say that for years his parents and friends have done everything to break its hold, but, well-meaning as he is, the temptation is too strong for his will and he has almost broken his parents' hearts."

Let me give you one more incident from these stories of the drink curse which have about them a monotony so sad and sequels so appalling.

This, too, comes from an honored Boston merchant, who, for a number of years was mayor of a neighboring city.

"Some years ago," he says, "a man came to me to purchase a house. He had a family,—a wife, son, daughter and father. He bought a place worth \$12,000. At that time he was in a very prosperous business and had quite a monopoly of it for this part of the country. He claimed to be and I think he was worth \$50,000. He seemed to be correct in all his habits; his family was an interesting one. He kept his own horse and carriage, kept a hunting dog, was something of a sportsman, moved in good society and was generally called a good fellow." And then comes the story of the gradual descent, the old, old story, business declining, house sold, the old father goes out to do chores for a living, the family move down through all the grades of respectability until "at last," says this gentleman, "he came to

me one day to beg, and said that he, wife, and daughter were living in a garret, sleeping on the floor, getting a little food when they could, and he and his son getting drunk whenever they could beg money enough to get rum. Later his son was sent to Deer Island for drunkenness, and this man applied to me to get him a place on a railroad at the West, promising never to touch liquor again. He kept his pledge for a few months and then his poor wife came to my office and told me that her husband had fallen down stairs and broken his skull. Strange to say he recovered from this accident—but while he was in the hospital his father, who had given him all his property to start him in business, died in the almshouse, and there was not a friend or relation to speak a parting word to the poor old man. But little more remains to be told of this sad, sad case," continues the merchant who tells the story. "I saw the man a few days ago. He was partly drunk and he came into my office under the pretence of selling me something, but really to beg, and he owned to me that he got drunk whenever

he had money; did not believe there was a God or a future, wanted to die, the sooner the better, could n't and would n't keep from drinking."

Such is the awful story, which might be duplicated a thousand times today in every large city, of misery and heartache and anguish and hopelessness, of a soul in perdition, even in this world.

I have spoken of this evil which we are considering under the title — King Alcohol. With good reason do I call him *King*. Whether we consider his revenues or the number of his subjects or the completeness of his authority over his vassals we find that no monarch exercises such a wide and absolute sway as King Alcohol.

Consider first his revenues: King Alcohol, with what is paid into his treasury in this one land of ours, the United States of America, could buy out today all the presidents and crowned heads of the old and new world.

Nine hundred millions of dollars is the yearly liquor bill of the United States alone. An almost inconceivable sum. We used to say that Cotton was King, but the value of our cotton goods is not a quarter part of that sum. The value of

woolen goods is only about another quarter of the liquor bill. Our church property has been accumulating for generations, and yet the value of all church property in the United States, of all denominations, is less than one half that of the liquor men pour down their throats every year. We boast of our public schools and point with pride to our fine buildings and excellent system, but the amount paid for public education in this free republic is only \$91,000,000, while the amount paid for rum, whiskey, wine, and beer, is \$900,000,000. Our countrymen pay ten times as much to ruin themselves body and soul every year, as they do to educate the minds of their children. We think that the contribution box is passed pretty often, and that a large sum must be raised for the conversion of the heathen at home and abroad in the hundred thousand churches of our land, but for every dollar that goes into the missionary society two hundred dollars go into the till of the rumseller. The yearly liquor bill of this country has been represented by a black line four inches long, and the amount given for foreign and home missions by all the churches in

all this land, is proportionately represented by a shadowy, hair-like line, almost too narrow to measure.

Says Dr. Dorchester: "The indirect cost being allowed to be as much as the direct cost of liquors, the total liquor bill would be \$1,800,000,000, or equal to the aggregate cost of bread, meat, woolen and cotton goods, boots and shoes, public education and also the production of gold and silver. It would pay off all the state, county, and municipal debts of the United States and leave an amount equal to the yearly gross receipts of all the railroads in the country. It would pay the national debt in one year." So much for the revenues of King Alcohol.

Then think of his subjects as well as his enormous revenues and we see what a mighty monarch we are dealing with. Among the high and the low does he claim his subjects, among the rich and the poor, among the young and the old. He is not dainty in his choice of retainers, this old monarch. He claims sometimes the fair young damsel in the careful home, but he does not despise the haggard bloated beldame in the

brothel. He often seeks the comparatively pure young man and drags him out from under his father's roof, out of the church, out of the Sunday-school class, into his own domain, but he is no less willing to accept the service and tribute of the old sot steeped in filth to his very lips, and he continues him in his service until every power of body and mind and soul is corrupted and debauched, and he totters into an untimely grave almost as vile, almost as much of a fiend as those to whom he goes.

Not only is King Alcohol the monarch of individuals, but he is ruler of cities and nations as well. If all indications which wise men see are not deceptive he is the ruler of the city of Boston. Says Edward Everett Hale: "This city is now governed by what is virtually a corporation of dealers in liquor. There are about twenty-nine hundred of them, rather more than less—who have been licensed. If we suppose that each of these men employs at his bar two others, there are about ten thousand in all who have one purpose, one instinct, one common interest.— That interest is to sell as much liquor every

day as they can. The community of interest and of motive makes of them, I say, virtually a corporation. They defend each other when they are sued. They pay from a common fund the expenses of a trial. They vote for the same candidates when the day of election comes, and from the government which elects them they expect and receive certain distinct services."

Surely, whether we consider his revenues or his subjects or the army of rumsellers who officer these subjects, we see that King Alcohol is a mighty monarch and his sway an awful sway.

Once more we may well call him KING Alcohol when we think of the completeness of his dominion and of his authority over his subjects.

There have been many tyrants whose rule has been well-nigh absolute, but none who ever possessed a tithe of the power of this king. Many a monarch has been able to take the life of his subjects and confiscate his property and sequester his estate, but none could cause the heart to beat fast or slow, and the nerves to shake, and the brain to reel at his pleasure, like King Alcohol. Careful experiments have been made in scientific circles

and it has been proved beyond a doubt that very small quantities of alcohol, the amount contained in half a table-spoonful of spirits, sensibly and decidedly affects the sense of touch or feeling, the sense of weight or the muscular sense, and the sense of sight or vision, and makes them less trustworthy and serviceable.

It has been proved by careful, scientific experiment, that a wine-glass of liquor will increase the action of the heart so as to cause it to do every twenty-four hours from an eighth to a quarter more work than is necessary in driving the blood throughout the system, thus weakening and wearing out the system with every heart-beat. There was never another tyrant that had such absolute power as King Alcohol, even affecting every involuntary motion of the heart.

Many a tyrant, as I have said, has taken the life of his subjects, but never was there a despot who could compel his vassals to lose every moral instinct until they should hate father and mother, and beat and maul wife and child, and perhaps murder their nearest kinsman, yet this is just what King Alcohol does, so absolute is his con-

trol. It is not many years ago since a young man, mad with drink, killed his father and mother and cut out their hearts, which he roasted and ate, and, in fiendish atrocity, this crime hardly falls below that which we often read in the daily print.

Many an Eastern Despot has confiscated the property of his subjects and robbed them of their crops in harvest, but never was there such a robber chief as King Alcohol who every day filches something out of the pockets and the estate of every man in America. Whenever there is a bad harvest, distress is felt in every poor man's home throughout the civilized world, but if the seed which is cast into the mellow soil should fail to produce one half a crop, the misery which would ensue would not be one hundredth part of that which will be produced by the seed which the rumseller and the distiller and the brewer are sowing.

There was a petty little ruler down in one of the Central American States who, not long ago, encroached on the territory of his neighbors, and our government thought it worth while to send to the Isthmus twelve hundred troops to

keep that little tyrant within reasonable bounds, lest he should injure the property or rights of a few of our citizens, or trespass upon our shadowy claim to a right of way through the Isthmus, and yet, all the while, a monster tyrant, who is trampling upon the rights of ten thousand homes, yea upon the lives and eternal hopes of millions of our fellow citizens, is allowed to go on his murderous way unchecked and even unquestioned by our national government.

A short time ago the story came from Birmingham, as quoted by Mr. Gustaffson in his book, of three little girls, nine, ten, and twelve years old, who purchased whiskey, got drunk, and almost died in consequence. The same paper contained the account of three dogs falling sick upon the road to the meet for fox hunting, presumably having been poisoned. In this case great indignation was expressed by the public and a reward of fifty pounds offered for the arrest of the poisoner. There was no indignation expressed at the poisoning of the girls with liquor and no reward offered for the conviction of the poisoner. That shows how much more a dog is worth than a

girl in a Christian land. That shows the sway of King Alcohol.

Said an English paper some time since: "On Monday morning the magistrates of Liverpool had before them twenty-two boys and girls under the age of seventeen, all of whom had been found beastly drunk in the public streets on Sunday and unable to take care of themselves. Again on a given Sunday 22,000 children were counted in the public-houses and beer-shops of Manchester; and a clergyman, entering one of the beer-shops at one in the morning, found it full of boys and girls drinking." I am glad to believe that the curse of juvenile drinking has not assumed proportions so tremendous in this land of ours, but I have been told by a captain of police in this city of Boston, that boys ten years old have been brought to his station house too drunk to get to their homes.

Such, young men, is the horrible, sickening work of this tyrant of the nineteenth century. Would that I could excite in you such a loathing and disgust of him, that you would not only keep yourselves free from his shackles, but that you

would also arise in the might of your young manhood to sweep from our beloved land this curse of the ages.

If a drop of patriotic blood courses through your veins; if you ever cry in sincerity, "God bless our native land," may you also cry in the same breath, "down with King Alcohol."

I wonder if any one will read this chapter who feels that his own manhood is being undermined, that he is one of the serfs, that he is in the chain-gang, that his master is King Alcohol.

Let me tell any one who feels in this way of another King, a stronger King than King Alcohol, a King with more subjects and larger revenues and mightier power. I know not how you can escape from King Alcohol except by transferring your allegiance to this King. Your will is weak, home influences are unavailing, even a mother's prayers and sobs you forget, your pledge will be broken, the antidote that you take will not quench your thirst. This King will be by your side in every trying hour of temptation, He will break your shackles, He will rescue you from the clutches of the enemy, He will never leave you nor forsake you. His name is Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III.

THE HENCHMEN OF KING ALCOHOL.

KING ALCOHOL, TOO WISE TO COME FOR HIS VICTIMS HIMSELF, SENDS HIS BETTER LOOKING HENCHMEN. PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN. BAD COMPANIONS. FEW BOYS ENTER THE RUM SHOPS FOR THE FIRST TIME ALONE. THE BOSTON BOYS' SOLEMN COMPACT. WRAK WILL—THE TRAITOR. IDLENESS. WHY SOME OF BOSTON'S BUSINESS MEN ARE RICH. BUSINESS THAT IS NOT BUSINESS. HOPE FOR ALL.

WHILE speaking to you, in the last chapter, concerning the ravages of King Alcohol, I was fully aware that he often did not come himself to claim his victims, but usually sent in the first place certain retainers who are more winning and attractive to look upon than himself. In fact should he come himself and claim the allegiance of any young man, his foul and bloated countenance, his fetid breath, his reeling gait, his rags and wounds, would frighten away the most reckless. He knows too much for this, does this astute old

enemy of the race, and so he has a score of menials, better looking and better dressed than himself, ready to do his bidding, and bring the victim under his sway. My many correspondents have recognized this truth and they have pointed out to me for your sakes some of these pimps and procurers of the great enemy, some of those who fetch and carry for King Alcohol.

I have chosen to call them the Henchmen of King Alcohol. A henchman, according to the original derivation of the word, is one who follows at the haunch of the king or noble; in other words, one who is always hovering near his lord, ready to do his bidding. That is exactly the position of some of these enemies of yours of which I shall speak in this chapter.

These henchmen do not lurk in the drinking saloon alone. They go out upon the street, they button-hole a young man on his way home from the prayer-meeting, they knuckle down with the boy who is playing marbles "for keeps," they swarm in dull times when apprentices are out of work, they are particularly active at the noon hour, and during the long evening when the day's

work is over, they always ride in the smoking car, they are fond of the innuendo and the low jest and the smutty story. When a young man begins to keep company with them, they rarely leave him until they have carried him over, body and soul, into the camp of King Alcohol.

Several of the successful men of Boston have told me the story of their early lives, and I notice that in every case these men have not only avoided the Prince of Evil who hides in the demijohn and the beer-keg, but have given to all his myrmidons a wide berth. Let me tell you the story of two or three of these successful lives. One man, who is known throughout the whole city for his widely-bestowed and judicious benevolence, says: "I came to Boston a poor boy more than fifty years ago. I came without money, but with that greatest of earthly blessings, a praying mother at home. I came with the full determination that, if God spared my life, I would be a successful man. Every young man should begin with this determination. Then, having chosen some trade or occupation, stick to it, keeping the old maxim in mind, 'honor and shame from no condition rise.'"

That determination cherished and held to and realized at last left no room in that man's life for any of the henchmen of King Alcohol.

Another one writes me: "I began business a poor boy. My mother died when I was an infant. My father was a clergyman, poor in this world's goods, and could give his boys no financial help. As a matter of fact I began business at the age of fifteen with a capital of five dollars. My first factory was a one story building, fifteen feet by twelve feet. My first product was a carpet bag full of the articles I made, which I sold from door to door. I struggled with poverty and many obstacles. I worked half the night many a night, and at two or three o'clock in the morning I crawled up into the little attic over my little shop, hardly large enough for a dog to sleep in, and after an hour or two of sleep, got up and went at it again. My factory has grown to cover three acres; my product has grown from a carpet bag full to six tons a day, and the goods of my manufacture are now sold in every civilized country. I never used tobacco, cider, or beer. I never gambled or read low story papers or dime novels,

but supplemented my meager educational advantages with good reading.

"When a young man I canvassed twenty-two states in the Union, selling my goods. I always refrained from business on Sunday, and went to church wherever Sunday overtook me, and had I a voice that would drown Niagara I would say to every young man, 'See to it that you lay the foundation of your character well. Touch not, taste not, beer, cider, anything that contains alcohol.'"

Still another gentleman, who is honored by all who know him, tells me that he came to Boston from the country forty years ago and applied for work.

"What can you do?" said the man to whom he applied. "I can work," replied the boy, "and am willing to learn." He went to work in the humblest place, he was contented to step first on the lowest rung of the ladder. In seven years he was admitted as equal partner in the concern; later still he bought out his old employer and now, after forty years, still does business in the old

store, where twoscore years ago he went to work as errand boy.

I mention these cases for the encouragement of every struggling, disheartened young man who reads this book. It is no ephemeral success which these men have achieved. It is no Grant and Ward prosperity, where one goes up like a rocket and comes down like a stick. Much that goes by the name of success is not worthy of the name. Success is not money getting. The rich man may be a pitiful failure. The poor man may be a grand success. It is possible to buy gold too dear and political honor too dear. True success is the attainment of a worthy ideal without the least sacrifice of honor or manliness.

That is what these men to whose lives I have referred have gained and I think I can tell you in a single sentence the secret of their success. They sedulously shunned not only King Alcohol but all his henchmen.

I have space to mention but three of these henchmen but from looking at these three you can know the whole tribe, for they all have a

family resemblance. These three shall be Bad Companions, A Weak Will, and Idleness. I mention these three out of the host of myrmidons whom Alcohol has at his beck and call because they are the three upon whom my correspondents most insist.

I venture to say that not one boy in five hundred ever went into a rum shop *alone* for the first time. He went first because he was asked to go; because some companion took him by the arm and said "Let us see what is going on in there." Oh! if he could only know that that bad companion came to him directly from the devil, if he could see the grinning face of Apollyon leering at him over that companion's shoulder, how he would start back in fright and dread!

I know of young men who are going to the bad as fast as time can carry them, and I know the cause of their downward course,—it is some evil companion, whom they have not moral courage to break away from. They walk with him to school or business, they sit with him in church, they turn to him for his sneer or smile when the most solemn truths are being urged upon them. The

tears of mother, the warnings of father, the counsel of pastor, are of no avail because of this evil companion.

In sorrow of heart I say that there are some young people of my acquaintance whom I have given up as far as any direct appeal to their conscience goes, because I see that they are not willing to break with their bad companions. It is utterly useless. I can only pray and watch for the time when that evil genius is not by their side. No more surely does the watchful bird of the air swoop down from its perch to capture the seed which the husbandman has just dropped, than does this bird of evil omen swoop upon the good seed of the word which is dropped in their heart. The warnings which the business men of Boston send you on this point are many and specific.

One of them whose name would carry with it much weight, did I feel at liberty to give it, says: "When I look back upon my own narrow escape from evils of which I can hardly conceive the end, it brings tears to my eyes. I think the turning-point was my going to California at the age of

nineteen and by that means *breaking off the acquaintances* I had formed. I was away so long that when I returned they had all scattered. I did not think at the time I was very bad, but still from my present standpoint it looks bad enough. I can look around me here in Boston and see many a man who is a perfect failure today, who had the brightest prospects when young, and bad company was the first step downward."

Young man, if you feel that you have not the moral stamina to break with the companions who are dragging you down, if you feel that there is no other way to throw off this social chain, every link of which is a fetter for your soul, then I beg you to leave everything and flee for your life, though it be to California, or Australia, or Alaska, or Patagonia, though you leave father and mother and home and church behind you, flee as you would flee from the pestilence.

Better bury yourself forever in some foreign land and never see your native city again, if the influences at home are too strong for you to resist, than bring heartache and sorrow to every one who

loves you by going down to death and ruin, side by side with some rake whom you have allowed to link arms with you, and with whom you feel you must keep step. This is a heroic remedy that I am proposing I know, and I hope that it is not necessary in most cases, but I am convinced that some wills are so weakened, that some well-meaning young men are so under the dominion of evil companions that their only safety lies in a new set of surroundings and companions. Christ our Lord proposed heroic measures when milder ones should fail. "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, [or cause thee to stumble,] cut them off and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire." If your companion, though he be your best friend, cause you to stumble, if he leads you into bad ways, if he makes you careless and thoughtless and indifferent of the good and complacent of the evil, cast him off,

flee from him as Joseph fled out of the way of temptation, though you leave the very garment by which he seeks to hold you in the clutches of the tempter.

But there is another side to this question of companionship. If there are evil companions whose influence is tremendous in dragging down, there are also good companions whose influence is no less powerful in building up. Place yourself among them. "Get in" with this "set." They are not exclusive. Their circle will widen. If you have the same aims and motives they will gladly receive you.

Let me tell you of a compact made by four Boston young men nearly forty years ago, when temperance pledges were by no means as common as today, for it shows that the power of good companionship and of union in a good cause, is no less potent than union in evil. This pledge, drawn up by these four young men, reads as follows: "Believing that the use of intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, is both needless, hurtful, and injurious to the human system, that it tends to demoralize the social, civil, and religious interests of all;

believing that the use of profane language is a low and vulgar habit, betraying ignorance, and that no one who continues its use will respect himself or be respected by others; and believing that the use of tobacco, whether chewed or smoked, is injurious and hurtful; We do hereby declare our fixed and unalterable determination to abstain forever from their use and to rest strictly on the principles of total abstinence, and that we will, to the best of our endeavors, try to have these principles adopted by all, and that we will live firmly, so that all may know that these principles tend to happiness, peace, and comfort, making good citizens, faithful, honest men." The pledge then goes on to denounce slavery and war, particularly the Mexican war which was then in progress. It adopts the Bible as the rule of conduct for the signers, and thus this manly paper ended: "And, finally, believing that God created man for happiness here and hereafter and made woman to be his companion, and has declared that by the sweat of his brow shall man earn his daily bread, therefore we have settled down on this firm resolution: Honest industry

and virtuous marriage. To the full and faithful performance of all which, we pledge our most sacred honor."

As three of these noble young men have gone over to the majority and the other lives in another city, I think I need not hesitate to tell you that the pledge ended thus: "Given under our hands and seals, this the 16th day of January A. D. 1848. LEWIS SMITH, BENJAMIN K. AMES, THOMAS C. SIMONDS, ELIPHALET PACKARD."

There we see the power and possibility of a union and companionship that builds up character and insures a noble life.

But these henchmen of King Alcohol do not all direct their attacks from the outside. They have a faculty of assaulting the citadel of Mansoul from within, and one of the retainers who often does his bidding is the very porter of the citadel, the doorkeeper of the castle. He is called *Weak Will*. When Satan corrupts even the guards within the city, little hope is there indeed of resistance to the siege which King Alcohol lays to the character. This recreant, traitorous doorkeeper plays into the hands of the bad companions

of whom I have just spoken, and opens the gates of the soul. If it were not for this traitor within, the evil influences from without could do little harm. How many wretched homes would be made happy if only this doorkeeper, Weak Will, could be removed, and a stalwart, unconquerable, resolute determination could be put in his place.

One gentleman tells me of a young man who came to him the other day confessing that for four years he had averaged a quart of whiskey a day. He had been compelled to sell out what little business he had left and has gone away, leaving wife and three children without support, when he could have a fine business. He says, "*he cannot get along without his whiskey.*" Ah, poor Weak Will, so often has it played the traitor, that King Alcohol with all his train of evil spirits has come and taken full possession.

Here is what another says, who is honored in many circles of Boston :

"Where is the young man when he deliberately entertains the thought that he has a right to indulge in sin? Has he not already prostituted

his soul to evil? Has not the clean-cut line between good and evil become to him so befogged and indistinct that he is sure to hesitate in the hour of temptation?

"There is a spot where only a positive 'no' is safety. If there be inability to say 'no' to evil, the poor, weakened, undecided soul is open to the attacks of the Wicked One on every side.

"Tell the young man that the 'I'll take the risk,' 'I don't care,' 'I'm not afraid to mingle in companionship with the wicked,' is going over the picket line into the enemy's quarters. Tell him the consequence will be a divided, careless, reckless, impoverished soul, wasted in frivolity, dwarfed in ignorance, made miserable by skepticism, blackened by infidelity, abandoned to trample upon God's law and the Sabbath; and, soon, loving evil and hating good, his will become a sin-sold soul."

The third, and last henchman of King Alcohol which I shall mention, is *Idleness*, and concerning the evil which he has wrought, I have a mass of testimony, all of which I cannot begin to give you. A very prominent railroad man, the presi-

dent of one of our largest roads, writes me: "If I were to address young men, I should especially urge upon them the need of forming industrious habits; there was never a truer saying than that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' One great difficulty," he continues, "which stands in the way of the success of many men, as it seems to me, is the desire to get along without work, to obtain easy positions where they can dress well and have a plenty of leisure. All through my life I have seen man after man wrecked on these shoals. Having no fixed habits of industry they drift off and fall into the pits always open for them."

Another man who has done as much as any other for the boys of Boston, writes: "If every young man could only see the importance of some definite aim in life worth living for! The multitudes are drifting. There is nothing so hard to steer as a ship in a calm."

Says another: "In my judgment the wise thing to be done is to keep our boys from idleness; have them employed in some business even if it is not profitable in a pecuniary way."

Another writes: "In my view of the matter, the seeds of evil are oftenest sown early in life. In the absence of employment, boys are brought into temptation by staying away from their homes, during times of idleness or relaxation, and perhaps frequently in the evening with doubtful companions, after the duties of the day are over. And it is during these evening hours that the tempter takes his time to scatter the seeds that so frequently bring forth the fruit of death."

Here I record the wise words of still another of your friends: "If forty-eight years of life teach me anything they most certainly reveal to me that there is not an evil known to our young people so dangerous and seductive as idleness. In my opinion it is the parent vice of all others. We often speak of intemperance as though it was the cause of all, or nearly all, vice and misery. Although a terrible curse, I think upon careful investigation, we shall find that nine cases in every ten can be traced to idleness. I happen to know just how several of our most honored men of Boston were brought up, and taught to work; their fathers being farmers in my native town.

One has twice occupied the Mayor's chair, and declined the third nomination, to the regret of our first business men, and he could have been our Governor had he not declined the nomination. I will also mention the president of one of our neighboring colleges, whom I very often met on my four-mile walk to my work, with his farm tools in his hand, all ready for as hard a day's work as any. Take the case of that wonderful man, Hon. Oakes Ames. When a mere boy he loaded his two-horse team with shovels and was on his way at one o'clock in the morning to sell in Boston, twenty miles distant. Huge snow-drifts could not stop this lad then, and later on when our Government wished to build the Union Pacific Railroad, and was unable to find a man or corporation to undertake it, this same plucky lad took the contract, and started with his load of shovels and built the road to the astonishment of the whole world. Did these men waste their time and opportunities in rum shops, low theaters, gambling dens, low ball-rooms, or in reading trashy novels?"

But there is a kind of busyness which is not

business, a kind of occupation which is very near akin to idleness. Activity is not necessarily work; the hurrying, bustling, stirring, impatient man may be the veriest idler.

Really to escape this henchman, Idleness, one must have a high purpose, a noble endeavor, a useful end in view. One may do many little things and petty things and do them all scrupulously and carefully, but one who really succeeds can have no petty aims. Mr. Cross says in the biography of his wife, George Eliot, that she had a wonderful "genius for taking pains." She did ten thousand little things well, but every one of them tended toward a great result. One of my correspondents has sent me the following clipping, which appeared first, I think, in the *Wide Awake*. "Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out an invention. When

it was complete he changed his workman's apron for a broad-cloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown stone mansion. The other man — what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day, during most of a year, in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff."

I do not intend by any means to imply that I have told you all the henchmen of King Alcohol. The old enemy has ten thousand servants to do his bidding; in fact almost any good thing can be perverted until it leads one downward and not upward. One of my correspondents well illustrates this truth when he says: "Accomplishments and recreations, harmless in themselves, may under some circumstances lead to ruin. I remember that at school we had an

exercise in reading entitled 'the dangers of being a good singer' which greatly impressed me, and which told the story of a youth whose society was so much sought in places of conviviality, because of his ability to sing a good song, that in the end, he became a frequenter of the lowest resorts, and obtained a miserable livelihood by singing nightly in a tavern."

It is a delightful thing to be a good singer, a God given talent to be prized and cultivated; it is worth much to be a good conversationalist, to have a genial disposition, a cordial manner, but we must allow God to have control of them all, as ministering spirits to lead us upward, and not let the Devil use them, as his henchmen, to drag us down.

And now I would close this chapter also with a word of encouragement to those who are tempted and tried. Let me say to every one of you, young friends, that your case is not hopeless. However sorely you may feel the terrible pressure of bad companionship, however weak your wills may be, however the hard times have enforced idleness upon you, until you feel unable to do any

useful work in the world, though you may have been dragged by these henchmen into the very clutches of King Alcohol, your case is not hopeless, Christ has more servants than King Alcohol. Young men who have been walking arm in arm with these henchmen for years have broken loose. Men who have been picked out of the gutter have risen to the pinnacle of an honorable life. There is only one way; all mere moral reform, without religion, is uncertain. It is of little use to try to break with the henchmen of Alcohol unless you take up with the servants of Christ; but if you will do this there is eternal hope for you, for one who was never known to lie has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

CHAPTER IV.

DIRT IN INK.

WHY MANY BUSINESS MEN PLACE BAD LITERATURE FIRST AMONG THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH. THE TREE WITH THE ROTTEN HEART. THE INSIDIOUSNESS OF THIS EVIL. THE GYPSY BOY'S VENGEANCE. INDICTMENT OF THE BAD BOOK. IT GIVES A STRAINED, UNNATURAL VIEW OF LIFE. IT GLORIFIES EVIL. IT LEAVES NO ROOM FOR THE GOOD. THE JELLY-BAG READER. THE CORRUPT LITERATURE OF FRANCE. TREE-FROG MINDS. WHAT THE LAW CAN DO.

I HAVE entitled this chapter "Dirt in Ink," for I know of no more expressive or appropriate words to express the exact idea I have in mind than these, which not long ago stood at the head of an editorial in one of our Boston dailies. I am not writing of literature, though it sometimes is falsely dignified by that name. I am not writing of anything that is worthy the name of book or magazine or newspaper, though these respectable words must often be thus disgraced, but I am

writing of what is only fit to be called dirt, dirt in printer's ink, dirt spread over white paper, dirt done up in packets, the shape of a book or pamphlet, for this and nothing less and nothing better is all the vile reading of which I would warn my young friends. It is somewhat remarkable, though I cannot say that I am surprised at it, to find many of my correspondents among the business men placing bad literature in the very forefront of the evils which assail the youth of today. I asked some of them to number with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., the evils which in their opinion were the most flagrant and seductive, and very many of them wrote at the head, before intemperance, before licentiousness, before gambling, the words "Bad Literature." Surely this is not to be wondered at when we remember that the brothel in the book is usually seen before the real brothel, that the bar-room of the flash story-paper is known before the bar-room of wood and glass and decanters and beer-fountains. If we look for *priority* of influence we must usually seek for it in the gambling den of the printed page, and not in the gambling den where the rattle of the dice

is heard. The poison is first poured into the stream out of the bad book.

The *insidiousness* of this evil is one of its most dangerous features. If our boys come home with the taint of liquor in their breath we know it; if we hear their latch key stealthily opening the door at one in the morning, we are pretty sure that they have not been at a prayer-meeting all the evening, and we can fight and pray against the evils that are threatening them; but we do not know when their eyes first fall upon the salacious pictures in the shop-window on their way to school; we do not know when some ragged urchin thrusts a bad paper into their hands as they go to the grocer's, we do not know how they treasure it up and feast upon it in secret, until their very life-blood begins to run in a tainted stream. We do not know *when* these things are done, but we know that they are done, and this fact is enough to cause us, whether we are parents or young people, to give very earnest heed to these things.

Says one very prominent merchant of our city:
"Bad Literature is undoubtedly as rank a poison

to the young mind, as rum is to the body, and surely paves the way to many other terrible evils."

Another no less widely known, who puts this evil first, says: "Impure literature enfeebles the mind and heart as deadly malaria does the body." Still another of my correspondents speaks of a kindred evil which often flows from bad reading and ought to be coupled with it. He says: "While I have marked bad literature as No. 1 on the list you give, I think that impure conversation is another great evil, if not equally pernicious in its effects. The tendency of the low jest and filthy story cannot be other than to contaminate the mind." The filthy story which goes from mouth to mouth usually starts from the filthy book. Still another writes me as follows: "My topic is *vile literature*. If there is one method used by the satanic powers more effective than another in the preparation of victims for sorrow and disgrace in this life and the world to come it is the casting into the mellow soil of youthful minds of either sex the damnable imaginings of lust which are the seeds of an inevitable harvest embracing every sin in that fearful list in the

fifth chapter of Galatians. Now and then one who has been contaminated may, by the grace of God, be snatched as a brand from the burning, but even then an impression made upon the youthful mind by an obscene picture or a seductive story of lust and crime is never effaced. The wretched scar in the soul remains; it may be overgrown but never eradicated. I know a man today who would gladly sacrifice a great deal of what the world most prizes, if he could blot from his memory the impressions made in youth by one obscene book.

“Before the same gale which a few years ago brought down the noble old elm upon the common, a beautiful and stately maple succumbed, upon the lawn of a gentleman in Brookline. Upon examination a decayed spot was found at the point where the tree was broken off. The gentleman recollected, after some time, that many years before, when a boy, he had hacked a place in the trunk with an axe, when angered at some command of his father. After many years the bark grew over the place and the wound, to all appearances, had completely healed and the tree

was apparently as sound as any of its companions upon the lawn. But the winds blew and the storm beat upon it and it fell—because it had a *rotten spot* at the heart, though hidden from the eyes of men. Ah! how little we know the cause of the sudden and unexpected fall of men and women, who are apparently fair and sound outside. If we could but examine into the inner being of such we should, I think, many times find just such concealed wound, made doubtless away back in youthful days by some vile story or print, which could never be completely healed, and that was the weak spot which caused so lamentable a fall.

“You cannot swing too vigorously this danger signal before your boys and girls,” continues this gentleman. “If they would be safe and happy, and enjoy pure thoughts in after years as well, implore them to give a wide berth to the cheap, fishy literature of the day.”

But that I may not be thought to speak entirely at random in this matter or to rely wholly upon the representations of others, let me tell you that I have made this a matter of careful

study for a number of years past, and I am convinced that the strongest words of my correspondents are none too strong. I have seen our shop windows filled and our shop counters covered with this wretched stuff. I have seen our boys and girls eagerly gloating over the pictures displayed in these windows, on their way to school and home again. I have seen these papers and the advertisements of them thrust into their very faces on the street corner. Let me give you an outline of one of these books. This one, which is the only one I have read, is called "The Gypsy Boy's Vengeance." It is the only one I have read through, but, from a hasty glance at many of them, I am convinced that it does not go beyond the average in blood-curdling villainy.

In the first chapter of the "Gypsy Boy's Vengeance" a robber, Cartouche by name, runs off with the heroine of the story, a beautiful girl of high family, and the robber strikes a subordinate actor in the story to the floor with his clenched fist. In the second chapter a wild pursuit of the robber, who escapes in a hack, results in the shooting of the hackman and the arrest of the

robber. The third chapter is taken up with the wails of a noble lady and with her efforts to induce a young gypsy boy to kill and thus put out of the way a witness against her virtue. In the fourth chapter the robber, by the aid of his wife, escapes from prison, and, in his exit, by way of diversion, kills a man who is in the passage. In the fifth a hand to hand fight between the two principal characters is rehearsed. In the sixth the robber kills the warden of the prison and three guards. In the eighth the robber discards his wife who had saved his life many times, and takes up with a new attachment, in the meantime nearly killing the first.

In the tenth seven or eight policemen are conveniently disposed of, and as many more robbers have their throats cut. Evidently, as the plot thickens, the *dramatis personæ* are becoming too numerous and so the author takes the shortest way to get rid of them and freely uses the knife and pistol upon his heroes. In this same chapter, besides murdering sixteen men and throwing one old woman into the river, we are treated to two fierce fights, in both of which the robber is vic-

torious. In the eleventh chapter we enter a robber's cave, rich with treasure, and are conducted by a secret passage into the heart of Paris. In the twelfth the old woman who was thrown into the water again comes upon the stage, and is this time killed out and out, a haughty Spaniard is also run through with a sword, the heroine is shot through the heart, and the robber has a bullet neatly lodged in his back. In the fifteenth and last chapter the robber is tortured and then killed by being broken on the wheel, the haughty Spaniard is killed off in battle, and, there being nobody left to kill, (with one or two unimportant exceptions,) the story naturally comes to an end. Thus, in this short story, there are two cases of adultery, one elopement, nine bloody fights, and twenty-eight murders.

This is a sample, and a fair sample, of what our boys and girls have thrust into their hands from the time they are able to spell out their a, b, abs. Such a tale is worse than the raw-head and bloody-bones stories at which we so often laugh, and of which I shall speak in another

chapter. Much of it is absolutely filthy and unreportable. Let us not say that it is advertising this stuff to call attention to it or to give an outline of one of these stories. It is impossible to advertise it more extensively than it is advertised at present. If you do not know of it, you, brethren and father, you, grave and reverend seigniors, are the only ones who do not know of it. If you are ignorant, your boys and girls are not. They have the advertisements of these papers and books thrust into their hands as they come out of school, they find them on the doorsteps of your houses as they come home from play, they pick up the flyers, telling them about these stories, borne about everywhere on the wings of the wind, their eyes are attracted at a dozen shop windows by pictures which have a horrible fascination and which often border on the indecent if they are not wholly vile and corrupting. With these odds against them, the children of today are beginning the battle of life. The Devil is attacking the citadel of their souls in its weakest part, and, by appealing to their imagination and their

love of excitement and adventure, he is seeking to undermine the very foundations of manhood and womanhood.

This is no blind and hidden malady, whose secret springs of poison we cannot get at. It is something we can see and understand. The evil is right in our midst. We can put our hands upon it. We can crush it out if we will. It is a subject which concerns every community, every church, every family in the land. It is a theme which no one of us can afford to ignore, for, while we shut our eyes, the Devil, on these his newest wings of printed paper, is flying into the inmost circles of our homes. No one of us can say, "I am safe," "My boys are beyond such influences," "My girls are incorruptible," "It will not hurt my children if they do read such stuff." We make a great mistake when we reason in this way.

Smut always crocks. Pitch always sticks. When soot is in the air it is just as likely to fall on your head as anywhere else, and the smut of these dirty periodicals is actually in the air today. Every age has its peculiar dangers, and needs its

peculiar, trumpet-toned warnings. One note of alarm which we need to sound today, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, is "Beware of vile books." Centuries ago, when books were scarce and print was scaled except to a very few, the exhortation was, or should have been, "Read, read, unlock for yourselves the treasures of the world's lore." Now the cry of pulpit and press and parental authority should be: "Beware of what you read, shut the book, burn the paper, unless they are worth reading." Better let the field lie fallow than fill it with thistles and brambles and dog-wood and deadly night-shade. Better let the mind be empty than fill it with seeds which will inevitably produce an abundant crop of disease and death. Dr. Johnson used to say, that "the most miserable man was he who could not read on a rainy day." We must change that motto and say: "The most miserable man is he who reads only vile trash on a rainy day."

"Don Juan literature," says Cunningham Geikie, "is as pestiferous as an open ditch in hot weather. No genius or wit can excuse or neutralize its wantonness. Coarse feeding makes coarse

flesh. Filthiness, like toad-stools, springs rank from invisible seeds, and the whole race of unclean books is no better than molds and smuts and mildews."

Let me warn you of this seductive form of evil in the vigorous words of Scripture: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

To be very specific.

I indict this whole class of publications not only for corrupting the imaginations and inflaming the passions of the young but I indict even the very best of them for giving a strained and unnatural picture of life, and thus unfitting our boys and girls for real life. How can our boys take up the humdrum duties of school on Monday morning when they have spent all Sunday riding over the plains with Texas rangers, and robbing stage coaches with Missouri ruffians? How can they confine themselves to the routine of the counter or the farm or the work-bench when their minds are dancing among the wild delights of a harem of houris? How small and paltry will the honest nine shillings appear for a day's wages when the mind has been dazzled by the priceless

jewels and gold of the robber's cave? These visions, in many, many cases, cannot but work the deadliest ruin. The school-book loses its interest, the shop or farm becomes distasteful and only excites disgust and longing to escape, and honest wages are too mean to strive for; and thus another life is wrecked, and wrecked on the rock of these wretched periodicals.

In the second place I indict these publications for glorifying evil. This, too, is universally true of them. The effect of every one is to make sin attractive. To be sure the murderer sometimes comes to grief, and the robber is occasionally caught, but he is, after all, a noble fellow, and the rollicking fun and excitement of his life more than make up for any "temporary unpleasantness" he may have with the authorities. "Everything that is naughty is nice" might be the motto in large capitals over every one of these bad books. In this way, by glorifying evil, these books seek to undermine and destroy all that good men in all the ages have built up with toil and pain. The Bible is given us to teach, among other things, that evil in the long run does not

pay, — these books teach that it does pay. God, in nature and Providence, says over and over again: "Beware, beware, touch not the unclean thing. It brings disease, poverty, sickness, loneliness, sorrow, death. The soul that sinneth, it shall die." These books say, "No such thing. Wick- edness is very pleasant. Fondle it. Take it to your bosom. It will never hurt you." The law has made it its business in every civilized country on the globe to emphasize what God and the Bible say, to make crime dangerous and despi- cable and unattractive and hideous, by fine and prison and disgrace and the gallows-tree, and yet, these books say in effect: "The Bible is anti- quated, and God knows nothing about it, and the law is all wrong; for the freest, jolliest, bravest life in the world is that of the outlaw and the scamp."

In the third place, I indict these publications for being not only wholly evil in themselves but for taking the place of what is good. There is nothing so entirely captivating and engrossing to the young as these very stories. When this Devil, whose name is Legion, enters their hearts he leaves

no spot for a good angel to occupy. Nay, he drives out sooner or later, every good influence and takes undisputed possession of the heart. As the serpent's deadly eye attracts the young bird so these books attract the young mind, when it gets within their spell, until it becomes too weak to resist their allurements, and the boy or girl finds it as impossible to go by the secret shelf or closet or drawer where the longed-for book lies, as it is for the drunkard to resist his cups or the laudanum eater his opium. And what chance, O fellow Christians! has the Spirit of God to influence such an over-wrought and preoccupied mind?

How can we hope that such a young person will ever feel his need of pardon and cleansing from defilement when his whole pleasure is found in scenes of defilement? How can we hope that our churches will be recruited or any of those causes which make for righteousness will be advanced when the minds of our young people are filled so full of scenes of vice, that there is no room for calmer, truer thoughts? For this reason, if for no other, every good man and true ought to take up arms against this crying sin of our times.

On these three charges I rest my indictment. Many more charges might be preferred, but surely these three are sufficient. These evil books unfit their readers for all real, honest life; they glorify evil; they exclude all that is good; they enervate the mind, weaken the will, stunt the ambition, dull the conscience, sear moral perception, not for a month or a year but for a life-time. The complete victim of the bad book never recovers.

Coleridge divides all readers into four classes: "The *hour-glass* readers, whose reading, like the sand, runs in and then out, leaving nothing behind; the *sponge* readers, who imbibe everything only to return it as they got it, or dirtier; the *jelly-bag* readers, who let the pure pass and keep only the dregs and refuse; and the fourth class who, like the slaves in Golconda mines, cast aside all that is worthless and keep only the diamonds and gems." The class of books and papers of which I am speaking continually make jelly-bag readers who keep only the dregs and refuse, and this never gets strained out of their lives until the day they die.

In a sister nation across the water literature is

notoriously corrupt. This trash which our boys are reading cultivates the very same tastes to which Eugene Sue and George Sand have catered. The most serious count which some Frenchmen bring against the Protestant reformation now prevailing in that country is that it is creating a demand for a Puritanic literature, and is supplying that demand, while it is in deadly and uncompromising opposition to loose morals and loose literature. Even M. Taine, fair and just as he usually is, cannot resist a fling at the purity of the best English fiction. In commenting upon Dickens he sneeringly says: "In Nicholas Nickleby you will show us two good young men, like all young men, marrying two good young women, like all young women. In Martin Chuzzlewit you will show us two more good young men, perfectly resembling the other two, marrying again two good young women, perfectly resembling the other two. In Dombey and Son there will be only one good young man and one good young woman;—otherwise no difference. The reader would like to say to these characters, 'Good little people, continue to be very proper.'"

This is the way that a highly cultivated and otherwise fair minded Frenchman can sneer at the purity of English literature, the purity which is its chief glory. Do you desire to exchange our Dickens for a George Sand? our Thackeray for a Eugene Sue? our Hawthorne for a Zola? Toward lowering the tone of public morality, toward paving the way for making just such books the national literature of our land, these exciting, pernicious novels directly tend.

There are a great many "tree-frog minds," as some one has expressed it, minds that take their color from that on which they feed. Among our boys and girls there are ten thousand of these tree-frog minds who feed on worthless fiction and whose whole lives will be colored by it. "What do you read?" said the late James T. Fields to the boy fiend Jesse Pomeroy, as quoted by Mr. Kent in his "New Commentary." "What do you read?" said Mr. Fields. "Mostly one kind," was the reply, "mostly dime novels." "And what is the best book you have read?" "Well," he replied, "I like Buffalo Bill best. It's full of murders and pictures about murders." "And how do you feel

after reading it?" "Oh, I feel as if I wanted to go and do the same." But the great danger of these books is not that a few morbidly ferocious boys like Jesse Pomeroy, or a few maudlin, feather-headed girls will be ruined by this trashy novel reading. These results are probable enough and deplorable enough, but the great danger is that the mass of our boys and girls who are neither brutal, nor ferocious, nor feather-headed, will be tainted by this mass of printed corruption. Like the exhalation from a foul but unseen sewer it may poison the very air our children breathe before we wake up to the fact that the air is poisoned.

And now let me speak for a moment of the remedies for this curse, for there are effective remedies. I will speak of other measures at another time, but I believe that the strong arm of the law should be invoked to save our children from this curse. I believe that the law can be enforced against those who peddle this stuff upon the streets and in our news rooms, until every print that suggests an impure scene to a prurient imagination shall be torn from our shop windows.

If we have law enough to compel the cleaning out of filthy sewers that may poison the physical health of the community, have we not law enough to clean out these ditchwater books and papers which will surely poison the morals of the community?

If there is power enough in the law to shut up a drunken man simply because he is noisy and boisterous, is there not power enough to shut away from the sight of our boys and girls those books and pictures which will do them more harm than a regiment of drunkards?

I am not a visionary enthusiast in this matter. I do not know that public sentiment is ripe enough to sustain the law in prohibiting the blood and thunder novel, I do not know that it can yet drive "Buckskin Burke," and "Moccasin Mat," and "Shorty Jr., the Son of his Dad," into deserved oblivion, but I do believe that it can rid our country of all that is openly vile and lewd. I do believe that *The Police News* and *The Police Gazette* and papers of that ilk can be prohibited and that decent papers need no longer be of-

fended and young imaginations polluted by the pictures which they contain.

I believe that the law can be so enforced that it shall be safe to publish the catalogues of girls' boarding schools; and it is not safe to do so now, lest the harpies who vend this bad literature will use them for evil purposes.

But we must not put off all the responsibility for the suppression of this evil upon the law makers. We have something to do, every one of us, to sustain the law, and to make a public sentiment which can enforce the law. Let us each bear our full share of the responsibility and do our full duty toward making the literature of our land pure and ennobling. Parents, you who desire that your children should not live, even in imagination, with cut-throats and robbers; young men, you who would not have your future wives acquainted with courtesans and harlots; young women, you who would not have your future husbands imbued with the cruelty of the prize ring and the bravado of the gambling hell; philanthropists, you who would see the world grow better

and not sink back into filth and barbarism ; Christians, you who love the Lord Jesus Christ and the children for whom he died ; arouse you all, and with one heart and voice let us stem this tide of evil literature before it sweeps clean away the foundations of morality and religion.

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CHAPTER V.

TRASH IN INK.

INFANT INDIAN EXTERMINATORS. FURTHER WISE WORDS FROM THE BUSINESS MEN. JUVENILE BURGLARIES AND FLASH PAPERS. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE OF BOSTON KEEP COMPANY WITH TRAIN WRECKERS AND HIGHWAYMEN. THE CAUSE OF THIS TRASH IN INK. CHEAP IMITATION OF BURDETTE AND MARK TWAIN. A WASTE OF TIME. A SUM IN ARITHMETIC. THE SCRAPPY MIND OF THE MERE NEWSPAPER READER. THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMEN NEAR BOSTON. THE STORY OF THE JUDGE'S SON.

SOME time ago a friend sent me a copy of the New York PUCK, and directed my attention to a cartoon on the first page. For the benefit of those of you who have not seen this graphic picture let me describe it. An infant, apparently some six or eight months of age, sits in a cradle, one hand grasps a huge bowie-knife, the other a bull-dog revolver, across his knees lies a shot gun, while into various crevices of the cradle other knives and pistols are thrust. In the infant's mouth is placed

a tube through which he draws nourishment from a huge bottle labeled "Dime Novels," "Half Dime Stories," "Five Cent Papers," etc. A wild and lurid light gleams from the infant's eyes, his tow hair stands on end with excitement, a fierce and implacable look settles around the corners of his mouth. The exciting causes of this preternatural ferocity lie scattered about on the floor, labeled, "Buccaneers of the Battery," "Ike the Indian Killer," "Bloody Ben," "The Pirates of the Passaic," etc. In short this "Infant Indian Exterminator" in the cradle had been nourished on such food as made his hair stand on end, and his fingers naturally clutch the bowie-knife and the revolver. There is a startling truth hidden in this grotesque cartoon. The very babies in their cradles have this exciting, pernicious trash rained upon them. As they draw milk from the nursing bottle, they suck in blood and thunder from the dime novel. Instead of the "Three Bears," the child of today reads about "The Five Skulls." Instead of "Dick Whittington and his Cat," he reads about "Dick the Destroyer." Instead of "Cinderella and her Golden Slipper," he reads

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about the "The Girl Trailer" or "Wild Nell on the Scaffold." The spirit of that cartoon has its counterpart in ten thousand households, all our country over. It is hardly an exaggeration to make the victim of these worthless novels a tow-headed baby in his cradle.

This subject is very closely allied to the one presented in the last chapter. Dirt and trash go together in literature as well as in the scavenger's cart. The dirty is always trashy; the trashy is usually dirty.

In the last chapter were quoted the opinions of some of Boston's prominent men of business on the kindred subject. I need to add but little to this testimony to show you what their advice would be. Let me, however, quote a few more valuable testimonies. Says one: "I think low literature is to the mind what scrofula is to the blood. It soon permeates the whole mind, and terminates in the malignant cancer which contains all the vices man is addicted to."

Says another: "Young people, given to the habit of reading light and trashy novels, dilute their minds, destroy the power of concentrated effort,

and make it impossible for them to grasp and conquer that which requires hard and continuous study. One can read too much for recreation for a time, and then find to his mortification that the ability to grasp great truths has departed from him, perhaps forever."

Still another friend of yours, who says that in the business in which he has been engaged for fifty years he has had the training of a score of young men, some of whom have been very successful in life, remarks, that he is sorry to see in visiting our public library the unread appearance of scientific and historical books, and that, so seldom are they called for, it is not deemed necessary to provide them with the usual paper covers.

Another gentleman, who has had much to do in furnishing you with good reading, writes: "My experience leads me to place Bad Literature first among the causes leading to the decline of virtue in youth. This poisons the mind and prepares the way for dime and other low theatres, intemperance, gambling, and licentiousness."

You see most of these gentlemen emphasize the fact, which we cannot make too prominent,

that bad books are the *starting-point* for other evils. "A trashy novel looks innocent," do you say? "I can read it without being any the worse." Ah! but if it is one key that has often unlocked the door of perdition for other bright boys and girls is it safe to fumble with it in the lock, because you think you *may* and escape where so many have entered in and been lost? In this line another of your friends sends you the following warning: "The *prime* cause of ruin would be the *first* step taken, as the others would be sure to follow. Boys would be more likely to start with bad literature than with anything else."

Let me tell you how I came to have my attention directed to this subject. Some time ago, as I was walking along one of the streets in the city where I then lived, which was most frequented by boys and girls, the following advertisement, for substance, struck my eye: "All the boys should read the wonderful story of the James brothers, the desperate outlaws of the Western plains, whose strange and thrilling adventures of successful robbery and murder have never been equalled. The account of these brave and daring spirits,

who still defy capture, will interest every boy. For sale here. Price five cents." The next morning I read the following item in one of the daily papers of that city: "Seven boys arrested yesterday for burglary; four stores having been broken into by the gang at different times. One of the ringleaders who had been in all four of the robberies is but ten years old." A few days after that appeared this item: "Boys made three breaks last night stealing goods and money in as many different stores."

I remember, too, the horrible story which Mr. Constock vouches for, of the bloodthirsty band of ten year old boys who, excited by such stories, bound themselves with an oath to slay their own mothers, and were only discovered because the heart of one of the little fellows failed him at the last moment, and he thought he would practice on the servant girl; and I remember that these instances are but specimens of a hundred items which we may read in the papers every year.

But to bring the matter very near home. What are our boys and girls reading in this year of grace? Much that is useful, much that is health-

ful, much that will make them good citizens and honored men and women, no doubt. I am happy to believe that large numbers read only such books. But step into any of our news-stores in any of our large cities, and a single glance at those counters, filled with rubbish, will tell us that other large numbers read only such stuff as tends to weaken the mind and unnerve the will for honest endeavor, and to graduate in the end either worthless loafers or state's prison convicts. I, for one, was totally unaware, until my attention was directly called to the subject, how, of late years, this crop of worthless print has increased. Even a casual glance would amaze many who have not studied the subject. Why! Fathers and Mothers, Beadles Dime Novels which, when we were boys and girls, were the synonyms for all this class of literature, seem to have gone to seed in these latter days and a most abundant and pernicious crop has sprung up in their stead. The evil genius of our childhood has taken to himself more than seven and more than seventy-seven spirits worse than himself, and all are clamoring for admittance to the minds of our children. In a single periodical

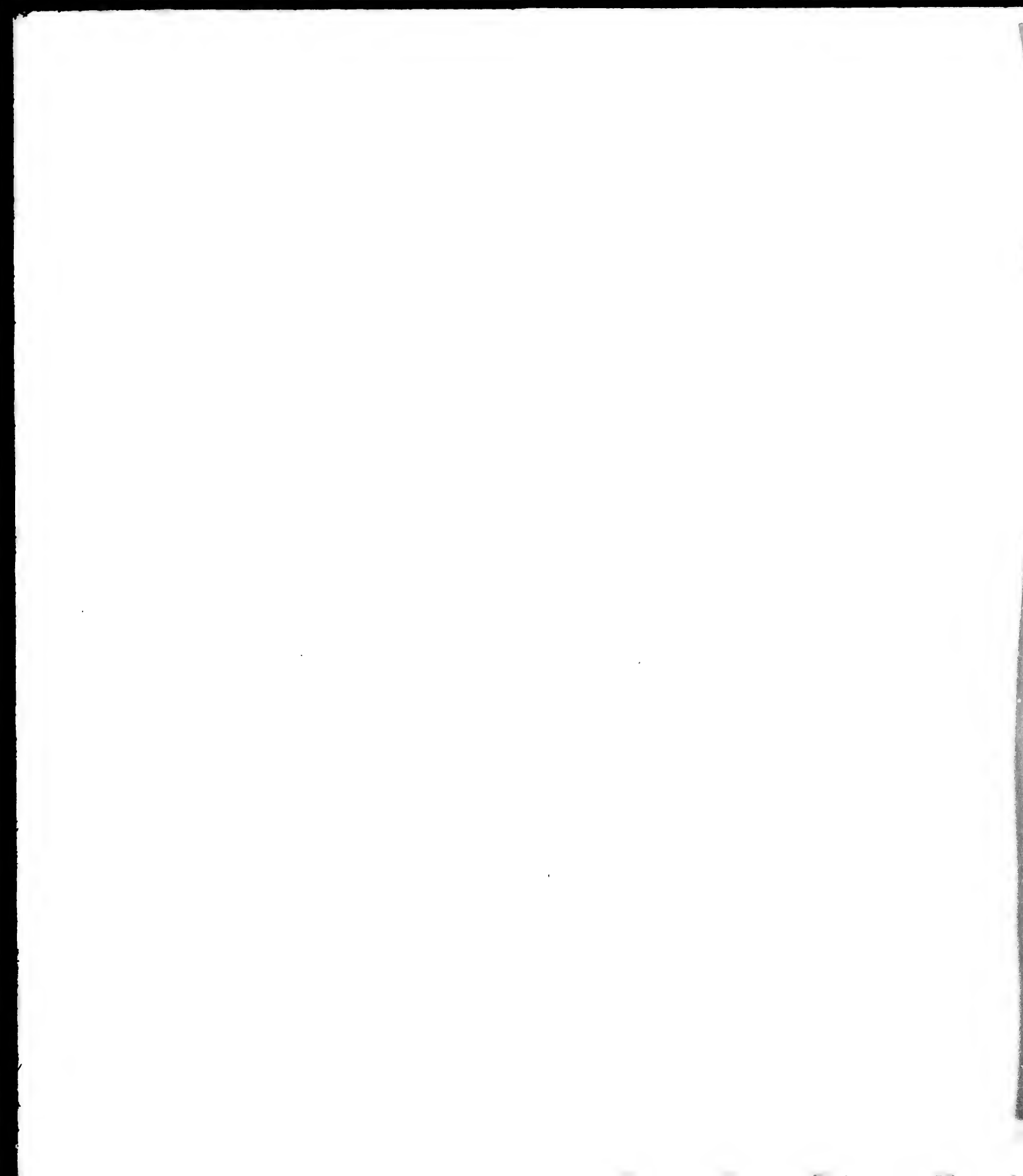
store I have counted twenty-one publications of this class for our young people alone; twenty-one different flash papers and magazines bearing the imprint of different firms, but all bearing the trade-mark of the Devil.

It is impossible to do more than roughly estimate the number of those who read these publications, but, from a careful study of the facts and inquiry into the number of these periodicals sold, I am convinced that at a very low estimate one-third of all the inhabitants of any large city are habitual readers of this trash. This is not random guess-work. It is founded on careful study and estimate. I am convinced that if I should say that one-half of our people read this stuff I should be easily within bounds. But for the sake of being very moderate and conservative I will say one-third. Then more than one hundred thousand men and women and children in this city of Cotton Mather and Lyman Beecher and Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips are today spending their time in the company of thieves and murderers and highwaymen and adulterers, gloating over their adventures, revelling in their perilous

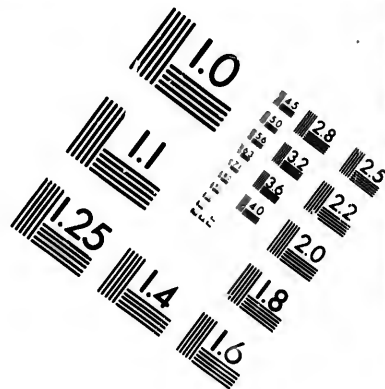
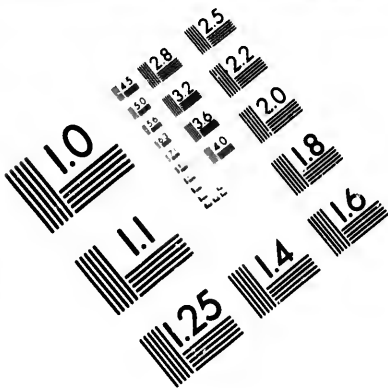
escapes and glorying in their dastardly crimes. And the saddest part of all this is that many of these readers are young people. At least one-half this army belong to this class. At least sixty thousand young people in this one city are studying, not the story of Moses and Joshua and Paul and Jesus Christ which our Sunday-schools teach, not the wonderful dealings of God with his people, not the deeds of real men in real life, not the facts of history which elevate the mind, not the truths of science which quicken the intellect, but they are studying "The Gypsy Boy's Vengeance" or "The Dead Witness" or "Evil Eye, the King of the Cattle Thieves." There are more boys and girls in every city and town of our land locked up every Sunday, (for they get more time as a general thing to read this trash on Sunday than any other day), with these exciting and pernicious stories of unreal and improbable and utterly detestable life, than assemble in all our Sunday-schools. There are more of our youth who are being excited and unstrung and filled with morbid fancies by these books than are being strengthened and fitted for life by the sweet influences of the

Sabbath day. There are hundreds of thousands of our young people who are less fitted to take up life's secular duties on Monday on account of what they read on Sunday, — the day of rest, in which God meant that they should be strengthened and made more ready for life's battle.

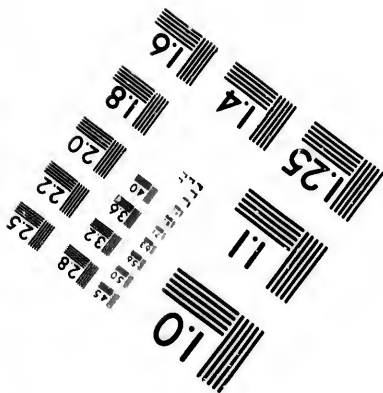
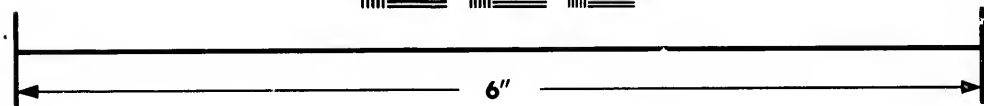
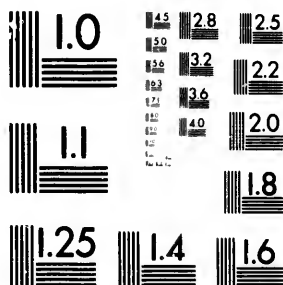
The cause of this dire evil is not far to seek. It has been growing gradually for many years, and the appetite has been fostered by what it has fed on. These flash papers whose name today is legion may be traced back to one or two more decent progenitors which have had great influence in shaping the tastes of our youth. They have begun by sipping their small beer from these very respectable papers and have ended by taking their whiskey straight from the rankest and vilest periodicals of the day. In my opinion the sinners, above all others in this direction, are certain respectable story papers, and for the paradoxical reason that they have been so good as they have been. Have not well-known men of letters and science, and eminent divines, even, written for these papers? do they not contain many really valuable articles, the record of many scientific discoveries? are not







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many of their contributions of a high order of literary merit? Yes, I admit all this, and for this very reason they have done so much harm. Their very excellencies have glossed over their defects and concealed from the eyes of parents and teachers the fact that their *tendency* was in the direction of trashy sensationalism. In ten thousand cases they have created an appetite they could not satisfy, a morbid craving which their brethren of lower degree and coarser, more unblushing sensuousness, *have* satisfied. It is a long step from these story papers to the *Police Gazette*, but it is a step which is very often taken.

In public readings I have been surprised, oftentimes, to notice how even a respectable and intelligent audience will eagerly listen to the silliest nonsense. The real fun found in the *Burlington Hawkeye* and the *Detroit Free Press* has a thousand cheap imitations, and the extent to which our current literature is flooded with these cheap imitations of Burdette and Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner would be alarming were the lucubrations not so puerile. The way in which an audience will applaud and *encore* some graphic descrip-

tion of how Mr. Jones chased his hat around a mud puddle, or the side-splitting manner in which Mr. Brown sat down on a pin, or the too-funny-for-anything way in which one of our Teutonic or Hibernian neighbors got drunk and sung a maudlin song in broken dialect, hardly speaks well for the intelligence of the audience. In our entertainments why cannot we have real wit to laugh over instead of this sick and silly semblance of wit? Against this kind of trash which is sometimes forced upon us in otherwise unobjectionable entertainments, we are defenceless, perhaps, but I am chiefly concerned with the trash which you voluntarily read, and there is another class of books a grade higher than the "Gypsy Boy's Vengeance," which, while it is more likely to be read by the self-respecting young person, is almost equally pernicious. These books are found in all our libraries, public and circulating, and I understand from those in authority that they constitute the great bulk of the books that are taken out. If I should look at that volume covered with brown paper, my young friend, which you are carrying home from the public library, should I not find

that it was a book by Mrs. Southworth or Ouida or the Duchess or one of those dozen other authors whom I am afraid you know better than I do? "Such delicious love stories," you say. "Such thrilling situations." Ah yes, but if they received their just deserts I think they must be consigned to the scavenger's cart with the rest of our trash. There is nothing absolutely vicious about many of them, but others are really bad and are read by respectable people only because their eyes are not open to their real tendency.

The *New York Evening Post*, quoting from a pamphlet which recently appeared criticising the books in the Boston Public library, says: "'Vulgar' is the mildest epithet applied to this class of literature; 'maudlin sentiment,' 'nauseous,' 'fleshly taint,' 'unwholesome,' 'uncleanness,' 'sniggering suggestions,' are the flowers of criticism which may be gathered on every page." I do not know how far this criticism is true of the books in one of the best public libraries in our land, as the Boston public library undoubtedly is, but I am inclined to think there is a great deal of truth in it, and I utter it in order to put you on your

guard against the trash and chaff even in that collection where you think there is nothing but choice wheat.

In the last chapter I brought some charges which seemed to me most serious and weighty against the viler class of periodicals; allow me to prefer charges which seem to me no less weighty against the trashy literature of which I am speaking in this chapter. A very serious charge which may be brought against this trash is that, to say the best of it, reading it involves a sheer waste of time. The shortness of human life should prevent any reasonable young person from touching it. Do you remember what Dr. Johnson had engraved on the face of his watch? "The night cometh." Let us remember that when we take up a book. The night cometh. The daylight is too short to be wasted upon that which is not worth reading. The multiplicity of books repeats this same advice. Go with me into the British Museum in London, and there a well-nigh innumerable array of books, five hundred thousand of them, look down upon us from their resting places on the shelves. Let us do a little sum in arithmetic. Five hundred

thousand books before us, little and big, worthy and worthless, and there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Can you read one of them through every day of the year, Sundays and all? If so you can get through the library in one thousand three hundred and seventy years, or a few days less. Even Methuselah, you see, would have needed an extension of time of nearly four hundred years to accomplish this task. But you cannot read one book a day. Those great folios, those huge black-letter volumes, make any such idea ridiculous. No, if you read one a week you will do well, and pretty steadily you will have to work to do this. Well then, in nine thousand four hundred and ninety years you will have finished the last book in that collection. That is, if you read until the inhabited world is once and a half as old again as it is at present, until Adam has been dead fifteen thousand years instead of six thousand, you will have finished the collection, — provided no new books are added. But new books will be added at the rate of at least three thousand a year at a very low estimate, and if even this rate of increase keeps up during the

nine thousand odd years you are at work on the original library, you will at the end of that time be twenty-eight million five hundred thousand books in arrears, or enough to occupy you some five hundred thousand years more. I will not appall you by carrying our sum in arithmetic any farther. It has accomplished its purpose, if it has shown us that in these days, when it is so pre-eminently true that of making many books there is no end, we must make a strict and rigid choice in that which we read.

When you have the whole world of books to choose from, will you take the very poorest and cheapest? When you may live with Shakespeare and Milton and Macaulay and Scott will you choose Buckskin Burke and Moccasin Mat and Evil Eye the King of the Cattle Thieves for companions? When you wish to laugh will you choose the sloppy wit of some third rate or thirteenth rate imitator, when you might have the genuine hum or of Tom Hood or Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt or Charles Dickens? Will you choose to spend an evening with a drunken cut-throat when for the same price you might have the company of

the greatest men who ever wrote or sung? "Stupidity or commonplace," says one, "is tolerable only when no better can be had; like bread of moss or sawdust that needs a famine to get it down, except with simpletons who will eat anything." "To read in these days is like standing in an orchard laden with fruit; it is not a matter of choice but of falling too and eating the best. The worm-eaten, the wind-blasted and the rotten will of course be passed by, by any sensible man who realizes the value of his time."

Again this trash in ink not only wastes the time but it renders the mind of him who indulges in it scrappy and unable to grasp solid truth. This charge applies to much of the unobjectionable reading of the day, with what double force then does it apply to the worse than worthless stories of which I have been speaking. He who attempts to *read* everything will *know* nothing.

In that thought lies the bane of the multiplicity of newspapers and magazines of these latter days. And let me here file a *caveat* against too much newspaper reading. We can resist the temptation of reading many books, for books are oftentimes

expensive luxuries, but to the ubiquitous newspaper there is no such let or hindrance. It touches upon every subject and exhausts none. The name of the newspaper readers of our day is legion. I mean the exclusive newspaper readers, who hardly know how a bound volume feels in their hands. Such people read a little of everything and very little of anything. Their minds become as scrappy as their reading, until at last they can fix their attention upon nothing which is not dressed in displayed lines, or which is longer than a cable dispatch. Some one has compared the mind of a man who reads in this way, to a boy's pocket. First the boy pulls out a marble, and then a bit of string, and then a toothless comb, and then a peanut, and then a shingle-nail, and then a jackstone, and then a rusty screw, and then a piece of an apple, and then a bit of candy, until the bottom is reached. The pocket is full to be sure, but it is full of scrappy trash. So is the mind of him who contents himself with the lightest kind of reading. He has a fact here and a fact there, something curious about alligators in this corner and a receipt for making apple

pie in that; a vague impression that Bismark is ruling Germany with a high hand, and one of Spoopendyke's quarrels with his wife in the same part of his eranium. He knows that there has been trouble between England and Russia, though he hardly knows what it is all about, and he also has a vague impression that Lydia E. Pinkham cures all diseases. Such is the typical newspaper reader. As for me, give me the trash the boy carries in his pocket rather than the trash such a one carries in his head. "Marshall thy notions into a handsome method," quaintly says old Thomas Fuller. "One will carry twice more weight, trussed and packed, than when it lies untoward, flapping, and hanging about the shoulders."

But there are even more serious counts than waste of time and dissipation of moral and intellectual energy which I have to bring against this worthless reading. Its direct tendency is, like the vile reading before alluded to, toward a worthless, vicious life. This tendency is too palpable to need extended illustration. I have hinted at it already and we can hardly take up a public print without

having our previous knowledge of the evils of this class of literature extended and confirmed. Let me mention one or two facts which have recently come to my knowledge. In a country town about thirty miles from Boston it was found recently that many of the boys, incited by these stories, had formed themselves into gangs, after the manner of their favorite desperados. They would hold secret meetings in old barns or, preferably, in some cave, if they could find one, as being more romantic. They had their signs and passwords and flash names for robbery and murder and plunder, and burglar's tools, just as they had read in their favorite story papers. And, had they not been accidentally discovered and broken up, actual robbery and murder would undoubtedly have brought disgrace and sorrow to a score of families in that pleasant village. I have heard the master of one of our largest schools in Boston say that he has discovered and broken up similar plots among his own boys, and that one of these plots contemplated violence upon his own life, though personally he believed that the boys would all love him as he loved them, were they not ex-

cited by the mock heroics of these bloodthirsty books.

How these novels corrupt and ruin a life of bright promise is vividly illustrated in a true tale which appeared some time ago in one of our religious papers, but which is worth reproducing because it presents a living example of the degradation and infamy to which this miserable fiction leads. It does not land all its victims in the same abyss, perhaps, but it faces them all and starts them all in the same direction. The story is briefly this: A lady in one of our southern cities had her attention arrested one day by a ragged and half drunken boy of about seventeen, who was declaiming for the amusement of a crowd of drunken loafers, from the English and Latin classics, urged on to this exhibition of his powers by the promise of "two big drinks."

An undefinable air of refinement, in spite of his profane and drunken conduct, attracted the lady's attention, and his pure pronunciation and admirable declamation caused her to stop and listen. While she was listening a dispute arose, a fight ensued, and the boy was arrested and taken

to jail, where it was discovered that he had received internal and fatal injuries in the melee. The lady interested herself in him, found that he was the son of a rich judge in Mississippi, that he had run away from home a year ago, and now he was dying, a drunken vagabond in jail. We will let him tell the causes which brought him there in his own words.

"Were your parents unkind to you that you left them?" said his benefactress. "Unkind," he repeated with a sob. "Oh, I wish I could remember a single harsh or unkind word from them! That would be a little excuse, you know. No, they were only too indulgent. I was a little wild then, and I've heard father say, after I'd sowed my wild oats I'd come out all right." "I can't understand why you left good parents and home," said the lady. "Wait a minute, I'm coming to that. I'm almost ashamed to tell it, it sounds so silly. You see I had been reading a great many stories of adventure. I bought every new volume as it was issued. My parents did not disapprove of these books and did not question me in regard to them. They did not suspect how tired I was

growing of my dull life, and how I longed to imitate some of my plucky young heroes. I thought, as soon as I was free, adventure would pile in upon me." "I interrupted him," says the lady, "How is it possible that you, whose education had been so carefully carried on, who can even appreciate the beauties of classical literature, could be influenced by such trash?" "I don't know," he answered, "but I was. Perhaps I really did n't what you call appreciate better things, but just learned them by rote because I liked the sound. They did n't seem to belong to my real life, but *these* stories did. They were boys like myself who did these wonderful things and were so reckless and brave, and they lived in a world like ours."

Thus this boy died; but seventeen years of age, carefully reared, lovingly nurtured, but he died an outcast, a drunkard, a tramp in jail, and his last words to this lady who had been his only friend were: "Warn, warn all young people whom you know to let these foolish books alone. They are very silly, but they do harm to many and they've ruined me. They take you one step on the bad road and the rest comes easy." *

* From *The Congregationalist*.

And now the old question returns: What are you going to do about it? Young people, what are *you* going to do about it? Will you let this Octopus, when he is plainly pointed out to you, twist his slimy arms about you, until your minds are besotted and your wills weakened, and he has you completely in his power? Parents, what are you going to do about it? You would not allow a prize fight or a bull fight to take place within the limits of your municipality, if you could help it. Why should you allow scenes of greater cruelty and shamelessness to be exhibited to our boys and girls every day without a protest? You would not allow "Leadville Luke" or "Rattling Rube" to ride through these streets, shooting and robbing to their heart's content. Why should you allow them, decked in all the pleasing colors of romance, to roam through the imaginations of your children? Leadville Luke running amuck seven times in a week through these streets would not do as much harm as he and his class accomplish in the minds of our young people.

If the people of the land would arise in their might, if public sentiment would back up the law,

this gigantic evil would be quickly disposed of. "There is no evil, the power of which is stronger than the people," is the noble utterance of the governor of one of our western states. Of this wrong thing these words are true. Prevalent as it is, insidious as it is, it is not stronger than the power of the people.

Then let us all, young men and fathers, maidens and mothers, by our influence and example, by words of warning and prayers for help, by forming and molding public sentiment aright, by counteracting evil with good, do our share in unmasking and silencing this battery of the Evil One.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOW THEATER.

THE GENERAL "THEATER QUESTION" NOT DISCUSSED. WARNINGS FROM THE BUSINESS MEN. THE MURDERER'S STARTING-POINT. THE PERV. TO PURITY OF CHARACTER. THE LOW THEATER ALWAYS CATERS TO LUST. THREE THEATER BILLS. THE RUM SHOP NEXT DOOR. JESSE JAMES PLAYS AND THEIR "STRONG SITUATIONS." THE LOW THEATER ATTEMPTS TO MAKE BLACK APPEAR WHITE AND CONFUSES MORAL DISTINCTIONS. THE TRUE PICTURE OF VICE.

I DO not propose to discuss the "Theater Question" in this chapter. That is a broad subject whose discussion is rarely profitable except in private conversation with those who are conscientiously troubled by the matter. By every one who has reached years of discretion this question, like others of Christian ethics, card-playing, dancing, etc., must be settled for himself. Ask a few questions like this of yourself. "Can I serve my God as well if I go to the theater as if I stay away?"

can I help those who see me there? can I build up my own character in the best manner? can I ask God's blessing upon me there?" If your answer to these questions is an unhesitating "yes," then go. If it is a doubtful or hesitating "yes," or an unqualified "no," then stay away. Never offend conscience in any of these matters. You are putting out the eye of the soul when, for the sake of present gratification, you are doing that which you think *may* be wrong. The apostle's old rule about the unclean meat applies here. "He that doubteth is damned if he eat."

But I am not discussing the general subject of the theater. There is a phase of the subject which is often overlooked, but which sadly needs thought and prayer and careful attention from all true men. There are certain plague spots, called theaters, before which I must wave the danger signal. As the red flag waves from the pest-house to warn people of their danger in passing or entering, so the only appropriate banner for these play-houses is the red flag of warning. Indiscriminate denunciation of all theaters has sometimes overleaped itself, concealed from the eyes of the Chris-

tian public the fact that there are festering places, called theaters, in every large city, which bear the same relation to other theaters that adulterated, poisoned "tanglefoot" bears to pure wines and liquors. I have not been to these places myself, and I know that when I make this confession some will say, "Then you are talking of something you know nothing about. Your testimony must be ruled out of court." But softly, my friends. One does not need to go into a small-pox hospital to know that small-pox is a horrible disease; the testimony of others, the scars and pits of those who have been there, and one's own common sense, will keep him out of such a place, and yet not leave him ignorant of the loathsome malady. The experience of others, the scarred lives of those who have frequented such places, the indecent posters with which these places advertise themselves upon every dead wall, all tell me what they are, and tell me to wave the danger signal before your eyes. In order to tell you that it is dangerous business to fall off a wharf into deep water I need not go and fall off first myself.

But, as in previous chapters, let me first give

the boys the messages which some of their friends have sent them, through me. Says one: "A loose play, a suggestive play, carries impure thoughts and desires with it,—it degrades instead of elevates. No young man can afford either money, time, or reputation in this direction." Another sends me a strong arraignment, which he clips from his daily paper, of "bill-boards, flaunting in the face of day, and the eyes of every passer-by, advertisements of blonde burlesque or opera-bouffe troupes, too indecent and too shocking to be tolerated in any community that considers itself enrolled under the banner of Christianity." Another classes low theaters with bad literature and promiscuous dances, and thinks that they all lead on to gambling, licentiousness, and intemperance. "Low theaters," says still another, "are about as bad as they well can be." Another writes: "I was in the habit of attending the theater mostly for the music, of which I was very fond, and let me tell you, boys, there is nothing but harm in them. The play on the boards is all right, perhaps, but the afterpiece and the company that attends are full of dangers. Break away from these places, or, rather, never

begin to go to them." Still another writes: "Young people should avoid these places entirely. The habit of attending them, if once formed, often leads to dishonesty. I have known many young men from good families who went into stores with good prospects, but other young men in business persuaded them to go to low theaters, as the first evil step. Being ambitious to appear as *smart* as their companions and not having the means for such indulgence of their own, they purloined from their employers, were detected and disgraced." Here is a sad story which tells how one fair, young life went to pieces on this shoal.

"About twenty years ago," says one whose name is well known throughout Boston, "there came to my store, bringing letters of recommendation from a firm in Vermont, as bright and handsome a boy as I have ever seen. His face was as fair as that of a girl. His whole appearance was captivating. We engaged him as boy in the store. He won favor with all. After a few months I discovered that some of his evenings were spent at the theater and other places of amusement. I

warned him kindly of the results likely to follow. He confessed it to be unwise and promised to shun them. A few weeks later he again yielded to the enticer and went a step lower in the way of evil. Again I warned him, pleaded with him, prayed for him, and begged him in the name of and for the sake of his sainted mother to resist such temptations, and again told him that the end was death. With many tears he promised to reform. Not long after, he left us, married a young and beautiful girl. I then said 'You now have a double motive for right living.' He promised that his life should henceforth be upright. But appetite was strong, and will was weak. His wife had money, and wine could be had in place of cheaper drinks. He went into business, failed, and, step by step, sunk down lower and lower in the scale. He became a drunkard, and in the frenzy of madness toward his wife, who had left him on account of his brutality, he drew a pistol and shot her dead. Three years ago, or thereabouts, this young and beautiful boy, grown into a murderer, finished his course on the gallows at the state's prison in Vermont."

But now let us reason about this matter calmly and rationally. Let me talk with you, young friends, as though we were sitting together in your parlor and talking over these matters confidentially, and will you not deal honestly with yourselves? You know something about these places, I am afraid. At least you know what the staring bill-boards say. Do you not think that there is a peril there to purity of character? I do not believe that any of you have got so far that you despise purity of character and laugh at feminine modesty. I do not believe that any of you have sunk so low that you have forgotten how to blush. I pity you if you have. Would you not hang your head in shame if you saw your mother or your sister attired as some of those whom you go to see at the low theater are attired? "Yet you propose," says Dr. Cuyler, "to pay your money (through the box-office) to somebody else's sister and daughter to violate womanly delicacy for your entertainment. If 'the daughter of Heedias' dances to please you, then you are responsible for the dance, both in its influence on the dancer and on your own moral sense. Your eyes

and ears," he goes on to say, "are windows and doors to the heart. What enters once never goes out. Photographs taken on the memory are not easily effaced or burned up; they stick there and often become tempters and tormenters for a lifetime. 'I'd give my right hand,' said a Christian to me once, 'if I could rub out the abominable things that I put into my mind when I was a fast young man.' He could not do it; neither will you be able to efface the lascivious images or the impure words which the stage may photograph on your soul." Let us, I say, be honest with ourselves. Have you ever attended one of these low shows but there has been something about it to pander to lustful desires and appetites?

A great deal is said about elevating the tone of the stage. I do not despair of that being done. I sincerely hope that it may be done and that one of these days it may take its place with the academy and the church as one of the teachers of a pure, exalted morality. If we could remove this mighty moral influence from the Devil's clutches, a great stride in the regeneration of the world would be taken. But it does not look as though

the tendency was in that direction. As I walked out the other day I took especial notice of a large bill-board which always greets our eyes as we go down town. On that board three plays were advertised. One was called a musical farce and extravaganza, if I remember right, and the chief figure which struck the eye upon it was a hideously bruised and bloated individual, with a bristly beard, and his head covered with patches of court plaster, and otherwise deformed to the full extent of the bill printer's power. If such an individual presented himself at our doors he would frighten the ladies, and receive a polite invitation from the gentlemen to descend the steps, until he could make himself presentable. The next bill on the same board represented a scene in a parlor, where one man is reeling backwards from the effects of a shot, from a smoking pistol in the hands of another man, while the legend underneath the picture, referring, evidently, to the shooting scene, reads, "Take that, you fool." On this same board is still another placard advertising a dramatization of Peck's Bad Boy, one of the worst books that has been issued during this generation. It is the

quintessence of disrespect of parents, vile suggestiveness, and coarsest kind of low wit. I would rather a poison adder should wriggle into my children's nursery, than that such a book should find a spot in their hearts; and yet it is the dramatization of such a book that this poster invites all the children to witness. Such is the choice selection of announcements borne by one billboard on a single day; and the theaters where these plays are enacted do not all belong to the "low" class of which I have been speaking. If such are the apples of Sodom borne on these so-called respectable trees, what sort of fruit do the others bear?

Another peril of the low theater is its inevitable surroundings. I will not speak of the character of many of the performers, nor of the company you may meet there, but ask you for a moment to think of that rum-shop next door. Did you ever see one of these establishments without its grog-shop? Like the Siamese twins they always go together. Chang and Eng are never separated. If you have too much self-respect to go out between the acts "to see a man" or to get some "cloves," there is

the free lunch counter and bar-room, brightly lighted and attractive, standing open, when you come out late at night, tired and thirsty. If a man is known by the company he keeps, is not an institution known in the same way, and is not the low theater always known by the grog-shop that nestles under its shadow?

"It is a prevalent habit with young people who attend the theater," says one who has written wisely upon this subject, "to remain until a late hour amid the excitements of the plays and then finish off with a midnight lunch, or a wine supper, at some neighboring restaurant. To this practice a young lady of my acquaintance owed her downfall. Long after sensible people have laid their heads upon their pillows, the frequenters of the theater are apt to be adding a second scene of dissipation to the first." This writer puts it very mildly when he says, "It must be pretty hard work for a Christian to finish up such an evening's experience, with an honest prayer for God's blessing. That is indeed a poor business and a poor pleasure on which we cannot with a clear conscience ask our Heavenly Father's approval."

But there is still another peril connected with these low places of amusement, which I would dwell upon for a few minutes. This is the unnatural and impossible views of life which these theaters present. In this respect the bad book and the bad play exert very much the same influence, except that the play, from its very nature, is more alluring and fascinating. Our lives are very much as are our early dreams of life. If we start with noble ideals the lives will pretty certainly be noble. If the ideals are degraded the lives will pretty certainly be degraded. There is a type of play very popular, just now, which tends to confuse all moral distinctions, and make black appear white, and white black; which sets before our young people, as their ideal of manhood, the outlaw of the plains. That evil is in the same class as the flashy, blood-and-thunder novel, and is even more alluring, since it decks out with scenery and paint and action, and places behind the footlights, that which the bad book can only represent with cold type and printer's ink. I have frequently seen upon our bill-boards, just such shows advertised and they are never long absent from

any large city. A friend recently sent me an account of such a show, which was recently witnessed in St. Louis by forty thousand people. Such is the kind of *Sunday* show which is set before the young people of a western city.

If there is anything that is particularly harmful to the average American boy it is just such representations of exciting crime. Our boys are high-strung, nervous, excitable, like the rest of our people. It is like bringing a spark to a mass of tow to emblazon our walls with these pictures, and parade our streets with music and painted Indians, and then to go through with the mock-fights and murders and robberies in our places of public amusement. The phlegmatic Dutchman or the stolid Indian might stand such scenes and not be much harmed, but the young American, all nerves and imagination and enthusiasm, to him it is often like the intoxicating cup to see such things. If Buffalo Bill or Jesse James gets a secure lodging-place in these young minds, I see no chance there for the example of Jesus Christ or the words of St. Paul to take root. As well might you sow wheat in a field completely covered

with Canada thistles and expect to reap an abundant harvest. First root out the thistles, then sow the wheat. Let us try to pull up the thorns that the good seed may have a chance to grow. It is but following our Lord's example. He drove out the money-changers from the temple, as well as proclaimed in the temple the way of life. He pronounced a woe upon the proud as well as a beatitude upon the meek.

I will not attempt to describe the highly wrought sensationalism of these plays, but simply give a quiet, evidently truthful newspaper account which describes one of these typical dramas. "The sensational play, recounting the deeds of the famous Missouri bandit, Jesse James, drew a large upstairs audience last night. The play proved to be all that its patrons could desire. They went to see murders, robberies, fights, and other such pleasant little pastimes, and they were satisfied to their heart's content. All the *strong situations* with which the piece abounded, were received with demonstrations of delight." A "strong situation," I suppose, consists in a peculiarly dastardly robbery or an unusually blood-curdling murder.

These horrors have been received with "demonstrations of delight" by New England audiences, by audiences in which were some of our boys and girls, by men and women upon whom have been turned all their lives the electric light of nineteen centuries of civilization and Christianity. "The play," continues this newspaper account, "consists of a series of scenes and incidents in the lives of Jesse and Frank James. The first represents their happy home [the happy home, I would have you notice, of thieves and murderers and blacklegs]; the second, the plains of Kansas; the third, a horse race and a robbery; the fourth, the outlaws on the Missouri river, introducing an encounter between the outlaws and the sheriff; and the fifth, the home of Jesse James and his assassination by the Fords." Though the James Brothers are passing into deserved oblivion, the type of character which they represent is still multiplied by these catch-penny shows.

I do not believe that a civilized community ever suffered from an exhibition of more outrageous crime. We reprobate and loathe the gladiatorial shows in which the old Romans delighted, but

there was some excuse for those shows. With all their cruelty they were exhibitions of muscular strength and physical endurance. These shows are exhibitions of little besides perfidy and crime. The only redeeming feature about them is the horses, which, I have no doubt, could they speak, would tell us they were ashamed of the company they keep. Napoleon was not a man of strict morals; he did not govern his people upon Puritanic models, by any means, but, from what I know of his code of laws, I do not believe he would have allowed any such plays within the borders of his land. He had had a demonstration of the evils of such plays in the great revolution which preceded his accession to power. Says Edmund Burke, writing of the French Revolution: "While courts of justice were thrust out by Jacobin tribunals, and silent churches were only funeral monuments of departed religion, when Paris was like a den of outlaws, a lewd tavern for revel and debaucheries, there were in that city no fewer than twenty-eight theaters, crowded night after night. From the theater at night back to butchery, blasphemy, and debauchery in the day-time.

From butchery, blasphemy, and debauchery in the day-time back to the theater at night." In our orderly cities we allow what Napoleon Bonaparte would not allow, we allow one of the agencies which has always been hand and glove with rapine and anarchy. Whatever may be the pretext of these plays, or the eloquent denunciations of crime which are sometimes put into the mouths of the despairing outlaw just as he dies, their real effect is to make the cut-throat not the villain of the plot, but the hero. Whatever may be the pretence, his deeds in reality are never held up for detestation and scorn. According to these plays it is a brave thing to rob an unprotected stage-coach! It is a noble deed to make families penniless, and wives widows, and children orphans, if it is only done out-doors on the Kansas plains. The representation of that which ought to send the perpetrators to the gallows is received with demonstrations of delight by an American audience.

Did you know, my young friends, that the Devil has always been at work in this way from the time Eve ate the apple, trying to prove that evil

is good and good is evil? "It will not hurt you," he said to the mother of the race. "It is good. It will make you wise; that is the reason God is afraid to have you eat it." With Eve's sons and daughters, ever since, he has been pursuing the same line of argument, and I believe he never found a more useful agent to do his bidding than when he sent out these theatrical troupes to make robbery, and murder, and arson appear brave and attractive; and slow, plodding virtue to appear correspondingly tame and unattractive. Suppose we should wake up some morning to find all the ordinary distinctions which nature makes between the harmful and the harmless blotted out. Here is a red-hot fire of coals, but it does not look like a fire, it looks like a bed of roses, so you take a handful and put them in your bosom. Here is a serpent with a deadly fang, but it does not look like a serpent, it looks like a beautiful singing bird, which we carry home as a plaything for our children. It is a bitter, zero day, but it does not look or feel so, and, tempted by the false idea that it is a balmy, June-like day, we venture out, unprotected, and meet death in the frosty air. Would it be the

sign of a wise, benevolent Providence thus to confuse natural objects and signs of danger and make the evil in the world appear good and the good evil? Nay, would it not be a proof that a malevolent deity ruled the world? God never thus treats us. Fire burns and we always know that it will burn; deadly serpents sting and we know they will sting. Zero weather freezes and we know it will always and everywhere freeze. God never makes a bed of coals look like a bed of roses, or a rattlesnake look like a humming bird. But that is just what these miserable dramas of successful villainy too often accomplish, by making a murderer into a hero, and a thief into a "bandit king." These plays, too, drag into the full glow of the calcium light that which God intended to stifle in the low, dark dens of vice, or to hide in the fastnesses of the Western woods.

God has permitted evil in the world, but he has compelled it for the most part to hide its head. It goes abroad in the night not in the day-time. It recruits its forces in dark cellars. It has its hiding place in the outlaw's cave, where the light of the sun never pierces, and, if we cannot extirpate

it, we should not parade it in the brightness of day. One great demoralizer of our times is this parade of evil. The latest murder is too often displayed in head lines, the latest deed of benevolence is found in nonpareil type at the foot of the column. The last scandal is the talk at every breakfast-table, the latest proof that Christ's kingdom is extending over all the world is never mentioned. These plays of which I am speaking are only exaggerated signs of this tendency of our times, to drag out into the light the vicious and degrading. If we cannot reform the villain, let us at least compel him to hide away and not go about dressed in better clothes than honest folks can wear. A murderer's life is not happy. A robber's home is not an earthly paradise, and it never can be until God and Satan change places. Satan would be very glad to have you think so. He is always trying to make it out so. Don't believe him, young people. He tells the young tippler there is happiness in the wine cup. Ten thousand drunkards give the lie to his words. He makes the young girl think that a life bordering on the indelicate and the fast is most pleasant.

Ten thousand old ball-room flirts know better. He makes the boy believe that the fast young man about town has the best time. Ten thousand debauchees, worn out with lust before they are forty, know, now, how they were deceived in believing this. Vice does not contribute to the enjoyment of life. Its place is not in a pleasant parlor, with a happy wife and children, and with pious mottoes over the fireplace. Wickedness tends directly to rags, filth, squalor, misery, and despair.

If you really want to see the outcome of villainy do not look to see it represented by a Jesse James troupe or expect to see it depicted in their gaudy posters. Go to the upper end of North street in Boston or the slums of New York. There is where you see the real results of disobedience to the laws of God and man. In those rum-soaked, blear-eyed, broken-down men; in those brazen-faced, blasphemous women; in those ragged, dirty, half-naked children; in those filthy alleys; in those dilapidated tenements; in those windows stuffed with hats and bundles of rags to keep out the winter cold and snow; in them you will find

the true picture of the outcome of evil, and it is an outrage upon the morals of any community to paint it otherwise. Hogarth deserves the thanks of the Christian world for painting the steps in a drunkard's life as he did; for showing the gradual descent from respectability to loathsome and execrable debauchery. If he had gone the other way and represented a rake's progress as pleasant and respectable, and on the whole quite enjoyable, he would deserve the sternest rebuke of every moralist, but no more would he deserve it, than do those actors who make the outlaw into the gentleman, and surround the thief with the blessings which only an honest life can bring.

My young friends, I pray that none of your lives may be wrecked on this rock which I have pointed out. I feel indeed that you are in danger of being led to call evil good and good evil, if you look upon these false and silly representations. Have nothing to do with them. In spite of you, if you witness them, they will lower your moral tone and corrupt the springs of your life. No true manhood ever grew out of a boyhood absorbed in such scenes of vice and crime. Christ

will never take up his abode in company with thieves and cut-throats. If you have been harboring one of these villains of late in your imagination, turn him out, I pray you, before he makes you in spirit like himself. Hear the end of the woe against those who call evil good and good evil, for just this blotting out of moral distinctions is what these plays accomplish. "Therefore as the fire burneth up the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust." So, I fear, will it be with you, if you give place in your heart to these demons who are trying to crowd their way in; your root of good principle will be as rottenness, and the blossom of your future promise will go up as dust. Then beware of the low, play-house door. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass on."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GAMBLING DEN.

THE LITTLE HORSES OF INTERLAKEN. BASE-BALL POOL-ROOMS. FROM THE PRIZE CANDY BAG TO THE ROULETTE TABLE. THE BEANS IN A BOTTLE. THE SOAP LOTTERY. WHAT THE BOSTON MERCHANTS HAVE TO SAY. THE BUTCHER BIRD OF THE COMMUNITY. HOW A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR CHANGE HANDS. REVELATIONS OF AN OLD GAMBLER. THE GAMBLER'S PREVAILING TRAITS. CUPIDITY AND LAZINESS. MIDAS' EARS. GOOD THINGS ALWAYS COST. THE DEVIL'S PRIVATE WAY.

WHOEVER visits Interlaken goes, of course, to the Kursaal, which is one of the chief attractions of the place. Here are beautiful gardens and flowing fountains, placid little lakes, and beds of sweet-scented flowers, while, off in the distance, towers, ever, the white-veiled Jungfrau. Here in the garden are little parties, sitting about small tables, eating and drinking and smoking and chatting, but the center of attraction is the corner where the *petite cheveaux* are racing about

their miniature ring. Placards on the walls tell you to go and see the "little horses," and when you come to them, you find a row of little silver steeds on a circular board which the owner sets in motion, while an eager crowd all about him, young men and women, sedate fathers and matrons, grandfathers and grandmothers even, are betting their francs on which of those little silver images will spin the furthest on the smooth board.

I think that scene is typical of gambling operations the world over. The little horses are always racing, and racing away with the money of the victims. The little horses are always under the control of the gambler. He sets them spinning, or stops them at his pleasure. *Whoever* loses, it is never the gambler behind the horses. *Whoever* wins, it is sure to be, in the long run, the gambler behind the horses. To tell you of some of these little horses who are likely to run off with your money, and good name, and good principles, is my purpose in this chapter. You need not go to the Kursaal of Interlaken to find them. They are racing about in every city, and I fear

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that on them some of you have already taken your first ride in the direction of the bottomless pit. A short time since there were over forty well-known faro houses in Boston, whose names have been given in one of our daily papers, where the proprietors and the trustees and the owners of the buildings were known. Everybody that looked into the matter knew where they were except the city authorities, whose duty it was to shut them up.

But I am not so much afraid of these notorious gambling dens as I am of the many pool-rooms, and poker-rooms, and billiard saloons, where the little horses are always racing, and tempting you to a ride to death with them. I am told that in three pool-rooms of Boston in the year 1884, at least one million dollars changed hands, mostly during the base-ball season. Do you know what that means? It does not mean that our capitalists, our solid men of business, who have money to spare, risk and lose their money on the all-engrossing question, whether the Bostons will beat the Providence nine or not, or whether Galvin will make a run, or Burdock will score on the

seventh inning of the league game. It would be bad enough if such men, who had money to risk, lost it; but these base-ball pool-rooms mean that our clerks and school boys and artisans, who have no money to spare, are taking losing rides on these little silver horses. The great bulk of that million dollars, lost last year, came from just this class. You see in the rum-shop windows this placard in election times: "Election returns received here every hour"; and when the base-ball season commences, we see in those same windows: "Base-ball returns received here after each inning." Look out for those places, boys! The little silver horses are waiting in there to give you a swift ride to destruction. It is a shame that our national game, about which there is so much that is truly admirable in skill and athletic exercise, should be prostituted to fill a gambler's till.

Then there are lotteries in all forms and shapes. I wish I might open them to your view in their real character, and write over the door of every one of them: "Beware, beware! The little horses within here seem to be of silver, but it is silver wrung in ten-cent pieces from the pockets of the

poor man, and every one that takes a ride on them will be nearer the gates of destruction than when he started." Says one of the Judges of the supreme court of Kentucky, as quoted by Anthony Comstock: "Lottery gambling is the worst species of gaming, because it brings adroitness, cunning, experience, and skill, to contend against ignorance, folly, distress, and desperation. Every new loss is an inducement to a new adventure; and, filled with vain hope of recovering what is lost, the unthinking victim is led on, from step to step, till he finds it impossible to regain his ground, and he gradually sinks into a miserable outcast, or, by a bold and still more guilty effort, plunges at once into that gulf where he hopes for protection from the stings of conscience, a refuge from the reproaches of the world, and oblivion from existence."

It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to observe the ingenuity of the Devil in offering our young people a ride on one of the little silver horses of chance. Here is that noble institution, the church fair. Of course it is all right, the boy or girl thinks, to attend a church fair, and

here in the fair is a guess-cake, or a grab-bag, or Pandora's box, or Fortune's well, or some chance to invest a dime or a quarter, with the chance of drawing an unknown prize. If there is anything to be reprobated or despised, it is just this species of gambling.

We do not wonder when we see the gambler's table and the rum-shop side by side. They are congenial companions. But when the gambler's tools and methods are brought into the house of God for the ostensible purpose of supporting public worship, or some charitable institution, it is time for every Christian man to repeat his Master's words: "My house shall be called the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves." The church or the charity which cannot live without grab-bags and guess-cakes, had a thousand times better die.

But the Evil One uses still subtler means than the church fair, to incite the love for gaming. Here is the little five-year-old, who looks with longing eyes at the tempting candy, or toothsome pop-corn in the shop window. He begs a couple of pennies of papa or mamma, and makes his first

investment in a prize candy bag, or pop-corn package. He takes his first ride on the silver horse. The notion is first started in his little head, that perhaps he can get something for nothing, which is the idea at the root of all gambling.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, we are told, and soap is essential to cleanliness, and yet, even with this most unpromising article, the gambler found a way, a year or two ago, to make money.

"The plan is," says Mr. Comstock, in his "Traps for the Young"; "in order to induce people to buy their soap, to take advantage of the gambling propensities of the day, and to advertise a lottery or game of chance in connection with the soap business. They wrap each cake of soap with a printed wrapper. For twenty wrappers thus brought back, they trade a ticket bearing a number, and this number represents a share or interest in a distribution of presents at some future date. Practically these schemes are sops thrown to servant girls to encourage extravagance and dishonesty. There are wastes and peculations enough in the kitchen without offering 'presents,' 'rewards,' or 'prizes' in this line. There are

enough supplies passed out to poor relations to satisfy every housekeeper, as it is, and there is no necessity for chromos or prizes in this department. These devices practically say to Biddy, 'The more soap used, wasted, or otherwise disposed of, of this kind, the more tickets in the distribution.' Do thinking men and women want a lottery started in their kitchen?" There is another means of whipping the Devil around the stump, resorted to very frequently, but still, under the thin disguise of an exercise of judgment, I can see one of the little horses waiting for victims who shall mount and ride. Some merchant with an unsalable stock will put, perhaps, a bottle of beans in his window, and give to any one, who buys a suit of his clothes or a pound of his tea or coffee, a prize, if he guesses the right number of beans. As this affords very little opportunity for judgment, but is purely a matter of guess work, it is nothing more nor less than a disguised lottery.

I only speak of these various cheats to remind you that the cloven foot may lurk under very innocent looking forms, but that the spirit of the thing, from the baby's prize candy package to the

gambling hell of Monaco, is always the same. But I have not, as you know, simply my own wisdom or experience to give you in this matter. A score of Boston merchants have placed this evil high up in the list of your enemies. One of them, whom I well know, in whose heart is a warm spot for young men, writes: "Among the dangerous places to be avoided is the billiard table. I knew a young man, some years since doing business in Boston, whose prospects were as bright as those of any young man I ever saw, whose first step in t' downward path was billiard playing. I used to see him frequently at the door of the billiard saloon. Soon he neglected his business, and prosperous business soon left him, he contracted other bad habits, failed, and died, a miserable wreck, before he was forty years old. To be avoided is the smoking car, and p. ving cards in the cars, as well as elsewhere. No careful merchant would employ a young man who has such habits."

Says another: "Poker is a fascinating game and many a young man quiets conscience by making the limit one cent or half a dime, but the love for the game continues, no matter how small the

risk." Another prominent merchant writes you: "The desire for the excitement and possible gains of the gambling saloon is a very great danger, and a most painful personal experience with a young man, formerly in the employ of the firm of which I am a member, prompts me to suggest a temptation which I fear is not appreciated and spoken against as it should be. I refer to the almost universal pastime of card-playing as practiced in the *smoking-cars*, both on long and short trains. As you are aware, thousands of young men use these trains in coming to and going from the city every day. The smoking-car is furnished with card-tables, and actual gambling is not an unheard-of experience. The young man to whom I have referred came into our employ from a Christian home, and had our confidence in a large degree. He boarded with his parents seven miles out of the city. After a time we noticed a change, and later it proved that he had been stealing, had then taken nearly a thousand dollars. His own explanation was that the desire for gambling was developed in the smoking-car and from that he went to the saloon and became a thief that he

might indulge the passion which had grown from such small beginnings."

Another of your friends sends you this terse message: "Gambling, an inordinate desire to be rich, lotteries, pool-rooms, stocks, and other speculations, are fatal fascinations. The example of a very few successful speculators has lured hundreds of thousands to disgrace and ruin." Another large merchant for whom, very likely, some of you may work, writes: "I regard pool-rooms as most dangerous to the young, and have had to fight them on account of their influence on young men, some of them mere boys, in my own employ. There is a fascination about games of chance, hard to account for by those who have no taste for such things, and their influence is most pernicious." I will quote to you the wise words of only one more of your friends in this connection. "In these days of money kings and fabulous riches, young men become discontented with the slow way of getting a competence, and their discontent often develops into a mania for lottery tickets. I have known young men, struggling in business, with chances of success waiting

on close application, who have become unsettled by this feverish anxiety for a sudden impetus. They have lived on expectation from week to week, until 'unsuccessful in business,' is written over their doors."

And now, as plainly as I can, let me place before you my special reasons for waving this danger signal. In the first place, to put the matter upon the lowest grounds, you are sure to be fleeced, if you have any dealings with the professional gambler. The fly, stepping daintily into the spider's web, has just as much chance of coming out unhurt, as you have, when you enter the gambling den. The lamb, venturing into the lion's jungle, is as safe as you are, when you open the door of the pool-room. The lion and the lamb may lie down peacefully together, but, it is a very old witticism that tells us which will occupy the interior apartment. There is a very savage bird that is not uncommon hereabout in winter, called the shriek or butcher bird. It pounces upon little, unoffending members of the feathered tribe, scares the canaries behind our windows, devours all the victims it can, and is

said to spit the rest upon the spike of some thorn tree. I do not know any bird of the air that the professional gambler so much resembles, as the butcher bird. He dashes even into the family circle, as the shriek dashes at the glass to secure the canary. Is it best then for the other birds to enter his very nest, and invite him to strike his talons into them? I do not say that you may never win a dollar in a pool-room, or a prize in a lottery. But I do say, that it is even worse for you if you win, than if you lose. I should pray that if you ever went into the gambler's den, you might lose every time. It is better to lose a few feathers, if that will show you the true nature of your enemy, than to be lured on until he can drive his claws into your heart.

An old gambler, who signs himself C. D. in the Boston papers, and for whose identity the gambling fraternity of Boston have offered to give one thousand dollars, says, virtually, that he has been through it all, has been a recognized leader among the gamblers, and he knows that there is no honor among this class of thieves. They will not hesitate to swindle any one whom they can swindle

safely. He says that in each of two pool-rooms one thousand one dollar base-ball combination pool tickets are sold *every day* of the base-ball season. Beside this the manager has control of the telephone and solicits bets of two dollars and fifty cents each on the possibility of a score being made in each inning as played. A, for instance, bets two dollars and fifty cents that no score will be made in the first inning of the Boston and Providence game. B accepts the bet, and they deposit five dollars in the hands of the management, who, for their commission hold back fifty cents. Their profits from these commissions alone average fifty or seventy-five dollars per day. Moreover, having control of the telephone, they can learn before their victims the results of each inning, thus putting their confederates up to bet always on the winning side. Has the fly any more chance in the spider's house than you have in the gambler's house? We can form some estimate of the number of victims of this evil when we remember what Mr. Comstock tells us, that in one office of the Louisiana lottery in New York City, which has been advertised in many papers, calling them-

selves respectable, throughout the country, the average receipts for twenty days prior to a raid which he made upon them, were five thousand one hundred and seventy-six dollars per day by actual count, while the average daily orders and letters received were one thousand seven hundred and fifty. "I saw, at one time," he says, "delivered to one clerk, from this office, at the New York post-office, over five hundred and fifty registered letters. The annual income of this company alone, according to their own showing is four million dollars."

How many little birds killed and spitted by this detestable shriek do these thousands of letters indicate? But I would put this matter upon higher ground. If it was only a matter of your losing a few dollars or a few hundred dollars it would not be worth while perhaps to take the time to utter this warning. But ah! character is involved in this loss. You can win back the money you lose by persistent toil, or fortunate business investments, perhaps, but you cannot win back the character you lose so easily.

Character is a plant of slow growth, and he

who hacks at this tree destroys what years cannot replace. Says the reformed gambler, whom I have before quoted: "Gambling, being illegitimate, and ostracized by society, is only adopted as a business by men dead to a moral sense of right and wrong. A careful analysis of my own case and that of my colleagues has confirmed me in the belief that the two chief components which go to make up the professional gambler are cupidity and laziness." These also, I believe, are the motives which lead the foolish flies to venture within the gambler's web, — cupidity and laziness. A desire to get something for nothing, a desire for an easy life, for a soft cushion, for a sinecure office, for a fat place, with little work about it. This is the demoralizing spirit which honeycombs character, which eats the pith out of every manly life, which fills the policy rooms, and lines the pockets of the gambler. How many of our young men are drifting about from place to place, looking for the easy spot; dissatisfied with this, because the work is hard, and with that, because the hours are long, and with the other place because the pay is small, unwilling to do their

honestest because of some fancied grievance of work or pay; unwilling to do a stroke of work that they can live without doing, always waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, that shall furnish a snug berth and demand no equivalent of muscle or skill or brain. That is the gambler's spirit, whether you ever risked a cent or handled a cue in your life. That is the spirit which demoralizes and degrades, and opens the door at last of every gambling hell. Cupidity and laziness are the two elements of the gambler's character. Sweep them away, and our gambling dens would be closed to-morrow. Beware of them both. They are soul poisoners. Whenever you are tempted to wish for money without working for it, think of the story of Midas. That was just what he desired, you know, and the gods granted his request, and everything that he touched turned into gold. But he found this exceedingly inconvenient, for even his food turned into the bright, yellow metal, and he could not eat it. Midas, moreover, had the ears of an ass given him by the gods. He contrived to conceal them under his Phrygian cap for

a time, but the servant who cut his hair discovered them. The secret so much troubled him, for he could confide it to no human being, that he dug a hole in the ground and whispered into it, "King Midas has ass's ears." He then filled up the hole and felt relieved, for he thought the secret was buried. But on the same spot a reed grew which, as it waved in the wind, whispered his secret, "King Midas has ass's ears," and so betrayed him again. Look close enough and you will find that all those who seek for money without working for it have the same deformity. Scan the crowds in the gambling den. They are all alike in this respect. They all have ass's ears. No Phrygian cap can conceal them. Their laziness, too, is as great as their cupidity. "The down-right lazy man," says Geikie, "is commonly as mean as he is shiftless, willing to take without giving any equivalent; if he must work he does as little as possible; he talks longer about doing, than it takes others to act. His life might be spent in the circumlocution office, for it is a long study of 'how not to do it.' As Gibbon puts it, 'He well remembers he has a salary to receive and only

forgets that he has a duty to perform.' "In the way of writing," says Carlyle, "no great thing was ever or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty. Is it with ease that a man shall *do his best* in any shape? Not so. Goethe tells us he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep, no page of his but he knew well where it came from.'"

Would that I could impress upon you, my young friends, this one truth: "Good things always cost." For if, in all the fullness of its meaning, this one thing could be made plain, no one of you would ever darken the door of a gambling saloon again. "Good things always cost." I do not mean to say that money was never won at a roulette table or from a faro bank or a lottery wheel. It has been thus won, but money thus won was never a good thing. I do not mean to say that political honor was never bestowed where it was not deserved or earned. It has been thus bestowed, but such honor was never a good thing. "Great men are hard-working men," it has been well said. "Genius means a great capacity for *work*. Genius will work. The men eminent in all the noble walks of life have been, and are now,

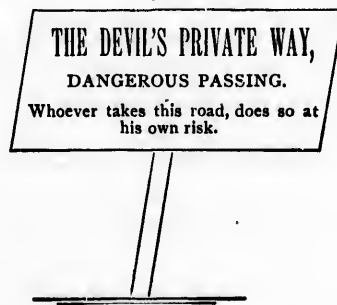
great workers. They are trained to endure, and, when occasion requires, can, and do, labor tremendously. Are you dazzled by the lives of generals, senators, millionaires, or great men of letters? Consider the cross, ere looking at the crown. It is a grand thing to win the crown. Try for it. Try with all the manhood there is in you. You are worth little if you do not make the trial. Let no word of mine discourage you. But try no short cuts. Count the cost and then do valiant battle. Determine to win all these good things but win them legitimately." This weakening of the moral fibre resulting from cupidity and laziness, fostered by the gambling den, works out its legitimate results in defalcation, forgery, embezzlement. The papers are full of stories of dreadful falls from high places. Our ears are stunned and our hearts grow sick, but it is the gambling spirit of the age that will account for every one of them. "Pool-rooms are the most demoralizing of all kinds of gambling," says the old gamester I have already quoted. "The defalcations, the direct cause of pool gambling, are usually first offences, and are condoned without publicity, but justice

overtakes the thief at last. Every pool gambler knows his victims, and in the slang of the trade says, 'So and so will come a "header" for "dipping" too often in the well.' I know a case in point. There was a young fellow in one of our large crockery houses whose fall was predicted in a pool-room two weeks before it occurred." I have in my possession the account of scores, who, in the expressive language of the gambler, have come just such headers from decency, respectability and honor, to shame and degradation and everlasting contempt. And what is the meaning of that large American colony in Canada except that its members gambled too long in wheat or flour or bank stocks or mining shares, until at last the long embezzlement came to light, and they had to flee their country, leaving only a dishonored name behind.

Am I writing to any one who has taken the first step on this road, who has begun with penny ante, or taken a ten cent play in a policy shop, or a single dollar combination in a base-ball pool? Let me say to you, most solemnly, that, at the end of this road is the county jail or the state's prison,

with grated windows and bolted doors. At the end is sorrow and shame and a blasted life. The road which you have begun to travel is strewn with the carcasses of men who are dead while they live, dead to everything that is good, to their families, their homes, their loves, their hopes. This road is worn smooth by the feet of forgers, defaulters, and thieves. Let me put up a sign-board which all may read as they come in their life's journey to this by-path which leads to the gambling den.

On this sign-board shall be printed in large letters,



CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEPER OF IMPURITY.

THE DREADED LEPER OF ANCIENT TIMES. THE MORE LOATHSOME LEPER OF MODERN TIMES. WHAT THE MERCHANTS THINK OF HIM. INSANITY OR SUICIDE. THE THREE DOORS BY WHICH THIS LEPER ENTERS THE HEART. IMAGINATION-DOOR. DR. HOLLAND'S WORDS OF WISDOM. EYE-DOOR AND EAR-DOOR. A WORD TO YOUNG WOMEN. KEEP SAFE THE JEWEL. BALLS AND SKATING RINKS. A DANCING-MASTER'S OPINION. OUT-DOOR SPORTS. THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK. THE LEPER'S END.

IN some respects the subject which forms the caption of this chapter is the most difficult of all to treat. It is seldom alluded to in public, the literature of the subject is very scanty, and every writer hesitates to speak of that of which, nevertheless, his conscience tells him he ought to speak, when writing upon such a subject as the Enemies of Youth.

Of all the diseases that afflicted the ancient world leprosy was the most dreadful and the most

dreaded. The leper was loathed and driven out from all companionship, except with those who were diseased like himself. If he ever entered the synagogue he was railed in from the rest of the congregation and must enter before and depart after the rest of the worshipers. As the disease increased in violence he was more and more isolated. When he approached a fellow creature the law obliged him to throw dust in the air, to cover his mouth with his hand, and cry "unclean, unclean." The utmost care was taken to detect the presence of the disease, for its approach was insidious; and washings and cleansings and examinations, minute and well-nigh innumerable, were required. If the Jew found that his nearest friend, his brother, his wife, his child, was a leper, he had to leave him to his lonely life of separation and death. The disease began its work very slowly, it might exist for months and hardly be known, a slight discoloration, a little scab, was all that was noticed, but, by and by, it spread with terrible rapidity, and resulted at last in the complete corruption and dropping away of a hand or foot or arm, until at last death came to the slow relief of the sufferer.

Do you wonder that the Jews feared the leper? Do you wonder that strict laws prevented the spread of the contagion? Leprosy, the physical disease in its most dreaded forms, has been about stamped out of the modern world, but there is a moral leprosy which is more loathsome and more deadly, which walks our streets and enters our homes, alas! which creeps into our hearts. Instead of being afraid of it, we laugh at it, we treat it as a joke, we invite the leper to our firesides. He is found everywhere. He dwells in the brownstone mansion, and in the filthy cellar. He sleeps on a bed of down sometimes, and sometimes on a heap of rags. He walks our streets, he rides in our horse-cars. He goes to school with our boys and girls, and his contact is as contagious and deadly as the leper of Judea. It is not at hap-hazard that I call this evil spirit of impurity a leper. If I were able I should not dare to lift the veil which hides this leper from the gaze of men. If some omniscient being should go up and down these streets, sprinkling with blood the doors where this leper had entered, what thresholds would be bloodless here?

I have received concerning this evil of sensuality many warnings from your friends, the business men, young people, which I am glad to give you right here.

One of them writes: "If you ask what I think is the most dangerous or seductive influence, in city life especially, I should say licentiousness."

Another one rehearses the story, only one among ten thousand it is sad to think, of a young man with bright hopes who was first led away by the lustful attractions of promiscuous balls, until he fell to the depths of infamy, and adds: "The superintendent of one of our large railways in Massachusetts told me that for no one cause did he so quickly discharge an employe as for being seen with disreputable women; for, looking at it from the business, railroad-man's standpoint, merely, such connection surely leads to extravagance and defalcation."

Another, who is always on the lookout for some chance to help the boys and girls of Boston, writes: "You put 'rum' first in your list of 'enemies,' and I have always done so in my thinking. But I fear there is another evil, which lurks more in

the dark, and which is working nearly as much destruction. I refer to licentiousness. I believe it is on the increase. Our young men and women are not warned as they should be, it is such a delicate matter to speak about."

Another writes these strong words: "I should say that the most dangerous and seductive of all evils is licentiousness, the damning sin, the first poison of the race, starting in the garden, and, with crushing force, descending from generation to generation, until, today, its effect is felt in every home. It is sending more young men to ruin than all other influences combined. It is not so open as intemperance and there is its danger, but if you look for it you will see its marks in the pale cheek and wan features of our boys and girls in our homes. Its very secrecy is its danger. Its victims are filling premature graves, or, what is worse, our houses for the insane. I believe I am justified in saying that thousands of new-made graves are dug yearly to take in the young victims of this cursed vice whose cause of death is unsuspected. Oh, for some power to show to the young the deadly poison of this growing vice!"

Says another of your friends, speaking of this same evil: "This vice not only ruins the natural body, but impairs the spiritual also. We can form no conception of its extent for it is known only to the victim and Him who knows all things. I speak very strongly on this point, for an incident comes to my mind of a young man of Boston who took his life by shooting himself some thirty years ago. He was supposed to be of unblemished character, and probably his relatives and friends knew nothing to the contrary, but I was on the jury of inquest and a letter was found on his person saying that one of two things was before him—insanity or suicide, therefore he chose the latter, as the vice he had contracted was too strong for him to conquer. No one can tell what he must have passed through before he committed the deed. The contents of that letter have never been effaced from my memory." I can say "amen" with all my heart to this friend's closing words: "Would that every young person, addicted to this evil, could be warned of the results of such debasing vice."

I will quote from only one more of the scores of

letters which refer to this leper of impurity. Says this gentleman: "My observation leads me to fear chiefly the impure literature of the day and the impure companion, who teach the practices that sap the young life at its first springing. I tell my boys, 'If you will promise your father and see to it that your mouth and hand are kept *pure* until you are twenty-one, I will promise you health, happiness, and usefulness, and all the good things you will then care to ask for.'" Here are some good rules which he adds: "Let the boy read no book and look at no picture he would not show his mother or sister. Let him drink nothing which he would not ask his mother to sweeten. Instead of the low theater, the skating rink, and ball-room, let him organize a home orchestra, in which sister shall play the piano, brother the volin, and himself the flute, while baby disarranges the music for them all. In this way is safety."

But I hardly need to multiply these warnings for you are all aware that such a leper as I have described is abroad in the land. I need not make that point any plainer. Alas! he is too well known to some of you. But if I can but tell you of some of

the doors by which he will enter your hearts, and thus put you on your guard, I should be doing you a real service. If any one could have warned the Jewish youth of old of the leper in the way, giving him some infallible rule by which he might tell of his approach, that secret would have been of value incalculable to him. If one could have said to him, "Look out! there, there, through that door, by that alley-way, you will come in contact with the leper," how he would have blocked up and guarded that door or pathway, lest there he should contract the terrible contagion. If I can tell you of the three doors by which this leper, Impurity, will be most likely to enter your heart, will you not block them up against his entrance and forever guard them well? These three doors are Imagination-door, Eye-door, and Ear-door. Guard these three entrances to your soul, and the enemy can never take its citadel.

Of all these doors, I think Imagination-door most often admits the Leper of Impurity. No one on earth sees this leper when he knocks at the door of the imagination, no one on earth notices when it is opened, a crack at first and then

flung wide open to the unclean guest, but the devils in hell exult, for they know that he who opens the door of his heart to such a guest is fast on the way to join their ranks. Let us give heed, just here, to the words of Dr. J. G. Holland, they are so true and appropriate to this subject.

"Oh, if this imaginary world of sin could be unveiled," he says, "this world into which the multitude go unknown and unsuspected, how would it be red with the blush of shame! This world of sense, built by the imagination, how fair and foul it is! Like a fairy island in the sea of life it smiles in sunlight and sleeps in green, known of the world, not by communion of knowledge but by personal, secret discovery! The waves of every ocean kiss its feet. The airs of every clime play among its trees and tire with the voluptuous music which they bear. Flowers bend idly to the fall of fountains, and beautiful forms are wreathing their white arms and calling for companionship. Out toward this charmed island by day and by night a million shallops push, unseen of each other and of the world of real life they leave behind. The single sailors never meet

each other, they thread the same paths unknown to each other; they come back and no one asks them where they have been. If God's light could shine upon this crowded sea and discover the secrets of the island which it invests, what shameful retreats and encounters should we witness. Fathers, mothers, maidens, men, — children even, whom we have deemed as pure as snow, — flying with guilty eyes and white lips to hide themselves from a great disgrace. There is vice enough in the world of actual life and it is there that we look for it; but there is more in that other world of imagination which we do not see, — vice that poisons, vice that kills, vice that makes whited sepulchers of temples that are deemed pure, even by multitudes of their tenants."

Beware of Imagination-door which this leper so often uses to make his entrance into your soul. Lock up Eye-door and Ear-door also. I have tried to put you on your guard in other chapters against bad papers, pictures, books, and evil companions, with their dirty story and smutty joke, but, boys and girls, you must lock these doors from the *inside*. When the burglar comes to your house by

night, it makes very little difference how many bars and bolts there are on the outside; if there is no bolt on the inside, he can withdraw them all and walk in at his pleasure and rob the house. All that one can do by words of warning, all that your parents and teachers can do by their loving advice, is to lock the door from the outside; it remains for you to turn the key and drop the bolt of a firm, resolute, pure purpose, which shall keep out all these demons from the pit. I often think, almost with a shudder, of the boy who goes out from his father's house into the impurity of the street and the school. He has been most carefully reared, every evil thing has been kept beyond his reach, he has been loved and guarded and prayed for, but yet one half hour with the bad companion, one glance at the lewd picture, and the careful training of years is forgotten, and the leper, entering through Eye-door or Ear-door, has taken up his abode in that pure young soul and is only too ready to open the door over and over again to his loathsome companions, until, at last, little is left but corruption and death in that heart which left the father's house white and unsullied.

Young friends, God has put your manhood, womanhood, and purity, in your own keeping. You can barter them away for smut, you can soil them with an indelible stain if you will, or you can preserve them unsullied, as your best heritage and chief glory. Your friends cannot preserve them for you, they can only give advice; your pastor can only warn you. You, yourself, must lock the door, if you would keep your enemies out. Upon you alone will it depend whether you rise to the company of angels or sink to the level of the devils. I wish that I might say an earnest word, right here, to the girls and young women who shall read this chapter. This subject concerns you more vitally, perhaps, than any one class.

If you had one jewel among your possessions that was worth a thousand times more than all the rest of your treasures put together, would you be careless of that jewel? Would you leave it lying about in a public place for every chance passer-by to pick up and make off with if he chose? Would you see how near you could come to dropping it into some dark cess-pool without actually letting it fall? Would you carelessly throw it

away from you some dark night, on the chance that you could find it again in the morning? You have such a jewel, a treasure that is worth to you a thousand Kohinoors, and yet I see some of you trifling with it, as though it was a worthless pebble, which you might retain or throw away at your pleasure. Your personal purity, unsullied, immaculate, unsuspected, — that is *your* jewel. You are playing with it, holding it very near the edge of the moral cess-pool, throwing it away, perhaps, for a little, thinking you can pick it up at your pleasure. Oh! let me tell you how priceless is your treasure, let me warn you of the awful risk you run.

The snow once sullied can never be whitened, the lily once crushed and withered can never be restored to what it was, the maiden soul once befouled can never regain its freshness of purity. To my sorrow and shame I see some young girls whose only thought seems to be of the young men. On the street, in the horse-cars, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer-meeting, they are never happy unless they are whispering and making eyes at some young man. They are the laughing-stock of the thoughtless, and they make the judicious

grieve, and yet they never seem to suspect their folly or see themselves as others see them. Every social gathering, every meeting of prayer, every promenade on the street, every visit to the public library, is only an excuse for continued flirtation; the mind becomes unstrung and is filled with light and trifling fancies, the imagination is perverted, and the will is weakened for any useful effort. Books lose their relish, housework becomes an unbearable drudgery, and the image of that young man is seen on the page of every book, sewn into the garment with every uneven stitch, and is worked into every slovenly piece of housework which the giddy girl is obliged to do. I am not speaking now of true love, for which this frivolous passion which borders on the indelicate is often mistaken. There is as much difference between true lovers and mere flirts, as there is between the quiet, steady, cheerful fire on the family hearthstone, and the changeable, deceptive flicker which glows on the rotten stump in the woods at night. True love is holy and is one of the handmaidens of God. The mere flirt, male or female, is the servant of Satan. If you could know, young

ladies, what these same young men, whom you believe are so devoted to you, really think of the forward, bold, young woman, your cheeks would glow with shame whenever your eyes met theirs. They are bright enough to understand that the apple that drops too easily into their hand most likely has a rotten spot at the heart. If you could hear their jokes and innuendoes, and flings at your womanhood; if you could hear them talk about their "rock maidens," and their "piazza beauties," and their "buggy girls," you would never run the risk again of being called by those names, — that is if you have a spark of womanhood left, as I believe you all have.

But do you say, "I mean nothing bad. I am only bound to have a good time, to enjoy myself! I shall look out to stop in season, before I am ruined"? Perhaps you will, and oh! perhaps you may not stop before you are ruined and driven an outcast from home and friends. But it is not on this low plain of possible final escape from the worst consequences that I would put this subject. Your treasure is too precious to be *trifled* with. Your jewel is too priceless to be risked. It is not

best to set fire to your house, because it may be put out before the house is burned to the ground. It is not wise to fall into deep water because you may be dragged out before life is quite extinct. Let me say again, your treasure is too precious to be trifled with. Your jewel is too priceless to be risked. It is because personal purity is your jewel that I thus plead with you to run no risk. He who leaves open a safe filled with rubbish is not particularly to be blamed. He who leaves open the safe that contains a million dollars in securities, is guilty of carelessness which is almost as criminal as dishonesty.

Let me tell you this, too, young ladies, you are not only injuring yourselves, you are bringing reproach upon all womanhood when you thus cheapen and trifle with the charms of a pure maidenhood. For nineteen centuries past, Christianity has had it for her task to raise womanhood out of the gutter of sensuality and bestiality where it so long lay helpless. Patiently, quietly, faithfully, has Christianity wrought, and right well has she succeeded, until woman sits upon the throne, with the sparkling crown of purity encir-

cling her brow. Will you do your little best to pull her from that proud position, and snatch away her crown?

Every one who has ever known the influence of a pure, gentle, loving woman, be she mother or wife or sister or friend, can sing with Tennyson in the Princess :

" Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trips and falls,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

Will any of you help to destroy this faith in womankind? Will you not rather show us what Wordsworth calls,

" A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

" Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

But I can hear some of you say, Are you not going to give us your opinion on balls, dances, skating-rinks, and such amusements? I have not been ready to do so before but I think the way is

open now. I have no quarrel with the ball-room in itself. I do not know that it is any more sinful in itself to skip lightly about to the sound of music, than to walk gravely and sedately, without any music to hurry the feet. I have no prejudice against roller skating in itself considered, but I have an undying and unconquerable prejudice to anything and everything which will endanger the purity of young manhood and womanhood. I have an undying hatred of any place or any amusement which tends to soil the white lily of maidenly modesty, and this, from all that I know, promiscuous dancing and promiscuous skating in the public rink does tend to accomplish.

The men to whom I have written send many warnings against the ball-room and the skating-rink, and send many sad stories of ruined lives, which received their first impetus on the down hill road in such places. I have not time to quote these wise words, but, as in a previous chapter the testimony of an ex-professional gambler against gambling was brought forward, let me here quote the testimony of a dancing-master against the waltz.

Mr. James P. Welsh, who, for ten years, was a dancing-master, has said in public print: "I have no hesitation in saying that I attribute much of the vice and immorality now prevailing to the insidious influence of the waltz. I tell you that in the high circles, young ladies at parties and balls are absolutely hugged, — 'embraced' would be too weak to express my meaning, — by men who were altogether unknown to them before the music for the waltz began to inspire the toes of the dancers. Is this a pleasant sight to contemplate?" Mrs. General Sherman, who has written a book against waltzing, takes the ground that it is immodest, that it detracts from the purity of the young ladies engaged in it, and that it is demoralizing in the extreme. I venture to say that if it were not for what this dancing-master calls "the hugging," the ball-room would lose its chief attraction. Is it worth while to risk the purity of manhood or womanhood, for a little temporary excitement on the waxed floor of the ball-room? It is not as though there were no other pleasures accessible to the young than those found in the ball-room and the skating-rink. The purest joys

are those that we experience when we get nearest to nature. Find your amusements out doors, boys and girls, and not in the close and dusty halls of pleasure. Use every holiday for a trip into the country, if you can. See how many things God has provided to make you glad, and do not get the idea that the only possible amusements are in these stuffy halls and rinks.

There is a thousand times more music in the song of the birds, and the ripple of the brooks, than there is in the fiddle of the ball-room. There is vastly more health, wealth, and wisdom, for the genuine soul, with the blue sky for the curtain and the light and shade on forest and river for shifting scenery, than there is in the frescoed theater with painted trees and rivers and skies for scenery. I would rather walk ten miles into the country for a couple of hours in the silent woods, than go across the street to see a score of people skip up and down a slippery floor. I should like to have all my boys, yes, and girls too, learn to fish, shoot, row, swim, play base-ball, and skate in winter, (I have no great opinion of skating in summer time,) so that they may grow strong and

brave and sound of heart and limb, but I have no desire to have them spend much time or money to learn the false graces and poor accomplishments of the dancing-master. Every season has its outdoor sports and joys, even city boys can have their share of them. Learn to love them, and my word for it, a purer, nobler, stronger manhood and womanhood will be yours.

Not only are individuals in danger but our nation is threatened with this leprosy. The awful evils of sensuality and impurity are shown on a large scale in the degeneracy and imbecility of the modern Turk. No race has suffered so much from licentiousness, says a writer in the *Saturday Review*, quoted by a recent American author: "That the conquerors of Constantinople were a hardy race of great physical strength there can be no doubt; that the great majority of modern Turks are of an effeminate type is equally certain; very many of them are persons of fine appearance, but they are physically weak without elasticity, giving the appearance of men who have lost their vitality. The same may be said, even more emphatically, of Turkish

women; they are small in stature, of a sickly complexion, easily fatigued by exertion, and become prematurely old. After the age of forty all feminine beauty is gone; the eyes have become sunken, the cheeks hollow, and the face wrinkled. Another immediate result of the prevailing sensuality is the mental imbecility of multitudes of the Ottoman Turks; great numbers among them are intellectually stupid. Many even of the young men have the vacant look which borders close on the idiotic state. This is not owing so much to a lack of education as to a mental incapacity which often amounts to real imbecility." Such an account of a whole nation weakened and unnerved by sensuality is terribly suggestive. The "unspeakable Turk" is an awful warning. In the "sick man of Europe" there is a lesson for the young men of America.

Let me tell you of the leper's end. "His disease began with little specks on the eye-lids, and on the palms of the hand," says one authority, "and gradually spread over different parts of the body, bleaching the hair white, wherever it showed itself, crusting the affected parts with

shining scales and causing swellings and sores. From the skin it slowly ate its way through the tissues to the bones and joints and even to the marrow, rotting the whole body piecemeal. The lungs, the organs of speech and hearing, and the eyes, were attacked in turn, till, at last, consumption or dropsy brought welcome death."

It almost seems while reading this awful account of wasting disease, as though I were describing the living death of the moral leper, the sensual man. His disease begins with a little spot, a little impure thought, a little dalliance in imagination with unholy things, but the end, oh, the dreadful end!

From the outside this moral disease, too, slowly eats its way through the tissues even to the marrow of the soul, rotting away the whole moral nature, piecemeal. The affections, the will-power, all the organs of right-thinking and right-acting are attacked in turn, till at last the first death, the death of the body, brought on by lust and passion, ushers in the second death, the death of the soul. We know not what lies beyond the death of the body, but we do know that there shall in no wise

enter into the heavenly city "anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie," and we also know that "without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

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CHAPTER IX.

SAPPERS AND MINERS OF CHARACTER:
FRIVOLITY, SELFISHNESS, DISHONESTY.

AT PETERSBURG IN 1864. THE ENEMIES THAT WORK UNDERGROUND AND IN THE DARK. FRIVOLITY. THE WRONG NAMES IT ASSUMES. THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS. PORTRAIT OF THE FRIVOLOUS YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN. A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW. SELFISHNESS. CULTIVATE THE GENEROUS NATURE. THE MOTH MILLER OF CHARACTER. THOMAS CANFIELD. DISHONESTY. MORE WARNINGS FROM THE MERCHANTS. HONEST GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A LAST WHISPER IN THE EARS OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

ABOUT day-break on the thirtieth of July, 1864, a tremendous explosion was heard in the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia; a huge fort was blown into the air, carrying with it its whole garrison—a South Carolina regiment, and, where a moment before the fort had been in all its grim defiance, was seen nothing but a great pit with ragged edges, two hundred feet long and thirty

feet deep. That awful piece of destruction was the work of the sappers and miners. That hole beneath the fort had been dug a little at a time; one shovelful after another had been removed.

For many days and nights before, Union troops had been at work digging away noiselessly but rapidly beneath that fort, the garrison above never suspecting what they were about. Eight thousand pounds of powder were placed in this hole and then all that was left to do was to apply the fuse, and fort and garrison and munitions of war were blown into the air.

I think there are some enemies in your way that seek to undermine your character just as these sappers undermined the fort at Petersburg. In the preceding chapters I have endeavored to point out to the young people some of their enemies who were waiting at every corner to give them battle and capture them, body and soul, if possible. But most of these enemies of which I have spoken have been visible and open enemies. The rum-shop stares at you every time you go down street, and the bright light which shines from the window at night is like a warning bea-

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con to tell you of the rocks and whirlpools which await every one who comes too near. The bad paper is flaunted in all our shop windows, while the bill of the low theater, on every dead wall, tells you, in letters six feet long, what to expect if you are so foolish as to enter that spider's trap.

But here is another class of enemies who work underground and in the dark; they never show their horns and hoofs, but before the poor, thoughtless boy or girl knows it, the mine is dug, the train is laid, the character is honeycombed, and all the Arch-enemy has to do is to apply the spark of some terrible temptation, and another life is forever ruined and another home disgraced. We hear nothing but the explosion, but the silent preparations for the explosion may have been going on for years. We see the hopes and fond expectations of a generation flying into the air, like the *debris* of the ruined fort on that summer morning in 1864, but we do not see how, little by little, like rust spots eating away at the polished steel, the preparation for that destruction of hopes and joys and life plans has been going on.

We are terribly shocked by the news of the

defalcation when it gets into the paper. But the defalcation is nothing but the explosion. The boy began to dig the mine for that explosion when he cheated in marbles and stole cookies from his mother's pantry. When the young woman is disgraced and driven out of respectable society that is the explosion, but the girl began to dig the mine years ago, when she flirted with the boy in the Sunday-school class on the other side of the aisle, or allowed some little familiarity from a man who was neither father nor brother. There are many of these sappers and miners who are constantly at work trying to find the easiest way into the very citadel of your characters, boys and girls, but I can mention only three of them here. And these three shall be *Frivolity, Selfishness, and Dishonesty*. If all the trouble they make you was the trouble they seem to work today that would be bad enough. No one likes a frivolous, thoughtless, light-headed young person, a selfish girl or a boy whom he cannot trust. If that was all these enemies of yours did, rendering you disagreeable and unpleasant to others for the time being, it would be enough, but oh, think of the future!

They are not only injuring you now, but they are preparing the way for an awful explosion one of these days, in which manhood and womanhood, home and friends, prospects and hopes, will all be involved. Let us take a look at these underground enemies of yours one by one; if possible unearth them and discover what they are about.

First, Frivolity. I mention this sapper of character first because he does far more harm than is generally supposed. He tries to borrow the clothes of some one else, and calls himself Gayety, Happiness, Light-heartedness. But these are not his true names. Gayety is a very different personage, Pleasure and Frivolity do not long keep company, and Frivolity instead of being light-hearted often carries a very heavy heart. In telling you to beware of Frivolity I would not take away a single real enjoyment out of your lives. God has put you in a beautiful world and He meant to have you enjoy it. Every green shoot that thrusts its head above the soil, every bright-hued flower, every sweet-voiced bird, tells us how many things God has provided to make us glad. When you feel the life coursing through your

veins so that you cannot help running and shouting and laughing, why run and shout and laugh, if it is the proper time and place. I like to see girls play with their dolls and their hoops, and boys fly their kites and kick foot-ball and jump leap-frog, and have right merry times. This is not what I mean by Frivolity, the sapper and miner of character. There is always a taint of evil about the fun he brings. There is usually something low and smutty and tainted about his so-called pleasure. There is often a smile on his face and a laugh in his voice, to be sure, but it is hollow, insincere sort of merriment.

"The laughter of the fool," says Solomon, "is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." I think he had the grin and the hollow laugh of the frivolous man in mind when he wrote that verse. We all know young men whose lives are all honey-combed with this evil. No one puts any confidence in them. If one had an important place to fill he would not think of looking to them to fill it, simply because their lives give the impression of being so frivolous. Let me say to you all, very seriously, life is not a huge joke, by any means. It is not all

one long holiday. There are some holidays in it, and many days of quiet, health-giving recreation, but life is no joke. Life means hard, serious work of hand or brain. It means ten hours a day over the ledger, or ten hours a day at the forge, or at the carpenter's bench, or it means five hours in the school-room and two or three more of hard study at home, or it means drudgery in the kitchen or over the wash-tub; and, if you make up your mind, as the frivolous person seems to do, that life is a sort of huge Barnum's circus, where you must play the part of clown, and wear the cap and bells, you will find out before long that you are dreadfully mistaken, and that you are being left away behind in the race.

I think I can draw the picture of the frivolous young person. If it is a young man, he never sticks long to any one thing. He gets tired of this and that and the other because there is too much work about it. He is always looking for the easy place, with little work and large pay. That is the fool's paradise. He gets half an education, but studying is hard work and he soon leaves school for business. He secures a good place

before he is well known, but very soon loses it because it is found that he cares more for his own amusement than his employer's interests. He is very often seen in the ranks of the sidewalk brigade, who have such a laborious time holding up the lamp-post on the street corner of a summer evening. If he ever goes to church he is apt to come in on Sunday evening about fifteen minutes before the service is through, for the sake of ogling the girls or going home with them afterward. But he is more likely to stay outside, for the purpose of puffing cheap cigar smoke into the faces of the people when they come out, or of making ungalant remarks about the young ladies of the audience. If he happens to be rich he is very likely to be a dandy and to carry his arms bent out, while he sucks an ivory-headed cane, and apes the English fool.

If the frivolous young person is of the other sex, she puts all sorts of tawdry finery upon her back, where it will make the most show possible, like the merchant who puts all his best goods in the show case, and has no stock in trade behind. She is always on the lookout for the frivolous

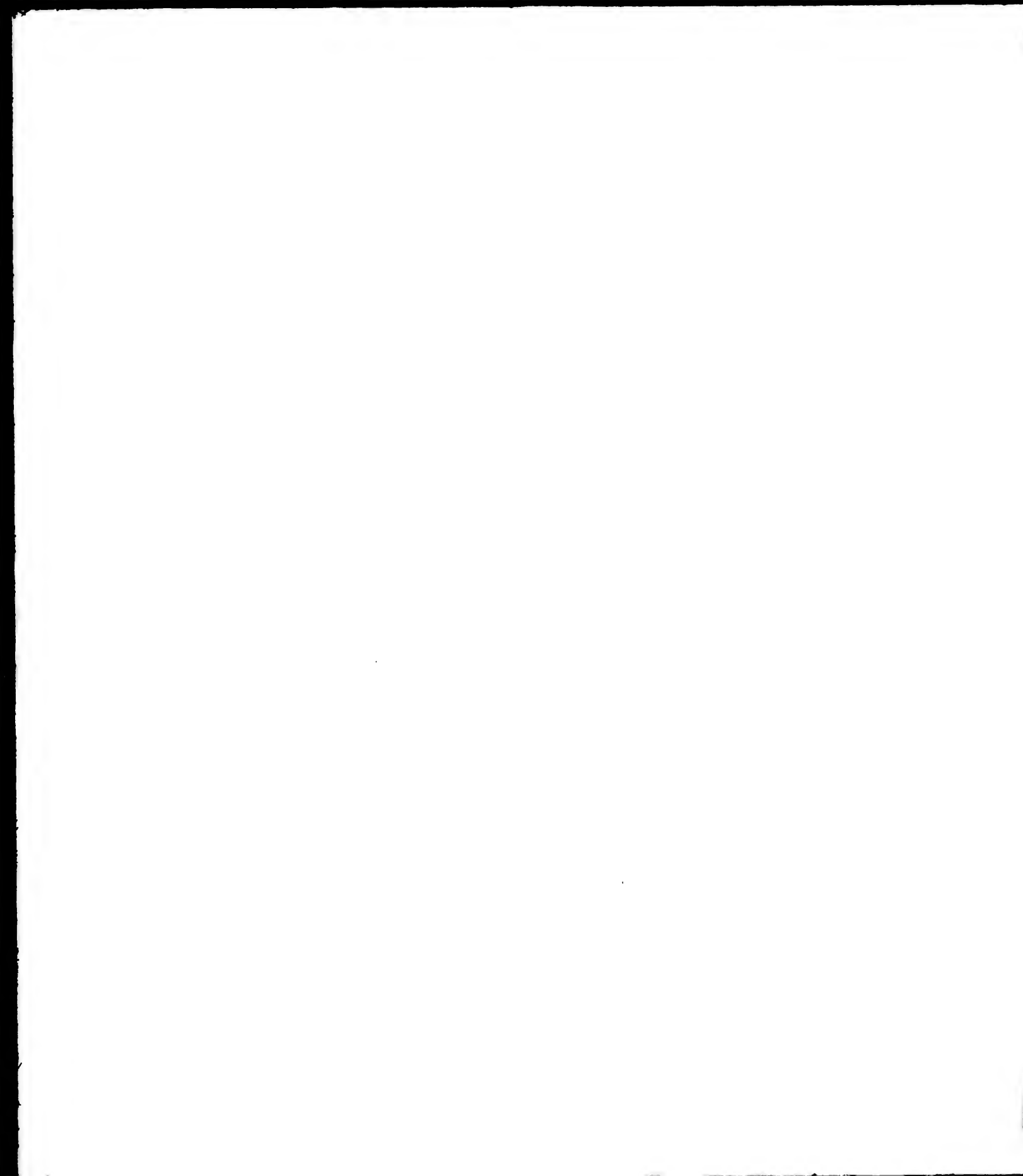
young man. She understands all about handkerchief and glove flirtation, and is an adept in all those arts which lie on the debatable border-land between innocence and virtue. As was said before, the sappers and miners in warfare dig underground for the sake of undermining something at a distance. They start their tunnel a thousand yards away, perhaps, from the fort they wish to blow up. So this sapper, Frivolity, begins with something which seems very innocent, but ends with something very different, for the end thereof is death.

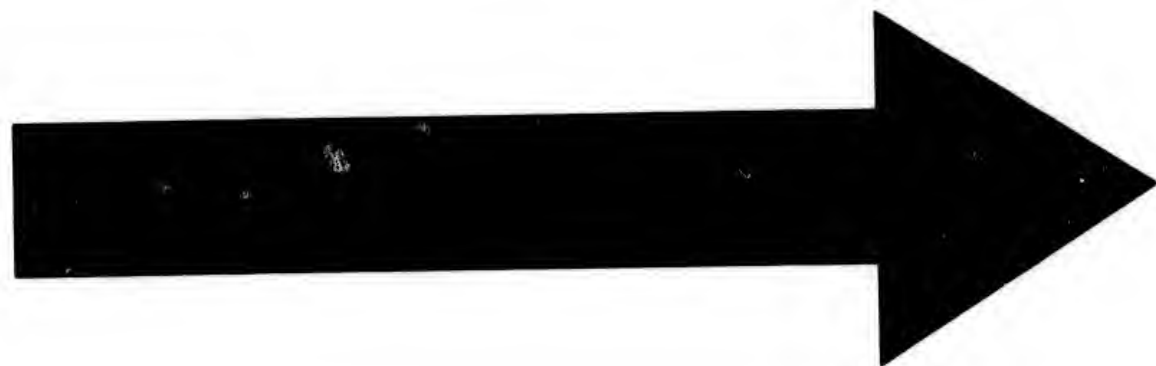
To show you that I am not alone in my estimate of this enemy of yours let me give you the message which one of the gentlemen to whom I wrote in your behalf has sent you: "Perhaps one of the most common, and, in its beginning, seemingly the most innocent enemy of youth, is frivolity. By this I don't mean cheerfulness, vivacity, the love of a good story or a good joke. I pity the young person who is habitually gloomy and fails to enjoy innocent amusement, but I refer to the habit, so common among many, of thinking and speaking lightly on serious subjects. Once commence the habit of thinking or speaking

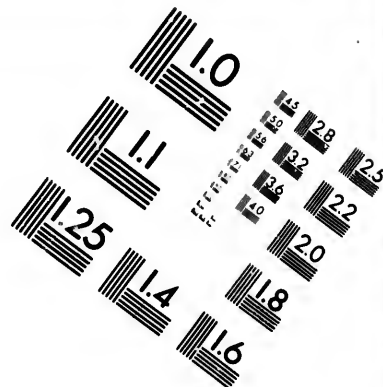
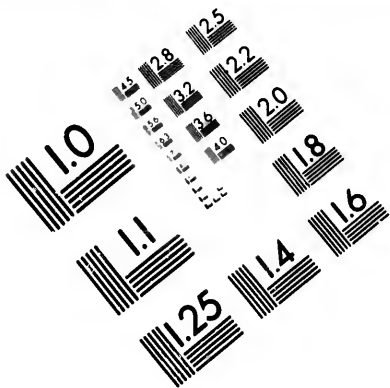
lightly of temperance, virtue, duty to others, reverence for God, and the course is entered upon that leads to acts corresponding with the thoughts and words."

Let us think for a moment of some of the sins to which habitual frivolity is almost sure to lead. I never saw the boy, who, the first time he ever tried to swear, uttered a loud-sounding oath. It was a little, timid, half-and-half sort of an oath that he began with, and back of that was some trifling jest about serious things. He begins with some poor witticism about religious matters, but he ends with the shocking oath which is uttered almost unconsciously, and by that time the character is pretty well honeycombed with irreverence and profanity.

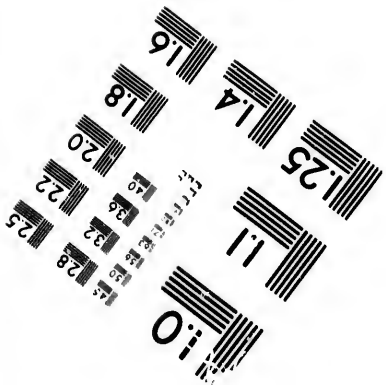
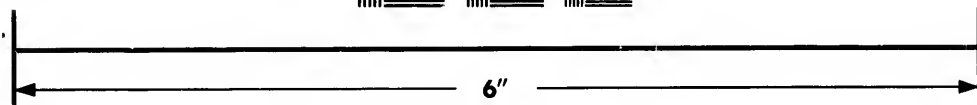
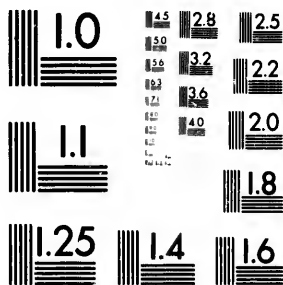
Or take the sin of Sabbath breaking for instance. Very few boys go sailing or horse racing or to a base-ball match at first on Sunday. They begin by thinking lightly of God's day, by giving up habits of church-going on every frivolous pretext, by trying to make themselves believe that the fourth commandment has very little to do with them, but this frivolous view of the







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Sabbath and God's house does not end here. "Young men are not aware," writes one of your friends, "how much a steady observance of the Sabbath and attendance on public worship establish their character and prospects of success in this life, to say nothing of their eternal hopes." I know a case where a father with his son applied to the president of a bank for a vacant position for that son. The president was not a Christian but a shrewd, business man of the world. After inquiring about the young man's education and acquirements, he said to the father: "One thing more, is he in the habit of attending church regularly? I do not care where he attends, but we cannot employ any one who is not regularly an attendant on church. Any young man who is known to be an habitual Sabbath-breaker stands a sorry chance to obtain a good position or to retain it after his habits are known."

I might give you a score of such warnings from the business men of Boston, but I feel that I am not going to the root of things until I begin further back and warn you, not only of profanity and Sabbath-breaking, but of that habit of mind from

which they spring, of that light and frivolous way of living which regards life as nothing but a show or holiday, out of which you must get only the greatest possible amount of fun. When you have become habitually profane or habitual Sabbath-breakers, the tunnel has been dug, the fortress has been undermined, and the explosion only awaits the spark of temptation. But if I can lead you to know that

“Life is real, life is earnest”;

if I can lead you to realize that muscle and brain and heart and a steadfast purpose and a soul given to God are the winning factors in life's battle; if I could show you that a laugh at serious things and a sneer at religion, and dalliance with temptation, tell of a shallow brain as well as a tainted heart, I would be doing you a service for which I should thank God as long as I live.

Another of the sappers and miners of which I would warn you is Selfishness. One gentleman well known in business circles, writes these wise words on the subject:

“Perhaps Selfishness must rank among the greatest enemies of youth. The desire to get and

not give is one of our constant foes. One of the most important results of the church system of weekly offerings for charitable purposes is the early training of children to habitual, systematic, and intelligent giving. A gentleman who was solicited to contribute to a worthy object gave promptly but rather sparingly. When afterward shown the need of a larger contribution he pleasantly responded with the desired addition, accompanied with the remark, 'I was never in a condition to give much until lately, and I find that one requires education in giving as much as in everything else.' I have often been called upon to raise money for benevolent objects," continues this gentleman, "and it has been painfully interesting to observe the disposition of the majority of people either to avoid giving, or to give as little as decency or conscience will allow. My life's observation leads me to the conviction that no man succeeds so well in life as he who tries to love his neighbor as himself."

I have noticed that this sapper, Selfishness, begins way back in babyhood to undermine the character. When the little girl begins to play

with her dolls he tells her to keep the best doll for herself and give her playmate the homely rag-baby; when the little boy begins to build his first block house he tells him to use the best blocks and give his companions the poorest. Before the baby has discarded her pinafores this evil spirit is always whispering to her to look out for number one; to take the biggest lump of sugar and nicest piece of cake and the handsomest plaything and every time she does this she is allowing her great enemy to dig the trench under the citadel of her life, called character, a little longer and deeper.

Perhaps some little boys and girls may read this chapter. In order to make this matter very plain even to them, let me change the figure. Sometimes, when I am calling on your fathers and mothers, I see a harmless-looking little insect, with white wings, flying about the room. Nothing could look more innocent and unoffending than that little white-winged miller. But I notice that all the family are very anxious to kill it. Your mother tries to capture it, and if she fails then your father claps his hands at it, and then uncle John takes his turn, and then you try for it your-

self, until, perhaps, every one in the room has taken his turn. If that little, fluttering moth was a mad dog you could n't seem much more anxious to put it out of the way, for you know that, though it looks so harmless, yet, if it gets into the carpets and woollen clothes, it will riddle them all through with tiny holes, and spoil them for next winter's use. Now this sin of selfishness of which I am warning you is very much like those moth millers. It is flying around in all our homes. It lights here and there and everywhere, sometimes upon the father and mother, sometimes upon the older brother and sister, sometimes even upon the baby's cradle. It makes no noise. It flits about as silently as the moth-miller and often looks just as innocent, but it does a thousand times more harm. It would be better for you to find all your winter clothes in the fall full of moth-holes than to find your characters when you grow up, full of the holes of selfishness.

Whenever you see one of these sins fluttering about your hearts kill it, kill it, give it no quarter. After all though there are so many selfish people in the world and the air is so thick with these

miserable moths, it is the generous, unselfish people whom the world honors. We never think of honoring selfish Emperor Nero or Caligula or King Henry the Eighth, though they did occupy such high places in the world and though they have made so much history, but it is some humble, unknown man whom we delight to honor. It is that pilot on Lake Erie, for instance, who stuck to the wheel of the burning steamer until the parched skin peeled off his arms, rather than turn away from his post of duty, or it is Florence Nightingale who went into the fever-stricken hospitals of the Crimea to make the soldiers' lot a little easier, or Ida Lewis who, in the dark and stormy night, rowed out upon the wild billows to save the shipwrecked sailors. These are the ones whom we love to think of and to honor. They were not great in intellect or wealth or position but they had unselfish hearts, they had not allowed the moths of self-indulgence to honeycomb their souls.

We need not go so far away from home to find an heroic example of unselfishness. A few days ago a Boston boy of nineteen was going across the Broadway bridge, when he saw a younger boy fall

out of a boat into the water. It was a startling leap of forty feet from the bridge to the water, but, without waiting a moment, he plunged in, and battled with the swift tide and caught the drowning boy, and at a terrible risk to his own life he saved him. How the moths of selfishness must have flitted before his eyes, when he made that leap as he thought of the risk he ran! But I think he must have killed a great many others in his life-time, for he brushed them all aside and took the risk and saved the life. All honor, I say, to that Boston boy, Thomas Canfield.

I shall mention only one more sapper of character. His name is Dishonesty. Not glaring dishonesty, at first, which would lead you to pick a man's pocket or take a dollar from your employer's till. This sapper never begins his work in this way. He ends it there often, but he begins with the little lie, the half truth that is often worse than a lie, the endeavor to keep up appearances when there is no substance behind the appearance. I cannot begin to give you all the warnings which have come to you on this score from your friends. But I will record one which I hope you will take

to heart: "My observation of men has shown me that one of the most prolific roots of evil and one of the hardest to eradicate is the desire to get something for nothing. From this spring all forms of dishonesty and financial rascality, all cheating in trade, all gambling devices, and it enters largely into the composition of all shams. If we can bring a youth to the point of refusing to receive anything of value without giving a fair equivalent much has been gained. I would teach a boy that by withholding his car fare when he is overlooked by the conductor he violates a contract which should be held all the more binding because unwritten, and the act injures him more than it does the railway company, because he thereby impairs his own integrity—the last thing he can afford to do."

Our daily papers are sad commentaries on this terrible evil. Hardly ever do I take one up without seeing something about the last forgery or defalcation or embezzlement. It is not a solitary explosion here and there, at long intervals, but our ears are deafened and our hearts are made sick by the explosion of these mines, where character,

good name, fair fame, bright prospects, all, all are ruined. And yet, in every case, the sapper began his work years ago. The sly glance at the open book on examination day, the interlinear translation, the attempt to make one dollar buy two dollars worth of goods, the effort to live on ten dollars a week and appear to have twenty, the false shame of honest poverty; by all these methods the wily sapper is slowly eating into the character, until the reckless speculation, the misappropriation of funds, the flight to Canada or the outlook from behind prison bars reveals how rotten and hopeless is the character. There is no reproach resting upon the American name today that compares with the reproach of financial dishonesty. Are we getting to be a nation of sharpers and swindlers? Our defaulted state bonds, and repudiated debts, our Readjusters and Scalpers in politics look like it. Is "American" to become a synonym for sharp practice and financial crookedness? Young men, you have something to do with the answer to that question. If you and those whom you represent are not on your guard the sappers and miners of dishonesty will not only

blow up the fortress of individual integrity, but the fortress of national honor as well. There is a useful and honorable career for every boy in America of unstained, transparent honesty. I do not refer now to ordinary, commercial honesty, which will not steal any more than it can steal safely, which makes up its mind to be just honest enough to keep out of jail, as honest as the rest of the world, but to integrity of that high standard which makes a religion of honesty, the honesty which would not *overcharge* or *deceive* a customer any more than it would pick his pocket, which would not take the slightest advantage of another, even when it would never be found out, which could not be *surprised* into a lie or *frightened* into an untruth. The times are waiting for such young men, watching eagerly for their development, holding out hands full of honors to them.

Who are the two men, who, in all the one hundred and nine years of our national life, are the most honored and loved by the American people? *Honest* George Washington and *honest* Abraham Lincoln. Some people say that Washington was a commonplace man in intellect and attainments,

that there have been many greater generals and statesmen, but no one says that there was ever a more honest man or a ruler of greater integrity. You have read, perhaps, the recent story of honest Abraham Lincoln; how, when a rising young lawyer he was employed on a case which he became convinced was an unjust prosecution of an innocent man, he persuaded his client to relinquish it, and announced in open court his mistake and his abandonment of the case. That incident is only an index of his life. His honesty, perhaps, did not make him president, but his honesty has made his name revered by fifty millions of people, and will perpetuate it as long as America lives.

Do you desire to be in good company? Unknown on earth though your name may be, do you wish to be ranked in God's sight with the good and pure and true? Let me whisper in your ears, boys and girls, as I end my talks with you, you never will thus be ranked in heaven or on earth unless you shun these sappers and miners of character; unless you kill these silently working character moths; unless you look out for "the little foxes which spoil the vines."

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