

AMUSEMENTS

Or: No Harm Things



A. LEE ALDRICH



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BY A LEE ALDRICH



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MRS. A. LEE ALDRICH

FOREWORD

THOSE who read these pages should remember that these words were spoken to audiences and have been printed as they were spoken.

No thought as to being a literary genius is entertained by the Author.

The Author has simply expressed in words his mind and presented facts regarding the subjects in question.

If they have any value it is because they are the message from a living man, with a heart burning with honest convictions.

In presenting these pages to the public we hope and pray God's blessing may rest upon the readers as it has upon the hearers.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Matthew 7:13-23. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

"Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

"WHEREFORE BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

“Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

“And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.”

My Motive

“BY THEIR FRUITS HE SHALL KNOW THEM.” I know the result of this message before I begin. Many have come here tonight saying, “I would like to see a preacher that could convince me of the wrong of these things.” You know the old saying, “A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.”

There is scarcely any phase of Christian life and experience that is of more practical importance to the believer in Christ who is seeking to conscientiously serve his Lord and Master, than that which deals with the question of right and wrong amusements. One is constantly asked as to whether this or that form of amusement is proper or improper for a Christian. The question of amusements for the Christian is one that cannot be lightly cast aside. It is a problem that must be faced.

I have no desire to cover with flesh colored court plaster these cancers of society that are eating away the moral

fiber of our young people and destroying the spiritual life of our church members, but I want to cut deep and take the thing out by the roots.

It hurts when you cut deep. I suppose some will be hurt. You know it takes bitter medicine to cure a bad case. There is no use pouring on the oil to heal until you have taken out the infection. I am going after the infection first and then pour on the oil later. The old Indian said, "no hurt no cure."

By the straight forwardness of this message, I will lose friends, but with the cry of lost souls ringing in my ears and with my heart burning with conviction, I must cry out against these evils that are sapping the spiritual life of our churches. If any of you get tired and want to go out and walk around the block, there will be plenty left when you get back. If any of you want to go out, I hope you will go quietly so as not to wake anyone. I have only one motive in giving you this message: That is to make it easier to do right and harder for you to do wrong.

It is the business of the preacher today to give the people what they need, not what they want. The entertainer gives the people what they want. The true preacher gives the people what they need whether they like it or not. That is just what I am here for; to give you what I

think you need most whether it suits your taste or not.

A Painful Operation

This is a painful operation I have to perform. I have always prayed God to make every one of my sermons a surgical operation to cut sin out of man. I had an uncle who died with a cancer. He had a little pimple on his chin. Every time he would shave, he would irritate it, and it finally developed into a cancer. For a number of years this little enemy was covered with a flesh colored court plaster. If you met him on the street you would hardly realize that he was suffering from an ugly cancer, but after a time this enemy had so developed that there was no hope of covering it any longer. My uncle was confined to his bed, and for four years with his lower jaw nearly all eaten away, they fed him with a tube in his neck. If that little enemy had been taken out with a knife, roots and all, it would have left only a little scar and he might have been alive today. There are little enemies which creep into our lives and eat away at our spiritual life. Some people see no harm in them, or at least say they do not. There is no harm in whiskey itself; the harm begins when you put it to your mouth. You never will be a drunkard if you do not take your first drink. When a man has had one drink,

he wants two. The same is true with the cards, theater and the dance.

Not a Question of No Harm

In the first place the question is not, "Is there any harm in them?" but the question tonight with every Christian should be, "Is there any good in them?" I challenge you tonight to show me any good in the cards, the dance, or the theater. How many of you were converted in a theater? Stand up, I would like to see you. How many of you were converted at a card table? How many of you ever received any good at a dance?

Now, I am not here to drive stakes for you to live by, but my rule for living is to do nothing that will hurt me mentally, physically or spiritually. If there is no harm in these things, one thing we know there is no good in them, and you as Christians have no time to waste on things in which you can find no good. Life is too short and there is too much work to do to spend any time doing the thing in which there is no good.

The Christian life is not to be devoid of amusement. Christianity is to be considered as being in no sense hostile to pleasure and recreation. It rejoices not in melancholy, takes no pleasure in the somber countenance, and places no premium upon the monk, the ascetic, and the hermit; it quenches no laugh, suppresses

no smile, extinguishes no happiness; on the contrary, in its presence is fulness of joy, and at its right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

“How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see:
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers
Have all lost their sweetness for me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The flowers no longer look gay;
But when I am happy in Jesus,
December’s as pleasant as May.”

William Evans, of Moody School, Chicago, has well said, “Amusement is to work what whetting the scythe is to harvesting; he who never stops to create an edge toils hard and cuts but little while he who whets the scythe all day cuts none.”

“It has been said that Jesus Christ never laughed. This statement may be rightly questioned. The children would never have flocked to Him as they did if He had not had a smiling face. That He was the opposite of John the Baptist, the stern ascetic, is clearly evident from Christ’s own words: “We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced.” John came neither eating nor drinking. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, ‘Behold, a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber.’” His counsel to the

disciples to the effect that when they fasted they should not go about with long faces and in mournful garb as the hypocrites did, but on the contrary, that they should anoint their faces, and put on a cheerful countenance—all this indicates, we feel sure, that Jesus was always inculcating happiness and a cheery disposition. Christ wept, it is true, but He wept that we might laugh, just as He died that we might live. His sorrow was our joy, true; but His joy was always full and running over.”

Different When Christ Comes In

There can be no question but that the advent of Christ into any man's life does change the attitude of that man toward amusements. Indeed, his attitude toward life in all its aspects is changed. He has become “a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things have become new.” He has new companions, new affections, new desires, new emotions, new pleasures. The impulsive power of a new affection now controls his whole being. It is only natural, therefore, to expect that his attitude toward amusements should be influenced by his conversion. From henceforth he is to be separated from the world, nor is he any longer to be conformed to its ways and fashions. “Love not the world . . . The

lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.”

Whenever, therefore, any pleasure invades the moral and spiritual nature, then it is time to call a halt. Whenever any amusement in which the Christian engages interferes with his duty to God, to Christ, and to the church, it is high time to stop and consider the propriety of such pleasure. Whatever unfits for devotion, for the enjoyment of prayer and the reading of the Bible, cannot, by any process of reasoning, be made to appear to the advantage of any follower of Jesus Christ. **When it becomes necessary to break the Sabbath day in order to satisfy a desire for pleasure and amusement, it is time to realize that no pleasure that calls for such sacrifice of principle can be legitimate and really profitable.**

Why do Christians ask, “Is it wrong to go to the theater or to play cards, or to dance?” Why, if not because there is a conscientious doubt about the matter? Why not ask if it is wrong to pray, or to read the Bible, or to go to church?

In settling the question of the right or wrong of certain amusements the Christian must make his appeal to his conscience, and inquire as to whether such pleasure meets with the approval of this vice-regent of God in the soul. To do anything, to go anywhere, to play any

game, or indulge in any pleasure, no matter of what sort it is, which the conscience condemns is to commit sin in the doing thereof.

The question every Christian should ask himself is, "How much can I avoid the appearance of evil, how far from danger can I keep?" not "How near can I get and not be hurt?"

A woman wanted to hire a coachman, and one morning a man called at her home and she said, "Man, if you were out driving along the narrows, how near would you drive my carriage to the precipice?" He replied, "Oh, I would not drive any nearer than six feet."

She said, "I guess you are dismissed." The second one called and she said to him, "If you were driving in the narrows, how near would you drive my carriage to the precipice?"

He answered, "Madam, I would keep as far away as possible." He got the position. It is not a question how near like the world we can live and get into heaven; the question is how near like our Master can we live; how far away from these things that hinder our spiritual life can we keep?

A Question of Character as Well as Christianity

There was a time in my ministry when I said this message did not apply to un-

saved but what I had to say was for Christians only. I have since changed my mind; it is not a question of Christianity. There is so much harm being done today by these worldly amusements that it is no longer a question of Christianity. It is a question of character and even if you are not a Christian, I say, you can not afford to do a thing that is going to hurt the other fellow.

The real question is not what these amusements SHOULD BE, nor what they MIGHT BE, if restricted, but what they REALLY ARE.

We are now ready to examine the fundamental Christian principles which are to regulate and modify the amusements of the Christian. And will you remember that we are here dealing with principles, not laws. No laws can be found which will successfully control the amusement question. Many will break every law you make. And, further, what might be a law under given conditions to one person, could not, in the very nature of the case, and under different circumstances, be a law unto another. Laws are human, principles are divine; we make laws, principles are laid down for us. Laws are transitory and shifting, principles are unchanging and eternal.

Says Sir Arthur Helps, "There are no two words that are used so confusedly as rule and principle." You can make a rule,

you can not make a principle. You can lay down a rule; you cannot, properly speaking, lay down a principle; it is laid down for you. You may establish a rule but you cannot establish a principle; you can only declare it. Rules are in your power, principles are not.

I cannot drive stakes for you to live by, but I can give you a rule that will help you and it is a rule which every man and woman can apply to their own lives. "Never do anything that hurts you physically, mentally or spiritually."

Apply this test to the card table. Does this popular amusement furnish recreation for the mind? With its passions, its tenseness, its excitement, its late hours, does the game of chance rest and quicken the faculties for the labors of the next day? Does not the game dissipate rather than recreate the mind?

Apply this standard to dancing. Some have said that one does not need brains for dancing, unless it be in the heels. Does the atmosphere, the passion, the whirl and dazzling fascination, the late hours, do all these recreate or dissipate? Which? On the right answer to this question depends the right or wrong of this amusement for the Christian. There can be but one answer to this question.

No Double Standard

Some seem to have a double standard. Some have an idea that because they are

not professing Christians they have a right to do some things that they themselves would not expect a Christian to do. I am unable to find any double standard in my Bible. The fact that you are not a Christian does not give you a license to do anything that is wrong, and I believe when every church member expects as much of himself as he does of his pastor, this message tonight will be unnecessary. Some people have an idea that a minister of the gospel is sort of a wingless angel and that God expects him to live like an angel while some of the church members can live like the Devil. God has called me to preach and you to plow, but we are both responsible to live right in the sight of God.

You know as well as I do, even though you are not a church member or even a professing Christian, that if I should go out after this meeting and go into a dance hall, or into a card party and either dance or play cards until two o'clock in the morning, you would say, "Yes, he is a nice evangelist. He had better practice what he preaches." And you would never come back to hear me preach again. I ask you where did you get your double standard? If a thing is right for you to do, it is right for me to do, and if it is wrong for me to do it, it is wrong for you to do it.

Success Means Sacrifice

If we are going to have God's blessing upon our lives and make the Christian life worth while, there are some things we must sacrifice. Life is a life of sacrifices.

The man who is going to succeed in business must sacrifice some things. The young man who is going to succeed, sacrifices time, money and strength that he may get the education that will help him through life. We have made the Christian life too convenient. My greatest accusation against the theater, the dance, and the cards, is that they kill spiritual life. You can not show me a card-playing, dancing church member in this building or in this city that is any good in a revival meeting. It is not the card-playing, dancing church members that attend the prayer meetings. I tell you these things do not mix. **In my experience I have never found a card-playing, dancing church member who was a soul winner, and I have never found in nine years experience a card-playing, dancing official board that would unite in a campaign like this.** In many cases where the men did not dance or play cards, when the wife and daughter did, the men opposed the campaign. I say to you tonight, if there is no other harm in the cards and the dance that is harm enough. If the fact that a man's wife and daughter play cards and

dance, keeps him out of a movement like this, that is harm enough. There are hundreds of young people in this city, who have lost the blessing of this campaign because their father or mother saw no harm in the cards or the dance and were not united in this movement. So much for the introduction.

It Gets Worse Farther On

The farther we go, the worse it gets. If any of you want to go before I go any further, now would be a good time. If you see some woman get up, swish out and her skirts crack around the end of the seat like a fox's tail around a brush pile, you will know what is the trouble. The other night I was speaking about men who sell liquor without a license, and a woman whose husband was in that very business, jumped up and swished out. If he were not guilty, why did she go? You know if you throw a stone into a pack of dogs, the one that gets hit always yelps. If you hear any yelping around here tomorrow you will know the trouble.

I heard about a man, who after a service something like this, had a lady come to him very much excited and said that she had been robbed of a gold watch during the service. He answered, "All right, I will get your watch. Do not tell anyone about it." The next night when he came into the building, he brought in

three large cobble stones in his hand and placed them on the pulpit. In the middle of his address he stopped, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeve, picked up one of the big stones and then said, "There is a man sitting in this audience who last night stole a woman's watch. I think I can hit him with the first stone. If I do not, I will get him with the second." He made a "swipe" at the audience with his right arm. The fellow "ducked" his head. The officer went down and arrested him. If you see anybody "ducking" out, it will be pretty good evidence he has been hit.

CHAPTER II

THE CARDS QUESTION

I wonder how many card players know why cards were invented? Let me give you a little history. There was an idiotic old king, and the only way he could be pacified was to paint his picture on cards and give him these cards to play with. All the idiots from that day until this have been fumbling with the same old card boards with the picture of an idiotic king upon them.

Mr. Edison was riding on a train and three men across the aisle with the seats turned together, wanted a game of cards but they lacked one man. They looked across the aisle and said, "Would you like to join us in the game?" Edison looked over at them and said, "I have better use for my brains."

If the loss of time was the only thing against cards, we would not speak about it. One of the leading physicians of this country told me he used to gamble. He said if the loss of time or even the money that is lost in gambling were the only thing against it, it would not be so bad. He gave me a new view point. He said, "I would gamble until twelve or one o'clock and something about gambling

excites a man's nervous system. I would go home and try to sleep but it was only a half sleep. I was half conscious and in the morning I was unfit for business. My nerves were unsteady and I was unfit to operate on people. No man can gamble and keep at it and succeed in life."

We are not to be understood as saying that the mere playing of a game of cards is considered a sin in itself. Certainly we do not intend to convey the idea that every man and woman who plays cards is bad; nor even that such card-players are not even Christians. Three-quarters of a million packs of euchre playing cards are issued annually. It is claimed that, outside of the race-track, nine-tenths of the gambling is done at the card-table. Society holds from two to five card parties weekly. From estimates gathered for one year recently the following facts regarding the card table are astounding: As a result of card playing 128 persons were shot or stabbed; six attempted and twenty-four committed suicide; sixty others were murdered in cold blood, sixty-eight were ruined financially, two went insane, forty-three committed forgery and embezzlement, thirty-two bank cashiers absconded with trust funds, three millions of dollars were embezzled for gambling purposes.

"If," says a writer, "we could understand the ruin, penetrate the mysteries,

reckon up the ruined lives, blighted homes blasted characters which some well-meaning (Christian?) people have been responsible for in the fact that they have encouraged the game of cards, we should not need to plead for its abolition." From all this it is clear that there is a tremendous issue at stake in dealing with the social function known as the card-table.

We shall hardly be accused of unfairness if in our indictment of the card table we claim that it is, to say the least, a questionable amusement for the Christian. It has the "appearance of evil" certainly. It has always been looked upon with some degree of suspicion. Whether we like it or not, men have always associated cards with gambling. The logic that leads men to argue thus may not be very sound, but it is undeniable. The card table indicated as a waste of good time for the Christian. By reason of the demands of society it is impossible to look upon cards any longer as amusement or pastime. Card-playing has become a perfect craze—one which holds men and women helpless in its grasp. Society demands too much time for this game. Can any conscientious Christian imagine that he can give a satisfactory answer to God for the use of his time when he has spent from two to three nights of each week around the card table?

Are all card players dishonest? Do they all cheat? We would not say so; it cannot be denied, however, that the tendency of the game is to promote just such vices. The sly nod, the suggestive wink, the knowing look—these things may be rightly called cheating. Look at the jealousies, the envy, the alienations card-playing leads to. It is for this reason that card-playing has been banished in the United States Navy. Because it leads to strife, envy and brawls, infidel owners of lumber camps in the Northwest have forbidden the playing of cards in the camps. Because of the bad results from card-playing the state of Texas arrests anyone found playing cards on its trains. That card-playing leads to gambling there can be no question. Statistics show that eight-tenths of the gamblers arrested learned to play cards at home. Much of the card-playing today is gambling. Whenever there is a prize offered for the game, there is gambling.

Minneapolis physicians well known in the treatment of nervous troubles agree with the New York Medical Journal, which in its current issue editorially denounces card-playing as a serious menace to the nerves of the player, and as a mental narcotic, the effect of which was called most disastrous. Card-playing with any degree of regularity or frequency, some of the local practitioners said,

among other things, demoralizes the nervous system, irritates the nerves, produces mental instability, grows on the player until he is a slave of a nerve racking habit.

“If you saw some of the patients I get whose condition is traceable to excessive card-playing you would not question the statements of the New York publication for a minute,” said Dr. W. A. Jones. “Frequent card-playing is most harmful for persons whose nerves are easily shaken and the bad part of it is that those are just the persons who are most likely to become inveterate players. The result is to demoralize and irritate the nervous system and to produce mental instability. The nerve control is steadily weakened.”

Why Different From Other Games

A great many people ask what is the difference between the euchre deck and other games, especially card games. As much difference as there is between heaven and hell. You say, “Mr. Aldrich, do you believe in dominoes, checkers and flinch?” Well, I have never seen any great harm come from them. I very seldom play any of these games because I never have the time. I have played one game of checkers this winter; that was with Mr. Perkins while I was waiting in a public place and had nothing else to do.

The difference between a game of checkers and cards is here disclosed. The checker game has all the factors of the game spread out before you.

Each player sees exactly the position of his opponent's disks and can marshall his own accordingly. On the other hand in the card game, where four are playing besides the cards to be drawn from the rest of the deck, each player is dealt a hand. Clearly there are five actors in the game, but each player sees only his own hand. His skill in the card game must differ from that in playing checkers, where everything is visible. In the card game it consists in acquiring this hidden four-fifths knowledge by the lever of the one-fifth. This produces the element of chance. The player looks carefully over his hand and decides that one card is the best one to play. Each of these faculties, intellect, conscience and will acting together, passes upon the play. But behold when each opponent has played his hand, the player finds he has been mistaken.

How the Player Figures

At the second play, the intellect is consulted, but is at once confused, inasmuch as having used its best judgment and lost, it can but hesitatingly decide on the next card to be played. What intellect cannot determine conscience cannot morally es-

timate and in consequence will hesitate to act. After weighing the next play in the light of previous failure, intellect chooses again. This time when each has played, the trick is won. The third play is on. Again must intellect pass upon the card. The player has now one trick lost, one won and little to guide from the two previous plays as to the third. Again there is confusion. Intellect says to conscience, "What shall I play?" Conscience says, "That is your task to decide. I will pass upon the morals of it after you hand your opinion over to me." Will says, "When you and conscience have passed upon the rational and moral, I will signal brain and muscle to play it." Accordingly all three are baffled. After using their best skill they are again compelled to hazard the desired results. All three are put on the stretch, like a rubber band pulled to the breaking point.

Demands Another "Spree"

The visible effect shows itself in the growing interest and intense excitement of the game. Every nerve is on the edge, the breath comes short and fast, the blood rushes to the brain, the temper is heated and unloosed; the desire to win becomes a passion; conscience becomes feverish; barriers go down; dishonesty is resorted to and there ensues a general riot. That is what really happens to the physical nature

when alcohol is taken into the system. The reigning powers are gradually deteriorated—at first by mild stimulation, then by intoxication, finally, if long indulged, by inebriation. Intellect, conscience and will reel and totter under the drugging of chance and remain so until the stimulation is over and they sober up like a drunken man, but the appetite is created and soon asserts itself, demanding, as alcohol, another spree.

In the New York Medical Journal, the editor writes this scathing indictment of cards from a purely medical standpoint: "Card-playing is a pure and simple mental dissipation, that grows upon the victim like all other dissipations, to the eventual exclusion of logical and close thinking. Skill counts for only three per cent in even the most scientific card games. The legend which attributed the invention of playing cards to the necessity of amusing a mad king of France, possesses vericimilitude. Appealing primarily to the imperfectly balanced mind they soon reduce that of a better quality to the same level. They are comparable in every way to the drug-forming habit and lead surely to the neglect of every sane and healthy amusement, to say nothing of business and professional duties.

Ever since the day cards were invented to satisfy the whims of an idiotic king, they have been the tools of the gambler.

There was John J. Quinn, the converted gambler. John Quinn was for forty-five years a professional faro bank dealer and poker player. He was among five men that were paid a salary of \$7,000 a year. They were expert faro bank dealers, and "draw" and "stud" poker players. When some green fellow came in and things went their way they would just call in John Quinn and he would skin the fellow out of all the money that he had.

He was arrested for working a three-card-monte game on some fellows and had to do time at Jeffersonville, and while there his house burned down and his wife and little girl died. There he was, a prematurely old man. He fell on his knees crying to God, "If you will only get me out of here I will promise to quit gambling and go up and down the land and show the people that you can not beat a gambler at his own game." God heard him and he got out.

Some of his friends took up a collection and got him a private car and fitted it up with all the gambler's paraphernalia. He showed that it is impossible to beat a gambler at his own game. John Quinn would take a faro box and shove a pack of cards in it. Then he would shuffle the cards and while he was shuffling he would tell you what would come up. He would bring up any card he wanted, and you would not see how he did it, because his

hand was quicker than your eye. Listen to Quinn crying to the crowd, after forty-five years a professional gambler, saying that he was taught to play cards in a professing Christian's home.

I charge in behalf of the poor gambler, that the so-called Christian homes are the kindergarten of gambling. What do you find down in the old greasy gambling hell? A lot of old fouled mouthed gamblers. On the table dominoes? I should say not! Checkers? Never! Flinch? Nothing doing! You find the gambler's tool, the euchre deck. You say, "I see no harm in the cards." But several times in my experience, I have slipped in to a so-called Christian home a little unexpectedly. The night before they had had a card party and they had left the euchre deck on the parlor table. I noticed the woman went in ahead of me and made a strange quick move around the corner of the table and slipped something in the drawer? Now, if there is no harm in the thing, why was she ashamed of it?

Suddenly Become Pious

Some people become very pious during a revival meeting and are very much afraid that the evangelist, by breaking a chair, might lower the dignity of the pulpit. I am here tonight to tell you that the dignity of the pulpit in our churches is being lowered by that

prayerless, Godless, card-playing, theater-going, dancing bunch of church members more than by anybody else, and they are the very people who oppose an evangelist.

The Social Game

You say, "But, Mr. Aldrich, is there any harm in the social game at home?" I tell you, women, I am more afraid of that social game at home than I am of the gambling hell. If your boy never learns to play at home, he will never learn in a gambling hell. The gamblers have no time to learn a "greener," but if you teach your boy at home, he will graduate in the gambling hell. Many a poor foolish mother has said, "I play cards with my boy at home so he will not go down town and play." Why doesn't she say, "I swear a little with my boy at home so he will not go down town and swear." She might as well say, "I drink a little whiskey with my boy at home so he will not go down town and drink." I am told by Mr. Jacoby, one of the men who was a leading gambler in this country, a man who traveled around the world with Dr. Torrey in his evangelistic campaigns and is now superintendent of a large mission in Chicago, that the gambler's passion is worse than the drink passion.

Mrs. A. S. Sims, at one time the champion woman-whist-player of the United

States says, "I firmly believe card-playing and dancing are two of the greatest evils in all Christian civilization. It is a fact beyond dispute that it is from the drawing room card table that the gambling den's recruits are drawn. The card craze, as it prevails among the women of this country, is the most serious competitor the church has today."

I guarantee you that three-fourths of the people who have refused to enter into this campaign are card-players. Mother, you take a few drinks with your boy at home so he won't go down town and drink, and you have created an appetite for drink. When you do not satisfy that boy's appetite for drink, he will go down town where he can finish the job. You play cards at home with your boy and create within him a passion for cards; when you do not play to satisfy the boy, he will go down town and play, and, furthermore, the boys play with you until you are an easy mark for him; then he finds somebody who can play better than you can. The average boy gets a little tired playing with his own mother and so he gets out with other boys on a Sunday afternoon behind the lumber pile and gambles on the Lord's day. They are playing for fun but it gets too tame and so he wants to play for a few nickels to make it interesting. From nickels he goes to dollars and the first thing you

know, mother, your boy is neglecting his studies, he is neglecting his work, he has lost his interest in church. Why? Because you put your approval upon the thing by teaching him to play at home.

A woman who plays cards is not as good a mother or wife as one who does not. She is bound to neglect her home and you ask many a woman in this city to attend a prayer meeting once a week and she will harp and howl and say she has no time, but she can attend three or four card parties during the week. If for no other reason, I would condemn the cards because they kill spiritual life, and then the terrible example that every card-playing woman sets for the coming generation.

Society Gambling

I go down to your mayor and say, "Look here, mayor. You have a lot of people gambling along your business streets, and he turns to me and says, "Well, Aldrich, when you stop all the women gambling for prizes then I can stop the men from gambling for the long green." I tell you right now if I were going to gamble I would gamble for the long green. It is a mighty hard proposition to demand of your mayor that he close up all the gambling hells in the city when some of you church members are doing the very same thing in your parlor.

If the mayor were to start a crusade on gambling in this city, I should like to give him a list of church members to begin with.

The law of this state forbids gambling. It does not say whether it is dollars or prizes, and when you gamble for a cut glass dish, you are just as much a law breaker as the man who goes down in the gambling hell and gambles for a twenty dollar bill, and if the law were to be enforced you could be arrested in your parlor playing for a prize just as quickly as the man in the gambling hell. If the law were enforced and all the gamblers of this city were put behind the bars, there would be a lot of women who would not be in church next Sunday morning.

Here is the law of the state on the subject: "Whoever shall play for money or any other valuable thing, at any game with cards, dice or checkers for valuables, or any other articles, instrument, or thing whatsoever which may be used for the purpose of playing or betting upon or winning, or losing money, or any other thing or article of value, or shall bet upon any game others may be playing, shall be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars, and not less than ten."

Did you ever ask the man of the world what he thinks of card playing? Did you ever ask the gambler what he thinks

about the game? Said the wife of a converted gambler recently, after depicting the sorrow that had come into her life through gambling, "You may depend upon it there are no cards in our home now." Only the other day a professional gambler, who makes no pretense of Christianity, told a friend that he never would allow his children to touch a card; indeed, he would not allow a card in his home.

Playing for Prizes

A woman had been out night after night in a series of progressive parties. Progressive euchre. Progressing to hell. She had neglected her home duties to win a ten dollar cut glass dish. The tie game had come off and they had to play the rubber. It was two o'clock in the morning and she lost, and a woman that she did not like very well won the dish. It made her almost sick. The next morning when John, her big boy, came down to breakfast late and found the kitchen fire out and no breakfast ready, he went to his mother's room and said,

"Mother, don't you know it is time for me to be at the office? There is no breakfast."

But she said, "Oh, my boy, I am so sick. I have such a terrible headache."

He said, "Ma, what is the trouble?"

“Oh,” she said, “you know I worked so hard to win that prize, that ten dollar cut glass dish. I lost and I am just sick over it.”

“Why,” he answered, “Ma, don’t feel so bad about that. Here, take this,” and he handed her a ten dollar bill. He said, “I was down to old Joe’s place last night and won this at a card game.”

The mother threw her hands to her head and fell back on the bed and cried, “Oh, my boy? Have you been gambling?”

I admire the boy more than the mother. The boy had simply gambled. The mother had gambled, but she had done it in the name of the church. That is the curse of the whole business. I have more respect for the boy than I have for the poor, foolish mother. He is hurting nobody but himself. She is setting a wrong example for the coming generation and is killing the spiritual life of those over whom she has influence. The person who plays cards at home for a prize is just as much of a gambler as the fellow who backs a jack-pot in a gambling hell at three o’clock in the morning.

Nothing in the world except that the stimulant of ability to win points and the reputation of being expert players finally cease to gratify. It is the most logical thing in the world that women have commercialized the odds by offering prizes. It is rather hard to declare that some of

the loveliest women among church women, are in the eyes of the law nothing but gamblers. At first, they did not play for prizes, but, like the man who finds it necessary to go from beer to whiskey, to produce a stimulation after continued drinking, and from that to something stronger, the plan of playing for prizes has gradually expanded, until now women play for silverware, while the men play for the silver dollars. When men play for a jackpot of silver, and women play for a silver creamer, there is no difference in the world except the shape of the silver.

There lived outside the city of Cincinnati, a farmer by the name of Kilgore. Kilgore was a Christian man, and had raised a family of Christian children. The oldest boy, James, had finished his school work and was ready to enter into business. His father had decided that he would like to see the boy learn the banking business, so secured him a position in a bank in the city of Cincinnati, and anxious that the boy might have a good environment, rather than putting him in a hotel or boarding house, he found board for James in a Christian home. In this home was a father and mother, also a boy and girl about James' age. The father was an elder in the church, the mother superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday school. The young

woman in that home was a Sunday School teacher. The young man was president of the young peoples' society. James' father and mother were very much pleased to think they could get their boy in such a splendid home to live. James and the young woman in this home had learned to admire one another.

Things went well for a number of weeks. Finally one evening, after dinner, James saw them quickly clear the dining room table. The father and mother took sides across the table, and the daughter on the other side, said to James, "We have decided to stay in this evening and we would like to have you join us in a game of cards." James looked surprised and said, "My father and mother would not want me to play cards, they are Christians and never had a deck of cards in the house and I don't know how to play."

The daughter spoke quickly and said, "Why, we are Christians. Father is an elder in the church, mother is superintendent of the primary department and I am a Sunday School teacher, but we don't see any harm in a game of cards, a quiet social game at home. I would love to teach you the game." Now that was a mighty hard place to put James. She smiled at him, showed her pearly teeth, her pink lips, deepened the dimple in her darling little cheek, and James was

taken captive at her will. He yielded and took his place at the other side of the table. He was an apt student and he liked his teacher. You know that means a lot for a student. He soon learned the game, and learned it well. Father and mother had no show with James and this young lady. Playing with father and mother became a little tame and so other young people were invited in, but James was the winner. The son in that home had learned to play at the same table. The same mother had taught him the game, and unbeknown to father and mother he was playing cards down town at the club. He told them he had to work overtime in the office.

One evening when James came out of the bank, he met this son and he said to James, "We will not go home for dinner tonight. We will eat at the club and spend the evening together." James decided to do so and after dinner they joined the game. They were gambling. James that night was a winner and he discovered a short cut to fortune. This thing went on for a few weeks but James could not afford to waste his time in a bank at a small salary when he could make that much money in one night. He soon lost interest in his work and lost his position, spending his whole time gambling.

Kilgore had spent a number of years gambling in Cincinnati, when one evening he met on the street a son of a rich man who had lived in his home town. James knew that this young fellow had plenty of money. James invited him to go with him, told him he would show him the city. He brought his dinner and then took him to a card game to fleece him of his money. James had been in the gambling place the night before, and when the stakes piled high and James was the winner, the loser tried to get away with the money. James was a big strong fellow and he cleaned house for the bunch. took the stakes and left, and made threats that he would come back the next night and clean up the place. He had forgotten his threat and with the young man gave the signal for entrance.

When the little peek hole was opened and they saw James, they supposed that James had come back to fulfill his threat. A pistol shot was heard. James said, "I felt something warm splatter on my cheek. I reached up and wiped it off and it was the brains of the young man. He fell with a dull thud to the sidewalk. Realizing what I had done I fled to the Union Station, took the first train and landed in Florida." One night when passing by a place where Evangelist Cullpepper was conducting a meeting, James Kilgore went in, was converted and now

gave us this sad story. The point I want you to see is that James Kilgore was responsible for the murder of the rich man's son and lost thirteen years of his life, simply because a good-for-nothing church member saw no harm in the social game at home.

In a gamblers' convention, not long ago, one of the gamblers said, "Gentlemen, whatever you do, encourage card playing in the home." Fifty years ago in this country there was a little card playing in the home and very little gambling with cards, but card playing in the home became a society game and as card playing in the home has increased so gambling has increased. You teach the boy how to play in the home and you have opened the door to a gambler's hell.

Taught Her Own Boy in the Home

A public speaker was speaking in my home state, and in his address, he mentioned the fact that the following day he was going to Auburn prison. At the close of the meeting, a mother came to him and handed him a picture and said, "I heard you say that you were going to Auburn prison. I have a boy there. I wish you would look him up, give him this picture, and tell him his mother loves him." The public speaker thought he would be doing the boy and a mother a great favor, and putting himself out somewhat to find

the boy, handed the boy the picture and said, "Your mother said to tell you she loves you." The boy looked at the picture a moment and said, "That is my mother. There are wrinkles in her face that were not there the last time I saw her." "Yes, your mother is fast ageing." The young man said, "You take the picture back, and give it to my mother and tell her, 'damn her,' I never want to see her. She taught me to play cards. I killed a man at a gambling table, and I am serving fifteen years to pay for it. Now she has the audacity to send me her picture after she pushed me behind the prison bars."

You have no right to find fault with the city officials if they do not suppress gambling, when a thing so near akin to it is carried on right in your own home. I believe that society, as it is constituted today, is doing more to damn the spiritual life of the church than the grog shops. My friends, more people backslide on the social side than on anything else that I can think of. A seemingly estimable woman will tear and snort and pout through an afternoon. What for? So she can take home a dinky cream pitcher or a whisk broom. There is nothing more tame than to ask a fellow to play cards for the fun there is in it. It makes no difference whether it is penny-ante or any other limit. So we have progressive

euchre, and many church members have cards on their tables as often as food.

A little New Zealand girl who was soloist in our party last year, was one time singing for Evangelist Williams. She said Mr. Williams was conducting a meeting in a large city church. The people in that church were too nice to worship in a tabernacle, and so to accommodate their feelings, he conducted the meeting in their church. Sitting down near the front, each evening, was a very wealthy society woman, who lived in a large beautiful home just across the street. Each evening, after the service, she would come and tell Mr. Williams how much she enjoyed the service, but one evening Mr. Williams spoke on card playing, and after the benediction, this woman hurried out and said to the pastor who stood at the door, "I am mad as can be."

The pastor questioned, "Why?"

She said, "To think that man would preach against card playing. I see no harm in it."

Twenty minutes later as the pastor and Mr. Williams walked out of the church, they saw a crowd of men gathered on the street and in the middle of the crowd was this woman's son. The officers had just placed the hand cuffs upon him. He was placed in the patrol wagon and taken to the jail. The next morning, Mr. Williams and the pastor were sent to tell

the mother. The mother and the two men went to the jail and when the mother saw the boy she said, "My boy, what are you doing here?" He cried out, "Mother, I struck a man at the card table last night. I did not mean to do it but I hit him too hard and broke his neck. You taught me how to play cards!" It is too bad that this poor foolish mother did not see the harm in the social game before she taught her boy to play. I have not time in one evening to handle these three subjects as I would like to.

The Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian churches in different states have resorted to the dance as the means to keep the young people "in the church." A preacher in Wheaton, Ill., is reported having said, in justification of dancing in the church-basement, the following: "Yes it is true, part of the evening was spent in dancing. A little more than a year ago members of the church provided a 'social room' in the basement. This was done at a cost of about \$1,800. It was fitted up with a small stage and large stone fireplace. One of the first entertainments given in it was a play by the young people of the congregation, which was repeated later. A second entertainment of the same general nature was 'Alice in Wonderland' by the older children. It was understood before the money was raised for the 'social room' that it would

be used for dancing under certain careful restrictions, and there has been no serious protest, though not all, of course, are in sympathy with it. The department was introduced because of the belief of the pastor and the people that one of the most pressing problems of this community is that of amusement for the young people. Last Wednesday evening there was a splendid patriotic program, lasting until nearly 10:00 o'clock, and then about an hour was spent in dancing; and a thing that is frequently seen, is a father dancing with his daughter."

What else can be expected in the days of apostasy! This worldliness and craze for amusement is only a symptom of the wicked heart which has never received the love of truth. They are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." It will become worse and worse and ere long the professing church sowing the wind will reap the whirlwind.

But what is the dance, the popular waltz? How and where did it originate? The waltz was invented about a hundred years ago. As might have been guessed or prophesied beforehand, it was born of the licentious stage, and is twin sister of the ballet. This amorous and gyratory hugging was first seen in a Vienna theater, December 20, 1787, and for a time was thought to be too indecent to be tolerated anywhere. After a time, however, it was

introduced into houses of doubtful repute, and finally into German society. For a long time even Paris resisted the licentious libertinism of the thing, and it was not until the nineteenth century that it became fashionable. It then went everywhere with a whirl, of course, for Paris set the fashions for the world. The French women of compromising conscience went into it with an abandon which was hit off by a clever writer by saying before the waltz, "they danced with their soles," after it, "they danced with their souls"; aye, and soiled and wore out the latter as effectively as the former.

CHAPTER III

THE THEATER QUESTION

Next we come to the theater. We do not judge a thing by what it could be, but what it has been. The question we are here considering is not what the theater should be, nor will be, nor what, under certain conditions and limitations, it might be, but what it is today as we see it. I know that the theater and moving picture shows could be institutions of learning, but they are not. They are run for money, and they must put on a sensational play that gets the crowd. You say, "Are there no good plays or moving picture shows?" Well, I ask you the question again, "How many of you were converted in a theater?"

But you say, "They are not in the soul saving business." Of course they are not, and the people who argue for them are not in the soul saving business either. If you were to find one good play or moving picture show, it would be necessary to wade through about ten or a dozen smutty ones and I say the smutty ones will do you more harm than one would do good. When the church of God stops patroniz-

ing the theater, it will go out of business. I am unable to find a theater that does not allow rubbish on the stage.

When the Iroquois theater burned, the theaters all over the country were restricted, and in Chicago they were closed for a month. The actors said that if they were not opened there would be excessive drunkenness and that a good many would commit suicide for there was no way of entertaining the people. At the expiration of a month no such dreadful things had occurred. The public had a capacity for amusing itself in other ways. It is only a matter of amusement and that is trifling. The time is long past when any number of serious-minded citizens look to the theater for entertainment or instruction.

Crude melodramas, mawkish plays and literary clap-trap, form the staple production of the average theater. The extravagance is an elaboration of the burlesque of our grandfather's days. It is estimated that closing the theaters that month in Chicago saved the people \$2,000,000.

One of the papers went on to say that you could count on the fingers of two hands all the plays that have been seen in Chicago in a year that are worth the attention of anyone who looks for information.

Israel Zangwill says that the playwright produces his plays to satisfy the

lust of the age and not for what good they will do the world.

Archbishop Lennan said that to go night after night to the theater is a mark of decadence. You avoid the pesthouse and lepers and yet night after night you will rush to the theater to enjoy this procession of moral lepers exposed on the stage for the plaudits of the people. The rogue and the scoundrelism and man's infidelity form the groundwork of most plays. These are paraded before the people as exhibitions of genius and for the entertainment of decent people.

If there is any man in this generation who knows the theater, past and present, inside and out, it is William Winter. He is the greatest dramatic critic of the last half-century. In his recent work, however, "Chronicles and Memoirs of the Stage," he pours out a stream of invective against its modern aspects, which we would not have the courage to do, to say nothing of the genius. In an exhaustive review of its present conditions and tendencies he leaves little opportunity even for the worldly Christian to find an excuse for patronizing it.

Although we hear a good deal of talk now and then, and sometimes by ministers, about the reforming of the theater, it drags on in its slimp way to filth.

The theater has been with us for 2,500 years. What has been its history? If

there were any hope of reforming it, it would have been reformed long ago. Instead, it is getting worse all the time. There is no use trying to reform the theater. Booth and Irving tried it, and failed; the church of the middle ages tried it, and it ruined the church. Where shall the reform begin? From the inside? That has been tried as we have seen, and has proved to be a failure. From the outside? How can that be when the managers say that the outside public is responsible for the immorality of the theater by demanding immoral plays. No reformation, but abolition is the remedy. "But," some one asks, "Can we not remedy these things by patronizing only good plays?" Supposing the manager should put on the stage one good moral play a week, would it not be all right then to attend the theater on that night?" No. Am I, as a Christian, asked to give my support to an institution that is confessedly immoral six nights out of seven? No. The Christian must make better use of his money than that; he must spend his energies in a nobler cause. The Christian is to try to save the world, not to try to make a bad institution a paying investment to its managers.

So competent an authority as the famous actress Olga Nethersole recently declared that the only kind of play which may hope for success with English speak-

ing audiences at the present day is the play which is sufficiently indicated by calling it immoral. There is no doubt about it that the theater as at present conducted, is pulling the stones from the foundations of public morality; weakening, and in many quarters, endangering the whole structure of society. The atmosphere of the modern theater is lustful and irreverent. It is a place Christians should keep away from. It is a good opportunity for the strong man to deny himself for the sake of his younger or weaker brother, and the weak surely have no business there.

The theater was suppressed in Athens, the Romans attributed their decay to it. Maccaulay, in speaking of the theater in England, says, "From the time the theaters were opened they became the seminaries of vice." Sir Walter Scott said that the theater, "was abandoned to the vicious; the best parts of the house being set apart for the abandoned characters.

The American Congress once adopted the following preamble: "Whereas true religion and good morals are the only solid foundation of public liberty and happiness; Resolved, that it be and is hereby earnestly recommended to the several states to take the most efficient means for the encouragement thereof, and the suppression of theatrical enter-

tainments, horse-racing, gambling, and such other diversions as are productive of idleness, dissipation, and a general depravity of the principles and manners!"

It exists for money-making only. It has no other apology or reason for its existence. We recognize that money-making in itself is not wrong. No man can conduct a "white slave" traffic, for example, even though it is conducted to make money. You ask the managers themselves why they do not put on "uplifting plays" and they quickly tell you they are not in the "uplifting business." That the theater cannot be supported by moral plays is the testimony of managers themselves. A strictly moral play is seldom put upon the stage by the management. How do we know? Because when it is every minister in the city will receive an invitation to witness the play. When a minister or a church member enters a theater to see a so-called "Moral Play," he gives the theater his approval and that is exactly what the managers want, as well as the Devil himself.

Rabbi Wise, as reported by the New York Tribune, said recently, "The stage ought to be an uplifting agency. It is far from that. It makes for degredation, for absolute moral rottenness. I wish to God our skirts were clean, and that there were fewer Jews to blame." The managers seem to vie with one another in

producing the most degrading things, and they insult us by implying that we want such stuff, and that you and I do not want to see a clean play. I indict the theaters as they are today. I do not care if every manager is a Jew—they are all heathens. I indict those who are pandering to vice, whether Jew or Christian. It is the debasement of the nation, and it will remain so until you say, "We will not go near your theaters." Is not our moral life insulted by what we see on the stage today?

In the Grand Magazine one who signs herself, "An Actress," frankly confesses that it is next to impossible for a woman to attain success on the stage without paying a heavy price, "promotion, more often than not, being at the cost of all a true woman holds most dear." The theater presents its patrons with wrong views of life. Its plays are based on unfaithfulness of married life, clandestine marriages are made to seem heroic, domestic tragedy is laughed at, and religion is ridiculed. Its characters are unreal, its teachings are pervertive, its morals are subvertive. Moral license and liberty seem to be awarded, consequently the patrons of the play come away with those ideas, some, yea, many, to put them into practice.

Its Effect Upon the Actors

One of our leading actors says he hardly knows a pure woman on the stage. There are some but they are in the minority. Anna Held tells us that the leading theaters of New York and Chicago are owned and controlled by millionaires. These men and their friends have the privilege or demand the right and compel the chorus girls to dress and undress in their presence. The theater behind the scenes is greatly different than at the foot lights. You can not as a Christian pay your money to support an institution like that. If there was no other charge to make against the theater, the effects upon the actors and actresses are not good. One of the leading actresses of this country boasts that she has illegitimate children and in their veins flows the best blood of France. No actors can go on the stage and act out fifteen hundred murders in the course of his career and be as good a man as when he began.

A very prominent actress who has now been on the stage a great many years, tells us that she had acted the part of being divorced, committing murder and adultery and married again twenty-eight hundred times. If the theater is an uplifting institution and a school of learning as some people argue, why is it that the actors so seldom learn the lesson. My

last and greatest charge against the theater is, that it kills spiritual life.

Booth and Garrick, two of the greatest tragedians, would not allow their own children to go to the theater. Macready, one of the famous English tragedians, would not allow his wife or children to see a play unless he had first read or seen it, and passed upon it, as to whether or not it was fit to see. Those were men who had character, and left honor and high stamp after them. Hayden said that only the genius of Shakespeare saved the stage from the contempt of all, and yet you can not take the reading of William Shakespeare before a mixed audience unless you read an expurgated edition.

CHAPTER IV

THE DANCE QUESTION

I believe the greatest hindrance for the salvation of the young people in this city is the dance. It is the biggest enemy of a revival I know. Those who would like to be Christians or at least Church members and dance, argue that the Bible says it is all right to dance. Yes, David danced before the ark, but he was not hugging a woman while he was doing it. If men want to dance together, go ahead. Or if women want to dance together, go ahead, but in every case in the Bible when men and women danced together, they had their heads cut off. They danced around the golden calf and about three thousand men lost their heads.

When I hear of a dancing party, I feel an uneasy sensation about the throat, remembering that a far greater preacher had his head danced off in the days of our Lord. However pleasing the polkas of Herodias might be to Herod, they were death to John the Baptist. The caperings and wantonings of the ball room are death to the solemn influences of our ministry, and many an ill-ended life first received its bent for evil amid the flip-

pancies of gay assemblies met to trip away the hours.

Abandoned women are known to be the best dancers. In a canvass made in one or two refuges for fallen women the following facts were revealed: of the two hundred fallen women who were inmates of these homes, one hundred and sixty-three had fallen through the dance, twenty through drink, ten through free choice, and seven through poverty.

May a Christian dance? Of course, he may. He might swear and lie too; but it would not make him a better Christian. Surely, Christian, you may dance; but dancing will never identify you as a Christian. What puzzles us is that you ask the question so often. Christians who do not dance never ask it. Yes, Christians, dance if you can not live without it. Join hands with Salome, Herodias, and circle to the left. But don't be surprised if you are taken for a goat.

Dancing in Schools

I am sorry that the high schools in this country have introduced dancing as a part of the social gatherings and education of the high school students. Statistics report that fifty per cent of the high school and college students in this country before they graduate are guilty in some form or another of sexual impropriety. If the truth were known some of the worse

things that have happened in your own city to your young men and women can be traced to the dance. The women's clubs, the W. C. T. U's. and other organizations have raised a storm against the dance. It is not a motion of the feet any more, but of the bodies. There are just two things that have produced the present immoral condition in this country; the indecent dancing of women and the degenerated form of dancing. I have no use for a man who will advocate a municipal high school dance hall. He is on the plane with the man who advocates a municipal red light house.

A mother told me today that when her little girl was three years old, she began teaching her to count by cutting an apple into two parts and then into quarters and by other methods prepared her little daughter for the opening of her school work. The child reached the age of five years, and was sent off to school. Then mother said, "I noticed after a few weeks she lost her interest in the things I had tried to teach her and when I asked her if she did not learn to count at school, she said, 'No, my teacher does not teach like you, mama. She teaches me how to dance'." I say, it is a sad state of affairs when the schools of this land take the right from parents to give their children a moral training.

The same mother told me that after the child's first year in school, she could not count as well as when she began school but that they were on the street together, the mother could not help but notice the tango strut of the child.

Passion Set to Music

The dance is nothing more or less than a combination of passion and music. Now the music end is all right. I like rhythm in the music as well as you but no man today can place himself in the modern dance and not have his passions aroused. The square and round dances look alike to me. People have to have something to chase hurdles through their veins. They are not satisfied with the stately cotillion of years ago. It is too slow. If you are bound to dance, withdraw from the church. Get out!

A dancing Christian is never a soul-winning Christian. Dancing is just a hugging match set to music. If you women could hear what the young men say after the dance about you, why they had rather dance with some girls than others, you would never go to another dance and you would never speak to some of these young men again. Every girl must not only fight for herself but she must make a fight for the young man as well. Men are not made like women. For every fallen woman there are eight fallen men. But

you say, "The dances which you have attacked and the dance which I speak of are different. I mean the club dance, and you are talking about the slum dance." It is all the same dance and the slum dance has the best of you, for they wear more clothes than you people do.

While Dr. Torrey was conducting an Evangelistic Campaign in Australia, he made the statement that he had never seen a decent dance. The dancing club wanted to show him that he was wrong. I give here Dr. Torrey's own words:—

"I was attacking dancing in Australia and I aroused a storm of protest from many quarters in Ballarat. One day I received a note from the secretary of one of the leading and most exclusive dancing clubs in that city, enclosing an invitation for the next dance which the club was to give. 'We have heard that you said you never attended a 'decent dance,' the secretary wrote. 'We want you to understand that we give only decent dances at our club and we want you to come and see for yourself. We are sure you will agree with us when you leave.'

"Of course, the invitation was only a bluff. The club did not expect me to come, did not want me to come. It was only bluffing, but I called the bluff. I sat down and wrote to the secretary that I would accept his invitation and would call at the club rooms on the night set

apart for the dance. As soon as the secretary got my letter, of course, the club began to sidestep, and I was told that the invitation was not official and that my presence was not desired, but I insisted that it was a perfectly bona fide invitation, that I had accepted it as such, and that I intended going to the dance.

“The night of the dance came, and I went to the rooms of the club, among the finest in the city. I found the door bolted. The street outside was black with people and thousands were crowded in front of the building to see what would happen. The door was opened a few inches and I presented my invitation. I was admitted, but my friend was not allowed to enter. He was a reporter, but reporters have a way of always getting around a difficulty. He climbed up the back wall and managed to get in through a window.

“Well, I was conducted to the platform where the orchestra was stationed, and given a seat where I could overlook the hall. ‘The next dance will be a Lanciers,’ said the chairman of the evening. ‘We will have a few features of the round dances in it.’ I knew all about the Lanciers for I had danced it before the chairman was born, but I said nothing, and sat there watching the performance. Of course, the customary features of the Lanciers were all omitted as I soon saw, and a

special kind of dance with none of the usual positions substituted.

The next number was a waltz, and I waited with a great deal of curiosity to see how the members would get around this, for if there is anything which I especially desire to see in this world it is a decent waltz. I thought to myself that if I could see a decent waltz, it would be worth going around the world to see, and would be an experience which I would delight to take to America with me. When the waltz was called, the dancers took their positions, but I soon saw that I was not to be given the conventional waltz, where the man clasps his partner around the waist and circles the room with the girl clasped tightly to him. No, indeed. The dancing club had been rehearsing during the early part of the evening. That was why the door had been locked. The dancers took their position as the music began, and the man and woman joined hands in a criss-cross fashion. In this cumbersome and awkward position, they began to dance, but the attempt was not a success. First one couple bumped into each other. The woman reversed as the man went forward and they sprawled in a heap on the floor. They retired to the dressing room. Then a second couple followed them to disaster, and a third, and a fourth until all of the dancers began to retreat toward the dress-

ing room. The new style waltz, which had been invented for my benefit, was not proving much of a hit.

“ ‘Is this the way you usually dance in Australia?’ I asked, turning to the leader of the orchestra. He looked down at the floor. ‘We were so busy looking at our music,’ he answered, ‘that we have not time to look at the dancers.’

“I thought it was about time for me to play my part in the game. So I stepped out onto the floor and called the dancers back. The chairman came running up to me in the confusion and protested that it was no time nor place for a sermon. ‘Why not?’ I rejoined. ‘Don’t you expect a minister to be able to preach a sermon wherever he goes? And anyway you say that this is a decent, respectable place. Why isn’t it good enough for a sermon?’ So I preached them a little sermon on Eternity, and then the dancers took their wraps and I followed them downstairs. But the street was so black with people that neither they nor myself could get out. There were cries of ‘Sermon, Dr. Torrey. Sermon, Dr. Torrey.’ And so, while the dancers huddled around in full dress—or otherwise, just as you please, I preached a sermon to the crowd. That dancing club gave one more dance, and then disbanded. The effort was a failure. The club collapsed.”

The dance and décolleté attire had their birth in a Paris brothel. Seven million girls go wrong in a century in this country, and three-fourths of them are ruined by the dance. The chief of police in New York says three-fourths of the abandoned creatures there fall through the dance. Where did the drunkard get his first drink? In the social glass. Where did the gambler get his first lesson? In somebody's parlor. Where did the prostitute feel for the first time the premature incitement of passion? Down on the ball room floor. Think of it, young man! You who sit there in your manhood, think of it! You that love womanhood for womanhood's sake. You who have a sister. Three-fourths of all the abandoned women fall as the result of the dance. Statistics only change in the adjustment, but the percentage holds good year after year. There are 700,000 public prostitutes in the United States. Their average life is from three to five years. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand are the result of the dance. Am I my sister's keeper? Sisters, if you countenance the dance, you are your sister's murderess. You are responsible for her fall, because you could have thrown your influence against it. You become responsible for every fallen person so long as you champion the dance. You are responsible for every rotten, puking

drunkard as long as you vote for the grog shop.

Fallen Man as Bad as Fallen Woman

I believe that a fallen man is just as bad as a fallen woman. The reason there are eight times as many fallen men is because man is not built like woman. He has eight times the passion that a woman has, and his passions are aroused eight times as easy as those of a woman, and in the face of these facts, I am not going to be too hard on you young women. It may be possible for a young woman to dance the modern dance and not think any evil while she is doing it, but I want to tell you that that man does not live, if he is a normal man, that can go into the modern dance today and come out with prayer meeting thoughts. The reason men dance is because they like their passions aroused.

Make men dance by themselves and women dance by themselves and you will kill the dance in two weeks. You can get just as much exercise dancing with a man as with a woman. But you do not dance for the exercise, it is for the hug. You say, "But, Mr. Aldrich, that is not true. When I dance, I always dance with my own wife." With who? What did you say? I don't believe it. It isn't your wife you want to dance with, you old sinner. It is the other fellow's wife.

A man would rather sort potatoes in an old musty cellar all night long by lantern light than he would go to a dance and dance with his own wife.

I never could understand why it was necessary to gallop a mile to get a hug. Did you ever hear of an old bachelors' club having a ball? How long would young men stick to the dance if they had to dance with grandmothers? A man drinks without women and you gamble without women but you make men and women dance alone, and you will kill the dance, and you know it. Say, if you dance because you like to dance, you can dance with some old lobster just as well as with a woman. The German and other round dances are favorites and the liberties taken would not be tolerated anywhere else in the world. When you die you do not send for the dancing master to pray over you.

Suppose your neighbor who is a fine looking young man, should call at your home and give your wife a few lessons in dancing, and you came into the house a little unexpectedly and found this young man in your parlor with your wife, taking the liberties with her that a man takes with a woman on the dance floor, what would you do? Well, if you did not have good control of yourself, you would probably shoot him and there is not a jury in the state that would convict you of

murder. I say if it is right to take these liberties on the dance floor, it is right to take these same liberties in your parlor. The time or place has nothing to do upon the effect it has upon the man.

A New York Report

New York, May 27th.—The Grand Jury today handed down a presentment against modern dances. Within the last few months the amount of suggestive, sensual dancing, in hotels and restaurants, where the sale of liquor is allowed, has greatly increased in the city of New York," reads the presentment, "and we believe with deplorable results to the morals of the young."

The General Association of the Congregational church of the state of Iowa, passed the following resolution but a few years ago: "Resolved that in the opinion of this association the practice of dancing by members of our churches is inconsistent with the profession of religion and ought to be made a subject of discipline."

While leaving the matter of discipline to each church the Presbyterian denomination in its general assembly has said: "We regard the practice of promiscuous social dancing by church members as a mournful inconsistency and the giving of such parties for such dancing, on the part of the heads of families, as tending to

compromise their religious profession; and the sending of children by Christian parents to the dancing school is a sad error in family discipline.”

The Methodist church was raised up for the very purpose of counteracting the dance in the church, and called Wesley to purify the Episcopal church, and that movement which crystallized in the Methodist church was the rebuke which God gave.

Listen! I will take the oldest church in Christendom—the Roman Catholic. Do you think that you can be a Catholic and do that? I will give you a quotation from a letter from the bishops and the archbishops in plenary council: “In this connection we consider it our duty to warn our members against the amusement which may become to them an occasion of sin, especially the fashionable dance which is disgusting and revolting and fraught with the greatest danger of morals.” Why is it that the Catholic church is getting stronger every day in its opposition to worldly amusement, especially the dance? It is another argument in favor of the confessional. By that we can tell how our people fall. How do they fall? They can trace the laxity of nineteen out of twenty who have lost their purity in the ball room.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, said: “Dancing is a terrible waste of time, and

of study, and a premature incitement of passion." Bishop Cox of New York, said: "The enormities of the theater and the dance would not be tolerated another minute, if the mothers would only set their faces against them." Classes preparing for confirmation are notified by him that he will not lay hand upon them unless they are prepared to renounce their sins. The bishop quotes from his records that the waltz would not be tolerated if the Christian mothers would only set their faces against it and remove their daughters from this contamination. Alas! that women professing to follow Christ should not rally for the honor of our daughters and drive these things from society.

Any one who understands it at all can see without a moment's reflection that the chief indictment against the dance is that in its nature, in its tendency and in its results it is dangerous to social purity, and that all other reasons for condemning it dwindle away into insignificance in comparison with this. It ought not to take any facts or figures to prove this.

Here are the dancers, locked, you will allow me to say, at least partially, in each other's embrace, moving as one body across the floor, the man gazing upon the half-concealed charms of his partner, blowing his warm breath upon her exposed arms and breast, that almost magic

and ungovernable electricity darting between their meeting fingers, their blood heated and quickened at every step until the heat of one body passes into the other. Do you mean to say that a man can give himself to such a thing like that hour after hour and not be in danger of having the pure white of his soul sullied by that which is unchaste and unclean?

A man is not made of putty or marble. He is made as all men are and these quivering bundles of nerve and passion can well afford to get along without an environment, the tendency of which is in the direction just noted. Granting that none but the purest-minded men ever dance, no man's mind is thought-proof, and any indulgence which may cause man to fling away or lose the eternal jewel of chaste thought and its sequel proves bestial and degrading, is hardly a thing for a Christian to defend.

Woman, you may not understand this; but man, you understand it all and you know that it is all true. You ought, if you are a pure woman, much more a Christian, to think very carefully before you give yourself to an indulgence with those that encourage the things we have mentioned, even though there could be no possible harm to yourselves. You surely do not mean to say that you are in no wise responsible for the virtue of the young men. If you do, in heaven's

name, let me ask you, "What is your idea of a Christian, anyhow?" I do not care how big you make your sleeves. I do not care so much how you make your collars, just so you have collars. I like to see women dressed up—all the way up. It is queer that woman, upon whom modesty's blush has its natural home, should become the leader of immodesty. Women are more immodest than men. Did you ever stop for five minutes and go to the bottom of the thought in which décolleté was born? Did it ever occur to you that she who wears a décolleté is lacking in genuine modesty? I don't blame sweet girls. There is not a sixteen-year-old girl in the land that has sense enough to take care of herself, and that is why God gave her a mother; but I do blame the mothers who thus expose their pure, sweet girls to the immoral gaze of the average young man of this country.

I have been getting a number of letters recently asking me what is the difference between dancing with a young man or skating with a young man. Over in West Duluth a whole Sunday School class came forward in our West Duluth tabernacle and decided to give up the dance. Since that time young men who liked to dance have been putting up the argument that there was just as much harm in skating with a woman as it is dancing with a woman. There is absolutely no compari-

son between the two. There is no better exercise than skating. I have never known of any harm coming from men and women skating together. I have played cornet to a good many dances and I am a pretty fair skater. I have seen both and think I know what I am talking about. What about the other games? I have not time to answer all your questions tonight on these things but I will give you this one answer. Anything that will hurt you mentally, physically, and spiritually, you can not afford to do. Anything that is a help to you mentally, physically, or spiritually, go ahead. Anything that you can not ask God's blessing upon, don't do. Did you ever know of a dance where just before the music started, the leader of the dance stepped out in the middle of the dance floor and said, "Everybody bow their heads now. We are going to ask God's blessing upon our evening together." That thing would be so inconsistent, but during our campaigns we have had skating parties and coasting parties among the converts and we have always asked God's blessing upon our evening together.

After speaking of the fashionable amusements of the world, and mentioning especially dancing, it is said of the professing Christian who indulges in it, that he furnishes satisfactory evidence that he has not yet put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is cor-

rupt, according to the deceitful lusts, not put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, and that He thus brings dishonor and reproach upon his religious profession, throws a stumbling block in the way of sinners, offends them that are weak, and grievously wounds the Saviour in the house of His friends.

The Church of Christ, the Disciple Church, is as pronounced as anyone of its recognized authorities has said, "Dancing is offensive not to the ignorant, prejudiced and weak people, but to the best informed, the most pious and devout." If there were nothing else against it, that would stamp it with the seal of condemnation. In the Methodist book of discipline, paragraph 248, under the head of "Imprudent and UnChristian Conduct," we find that mention is made of attending dancing parties, patronizing dancing schools, and it is there stated that private reproof shall first be given by the pastor or leader, but that upon a second offense, the pastor or leader shall take with him one or two discreet members of the church; while upon a third offense, if there be no sign of real humiliation, the guilty one shall be expelled."

"Well," you say, "I do not care what my church says; I am going to do this thing anyhow." And is this your idea of a true church member and a consistent

Christian? You, who stood at the sacred altar and before God, before the saints of earth and high heaven, made your vow not only to renounce the world but to be obedient to the will of your church? Is it possible that you prejudiced your soul or has it come to this, that you no longer care? But we are not quite alone. We have gathered testimony from every quarter but one. Let us not forget the word of our God. In First Corinthians 10:31, Paul says, "Whether ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If you conscientiously kneel down and ask God to go with you it may be right for you to go, if no other question is involved, but unless in that thing to which you give yourself the Holy Spirit can glorify Jesus it is wrong for you to indulge. In any undertaking I should want to know, "Will this please God?"

Calling upon one of his parishioners, a certain pastor inquired concerning the daughter who was away at college. The mother said, "I was just reading a letter from her as you came in; part of it will interest you." And she read a part of the letter where the daughter was telling the mother of a dance that was to be given by her class; most of her friends were going and she wanted to go herself very much indeed, but she knew her mother did not approve of it, and for her

sake she was going to stay away. "Well," remarked the pastor, "that is very beautiful of her indeed; you must love her very much." "Love her," replied the mother, as a tear came into her eye, "I wish she were here now, that I might put my arms around her and tell her how much I love her." In some such a way as that I would like God to feel toward me, and I am sure He will if I am trying in all things to walk "worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing."

Second—Then Paul states the question from the standpoint of the man's neighbor. In First Corinthians 8:9, he says such things ought not to be done "lest by any means my liberty becomes a stumbling block to them that are weak." We all know what he means, and in I Cor. 8:13, he says, "If meat makes my brother to offend I will eat no meat while the world stands." Although I might engage in this thing without any harm to myself, I am furnishing by my example what others take as their justification for doing it, but who are not so discerning or self-controlled as I, and while I may be spared they may be injured and fall and set their feet in the way that leads to ruin.

Two little boys, one leading his smaller sister, were going through the woods. They came to a tree that had fallen across the creek and formed a natural

bridge. The first little fellow bounded over and turning said, "Come on, it is easy." But the other gripped his little sister's hand a little tighter and shrank back, saying, "I could, but she might fall." And I say to you that that little fellow had more of the Spirit of Jesus Christ in him than the members of many churches who will not deny themselves some pet indulgence for the sake of some one weaker than themselves.

Third—"And then Paul states the matter from the standpoint of the man himself. In First Corinthians 6:42, he says such things are inexpedient, "lest I be brought under their power." If these things or any other things have taken such strong hold upon you as to cause you to prefer them to the approval of God or the honor of Christ; if you are at the place where many a young member of the church has been when they have said, "If these things are inconsistent with my being a member of the church, I shall cling to them nevertheless." Then for you these things are an evil in your life.

And in First Corinthians, 10:23, he says they are inexpedient "because they do not edify." They hinder growth and fill the church with barren, fruitless lives. A prominent Christian worker once said, "I never knew a Christian that began to dance who was not soon missed from the

prayer meeting." Having loved this present world, Demas-like, they soon forsake the things of God. It seems there is an incompatibility between the two which experience proves will not abide each other.

Dance for the Exercise

Some young woman says, "Mr. Aldrich, I dance for the exercise." Yes, you little frizzled top. If you would go home and help your mother wash the dishes you would get all the exercise that is coming to you. I want you to notice one thing about the dance, and the cards, and the theater, it is this that people never get too low to do these things. The cards, the dance, and the booze, go hand in hand. In the lowest down booze joint and gambling hells of any city, you will find the cards and the dance. An old hag down in the slum of a city never gets too low to dance or play cards. Thank God, people get too high. I have God to thank for a heaven-sent conscience on social purity, even before I became a Christian, but since a young man of nineteen, I have known the Christ and I have had not only a new inspiration but a new strength in trying to fulfill the command, "Keep thyself pure." I would not think or do a thing of shame, not because of its effect upon myself, either mentally or physically or socially, but because I know it

hurts the heart of my Father in heaven who has been so good and kind to me. And yet I know myself as you know yourself, and I say it without shame that the struggle of my life has been just along the line we have been discussing. And I have thought of a young man who had the inspiration of a Christian ideal who knew his Christ and had His help and His strength to keep his mind and his heart, if he could not give himself without harm to these things, what shall be said of the young man who has no such inspiration, and who does not know the Christ, and is a stranger to His help and strength and even though he cares to be pure, to say nothing about those who are not so concerned.

The Most Dangerous of the Two Crowds

I see here in my imagination a fourth-class saloon on a back street. In the rear end of the saloon is a black, dirty, pine table. On this pine table is a greasy deck of cards, and a bottle of liquor, and a little pile of coin. Around this table sit four old gamblers, who drink from the bottle and gamble with the cards for the little pile of silver. Take another scene. An elegant so-called Christian home; all members of the family have their names upon the church record. There is a series of beautiful carved-oak tables. On each

table lies a deck of pretty silk cards, and around each table is gathered an elegantly dressed company of people, three-fourths of whom are church members, some of them, possible, officials in the church. On the center table stands a beautiful cut-glass vase, and they are playing progressive euchre for the vase. Take these two pictures, and look at them for a moment. In the sight of God and the laws of our land the one is as much gambling as the other; both crowds should be arrested and brought before the courts for shooting craps.

There was on the bench in the city of Chattanooga, a short time ago, a judge who had the courage to so instruct the grand jury. As I look upon these two pictures, with my precious boy standing by my side, I speak the truth when I say I fear the latter more than I fear the former. The former will never get your boy, nor will it ever get any ambitious boy or any of our boys from the better circles of life. That old saloon, that old table, that old greasy deck of cards, those old gamblers, have nothing in them to captivate the boy or pull him from the paths of virtue. They would all have a tendency to drive him from the place of vice. But that elegant home, those beautiful tables, those silk cards, and that elegant group of polite society, the brilliant lights, and the delightful music, will

capture my boy and capture your boy. Our boys matriculate in the latter and graduate in the former. I tell you tonight men and women if the society crowd never gets your boy and girl that rough-neck crowd never will. They learn to play in the home. The social game is a kindergarten. A house of ill-fame is where they graduate and get their diploma.

A Dancing Teacher's Confession

Professor Faulkner, chairman of the Dancing Masters' Association on the coast, who had six private dancing schools of his own and had an income of \$1,000 a month, was converted, and gave them up; and if there was no harm in it, why did he not keep on? Prof. Faulkner said that he knew of one private dancing school that sent six girls into houses of ill-fame in three months. He talked with two hundred girls and found that one hundred and sixty-five fell as the result of the dance, twenty by drink, ten by choice, and seven from poverty. Where do you find the accomplished dancers? In the brothels; and they were taught in dancing schools.

Down in one of our eastern states a friend of mine was conducting a revival meeting and in the meeting one night a young man stood up and told this story. He said he had been married three years

when one morning as he was leaving the house the young wife said to him, "Dick, this has been a happy three years and you have been the best kind of a husband. You have given me everything heart could wish, but there is one thing more I want to ask."

Dick answered, "Of course, Molly, if there is anything that I can do, I will be glad to do it."

She said, "Dick, I wish you were a Christian."

He looked at her in surprise and said, "Molly, are you a Christian?"

She replied, "Yes, Dick, I belong to the church." But he said, "I want to ask you a question. You do not get drunk, do you?"

"Oh," she said, "Of course I don't. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Well," he said, "I don't either."

"Molly, you don't steal, do you?"

"Why," she said, "Have you lost your mind? Of course I don't steal."

"Well," he said, "I don't either."

"Molly, you play cards, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I don't see any harm in the cards."

"Well," he said, "I don't either."

"Molly, you dance, don't you?"

"Why yes, Dick," she said, "I love to dance."

He said, "So do I. Now, Molly, if you will show me where your life is any

better than mine, then I will be a Christian."

He walked out and left her. He had only gone a little way down the street when he returned to the house for something that he had forgotten. As he stepped in he saw Molly kneeling and sobbing. He knelt by her side and put his arms around her and said, "Molly, I did not mean to be harsh with you."

She said, "Oh, Dick, you were not harsh with me. I have been asking God to forgive me. I have been a good-for-nothing church member, an inconsistent Christian. God has forgiven me and I ask you to forgive me. I am going from now on to be a real Christian and show you that there is something in Christianity."

Dick went down to his office a little uneasy. He said as he stood in the meeting and told that story, "This happened fourteen months ago. I resolved that morning that if my wife made a success of her Christianity, and I saw a change in her life that lasted one year, I would be a Christian too, and I am here tonight a Christian of two months because of the consistent Christian life of my wife."

Wives, I say to you tonight, if you are going to win the husbands of this city for God you will have to go home and live a consistent life in the home. You can not be a soul winning Christian and play

cards and dance. If this was the only harm, it is harm enough, but remember, if you sow wine on the side board, you are going to reap drunkards. If you sow cards in the social game, you will reap gamblers. If you sow the dance in your parlor or in the high schools of your city, you will reap harlots. How many of you tonight, whether church member or not, do see harm in the cards? Stand on your feet. How many of you tonight will take a stand against these evils and go home to burn the cards and to renounce the dance? Come on, church members, this city needs a clean-up in the church.

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