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The Evils of Gaming and Gambling



m. p. HUNT

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**The Evils
of
Gaming and Gambling**

BY
M. P. HUNT



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THE EVILS OF GAMING AND GAMBLING.

Mark 15:24. "And when they had crucified him they parted his garments casting lots upon them, what every one should take."

Lev. 19:13. "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor."

Romans 12:17. "Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

Jeremiah 17:11 (Moffatt's translation). "Like a partridge hatching eggs it never laid, so is the man who makes money unfairly; it leaves him ere his life is over, and in the end he proves himself a fool."

Matthew 7:12 and 20. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."—"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

1 John 2:15. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Philippians 4:8. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

1. Cor. 8:13. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

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These Scriptures, with many others that might be quoted, afford me a background for what I want to write.

What amazes me, is that in the light of the Word of God and of observation, that any one should be put to, as some seem to be, to see the harm or evil of gambling.

One William Douglass Mackenzie, M. A., in a small booklet, "The Ethics of Gambling," says, "It has been assumed almost universally that it is impossible to prove that gambling is wrong." I venture the opinion that he is far afield in the foregoing statement. Anything like "universality" would certainly have to include the Christian world, that for the most part finds no difficulty in proving that gambling is wrong and only wrong.

Herbert Spencer, the great utilitarian philosopher of his day, saw the "wrong" of gambling in that the pleasure of one "is obtained at the cost and pain of another."

Mr. Mackenzie goes deeper in his philosophizing in his position that the "wrong" of gambling is to be seen in the dethronement or setting aside of "reason, conscience, and affection." He defines wrong in gambling, "that as the result of a bet, property is transferred from one to another upon the occurrence of an event which, to the two parties to the bet, was a matter of complete chance or as nearly so as their adjustment of conditions

could make it." More often than otherwise these conditions do not prevail and the loser is the victim of a practically sure thing that he was fool enough to buck. With the professional gambler the end justifies the means and rascality is a part of the game.

The gambling instinct seems co-evil with the race since the fall. So the problem is one with which all the civilizations of the ages have had to deal. Every civilization worthy of the name has undertaken its suppression by legislation. In spite of the law of God and many laws of man it promises to remain with us to the end of time. The best we may hope for, is its repression and restraint. This, however, is true of all laws against wrong doing. Great good has resulted from the measures enacted to crush and restrain this evil and the end is not yet.

Our most effective work may be done in schooling the rising generation against this monstrous evil and committing them against it. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." But alas, at this point, Christianity and teachers of morals are sadly falling down on the job. The statement is made on unquestioned authority that at Churchill Downs in Louisville, church officers bet on the races, and try to induce their fellow officers to do so. The pulpit is all too silent as to the ne-

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furious evil. A deacon in a leading church a few weeks since was in search of a tract against this captivating sin, saying that his Sunday school class of young ladies took the position that there was no harm or wrong in gambling. What is more significant the wanted tract was not to be found. That experience accounts for this deliverance, given first of all to my own people.

Not only so, card playing for prizes or "just enough stakes to make it interesting" abounds among the women of many of the more fashionable churches. Sometime since a card party on Saturday night proved so interesting that it continued until three o'clock Sunday morning, when one of the ladies noticing the time said, "I am to teach a Sunday school class and have not looked at the lesson." And yet in their blindness professionally good people claim to see no harm in parlor gambling.

Playing marbles for keeps has started myriads of boys on the way to ruin and yet for the most part Christian parents have not schooled their children as to the danger of this practice.

The manufacturers of sweetmeats are given to putting prize packages in their goods for the purpose of stimulating buying and thus they foster and develop the gambling instinct that needs to be repressed and young life schooled against. What is of the same sort, many Christians sell

such goods with no compunction of conscience. Worse still, as a rule Christian parents do not undertake to fortify their children against the temptation to buy such goods.

If some one is thinking, "a little thing," they are very much mistaken. "As the twig is inclined the tree will grow."

Gaming for prizes and small stakes has all through the ages yielded a harvest of blight and ruin. Suffer the following citations: J. Wilbur Chapman, a Presbyterian evangelist of wide usefulness, a generation ago was wont to tell how one day in a sermon he mentioned that he was going to Sing Sing for his next meeting and that at the close of the service a lady asked him if he would take a small package to her son, a convict in the prison there, and how on reaching Sing Sing, he went to the prison, met the young man and gave him the package. On looking, he found it to be a late photograph of his mother. As he looked at it he said, "Yes that is her, the hair is a bit grayer and the wrinkles a bit deeper." And so saying he offered to hand the picture back to Dr. Chapman when he was told he was to keep it. Bluntly he said, "I do not want it." Asked, in surprise why, he said, "It was in my mother's parlor that I learned to play cards and to drink and the twin sins led me to commit a crime that has placed me here for life." And yet card playing and petty

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gambling sisters go on in the way of darkness and death, insisting that they can see no evil in their course.

A young man who had learned to play cards and indulge in petty gambling in his mother's parlor, in time became a professional gambler. One morning following a meeting of a card club of which she was a member, she called this son to admire with her the beautiful prize she had won the night before and of which she was very proud. The son thought it an opportune time to reveal a side of his life hitherto concealed and so he said, "Why mother, I can beat that," and reaching in his pocket he exhibited a roll of bills won the night previous in a gambling resort. When she exclaimed in horror, "Why my son, you don't gamble for money do you?" His reply in effect was, "Yes, mother, you taught me and if what you did last night was right, you are without grounds on which to condemn me." And yet there are myriads of professedly Christian mothers who prefer darkness to light and who will not see. Woe betide them in the day of final reckoning.

Years ago there grew up a lad on the Kentucky side of the Ohio not far from Cincinnati. He was ambitious to be a lawyer. His parents were devout Presbyterians. The lad himself was a church member. In the hope of safeguarding their son against the wiles and temptations of a

great city, his parents found a home for him in a Presbyterian family. Of course he was surprised when he found this home indulging of evenings in social games of cards. When asked to join he at first declined; but later yielded to the overtures of the two young ladies of the home who insisted there was no harm in the way they played. The game soon infatuated him, and to tell a long story in a word he became a gambler and one night in a gamblers' row stabbed a man, and when the young ladies came to the jail to see him, do you wonder he declined to see them? Paul's motto, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend," would have saved that lad and scores of others from a similar fate.

I am here including a story of tremendous significance used by his permission from Evangelist C. H. Jack Linn's brochure, "Flirting With the Devil."

"My home is Oregon, Wis., on the main line of the Northwestern Railroad, just ten miles from Madison, the capital of the State. I am now about to describe a scene which took place on one of the trains between Oshkosh and Madison.

"In two of the seats facing each other sat three lawyers engaged in cards. Their fourth player had just left, and they needed another to take his place. 'Come, Judge, take a hand,' they

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said to a grave-looking magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but after repeated urging finally, with a flushed countenance, took a seat with them, and the play went on.

"A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the Judge from her seat near the end of the railway car. After the game had progressed for a while she arose, and with trembling frame and almost overcome with emotion approached the group. Fixing her eyes intently upon the Judge she said in a tremulous voice, 'Do you know me, Judge ——?' 'No, mother, I don't remember you,' said the Judge pleasantly. 'Where have we met?'

" 'My name is Smith,' said she. 'I was with my poor boy three days off and on, in the courtroom at Oshkosh, when he was tried for robbing some bank, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June.'

"All faces were now sober, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car, to listen and see what was going on. The sad looking woman did not give the Judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited she went on:

" 'He was a good boy if you did send him to jail. He helped us to clear the farm, and when

father was taken sick and died, he did all the work and we were getting along right smart. He was a steady boy till he got to card playing and drinking, and then somehow he didn't work after that, and he would sleep so late and I couldn't wake him. Then I knew he had been out so late the night before. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of the horses got killed when he had been to town one awful cold night. Son stayed late and I suppose they got cold standing out, and got scared and broke loose, and ran most home, but ran against a fence, and a stake ran into one of them; and when we found it next morning it was dead, and the other was standing under the shed.

" 'And so, after awhile he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothing on the farm. But he grew worse than ever and after awhile couldn't get work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit, and be a good industrious boy again; but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the morning I found he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off.

" 'After a time I got along as well as I could cleaning house for folks and washing, but I didn't

hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested and took to Oshkosh for jail, he writ to me.'

"By this time there was not a dry eye in the car and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking between sobs. But recovering herself she went on: 'But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here some place.' She looked about, and continued, 'Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. Blank, pointing to Attorney ———. And this is the man I am sure who argued against him,' pointing to Mr. ———, the District Attorney. 'And you, Judge ———, sent my boy to prison for ten years!'

"She wept and went on. 'Suppose it was right for that poor boy told me he did really rob that bank. But he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing cards most all the night and drinking. But, oh dear, it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't taken to playing cards, he might have been alive today. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play cards, he would say, 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for candy or cigars or something like that.'

"'And when we heard that the young folks played cards down to Mr. S———'s donation party, and that Squire R——— was going to get a

billiard table for his young folks to play at home, I couldn't do nothing with my boy. We used to think it awful to do that way when I was young, but it just seems to me as if everybody nowadays is going wrong into something or other.'

"These last words the old woman gave out between sobs, as her mind seemed to carry her back to her younger happier days.

" 'But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you Judge this way; but it just seems to me as if the very sight of them cards would kill me. Judge, I thought if you knew how I felt you wouldn't play on so. And then to think right here before all these folks. Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look to such as you.'

" 'Then,' she continued with emotion, 'I can't help thinking that if those who ought to know better than to do so, and those that are higher and more learned would set such an example my poor Tom would be alive today and caring for his poor old mother. But now there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor grandchild, my daughter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois.'

"A more eloquent sermon is seldom preached than was heard from that gray, withered old lady, trembling with age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I cannot recall half she said, as she, a poor lone beggared widow, stood before

those noble looking men, and pled the cause of the rising generation. The look those lawyers bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck.

"The little one stroked her gray hair and said: 'Don't cry, Grandma, don't you cry!'

"Eyes that were unused to weeping were red for a mile of that journey. It is just to say that when the passengers came to themselves, they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.

"I would like to believe that all who witnessed this scene on the train not far from my Wisconsin home never touched a card again. And, more, I should hope, and surely pray, that all who read this account will never touch a card again. Oh, Christians, you are to witness for Christ. His terms of discipleship are, 'Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow me.' Is it too much for HIM to deny ourselves cards, and such other amusements that set bad examples to others? God forbid!"

If this story unmoves you, then in my heart of hearts I pity you. Under a variety of circumstances tragedies of like nature are constantly taking place. Reader will your hands be clean along this line at the Judgment bar of God?

GREAT MINDS ON GAMBLING

As a farther background for what is to follow let me give you the mind of a few great souls as to gambling.

"Keep flax from fire and youth from gambling."—*Benjamin Franklin*.

"Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief."—*George Washington*.

"Gambling finds a man a cully and leaves him a knave."—*Cumberland*.

"Bets at first were like fool-traps, where the wise, like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies."—*Dryden*.

"Gaming with cards or dice or stocks is all one thing; it is getting money without giving an equivalent for it."—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

"All gambling since it implies a desire to profit at the expense of others, involves a breach of the tenth commandment."

Judge Hobson, one of the first minds of his day, declared: "The essence of gambling consists in the abandonment of reason and the inhibition of the factors of human control. . . . The practice of gambling is thus exhibited as deliberate reversion to those passions and that mental attitude which characterized the savage or pre-human man in his conduct and outlook."

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Arthur Meighen, one time Prime Minister of Canada, said, "The institution when you wipe away the verbiage, when you look down at the principle of its being, its heart and life, what is gambling? It is an effort to get the rewards of doing well by doing ill, an effort to get the prizes of life by injury to one's fellows instead of doing them good."

And it is well to remember that from playing marbles for keeps; from the social games in the parlor for prizes or for "just enough stake to make it interesting," all the way down the line to playing the stock market or bucking the game of the professional gamester is gambling. It all looks alike in the eyes of God. Sin is sin, wrong is wrong and right is right with Him. A very large percent of the detested gamblers started their downward road in some parlor in the way and manner that many church people now indulge and call it innocent.

CHRISTIANS OF ALL FAITHS AND ORDER AGAINST GAMBLING

A volume could be easily filled with the resolutions passed by Protestants and Catholics against gambling. Not once, but again and again the various faiths have gone to record against this insidious evil. The fact that all faiths, so many of them wide apart at many other points are a unit

against the perniciousness of gambling, speaks volumes in itself for the correctness of the ~~possession~~ *position* that gambling is wrong and only wrong. If there were really any question as to the wrong of gambling certainly one or more of the many sects would have championed a position seeking to justify it.

A HUMILIATING INCIDENT

Recently the Director of Safety in the City of Louisville, Ky., issued a rule against a petty gambling known as Bingo, save as it was played in churches. A few days later, churches were included in the prohibition. This brought forth a protest from Protestant and Catholic churches that were thus gambling so strong, that the rule against them was withdrawn and they were allowed to play again. This incident reflects no honor on the Director of Safety or upon the churches, that insisted upon being made an exception to a rule against gambling that was so demoralizing as to merit being clamped down upon by the police of the city. Not only so, since no distinction was made between churches that wanted to gamble and those that did not, the whole cause of Christianity suffered, though for the most part the Protestant churches are squarely against the evil.

Is some one wondering how came this situation when all faiths have gone to record against

gambling? Why, that is simple! Such churches as were for gambling ignored, or better, flaunted the deliverances of their various communions. The churches protesting against a police regulation, that forbids their gambling on their premises and the gambling of the individual professed follower of Christ, do put a club in the hands of those who wish to use it to fight Christianity.

KENTUCKY'S OUTSTANDING DISGRACE

Because of its bearing on the subject in hand a bit of Kentucky's history as to this evil is recited. In the eighties of the past century a gambling craze swept the State and conditions became so intolerable that the churches, the press and the commercial agencies of the State were a unit in demanding legislation for the restraining of the evil. The city of Louisville had a live Law and Order League that lent itself enthusiastically to the promotion of the movement for the enactment of legislation that would give relief. The two lawyers of this organization prepared a bill, took it to Frankfort and had it introduced. This bill made gambling a felony instead of a misdemeanor and directed that those found guilty must be both fined and imprisoned. It at once became a center of interest throughout the State, as well as in Frankfort. It placed a number of time serving members in the legislature between the "devil and

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the deep blue sea" in that a vote for it or against it might mean their political undoing. Consequently when it was up for consideration they found it convenient to be absent.

It was on March 22, 1886, the bill was up for consideration. Its enemies had caused its consideration to be postponed again and again; failing in their efforts to secure further delay, one of them offered an amendment, as follows: "Provided that this act shall not apply to any who may sell combinations or French pools or use any contrivance or machine in selling such on any running or trotting race to be run or trotted in the State."

Those members for the bill against gambling were told by their fellow legislators that favored gambling, that they could have their bill with this amendment or nothing. Deeming a half loaf better than nothing the bill as amended was passed. This iniquitous amendment came to be widely and justly known as "Kentucky's outstanding disgrace." This method of putting over vicious legislation has ever been in vogue among conscienceless and unprincipled legislators, with whom the end justifies the means. Some years later when the amendment was gotten before the Court of Appeals that court shocked the moral sense of the right minded people of the State by a decision that it was unconstitutional.

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This exception to a good law made at the behest of the evil forces of the State has proven an unmitigated curse. Only eternity will unfold the harm it has wrought in the wreckage of human lives for time and eternity. It has fastened upon the State for years a bipartisan political combination favoring gambling, that has largely dominated the political life of the State. In a word, it has put the evil and immoral forces in the saddle. It was this amendment that made it possible for Sam Jones to say on an occasion when rising to speak, "I am in Kentucky, the land where you raise one dollar boys and thousand dollar horses."

WHY DO PEOPLE GAMBLE?

Three reasons are assigned. To pass the time away, for pleasure, and the hope of gain. It may surprise you, but I am frank to admit that as a time killer, and worse, as a time stealer, gambling is a tremendous success. If gaming stopped at the mere passing away of time that were a tragedy since right minded people have no time to waste; but alas, in instances unnumbered time is taken that belongs to one's family, or position or that has been sacredly set apart to some worthwhile task.

Another serious aspect is that people who give much time to gaming come to lose in a measure their own self-respect, and to be thought of in a

way that is undesirable by their high-minded neighbors, to say nothing of their loss of standing in the eyes of God.

After all, is it not a reflection when people have much spare time on their hands. The great and good of earth have found time one of their scarcest commodities.

"Is there no place for recreation in human life?" does one ask. To be sure there is. But here again following in the wake of the world's greatest spirits, recreation of the most satisfying kind is to be found in a change of work. However I am making no war on innocent amusements; but I do dare to say that amusements that lead those indulging to give thereto time that belongs to other things is not innocent. Speaking out of the experiences of my fifty-three years as a minister, I have never known a Christian that had much power with God or man to have either love or time for the card table. Here are two of many Scriptures that condemn all who induge in cards. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." (1 John 2:15). Now if there is anything under heaven that is absolutely of the world it is cards. They are recognized the world over as "gambler's tools." They are the chief pastime in jails, prisons and houses of prostitution. A saloon without a supply of

cards would be an anomaly. The most ignorant and the most vile delight in them. The man or woman that loves cards loves that which comes first in the lives of the degenerate of the world. Surely Judge Hobson was right when he said, "The practice of gambling is thus exhibited as a deliberate reversion to those passions and mental attitudes which characterized the savage or pre-human in his conduct and outlook."

The writer was tremendously gripped recently by a statement to the effect that the hell of the next world would be to have a passion there for things indulged here and no means there of indulging them. Certainly therein is food for thought for all who have brought themselves to delight in that which God's word and His church unqualifiedly condemn and which has, and is, cursing human life wherever indulged.

After all, are games like cards and chess in which those indulging get so interested as to be dead to time and the call of duty, really to be classed as recreation? Is it not a fact that many, after an evening of such gaming, find themselves exhausted and compelled to rest? Are not those who talk of such indulgencies as recreation merely kidding themselves? And seriously can real Christians love and indulge in games that have the first place in the lives of the haters of God and His church? God and the card table; God and the

gambler's table have nothing, absolutely nothing in common.

Another Scripture that, if heeded, would forever make it impossible for any Christian to play cards or gamble, is Paul's position, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Card playing and gambling in any form by professed Christians are not only offensive to the best and most spiritual of God's people, but do most surely lower the standard of religion in the eyes of the world.

As to "playing for pleasure," let it be understood that all right-minded people believe in having a good time. That there is pleasure of a very exciting kind in card playing both observation and experience testify; but pleasure in card playing and gambling that offends against the Church, that hurts those indulging and that curses the social order should have no place in the lives of those who have sworn fealty to Christ and His bride, the Church.

However, there are recreations against which this indictment cannot be brought, and if one must indulge why not in these? Yea, there are recreations that refresh one's spirit, that bring quiet to one's nerves, and that bless the social order, and why not indulge in these if indulgence is felt to be desirable? It remains to be said that the most

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restful and the most joyous thing in the world is to have a conscience void of offense toward God, toward your fellow man and toward one's self as touching the indulgencies of life.

"Nothing between my soul and the Savior."

"'Tis heaven below my Redeemer to know."

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."

If there is no joy in the Lord, then there is no strength for service.

As to gambling for gain, that is *positively and outrageously wicked*. This is a truism. It is an effort to get the fruits of labor without earning the same. Gaming for gain violates the injunction, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," and is therefore contrary to the Word of God. Moreover, it does despite to the Mosaic Law, "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor." It runs counter to the golden rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." In a word, gambling is violently contrary to the spirit of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. The powers of darkness are pleased when Christians indulge and try to defend it, while all the powers that make for righteousness are grieved and humiliated.

GAMBLING IS THE BANE AND CURSE OF
ECONOMIC LIFE

The stock gamblers who led in the way of the orgy of speculation, that suddenly collapsed, ushering in the worst panic in the history of the world, are largely responsible for the wreck and ruin and the untold suffering entailed thereby. Of course, legitimate investors in stocks and bonds do not come within the purview of what I am saying. Such investments are a necessity in our economic life and are of inestimable value to the social order.

GAMBLING IS A DEADLY FOE OF THE LABORER

In my day I have seen the laborer's situation greatly improve and the end is not yet; but for the laborer that persists in gambling there is little that can be done. In spite of all the law to the contrary he who is bent on gambling finds or creates an opportunity.

Such laborers are invariably a curse to themselves, to their families, and to their employers. Rags, hunger and broken hearts stalk in the path of the laborer that is a gambler. The laborer that is addicted to gambling, once at the game is dead to the hunger of scantily clothed children, the burden of the broken-hearted and despairing wife, until the money that ought to have supported them is gone and then like a craven dog he slips

into the home and feeds himself on that which the wife in some way has gotten for the children. And yet card playing churchmembers think a game innocent that can and does lead a husband and father thus to deport himself. No one is so blind as they who will not see.

A modern labor leader says, "I have never found a gambling man yet who is a thrifty man." Arthur Henderson who speaks out of a large opportunity to know, says: "Gambling is a greater foe to labor than all the forces of capitalism." And yet every hell-hole of a saloon, with which again our land is cursed, is the nursery of the gambling spirit. And these vile places dare to call themselves the "working man's club." To be sure they have clubbed millions of them to death and left their orphan children and wives broken in spirit and body, a charge on the social order. Will not Christians who voted for the return of liquor with its twin evils of gambling and prostitution cower and cry for the mountains and hills to fall on them, when they face a holy God in the judgment?

The wrong of stock gambling lies in the fact that the gambler is seeking to get the wealth that labor produced without giving an equivalent therefor and in so doing he does not hesitate to rob the producer of the just reward of his toil. Nor is that all, if the gambler is successful his gains

ever come out of somebody's pocket. As for instance in cornering a market on some household product the poor are robbed to make him rich. Beecher was right. There is no difference, gambling is gambling. The world is envious of the man who succeeds in cornering the market on some commodity and thereby getting rich quick; but in the eyes of those given to seeing things from the viewpoint of the golden rule, such are objects of abject pity. To be sure such an one made a big gamble, pulled in a big stake; but that is only the half of the story, he is set to meet a big God, and receive a big sentence for a big eternity.

Is some one thinking, "Ah, well, that is according to an old worn-out theology which up-to-date people no longer believe." Reader, what you believe or do not believe will not ward off or affect the judgment which is inevitable. Your attitude does not speak for your deeper self. You are to be likened to a superstitious man, that whistled as he went through a graveyard after dark, to keep his courage up.

The preaching of Noah was scorned and his ark was a joke; but the flood came just the same. The enemies of Christ ridiculed His prophecy that after three days He would rise again; but His resurrection was not deterred thereby. There is a holy God and there abounds much gambling, all of

which, from marbles for keeps, from the parlor games for prizes or "just enough stakes to make it interesting," to the stock market gambler or the card sharp gambler, has to be answered for in the Judgment. "Old foggy, out-of-date," you say. Maybe so, but in the judgment day those holding to the position here advocated will be up-to-date and will hear the words of the Judge, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and the sentence of those who in life worshipped at the shrine of the gambler's god, will be "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." The devil has church members who gamble for prizes or "just enough stakes to make it interesting," just where he wants them. He can use such much more effectively than if they were out of the church. He is glad to have you believe a lie and to discover your error, to your unspeakable sorrow, when he can no longer use you.

GAMBLING AND CHARACTER

The great souled Ruskin put it, "Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall the vilest is betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice; you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance instead of the subject of true knowledge. . . . All incidents of egotism

are in this, and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the habit of winning, you turn yourself into the coarsest sort of a tradesman: those who live by speculation." He held without exception that the gambling habit injures both the winner and the loser. With this agree, all who have gone seriously into the ethical phase of gambling. The Right Honorable Lord Parmoor, "Whether he wins or loses, gambling leaves the gambler poorer than it found him, for in either case he is losing his manhood and character."

There are those who hold that gambling is necessary to the life of certain sports. If so, then the quicker such sports die the better. When one of the vilest and most degenerating habits that ever cursed the life of man is necessary to the keeping alive of any sport, that sport can only prove an unmitigated curse. Clean, healthy sports like football have been so cursed by the gambling craze that attached itself to them that in some instances institutions of learning have had to outlaw the game to get rid of the gambling.

The toleration of gambling on any occasion invites and brings thereto the offscourings of the earth. As to this read Rev. T. C. Crume's testimony. He was for ten years and more as pastor of the Latonia Baptist Church, hard-by the Latonia Race Track, and testifies that "For about two months each year the atmosphere of our city

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is saturated with the gambling spirit. Our streets, business houses and many homes are full of gamblers. The conversation on the street is gambling, gambling and more gambling. Those who are not talking are reading racing forms. The sole topic of the vast throng from everywhere, is betting. Men bet, women bet, children bet, men in the shop, store and factory bet. Handbooks are as plentiful as water and you can place a bet regardless of where you are."

Of the *aftermath* of this orgy of gambling, he says, "A wave of theft always follows the races. Houses are broken into, and citizens are held up and robbed on the streets. Negroes, thugs and rough necks get broke playing the races and then go to stealing. Citizens in some instances divide into shifts for guarding their homes at night. . . . A low, rough element always follows the races, and there is nothing too low for this class to do. The fact is, anybody who gambles is low in the sight of God. In the last analysis he is a thief, for he is out to get something for nothing. He may not be down and out in the eyes of the world, but he is 'up and out' in the sight of God."

Gambling is gambling, that in the parlors for prizes or "just enough stake to make it interesting" is the beginning, while the bookmakers and professed gamblers about the race courses and gambling dens are the finished product.

A further glance at this finished product as revealed in the headlines of the daily press of Louisville during the races of May, 1923, should carry a convincing lesson to all seeking the truth.

"THIEVES AND DIPS BUSY DERBY EVE."
—*Herald*.

"CRIMES INCREASE ON THE EVE OF THE DERBY. HOUSES LOOTED AND POCKETS PICKED AS THE THROGS FLOOD THE CITY."—*Courier-Journal*.

"NUMEROUS ROBBERIES REPORTED TO THE POLICE AS THE RACE CROWDS INCREASE."—*Herald*.

"SIX ARRESTED AS PICK POCKETS AND GIVEN THIRTY DAYS. ONE ACCUSED OF ROBBING AN EXCITED RACE BETTER WHILE OTHERS CALMED HIM."—*Courier-Journal*.

"111 CASES ON THE COURT DOCKET. POLICE TRIBUNAL JAMMED; MANY HELD AS VAGRANTS TAKEN AT THE TRACK."—*Courier-Journal*.

The tragedies of race track gambling would fill a large volume. I have many of them before me. Tragedies of other forms of gambling would fill many volumes. A volume of three hundred and more pages published a hundred years ago lies before me and I find it largely made up of such tragedies.

Moral and intellectual paralysis follows in the wake of the gambler. This we are assured is not surprising since, "the gambler's outlook on life is the most contracted and most miserable thing imaginable."

The book maker, the man who has sold himself to do evil, who glories in taking in suckers, who is void of conscience and seemingly of soul is to be shunned as you would a gang of robbers. Recently one of these in a better moment, urged those close to him to steer clear of the whole gambling craze.

That anybody, even a knave, let alone some who pose as spiritual leaders, should be put to find arguments, that gambling, all gambling from the parlor up, or down, as you may want to put it, is wrong and only wrong, seems all but inconceivable. To put it bluntly, the gambler, the finished product, and there could be no finished product if there were not beginnings, dethrones God, conscience, and reason that he may worship at the shrine of luck and rascality.

H. Clay Trumbull, a great outstanding Christian leader in his day, held with great force to the position, "that one of the very chief evils of gambling is the bringing of its votaries to trust to luck rather than to God and one's rightful endeavor." "Gambling," he held, "in any form whatsoever is at variance with sound business principles, and its tendencies must inevitably be always

pernicious. In the progress of the centuries gambling has come to be an outlawed occupation under the best governments of the world—civil governments, military governments, school and family governments.”

And yet in the face of all this many of the gamblers of tomorrow are getting started today in the parlors of Christian homes.

LOTTERIES, RAFFLES AND SUCH LIKE

Does some one “morally shot” rise to enquire, “Is it not a fact that the time was, not so long ago, when lotteries and raffles and other similar devices were used to get money for church, library and school buildings and so forth?” Even so, but the fathers in the light of experience saw the moral degeneracy of the custom and outlawed it. Think you, that but for the manifest wrong of such a custom it would have ever been outlawed?

Of Monte Carlo, one of the greatest gambling centers of the world, Rev. J. B. Culpepper in his brochure “Gambling,” says, “It is said to be a promontory, on the shore of southern France—a promontory only eight miles square, but all critics of beauty say it is absolutely perfect—by far the most beautiful little kingdom on earth, for a kingdom it is, with about fifteen thousand people. The capital has some four thousand inhabitants, and is capitalized at five million dollars. Since its start in 1858 it has equalled if not surpassed, Paris in the magnificence of a number of its structures.

"The place has been called 'a garden of glory, bordered in blood.' No prospect is lovelier, but no spot is viler. It has been said that under every leaf, a cobra coils and beneath every cluster and square of this lovely landscape uneasily there lies a corpse. Indeed it is as if every flower were growing out of the skull of a suicide or one murdered. . . . And it has been frequently said that not a day passes, when some one who has lost all, descends that well-worn, familiar stairway, down, down, down,—when in the dark a pistol shot blots out a life which was once a mother's joy and a father's pride." Here the gambling god is supreme and murder and suicides abound. But if one wants to see this evil in all of its horridness he has but to gain admission to any of the gambling dens that infest our centers of population.

GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING AGAINST MORAL REFORM

The Bell Telephone Company, the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies, and to a large extent the metropolitan press of the land, in ways that cannot be ethically justified, lend themselves to the gambling evil. Say what you may about business being business; but when a gambling den or a bookmaker's quarters are raided and a half dozen or more phones found installed and not listed or when the telegraph companies supply these places with secret wires, or when a

newspaper, for the money it gets out of it, gives as sporting news, the data that supplies the information wanted by those who would gamble, they all become morally guilty in the eyes of God and all truly good people.

Money is not the only thing, and business has a soul, whether those engaged therein will have it so or not. In the eyes of the members of some, their corporation may be soulless, but not so in the all-seeing eye of God. The question as to whether the revenue derived from gambling is essential to the life of certain corporations, has nothing to do with the question of the moral principle at stake. No business under high heaven can justify the doing of that which is morally wrong, that it may exist. That gambling is morally wrong is the united testimony of civilization, of the Church and of God and His word. Any institution that must resort to wrong doing deserves to die.

THE WORD OF GOD, THE WORD OF HISTORY, THE WORD
OF CONFESSION, VOICE A UNITED VERDICT
AGAINST GAMBLING IN ANY AND
EVERY FORM

As a justification for the new view of things, now seeking public favor, the "modern day" in which we are living is put forward. The day in which we are living is confessedly new as compared with that of our forebears; but not more so

than that of the coming generation promises to be; but right and wrong do not change with the changes of time. God's decrees as to right and wrong are as eternal as God Himself. He and they abide the same, yesterday, today and forever. Peoples may undergo a change of belief as to what is right and what is wrong, and about what is wrong and what is right there may be honest difference of opinion, but principles never change. And who in the light of God's word and the sordid story of gambling that will rise up to question that the principle of gaming for gain is wrong?

The Bible was some fifteen hundred years in making and has been a completed volume of sixty-six books, with some thirty-five different authors scattered through the period of its making for more than eighteen hundred years, and the principles of right and wrong enunciated therein are as true today as when first promulgated. Gambling judged by every moral standard worthy of the name, has ever been wrong and must so remain forever.

Let us look at gambling in the light of just two or three of many scriptures that condemn it. In Matthew 7:15-20, Jesus in a warning against false teachers, would have us to judge a tree by its fruit. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. . . . Wherefore by their fruit ye shall know

them." That gambling is a corrupt tree and that its fruits are evil and only evil is the verdict of all including many of the gamblers themselves. It is the king of bad habits in that it is the foe of all that is good, the ally of all that is bad and vicious. The professional gambler is the outlaw of the social world and the victim of moral paralysis. Gambling wrecks the individual, the family, and often the business that unfortunately has a gambler in it. Thousands that would otherwise have gone straight, have, that they might have money to gamble with, betrayed their trusts, blighted their future and disgraced their families. Worse fruit than that which follows in the wake of gambling is not to be found anywhere. Paul in a way sums up the ethics of his teaching in Philippians 4:8: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things." Herein we have a credal statement good for all the ages and for all sorts and conditions of humanity. A creed that has times without number proven itself to possess marvelous lifting power for sin-cursed humanity. No one can honestly seek to live up to the standard here set by the great Apostle to the Gentiles and countenance gambling in any form or to any extent anywhere.

The whole history of gambling is one of shame, debauchery, blight and ruin. It has been always and everywhere an unmitigated curse to the social order. It has killed thousands of wives and mothers by the inch and damned its votaries for time and eternity. If only space permitted, instances without number might be cited. The gamblers that in the providence of God have had their eyes open are by all odds the strongest witnesses against the evil. Does someone dare to ask, "Preacher, don't you know that many prominent church people, including officers, do play cards for pastime, where prizes are offered or, for 'just enough stake to make it interesting?' Sorry to say I do so know, nor is that all I know; not a few such, including church officials here in Louisville go to the races and bet on them, and further I know that they must answer therefor at the judgment bar of God.

"But say, Mr. Preacher, you will admit that many of them are very fine people?" I certainly will. Many of them have many good qualities and fine personalities, but whatever of the good and lovely they possess, is, in spite of their gambling proclivities. They hurt themselves in the eyes of God, of their fellow Christians who see harm in gambling and in their own esteem by their indulgence. Had you thought how if a professional gambler was facing death and asking for a spirit-

ual guide, none of those Christians indulging in gambling to any extent would be acceptable to him? This is no guess. It has been tested.

Again the Word says, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his" and surely the gambling spirit is utterly foreign to the spirit of Christ. "Do you unchristianize all who do play cards for prizes or small stakes?" Let me ask, do you deny that the gambling spirit, is utterly foreign to the spirit of Christ? "Many," one may say, "who do not play cards do things that are worse." Possibly so, but who made you a judge? Let us not in that way beg the question. The issue under consideration is the sin of gambling in any form or to any extent, any time or anywhere or for any cause whatsoever.

No, I do not unchristianize all who play cards for prizes or for "just enough stake to make it interesting." Be that far from me. What I am doing is laying down the Word of God by their lives. The best that can be said for such, however, is that if Christians at all, they are sadly in need of light. The devil of pleasure sure has them blindfolded and what logic and reason may not do the Spirit of God surely will do if once given the right of way in their hearts.

As to what history has to say about gambling, enough has already been given to show that it condemns from start to finish gambling in every shape, form and fashion. Evangelist Culpepper,

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in his brochure, "Gambling," quotes authorities to the effect, "that 90½ of our boys play marbles for keeps; 70% of our men bet on baseball; 40% of our so-called society women gamble at cards; 25% of our church folks gamble in some form; 75% of our professional gamblers, by actual poll, started with social cards, held in a woman's hands, and in a woman's parlor." How in the face of the last clause of the foregoing can any Christian have the face to say, "they can see no harm" in such gaming?

As to the Word of Confession, every converted gambler without an exception has, in the strongest possible language pronounced against the whole damnable business root and branch. And that is but half of the truth. Gamblers all through the centuries with no pretense to religion or good morals have witnessed unqualifiedly as to the pernicious and many-sided evil of gaming for gain.

Reader, in the light of this brief, but it's to be hoped somewhat pungent, deliverance what stand will you take. What is to be your line-up?

Some will get mad, fume and bless out the writer, while noisily declaring they would rather risk the chance of the petty gambling, card-playing churchmember than that of one who holds to the views herein expressed. But that won't get you anywhere, save a momentary satisfaction of a spirit that in and of itself is antichristian. The

writer is an old man, and the end of his earthly career cannot be far away. He does not dread hate and opprobrium as he once did; nor is he as jubilant over praise as in the years that are past. A conscience void of offense toward God and man is now the chief concern. If the parlor petty gambling church members are safe, then those of the convictions of this tract are doubly so. If such are not safe then there is a possibility that those holding views more in accord with the Bible and the spirit of Christianity may be. The glory of God and the good of the rising generation have motivated what is here written.

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