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## **THE DEVIL'S BIG THREE**

**By C. O. Jones**

Fourth Thousand

Pentecostal Publishing Company  
Louisville, Kentucky

Written in approximately 1914

The following phrase in this booklet, verifies the year 1914 as the approximate date when  
it was written: "For instance, some two years ago (1912)..."

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## **THE DEVIL'S BIG THREE -- THEN VERSUS NOW**

"The Devil's Big Three" in 1999, the year this digital publication is being created, are no  
doubt not the same as they were 85 years ago in 1914, and, if Jesus tarries, they will not be the  
same in future years as they are now. What does the reader think "The Devil's Big Three" are now  
-- in the year he or she is reading this text? While his specific devices may continually change, his  
goal remains the same: the degeneration, degradation, and damnation of as many souls as possible.  
-- DVM

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## **INTRODUCTION**

"The Devil's Big Three" -- A sermon on the theater, social cards, and the dance, by C. O.  
Jones, evangelist of the Oklahoma Conference.

The theater, social cards, and the dance are some of the devil's most effective instruments in destroying the influence of the Church as a soul-saving institution. We are sending forth this pamphlet praying and trusting that God may, at least in some small way, use it in helping to stem the tide of worldliness that is sweeping ever the Church.

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"And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."  
Matt. 5:29.

What did Jesus mean by this right eye and this right hand? He evidently meant to say that there are people who have their right eye and right hand sins. In other words, there are men and women who love certain sins as dearly as they love a right eye and a right hand, and it would be as hard for them to give up these sins as it would for them to have a right eye plucked out or a right hand cut off. I believe there are people in every community, and it may be I am speaking to some of them now, who would gladly walk into a doctor's office and have an eye plucked out or a hand cut off if they knew by so doing they could continue to follow their sins all the days of their lives, and then go to heaven when they come to die. The Lord made no mistake when He said right eye and right hand sins -- darling sins -- sins you hug to your bosom -- sins you roll under your tongue like a sweet morsel.

The sins I shall discuss at this hour are some popular amusements. I am sure there are some who will disagree with me when I say that the things I am going to speak of are the greatest hindrances to the work of the Church of God in saving souls. The reason I say this is because these institutions are patronized by a large number of church members and sometimes church members own and control these places of amusements.

The three things that I shall discuss are the theater, cards, and the dance. I am sure no one in this audience expects me to stand here and defend either of these institutions. If I should defend the theater, social cards, and the dance, there are not a half dozen sinners in the crowd who would want to ever hear me preach again. But if these things are right, every preacher ought to defend them and help support them. Will you church members who patronize these things, be honest with me? How many of you would have any respect for your pastor if he went to shows, played cards, and danced like you do? Honor bright, answer my question. You know you would have no faith in his religion. Then, if you could not respect your pastor's religion if he did these things, I ask you how can you expect anybody to have any faith in you or respect your religion if you do these things?

I beg every honest person in this presence to give me an honest hearing. Don't get mad. Listen to what I have to say. I am going to bring to you evidence from all sources upon this subject. After I have piled up this mass of unanswerable argument then if you want to continue to patronize and support these abominable institutions, it is up to you. I am going to speak my honest convictions without fear or favor. If the plain truth offends you, I cannot help it. By the help of God I hope to deliver this message as though I would if I knew it were to be the last sermon I am ever

to preach. If it should be my last appeal, I want to so discharge the duty of this hour that I may go to the judgment bar of God clear of the blood of any soul in this congregation.

C. O. Jones

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Part 1

## THE THEATER

If I should only give you my opinion on this subject of the theater, and your opinion did not agree with mine, then it would be one man's opinion against another man's opinion. But if I give you my opinion, supported by testimony from different sources, then it is your opinion against a tremendous lot of evidence. A man is a bigot or a fool who will put his opinion up against the tremendous amount of evidence I am going to bring you in this discussion, showing the evils of the theater.

### What Authors And Critics Have Said

The great European historian, Mr. Lecker, says in his book on Rationalism in Europe: "The theater in the middle ages brought about the degradation of the church and religion."

Macaulay declared concerning the English theater: "From the time that the theater was opened, they became the seminaries of vice."

Sir Walter Scott said: "The theater was only a place for people to indicate an unrefined taste."

Mr. Dumas, the writer, said: "Let me say once for all, you must not take your daughters to the theater."

Clement Scott Londons, distinguished theatrical critic, says: "It is nearly impossible for a woman to remain pure who adopts the stage as a profession."

Charles Reggs, the dramatic critic of the Pittsburgh Gazette Times, says: "It represents in some respects the most violent worldliness, the most flaunting immorality, the most defiant sin, and the most vicious influences. It seduces and corrupts under our very eyes. It is not to be ranked with the saloon, but it does more harm, for it gets the girls."

### What Actors Have Said

Edwin Booth: "I never permit my wife and daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character."

Garrick, one of the world's greatest tragedians, would not allow his own children to go to the theater.

Macready, one of the most famous of English tragedians, would not allow his wife or children to see a theatrical performance unless he had first seen and passed upon it.

John Gilbert, an old actor of wide experience, wrote: "I say as an actor, without any hesitation, theaters have a very bad influence upon nearly all people, especially the young."

Mareachy, an actor, said: "None of my children shall ever, with my consent, on any pretense enter a theater or have any visiting connection with actors or actresses."

Anna Held gave out an unqualified condemnation of the stage. "She said she would rather see her daughter dead than compelled to earn her living as a chorus girl." Miss Held engaged in a campaign trying to persuade young girls to keep off the stage. Hear what she said. "Mind you, I am speaking both as Mrs. Florence Ziefgeld, Jr., the wife and mother, and Anna Held, the actress, and cannot warn young girls too strongly not to choose the stage as a means of livelihood. It's dangerous, very dangerous. Young women, unless they are possessed of the greatest talents, and alas, how few of them are, should shun the stage as the bubonic plague. Why? Because those that get along must do so only at the cost of their innocence and their reputations. Conditions behind the footlights, especially for the chorus and show girls, are something horrible to think of. In most musical plays the girls are absolutely at the mercy of the owner of the theater. Why, there are a half a dozen theaters -- I could name off-hand -- controlled, indeed owned, by millionaires, and these men and their friends have all the privileges of the stage during the rehearsal and performances. Their object is obvious. A girl with a pretty face is soon at their mercy."

Here is an argument coming from back of the footlights against the stage which its defenders will find hard to answer. It should be remembered that Miss Held has had an experience covering many years, and she knows what she is talking about.

Dr. Spencer, the editor of the Central Christian Advocate, published at Kansas City, about the year 1910, published in his paper the "Confession of an Actress." I will give you some quotations from this confession. "Not long ago a friend of mine said to me: 'My daughter is anxious to prepare herself for the stage. I have tried to dissuade her, but it seems to be of no use, and I'm afraid I must let her have her own way. To what dramatic school would you advise me to send her?' 'Well,' said I, 'You might give her a preparatory course in vice. I meant just about that. In the whole theatrical fabric there is almost nothing that is not attended by immorality, indecency, or dishonesty, and too frequently by all.

"After a period of service covering more years than I like to confess, I am convinced that the theatrical business is the most corrupt in the world; corrupt from every possible viewpoint; corrupt commercially, educationally, artistically, and morally. I am heartsick every time I see a fresh young face in the ranks. I can note the instant when the telltale marks that reveal the working of the poison begin to appear. And I want all fathers and mothers to hear me say that I would rather, oh, a thousand times rather, see my daughter with the pure lily of death in her waxen fingers than the glow of the footlights for one moment upon her flushed face. Sometimes I am filled with so much loathing for this unholy profession that I am ashamed of the very applause that is the only fascination of the stage. I loathe it, and I remain in its shadow."

This actress goes on to say that those who defend the stage say theatrical people are no worse than others, but they are in the limelight continuously. But she says: "The truth of the matter is that publicity reveals no hint of the awful conditions that too often prevail. The truth is too terrible for publication, and the vast mass is never exploited' in print. It could not be. Morally, the vast portion of the stage is as corrupt and vile today as was ever the court of the profligate Charles the Second or Louis the Fourteenth."

Listen to this actress as she continues: "Every year the stage swallows up an army of pretty, fresh-cheeked young women for its choruses. These girls are the quickest to succumb to the temptations surrounding them. One season, perhaps two, and almost certainly not more than three, have they lost their fresh beauty which was their chief stock in trade. They drop from their ranks, and none dare ask where they have gone. Of these girls not one per cent rises in the business, not one per cent stays in it, not one per cent escapes the damnation that withers soul and body ere the years of youth have fairly passed."

If you will not believe preachers, hear this actress as she continues. "From the manager to the call boy, the vast majority of men behind the curtain line are insatiable in the pursuit of vices which recoil and take their own terrible revenge, and they have no scruples in their manner of securing the indulgences which destroy them morally and physically. From the moment a girl enters the manager's office she is almost certainly doomed if she has beauty. If she has no beauty she may as well stay away. The manager may or may not be one who connives to destroy her, but he is a cynic at best, and if he does not plan her destruction himself, he is quite willing to pass her on to someone else who will. There are many companies, and they are almost the rule rather than the exception, where no woman can hold her position who refuses any advances that may be made her by the owner, the manager, or the star. One of our greatest stage managers is noted for the fact that no girl ever withstood his advances and held her position."

This actress tells of a girl who had been practicing for her first matinee. She was young. She had a beautiful face. Her physique was faultless. After the first performance, the manager called to her from across the stage: "Come here," he said, "I want you." She came over to where he stood. "I want you to go with me between this performance and the evening show," and he told her in the most unmistakably coarse words where he wanted her to go. The girl's breath was stopped. She trembled and tried to speak, and at last broke down and cried. The tears gave her some relief, and restored to her voice enough to refuse. He lifted up his great, flabby paw, and slapped her. "You will go with me," he exclaimed, "or I will fire you! Moreover, I will blacklist you! You can never get another job on the stage! I will give you twenty minutes to get into your street clothes."

It is a rare exception you find anybody on the stage or conducting the business that is pure. Mrs. Peak, who was converted, became a preacher. I heard her preach. She said she was on the stage seven years and never knew but four women to come off the stage pure.

What Some Theatrical Managers Say

A. M. Palmer, one of the oldest and most successful theatrical managers, says: "The themes of the theaters are now as they ever have been, the passions of men, ambitions and jealousy, leading to murder; anger leading to madness; lust leading to adultery and death."

In 1909 Charles Burnham, the manager of Wallack's Theater, and president of the association of theater managers of Greater New York, was invited to deliver an address before the Entertainment Club of New York. The club was holding its thirty-third annual meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Burnham was the guest of Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Club. Mr. Burnham said: "You society folk are the persons who make the theater what it is today, and what it should not be; I must say, even at the risk of being considered ungallant, that the women among you are to blame more than the men."

Bringing that charge brought a buzz of excitement among the magnificently gowned and richly bejeweled women who attended the reception. It looked for a moment like there would be an outburst of indignation, but soon they quieted down, and Mr. Burnham continued. Said he: "There should be no indelicacy, impurity, or indecency on the stage, but the trouble is the manager, if he wants to succeed, must cater to the audience. But who is to blame for this state of affairs? Every self-respecting manager would like to be a Henry Irving or an Augustin Daly. But New York is a town of sensations. Let word be passed that something broad or indelicate is being presented in a theater, and the whole city runs wild, while some play of merit -- bright, good, but without a sensation, has a hard struggle for existence, and nine tithes out of ten is laid on the shelf."

Mr. Burnham continues: "If women did not patronize these shows, they could not exist. Therefore, I say that the women in society are more to blame for the present shocking condition of affairs than are the men. To illustrate the attitude of the public toward decent and indecent production, I say that *As You Like It*, drew \$220 a night in Wallack's Theater, \$170 of which was in the gallery, while *Sapho* drew \$18,000, and society paid \$10 and \$15 a seat. One of the most popular stars of the American stage got less than \$200 a week as Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*, while that broad farce, *The Cuckoo*, drew \$1800 a night. The manager knows what is best for the public, but the public knows what it wants. If the manager sticks to his ideas and ignores the public, he will die poor, as did Lester Wallack, who flatly refused to recognize the change in the taste of the public."

And this is what the president of the Theatrical Association of the greatest show city in the world says about society and the present rotten condition of the stage.

#### What Papers And Editors Say About The Theater

Dr. J. M. Buckley, one of the greatest men and possibly the greatest editor this nation has ever produced, some years ago investigated sixty plays acted in the so-called best theaters in New York, covering a space of three years. Here is his statement: "Nearly every play of popular reputation is open to the following charges. Christian principles are not accepted as the rule of morals. True religion is never praised but usually ridiculed. Wickedness is made to give amusement. Crimes that would call down the wrath of God upon their perpetrators are systematically made to provoke laughter. Oaths and profane expressions abound. Where there is a moral it is usually disposed of in the fifth act. The detailed analysis of a great many of those plays

is like the opening up of a foul sewer. Vulgarity, profanity, hypocrisy, covetousness, drinking, gambling, jealousy, infidelity, and murder make up the plots and interesting scenes. It may be a surprise to musicians to learn that four-fifths of the classical grand operas are open to these same charges."

The editor of the Central Christian Advocate quotes the following from one of the dailies: "There was a time when even New York wouldn't allow a very naughty attraction. Of course, part of New York would always go to such performances. But society stayed away. Things have changed now. According to critics, The Queen of the Moulin Rouge is just about as untamed an affair as ever sought popular favor. And, according to those same critics, the Queen of the Moulin Rouge has received what it desired -- the patronage of society. At the Circle Theater where the comedy is given every night, and sometimes twice a day, the house is overflowing at every performance. And it is society -- that kind which wears diamonds and lives on Fifth Avenue and other notable streets -- that forms the audience, too."

The Chicago Times says: "Twenty-five years ago such an exhibition as is now nightly made in the modern comic opera, in the most matter-of-fact way, would have come well nigh to landing the whole party in the police station."

The Philadelphia Press says: "The stage has reached that point of degradation which Dr. Johnson deprecated and Lord Byron deplored."

The Memphis Appeal, years ago said: "The stage has lost about all the respectability that it ever had."

The New York Evening Post: "Not only is Salome, against which there was such strong protest two years ago, being produced regularly, but there are at least four plays in hitherto reputable theaters so indecent or dealing with such disgusting themes that they would not have been tolerated a few years ago. If this present rage for nudity and portrayal of lives of immorality continues, we shall soon reach a pass where it will be folly to assert that we have any standard at all."

Of all that I have heard or read on the prostitution and vileness of the stage, the most fearful arraignment is brought by Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, the editor of the American Magazine. This editorial appeared about 1910. He says:

"They are brutish and appeal to the beast that lurks within us all. In men it is called sensuality. In women it is called curiosity. It pays the wine bills in the brothels of New Orleans, Chicago, and Denver. 'A Spicy Salad with Very Little Dressing,' and 'The Show that Made Trenton Famous' are some of their advertisements. If Faust elevated the startled eyebrows of a generation ago, what would have been thought of 'The Devil' which has all the diabolism of 'Faust' modernized and vulgarized, without one redeeming touch of the great drama's poetic and moral beauty." "Ten years ago," says Mr. Adams, "we did not chuckle over adultery or joke about prostitution. Orange Blossoms were suppressed as being beyond twentieth century tolerance. Anna Held in her plays has gone from bad to worse, and in her train have come others, until we find a definite proportion of the stage given over to such productions." Mr. Adams names and discusses a

number of these vulgar plays which have had such a great run, such as Miss Innocence, The Girl from Rectors, The Blue Mouse, and The Queen of the Moulin Rouge. Frankly put, the one interest of The Queen of the Moulin Rouge is sexual. As every one is supposed to know, The Moulin Rouge is a famous Parisian resort frequented by prostitutes and their followers. This is the environment and atmosphere of the whole play. A young king, out for a good time with his attendant courtiers and his fiancé, who, to prove that she is no prude, becomes Queen of the Moulin Rouge. The climax of the first act comes in the parade across the stage of oats bearing a woman clad only in fleshing. In the second act the curtain rises on the house with the green shutters which, in the course of events, is raided by the police, the women being bundled off to the station, where they are placed in cells. The women in their cells she ordered to undress. They strip down to the most rudimentary underclothes to the music of a song entitled "Take that off too," the fronts of the cells, of course, being open to the audience. They then proceed to resolve the trimmings of their hats into stockings, skirts, etc., clad in which they sally forth to dance joyously. What do you think of a vile play like this? And yet this very play has been exceedingly popular. Surely virtue has been trampled under foot, and lust and harlotry enthroned when the public clamors for such exhibitions. My God, where are we drifting? If we don't stop soon we will have no sense of modesty and decency left. You may curse me and abuse me if you will, but as long as God gives me breath, I will call attention to such vulgar exhibitions and denounce them with all the power God gives me.

In January, 1914, Evelyn Nesbet Thaw gave a performance in Richmond, Virginia. She was arrested for outraging public decency. The court released her. I suppose that was right. You can't outrage public decency when the public has no decency. The arrest of this harlot proved a great advertisement. That night the theater was packed and jammed to see this little harlot perform, who is absolutely without virtue as a woman, and without merit as an actress. Hear what Dorothy Dix says about this woman: "For no woman of our day has been so written about or discussed; no woman -- not Barnhardt, nor Julia Marlowe, nor Maud Adams -- has ever receive such preposterous salary as she gets for a few minutes appearance on the stage." What must be the moral depths into which people have sunken who will give their financial and moral support to a stage performance which is disgraced by Evelyn Thaw.

Before leaving the subject of the stage, I want to speak of "The Salome Dance." "It is the creation of Oscar Wilde, who was a polluted beast and died in prison." A London paper advertised this dance in these very words: "The most delicious embodiment of lust ever put on the stage." The idea of taking a scene from the New Testament and making a woman dance a licentious dance on the stage ought to be absolutely shocking to all decent people. In the Salome Dance a woman who has but little clothes has a representation of the head of John the Baptist in her hands. She tosses this head into the air and dances, kicking up her heels, and sings a "Don't Care Song."

When Gipsy Smith was in Kansas City, this performance was being pulled off daily, with great crowds attending. In a men's meeting held by Gipsy Smith in which there were ten thousand men, Rev. Dr. Silcox, offered a resolution, which was seconded by Judge John G. Park, asking the court to abate the nuisance. The judge before whom the matter was brought was not a Christian. Here is his decision: "As to the performance itself, it may be said, generally speaking, that any public exhibition that at first blush shocks the average intelligence of a community is harmful and demoralizing and should receive the condemnation of the courts. The evidence in this case shows



that the Don't Care Song and the Salome dance are obnoxious to public morals, and are offensive against the better instincts of mankind, and ought not to be tolerated in a Christian community. The song is replete with lewd and immoral suggestions, and the Salome dance in which an imitation head of St. John the Baptist is tossed about is simply revolting and so debasing in its character and debauching in its influence on public morals as to constitute a public nuisance which a court of equity has jurisdiction to and should suppress."

But after all this testimony, some will say there are some decent plays, and a few decent people on the stage, and why not patronize them. Listen to me: the general trend of the theater is bad and very bad, and no Christian can afford to support any institution whose general tendency is evil. You may get one clean show out of a dozen, but you can't afford to go through a great mass of corruption to get something good. Then, if you know what is good and only attend the clean shows, many others do not discriminate, and your example becomes bad. Then another reason why we should stay away from the theater is, the same managers that put on the good shows put on the bad, and we are helping to support an institution whose bad influence by far outweighs its good. For instance, some two years ago (1912) the same man brought two plays to Kansas City. One was "The Devil Staged;" this was one of the most corrupt plays ever staged. The other, "Parsifal," which was founded on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Think about a lot of actors as acting out The Devil Staged, then a similar gang of foul, debased, corrupt, fallen men and women, acting out a play on the Lord's Supper, and a lot of church people saying that is a great Bible lesson, I will go to see it. Such a thing is revolting, sacrilegious, and an insult to Jesus Christ. Think of such a sacred thing as the Lord's Supper as being made a matter of entertainment and amusement. I make this challenge, that if you will cut out the immorality, cut out the nudity, cut out the leg shows, cut out everything that is unwholesome and impure, and with the present debased appetites and demands of the public for that which is questionable, and impure, in twelve months a large per cent of the theaters will be closed up for the want of patronage. No Christian can afford to patronize the theater, which teaches so many lessons of immorality, debases so many men, and robs so many girls of their purity.

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## Part 2 SOCIAL CARDS AND GAMBLING

The best of authority on the relation of social cards to gambling says nine-tenths of all the gamblers got their start in the home, and a large number of them in the so-called Christian home. I am well acquainted with a man in my home city whose wife said she would teach her boy to play cards, and entertain him at home, so he would not go out and get into bad company. That boy became an expert at cards and became a blackleg gambler, and when he went to marry he went to a house of disrepute for his wife. The father and mother of this boy are leading members of one of the churches in our city. You just as well talk about having your boy study Law so he won't be a lawyer, study medicine so he won't be a doctor, or teach him to drink liquor so he won't be a drunkard, as to teach him to play cards so he won't be a gambler. And any mother who has a speck of sense ought to know it. The social game in the home is where the boys matriculate, and the gambling hell is where they graduate. The home where social cards are played is the antechamber to the gambling den.

## Card-Playing Church Members Not Soul-Winners

I never saw a card-playing, theater-going, dancing, church member who was a soul-winner. These things destroy spirituality and kill the influence of church members for leading souls to Christ.

When I lived in Cleveland, Tennessee, a revival was in progress. A young woman who belonged to the church, one night, approached a young man in the congregation and asked him to go forward and become a Christian. He looked at her and said: "We play cards, dance, and go to theaters together. I am as good as you are. You go up there and get religion yourself." The world has no confidence in such sham Christians, and if a sinner were dying, he would never send for a card-playing church member to talk with him and pray for him.

I was holding a meeting in an Oklahoma town some years ago. I had preached for twelve days, but the meeting was making scarcely any headway. I found out that the superintendent of the Sunday School was a card-player. She left the meeting and went to attend a club. One night she walked out of the service to go to a lecture. I had been talking rather plainly, but on Sunday night before getting up to preach I turned to the pastor and said: "I am going to deliver a very plain message tonight; pray earnestly." The pastor was a nice fellow, but he would not have pulled off his gloves and gone after these things for any consideration. He was like two old maids who had never had a sweetheart. One night after they had retired, one of them heard a noise and said to her sister: "I believe there is a man under the bed." The other sister whispered: "Hush, you will scare him off."

Well, God helped me to preach that sermon. On Tuesday morning a young doctor arose and said: "When I came to this town I was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, but I got with the card-playing, dancing, and theatergoing crowd, and I have lost out. But I have decided since your preaching of that sermon to give up all these things." Just then the Sunday School superintendent sprang to her feet and said: "I want to make a confession. Sunday night I went home and burned up my cards." I said:

"No wonder we have failed to reach your husband with a deck of cards piled up between him and the Kingdom of God." Before the week had closed that husband who was a banker in the town, was converted.

## Two Converted Gamblers

"John P. Quinn belonged to a gambling syndicate composed of five men each receiving a salary of \$7,500 a year. Quinn gambled for forty-five years, and he was one of the world's greatest exports at his business. He and his companions were supposed to be able to go up against the greatest gamblers in the world. Quinn was tried and convicted of complicity in a three card Monte game, and was sent to the pen at Jeffersonville. While in the pen, his home burned and his wife and daughter died. Old and gray and broken in spirit, he fell on his knees and asked God to forgive him. He promised God if He would help him to get out of the penitentiary he would spend the rest of his days in exposing the tricks of the gambler. Quinn was pardoned and a special car was fitted

out for him which was hauled by the railroads over the country without charge. This car had all sorts of gambling paraphernalia in it exposing the tricks of the gambler, showing how it was not possible for a man who went up against them to win once out of seven hundred times. Quinn went from town to town and city to city, exposing the gambler and his business. While in Chicago he so crippled the business that a lot of gambling thugs assaulted him over in Hyde Park. Hear this expert as he cries out:

"I know whereof I speak when I charge the fathers and mothers with the awful crime of raising gamblers. The widespread social cards in the home is responsible for the widespread gambling." Dr. Beiderwolfe a Presbyterian Evangelist, tells this story: "A young man by the name of James Kilgore went from his home in the country to Cincinnati. He secured a home with a Presbyterian elder. A few nights after, the euchre deck was brought out and he was asked to play, but he refused, saying he did not know how to play, and that his father and mother had taught him it was wrong. The young woman who had asked him to play said: 'I will teach you how to play, and as to your father and mother, they must be a little old-fashioned. My father is an elder in the church, and would not allow us to play if it were wrong.'

"There he was, a big, lubberly, bashful, country boy, 'with a city girl smiling and poking love into his eyes, and he yielded.' Soon he and his fair partner could beat the best of them. One day out of office a little soon, he was invited by a young man from the same home to a room for a game. He found himself in a room connected with a saloon. Although he resented it, he soon found himself there again. Soon he was playing for money. He thought he saw a short road to fortune, and finally gave up his job and became a professional gambler. One day he met a young man from the country whom he thought would be an easy prey. He invited this young man to go with him to a certain place. They rapped at the door. A man had been there a short time before and had some trouble, and had threatened to come back and clean up the whole thing. Thinking this man had come to execute his threat when these young men knocked, there came a voice from within, 'Who is there?' Then there was the crack of a pistol from within. Kilgore felt something warm spatter on his cheek, and the young man by his side dropped to the sidewalk. Kilgore reached up and wiped the blood and brain from his face which came from the shot that had killed the young man. Kilgore ran down to the Queen and Crescent station and took the first train for the South.

"He went into Tennessee and established a gambling house. One night he was in a game. A big pile of money was on the table, all felt that Kilgore was about to throw the winning card and that the game was going to end in a bloody tragedy. Kilgore threw down the winning card, and reached for the money. The flash of knives was seen, cutting at his throat and stabbing him. Kilgore was dragged out of the room onto the street as bloody as a butchered hog. Some men walked up and looked at him and said it is good enough for him -- let him die, he has ruined our boys. A good Christian woman came along. She said: 'He is some mother's boy,' and took him to her home and cared for him. He left Tennessee and went to Pensacola, Florida. One night he was on his way to a gambling den. He saw great streams of people crowding into the church. This called back to him the memory of his Christian father and mother, and his early training. He went into the church. When J. B. Culpepper, that consecrated man of God, closed his message and called for all to come forward who would seek Christ, Kilgore rushed to the altar, fell on his knees, and surrendered to Jesus Christ. Kilgore, with scarred and lacerated body, is now preaching the gospel."

I told this story sometime ago, and at the close of the service a young man said to me: "I was converted in one of Kilgore's meetings." All the wasted years, and all the sins, that James Kilgore committed are largely chargeable to that worldly elder in the Presbyterian Church. And thus the so-called Christian homes are helping to furnish material for the gambling houses. A man or woman who will stand up and defend the social cards in the face of such evidence must have a tremendous amount of gall and a big stock of brass on hand.

The Chicago Civic Federation, which was organized at the close of the World's Fair, found in its investigations that "out of 3,200 gamblers, that nine-tenths had learned in the home, and eight-tenths in what was called Christian homes."

### The Amateur Gambler

The man who begins to gamble is not necessarily a bad man. In fact, he is often a very decent, honest man. He plays at first for pastime. Then he plays for a small sum, just to make it interesting. Then he puts up all the money he has. When he wins he thinks it fair to give the other fellow a chance to win back. When he loses he is anxious to regain his loss. So it isn't long until he is seized with the gambling mania which is one of the hardest things a man ever tried to shake off. No man can gamble and hold his job long. A man has about so much energy which is his chief stock in trade, and when he wastes this energy at night or in the day in some gambling institution, he is not fit for any sort of business.

How often is it the case that the young man who has drifted into gambling takes money from his employer. If he wins, he replaces it, then takes more for a bigger risk. If he loses he takes more, hoping to regain his loss, and soon he is caught up with and sent to the pen. There are dozens of men in Sing Sing who could tell you that this is the story of their downfall.

### Son Spurns Mother

Billy Sunday tells this story: "A man was in a Methodist Church in Chicago, who was going about visiting prisons. A woman came up to him and said: "You are going to Auburn penitentiary?" "Yes," said the man. She handed him her picture, with these words written at the bottom, "With love, Mother." "Will you please give this to my boy?" she asked. When he reached the prison, he found the young man, and handed him the picture saying, "I saw your mother, and she sent you this picture." He looked at it and said, "There are wrinkles in her face not there the last time I saw her." "Yes, your mother is aging fast." The young man handed the picture back. and said: "Take that back to mother, and tell her I said I never want to see her again. She taught me to play cards, and I killed a man at a gambling table, and am serving fifteen years this prison to pay for it. Now she has the audacity to send me her picture, after having pushed me behind the bars." Sunday says this actually happened.

### Law On Gambling

The law on gambling in the different states reads about like this. Whoever shall play for money or other things of value at any game of cards, chess, billiards, or any other game, shall be fined so much, and imprisoned so long. The pool ball is a kindergarten to the low-down, dirty,

gambling dive. I have found where there are no licensed saloons in a town, -- the pool hall is the devil's headquarters.

### Women Gambling For Prizes

The law says that playing for anything of value is gambling. Then you women who have your euchre parties and play for cut glass and other prizes are as much gamblers as are the white men who stake their last dollar in a gambling den, or the Negroes who throw dice for a quarter, or the old besotted hag who will risk her last sou [sou n. 1 hist. a former French coin of low value. 2 (usu. with neg.) colloq. a very small amount of money (hasn't a sou). -- Oxford Dict.] at Monte Carlo. And if the officers of the city are here I want to say to you that it is your sworn duty to go to these fine homes where gambling has been carried on for years open and above board, with no sort of legal interference, arrest these silk-stocking, jeweled necked, and gorgeously robed gamblers, dump them into the patrol wagon, and haul them off to the police station, fine them and imprison them like you would other gamblers. It doesn't matter how delicate the hand nor how many diamonds there may be on the little white fingers, the woman who throws the cards in a Progressive Euchre game is as much a gambler as any blackleg I do not say she is a blackleg gambler, but in the language of Dr. McLane, who was one of the South's greatest educators, "She is a silk-stocking gambler."

A mother was showing her company the nice piece of cut glass she had won at the progressive euchre club. Her son entered the room and pulled from his pocket a large roll of five dollar bills, held them out and said: "See what I won last night." The mother exclaimed: "My son, have you been gambling?" He answered: "My mother, have you been gambling?" Said he, "Mother, you are as much a gambler as I am, and I would rather have what I won at the gambling house than what you won at the card club, for I could buy a punch bowl like that with this roll of bills, and have a lot left."

Mr. Shreiber, the big mayor of East Liverpool, Ohio, a short time ago contending that the places where bridge, euchre, and other games are played for prizes come under the law as much as do poker and other gambling rooms, and directed the police to raid homes where these games were being played for prizes. Mrs. John R. Gray, the chairman of the club's committee, called on the mayor when she heard that card parties were under police watch. The mayor told her plainly. "I shall maintain a vigilant watch for violations. If arrests are made, I will treat them as common gamblers."

Judge McCormick, of Los Angeles decides that poker is not an American game, and that present day society has no use for gamblers.

I take this clipping from a paper: Chicago, Nov. 6. A test of strength between women residents and W. W. Cudmore, police captain commanding a station in the fashionable North Side residence district, over his interpretation of the Gambling Law, is expected today. Captain Cudmore puts a ban on women's poker parties, in many cases of which it is said the stakes run into large sums. Will use patrol wagon. "I'll have all the patrol wagons at the station in service today," he said, "and if I find any games they will be raided and the players arrested and hauled to the

station. I intend to break up these games. In some of them the limit has been so steep that husbands have been seriously embarrassed in making good their wives' losses."

So far as decent, respectable young men are concerned, the social game of cards in the home is more dangerous than the gambling house. For instance, take the home where there is culture and refinement, with its card table surrounded by well-dressed, well-educated young men and young women, and it attracts our boys and they are tempted to play. But you take the gambling hell in the back part of some saloon with a lot of greasy toughs sitting around a table smoking, drinking, cursing, and gambling, and it has no attraction for respectable young men. Thousands of young men get their start in the social game, and land in the gambling house.

Sam Jones told in a service about a mother who taught her boy to play cards. He was afterwards shot in a gambling den and carried home a corpse. The mother at the close of the service approached Sam and said, "That was my boy -- you like to have killed me today. Please don't tell that any more."

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### Part 3

#### THE DANCE

A young woman said to her pastor: "If you will give me one good reason why I should not dance, I will quit." He said: "Your church is against it." She thought for a moment, then replied: "That is a good reason. I will quit."

#### All Churches Against Dancing

Every church worthy of the name of a church in some way, either in convention, or through its representatives, has gone on record against the dance. The Roman Catholic Church, according to the Council of Trent, condemned the dance on the ground of adultery. I believe before God this is legitimate ground upon which to condemn it. The records show that it is the most prolific of adultery of any one thing in the world. The bishops of the Catholic Church in their pastoral letter read in their assembly at Baltimore, said: "In this connection we consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasional sin, and especially the fashionable dances as at present carried on are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

The bishop of the diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, declared: "Henceforth the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be refused to any who persist in attending Saturday night dances." Cardinal Basilio Pompili, vicar general of Rome, representing the pontiff, has issued a pastoral letter denouncing the tango, and also certain newspapers, theatrical performances, and fashions, which, he declares, are perverting souls. The cardinal says: "The tango must be prohibited absolutely in the seat of the Roman pontiff, the center of the Roman Catholic religion." The clergy are urged to raise their voices in defending "the sanity of Christian usages against the dangers threatening and the overwhelming immorality of the new paganism."

In Memphis, Tenn., the turkey trot, the tango, and the bunny hug are forever barred to Catholics. Excommunication will be the penalty inflicted upon members of that church yielding to the fascinating lure of the new dances. That edict was read from every Catholic pulpit in the city. Bishop McElvain of the Episcopal Church of Ohio, says: "Let me now turn to two subjects in which there is no difficulty of discrimination, the theater and the dance. The only line I would draw in regard to these is that of entire exclusion."

Bishop Cox, of New York, declares: "The enormities of the theatrical exhibitions and the lasciviousness of dancing too commonly tolerated in our times, are so disgraceful to the age . . . that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run with the world to the same excess of riot in these things that they presume not to come to the holy table. Classes preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands knowingly on anyone who is not prepared to renounce such things."

Bishop Vincent quotes him in his book on "Better Not." Hear him: "The gross, debauching waltz would not be tolerated for another year if Christian mothers in our communion would set their faces against it and remove their daughters from its contamination and their sons from that contempt of womanhood and womanly modesty which it begets."

The Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, page 61, paragraph 69, says: "Some amusements in common use are positively demoralizing, and furnish the first easy step to the total loss of character. We therefore, look with deep concern on the great increase of amusements and the general prevalence of harmful amusements, and lift up a solemn note of warning and entreaty, and particularly theater-going, dancing, and such games of chance as are frequently associated with gambling; all of which have been found to be antagonistic to vital piety. . . . We direct all our Bishops, District Superintendents, and Pastors to call attention to this subject, with solemn urgency in annual and quarterly conferences, and in all our pulpits; and our editors and Sunday school officers, and class leaders to aid in abating the evil we deplore." So any bishop or preacher or editor or Sunday school teacher or class leader who does not take a stand against these things, and preach and speak out against them, is recreant to his trust, and violating the law of his church.

Rev. Benjamin Franklin, one of the leaders in the Christian Church, says the dance is a violation of the Scriptural injunction to cause no offense. "Dancing is offensive, not to the ignorant, prejudiced, and weak people, but to the best informed, the most pious and devout. If there is nothing else against it, that would stamp it with the seal of condemnation."

Presbyterian General Assembly: "While the pleasures of the ball-room and the theater are primarily intended, by the dancing and stage players forbidden in the 189th question in the church catechism, the spirit of the prohibition extends to all kindred amusements which are calculated to awaken thoughts and feelings inconsistent with the seventh commandment. 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 heads of families, as tending to compromise their religious professions; and the sending of children by Christian parents as a sad error in family discipline." Again, they declared that the people who do these things had furnished evidence that they had not put off the old man and put on the new, or in other words, members of the church who do these things are not saved. This is good Presbyterian doctrine.

Here is the testimony of the greatest churches and the greatest Christian leaders of the world on the dance. But some little woman who is mostly paint, fuss, and feathers, and some little "fop" who has but little intelligence and no piety, says:

"We don't agree with the churches and their leaders on this subject."

#### Some Statistics

If you will not listen to the Church of God, possibly statistics may appeal to you. Some years ago the Police Records of New York City showed that three-fourths of the fallen women in the city were the fruit of the ball-room.

I have two friends who attended an Epworth League Convention at San Antonio, Texas, years ago. While in that city they visited a Girls' Rescue Home. One of the men (Glenn Patty) told me that he asked the matron of the home what had caused the downfall of more of the girls than any other one thing. The matron replied that three-fourths of them attribute their ruin to the dance. Every century, seven million women go down through prostitution, down through the red-light district, to death and hell. and three-fourths of this great army of scarlet women are the manufactured products of the dance. Yes, sir, the ballroom furnishes material for the brothel. Many of these fallen girls have come from what are called good homes, where they were taught to dance.

#### Ball-Room Etiquette

Women associate with, talk with, and dance with men in the ball-room whom they would not look at or spit on anywhere else. These men are often known in the community as moral lepers. You would not think of speaking to them on the street, or allowing them to call to see you in your home, yet you will allow them to embrace you in the dance.. I say to you, fathers and mothers, if you allow your daughters to go to the balls and dance with such men, then don't raise any objection if they want to marry a man like that. It is a notorious fact that a large percent of the men who dance with our young women are nothing more than lecherous beasts. Think about your daughter in the embrace of a scoundrel like that. If your very soul does not revolt at the very thought of such a thing, then you must be mighty low down yourself.

#### Privileges Of The Dance

The dance allows people to take privileges with each other they would not think of taking anywhere else. Where is your argument, where is your reason for this? There's neither argument nor reason for it. Why should a man be permitted to hug a woman any more on the ball-room floor than in the home. Suppose you should walk into your parlor and find a big buck sitting on the sofa with his lecherous arms about your daughter, and you should say: "You scoundrel, what are you doing?" and he should reply: "I am just getting ready for the ball. I am a little green at dancing, and I thought I would practice up a little." Fathers, I'll tell you what you would do with a fellow like that -- you would either blow his brains out with a gun, or kick him out at the front door like you would a dog. And yet you fathers who would kill the man for hugging your daughter in your home, will allow your silly wives who have no other ambition than for your daughters to shine in society,



to dress them in the latest ball-room style, and take them to the dance, and shove them into the ball-room to be hugged by every Tom, Dick and Harry. There are mothers who have done this very thing, and as the ball progressed, you saw your innocent daughters in the arms of men who spent the night before with harlots. As these men pressed your daughters to their bosom, their eyes of lust feasted upon the upturned faces of your own girls, and you mothers threw back your haughty heads, chuckled, and said, "I never could see any harm in the dance. I think it is just delightful." You are a lot of silly "its," that is what you are.

### A Devilish Dance Shocks Washington

The year 1913, I clipped from a paper a piece with the above heading. Here is what it says:

"Washington, March 9, -- The appearance of a French dancer clad chiefly in a flaming red garter at a Sunday entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. William Littauer. The beautiful ball-room of the Littauer residence, formerly occupied by the Bellamy Storer, filled with priceless art treasures and curios, was transformed for the occasion into a typical French cafe scene. The guests, men and women, including many of the most prominent members of Washington society, were seated about small tables, when the little dancer flashed through the company. She kissed her dainty hands to the audience, and began a step that put the devil dance, the turkey trot, and bunny hug to blush. Had the dance occurred in a public dance hall, everyone would have been pinched. As the little dancer whirled about, she sang snatches of song in French that greatly amused the guests who understood her. It so enraptured a prominent guest that, when she finished, he beckoned her to his table, where she sat on his knee and drank from his glass, while the man's wife from another table watched the by-play with a strained smile. Avoiding his wife's eye, the reckless husband still held the dancer. Finally, he released her, then another song and dance. In typical French fashion, the dancer passed from table to table, caressing and drinking from the glasses of those who took her fancy. The wives smiled, but were evidently ill at ease. At last, without a word, the dancer threw her arms about a man high in official life, and gave him a resounding kiss. Up he sprang, and they danced an impromptu waltz that won much applause."

Think of it! This scene was enacted in one of the most prominent homes in our nation's capital. Society seems to be becoming rotten to the very core. A gang like that is so putrid that a drove of vultures would pass them by -- too much for their stomachs.

### No Objection To Men Dancing Alone

[Bear in mind: the author's remarks below were written before homosexual men openly, and without fear or shame, displayed their perverted affection for one another in public as they do today in December, 2000. Sad to say, some of the writer's observations in the following two paragraphs would not prove true now, when both male and female deviates brazenly flaunt their unnatural behavior in public and demand the right to be considered and favored as just another "normal" part of society. -- DVM]

If you will get on foot a measure to prohibit the mingling of the sexes in the dance, and the permitting of men to dance with each other and women to dance with their own sex, I will vote for

the measure. But a law like this would forever ruin the dancing business. It does not matter how gorgeous the surroundings, or how enchanting the music, you cannot get a lot of old stags to dance with each other from ten at night until two or three o'clock in the morning -- nothing about the hug of one man that responds to the hug of another man. A man would just as soon hug a meal sack as to embrace a man. No fun in that.

Who ever heard of a man's ball or a woman's ball? No, sir, such a bail would have no attraction about it. It is the mingling of the sexes that makes the dance draw. If you women would organize a dancing club to meet every Friday night at ten o'clock and continue till two in the morning, it would not run a month. The wrapping of one woman's arms about another woman's waist would be too much like the wrapping of the dish cloth about you. Nothing attractive about that sort of dancing.

#### Men Dancing With Their Wives, Daughters, Sister

If men only danced with their own wives, daughters and sisters, then there could not be such serious objections to the dance. But this would kill the dance. A lot of women would rather dance with a fence post than their own husbands, and a lot of men would just as soon hug a telephone pole as to hug their wives in the waltz. It is not your own wife and daughter and sister you want to dance with and hug. It is the other fellow's wife, the other fellow's daughter, and the other fellow's sister you want to hug to your breast and whirl with in the mazes of the dance.

#### Indecent Dress

The dresses that are worn at the balls are a disgrace to civilization. I knew a waggish fellow down in Texas who was elected to the legislature. He attended the Governor's ball, and was introduced to a young woman who had on a dress made in the latest style. This fellow, who was a plain country man, asked her how much her dress cost. She replied: "Three hundred and fifty dollars." Said he: "If you had spent a hundred and fifty dollars more, you could have bought a whole dress, couldn't you?"

I have had women stand before me, and I did not know which way to look. Their arms were naked and their dresses cut so low I was ashamed to look at them. I hated to turn my back to them and talk, so I did not know what to do. I was really embarrassed.

The décollete costume was first introduced by harlots. Why any decent woman should hang upon her body the badge of the fallen woman, I cannot understand. I heard of a little society dudess who had dressed herself for the ball. She said to the old colored servant: "Auntie, how does my dress look?" "You ain't got your dress on yet," said the Auntie. "O, yes, I am dressed for the ball." The old colored woman replied "Honey, you ain't gyan out with all dat beef a-showin', is ye?"

I heard of a girl who went to the store to buy a dress. She asked the clerk if he had any of the latest designs. He said: "Yes, the very latest from Paris." He threw down a piece. She looked at it and said: "I think this will suit me exactly. What is it worth?" "Ten dollars a yard," said he. "I

will take \$7.99 worth." "Don't you want a whole yard?" said the clerk. "No, \$7.99 worth will be a great plenty. I am going to make a dress for the ball."

I knew of a father who had two daughters. The family had moved from the country to the city. One evening they walked into the parlor with their low neck, short sleeved dresses on. The father looked at them and said: "Daughters, where did you get those dresses?" They answered: "Mother had them made for us." "Go up to your rooms and take them off and bring them down to me," demanded the father. They obeyed, and he put them into the fire. That father had some sense.

### All Not Impure That Dance

[I will here state that I question the validity of some of the author's remarks in this section of his booklet. There is, at least today, such an high degree of impurity at dances that, in my opinion, none who frequent them are pure, either outwardly or in heart. -- DVM]

I do not say that all who dance are impure. If I were to say it, it would be a false statement. There are more pure-minded women than men that dance. After having talked with a large number of men who have danced, I am thoroughly convinced that there are very few men that dance who are not impure either in thought or act, often both. Much depends upon people's make-up as to how the dance appeals to them. Some man says: "Well, Jones, I can dance and can go home from the ball feeling just as good and innocent as if I had been to church or prayer meeting." Yes, and you are nothing but a "mut." But what about the man who is full of good, rich blood, whose heart beats strong and whose nerves are high strung. These are the things in a man that help to bring things to pass. But the man with them is like a high-spirited horse. These energies must be properly directed or they will hurry him to destruction. Who will dare to look me in the face and say the dance does not appeal to a man like that. There are scores of men who are saying: Jones, you are telling the truth now. We know by personal experience.

This same proposition will hold good in reference to women. Take a cold-blooded, unaffectionate, reserved woman, with a phlegmatic temperament -- a kind of a jelly fish -- and she is not in half the danger that a warm-hearted, affectionate woman is who puts all her warm, exciting, thrilling energies into everything she undertakes. And a very large percent of the men who dance with women take advantage of their intense natures -- hence these very elements which, if properly controlled, are a woman's greatest assets, are taken advantage of by these vampires of hell. Hence, the ballroom is the factory that turns out so many products for the brothel.

I know this is plain talk, but when I see this great army of girls with lost virtue and soiled robes marching out of the ball-rooms into the red-light district, I feel that their blood would be upon me, and God would damn me, if I did not raise my voice against it. Every father and mother who love their daughters ought to join us in our efforts to forever destroy the social dance. You say: My daughter is in no danger. I don't believe it. Many a young woman who was just as pure as your daughter has been ruined by the devilish dance. Suppose your daughter is in no danger. Are you not interested in the daughters every individual who endorses and encourages the of other parents? Every person that dances, and dance, in so far as their influence goes, is responsible for every fallen woman, every wrecked home, every blighted life, and every damned soul which is brought about through the disgraceful, debauching dance. What will you say, what will you do,

when you meet these ruined souls at the judgment bar of God, and they accuse you of their damnation?

### Teaching Daughters To Be Graceful

Some fathers and mothers have their daughters taught to dance so they will be graceful. I would rather my daughter would be as awkward as a cow than have some little, spider-legged, hook-nosed dancing master teach her how to dance. I have more respect for a saloon-keeper than for a little, contemptible dancing teacher.

If I wanted to send my daughter to hell, I'll tell you what I would do. I would first send her to a dancing school, and have her taught the graceful art of dancing. You know dancing is one of the greatest accomplishments. When you dancers die, you ought to have this epitaph on your grave-stone: "Here lie the remains of John Smith or Sallie Brown, who excelled in the great art of dancing."

Well, as I was saying about my daughter, after having had her taught how to dance, I would have her a ball-room outfit (or rather half of an outfit) made. I would have her put it on. Then I would turn her over to one of these society dudes who has neither brains, morals, nor character, and I would start them off to a ball. If they did not finally turn up at headquarters in hell, I would not be to blame. God help you fathers and mothers to hear me. Listen to what I say. I speak out of my heart. I have but one daughter. I would rather, a thousand times over, see the light fade out of her eyes and the lily white of death on her cheeks, then wrap her precious body in a white shroud, emblematic of the purity of her character, lay her tenderly in the coffin, and take her to the grave and bury her, than to see her become a devotee of the ball-room and in the arms of lecherous men. What do you fathers and mothers and you young men who have sisters and sweethearts say to that? If I am wrong, send me to the lunatic asylum. If I am right, then join me in this crusade against the theater, cards, and the dance, which are sapping the life out of the church and sending people to hell in droves.

### Dancing Excites The Passion

Everything about the dance has a tendency to arouse and excite the passions. Young women who are just beginning to dance do not know this. Their fathers and mothers have not taught them. It is somebody's business to tell them, and I propose to be one to give out a note of warning. I preached one night on the evils of the dance in Memphis, Tenn., and as a mother and her daughter were leaving the tent, the mother, who had chaperoned her daughter to the balls, said: "Well, daughter, you cannot go to any more dances." The daughter replied: "If you had told me some things the evangelist told us tonight, I never would have been to a dance."

You take a lot of dancers, it does not matter whether it is in a town hall, at the club, or one of our modern homes, let each man select his partner, and they step upon the floor, the music starts, and a thrill goes through the crowd and the dance begins and continues for hours. The air in the room is warm. The blood gets hot. The wine and the champagne are drunk freely. The nerves are strung up to a high tension. The men with their arms about the waists of the women, or in some other position (for the modern dances allow them to take all sorts of positions) waltz up and down

the ball-room. So here is the picture of the modern dance -- men and women in each other's embrace, their faces up against each other, her hand upon his shoulder, their warm bodies in close contact, and, as they skip over the floor, he feasts his eyes upon her naked arms and heaving chest, and then you tell me there is no harm in the dance. The whole scene is such as to appeal to the beast that is in man. I cannot see how women with brains and decency can ever persuade themselves to put on ball costumes and assume positions with men in dancing which, to say the least of it, subject the men and themselves to such great temptations. It may be, however, I am a greenhorn from the backwoods, and don't understand up-to-date dancing.

Some years ago I read this story told by Rev. J. B. Culpepper. I will put the story in my own language. It was at a masquerade ball in K. C. This ball was given at one of the most modern and elegant homes in this fair, opulent city of the west. The home was gorgeously furnished and brilliantly lighted. The guests were of the elite of the city. The dance started at a late hour. The wine flowed freely. The dance and the wine animated the waltzers until all was on tip-toe of excitement. There were some men in this company, as there always are, who are nothing more than dressed-up hyenas. One of these villains had taken the advantage of a young woman. He had put the appeal in his embrace. You know a question can be asked by a hug as well as by words or by a look. At first she was inclined to resent the insinuations which came through his close embrace, but finally she found herself yielding, and soon she was under his complete control. At one o'clock in the morning they were seen to leave the ball-room. She leaned upon his arm for support. She was swayed by an influence she had never felt before. She did not quite understand herself, but she seemed helpless to resist this strange spell that was carrying her on. Yonder in the darkness, while the moon veiled her face with a passing cloud, virtue, the most precious jewel in a woman's crown, was sacrificed upon the altar of lust. As this priceless gift of God consumed away amid the fires of bestial sacrifice, the good angels turned away, covered their faces, and wept. Desiring to know with whom he had spent the night, he pulled the masks from his and the woman's face at the same time. The moonbeams broke through a rift in the cloud and fell upon their faces. He gazed at her for a moment and exclaimed: "My God, sister, are you at this infernal ball?" She cried: "O brother, what would mother..." The words died on her lips. From the contents of a morphine bottle she leaped over the boundaries of time into an awful eternity. From the report of a pistol shot, he followed in quick succession. When they met in hell, can you imagine that sister walked up to her brother and said: "Brother, I wish some fanatical preacher would prove to me what harm there is in the dance."

### A Society Girl'S Death

A young woman who had been reared in luxury and wealth, and had spent a large part of her life in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, came to die. Just before she passed away she called her father and mother to her bedside, and said to them. "I am dying, and I am not ready. Mother," said she, "Go and bring me my last ball-room dress." The dress was brought. Continuing, she said: "Father, you and mother had that made for me. You seemed anxious for me to go to dances and have a good time. But you never taught me to pray -- you never taught me to be a Christian. You sent me to the theater and the dance. Hold the dress up till I can see it. Now that will do. Go and put it away. When I am dead, I want you to go and look at that dress and remember that I am lost, and that dress represents the worldly pleasures for which I sold my soul, and you are the cause of

it." I believe at the judgment bar of God many children will accuse their parents with the loss of their souls.

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THE END