

Games of Chance

SHOULD GAMBLING BE REGULATED OR SUPPRESSED?

Col. Tanner Would Regulate

To the Editor of The Journal. Twenty years' experience in Minneapolis has convinced me that men may come and men may go, but that gambling will go on forever. Gambling has flourished in this city ever since the first settlement at St. Anthony. No matter what the attitude of the administration might be toward gambling, whether tolerant or antagonistic, games have been run openly on the quiet. The most determined stand ever taken against gambling in this city was that brought to bear on the administration during George A. Pillsbury's administration. All that the present administration has leveled its guns on the gamblers, "308" continued to run. I believe there is such a thing as "square" gambling, and I believe a reputable gambling resort is more to the liking of the people than a back room "tin-horn" joint, where plans are deliberately laid to fleece the lambs.

These games do not call for any special liquor selling, but they do not go on always and do not play in seclusion, where they may enjoy immunity from disturbance. The only people who play poker are gamblers—professional or otherwise. I am of the opinion that if gamblers persist in gambling in the city, they should be brought into the municipal court every month and fined, same as the other violators of the law. But there should be no partiality in such treatment. Not only the Syndicate, but every other gambling-house, should be governed by the same rule. There is no question but that the city would be better off morally and financially if gambling could be completely eliminated.

When John De Laitre Was Mayor.

To the Editor of The Journal: While there are a few laws on the statute books which are better left unforced, I do not think that against gambling is one of them. It seems to me the very first thing to be taken into consideration in this matter is that there is law against gambling. There should not be and, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as licensed gambling. The fact that there are licensed places where allowed to run in open defiance of the law is a glaring commentary on a system of municipal government under which conditions are so patently stamped out on.

perhaps, something is to be said in behalf of liquor selling, but it is not to be compared with gambling. Gambling benefits no one. It goes the loser to desperate undertakings and goes from the winner as easily as it comes. Money gained in that way is not valued as much as money earned in the sweat of the brow. Every one connected with gambling stands to lose eventually. I know from my own observation that two-thirds of the gamblers in the business world are brought about by gambling.

Why Mayor Ames Regulates It.

To the Editor of The Journal. Personally I am opposed to gambling. I am against gambling in my life for anything. Gambling is an evil, which I would like to see eradicated, were it possible. But all human experience shows it to be a necessary evil, and as such it should be tolerated. Nine-tenths of the human race are born gamblers, that is, they've got the gambling instinct to a greater or lesser degree, no matter how it crops out.

shows its vicious head. It is an unmitigated evil. I take no stock in the theory that city officials have got to wink at gambling and let it run in a few privileged places. In no sense is it to be regarded as a necessary evil. Why should we have a gambling of every kind? More evils result directly from gambling than from any other form of vice. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is worse than the drink habit. Slot machines and everything in the category that caters to gambling instincts should not be tolerated. If the authorities were vigorous in hitting the evil hard, they would be taking the right position of protecting the unwary against the machinations of unscrupulous men. Gambling is insidious, seductive and alluring to the susceptible. There is no offense against good morals for which I would so soon discharge a man in my employ as that of gambling.

machines of every description should be absolutely prohibited.

Idea of a Socialist.

To the Editor of The Journal. The question for the present week, "Should Gambling Be Regulated or Suppressed?" is a difficult problem. It would be best, perhaps, to find out at the outset what the term "gambling" includes. I am taking some chances in sending this article to you, and it may be suppressed. I lose no sleep over it. Gambling, according to our sociologists, consists in the art or practice of playing for money. Now, it only requires a little stretch of the imagination to include every kind of commercial life in this category. Real estate, grain, provisions, minerals, machinery and every product of nature or human skill and ingenuity are played with for money.

Superintendent Doyle's Practical Ideas.

To the Editor of The Journal. Much as anything like official recognition of gambling is to be deprecated, it is my opinion that there are two sides to the question. Personally I don't believe that gambling is a vice. It is a habit, and if it were possible I would like to see it stamped out. Experience has shown that it is impossible to eradicate gambling in this city. The general tendency of people to gamble is so strong that it would be impossible to enforce any law strictly where a large percentage of the people openly or quietly sympathize with its violation. There are too many accessories before the fact. It is impossible to stop gambling, then most sensible people will probably agree that the best thing to do is to hedge the evil about with such restrictions as will insure the least harm to the people. Just what those restrictions should be I will not attempt to say.

Stop It, Says the Sheriff.

To the Editor of The Journal. Public gambling-houses, where all kinds of people, particularly small wage earners, enter the place to gamble, should be absolutely prohibited. Poker games, of course, cannot be absolutely prohibited.

From the Commercial Club's President.

To the Editor of The Journal. There is no need of wasting words on this subject. I am unalterably opposed to gambling at any stage of the progress of the game, and I have no objection to its first and last because of its demoralizing and ruinous effect on men in all the walks of life, particularly those who can least afford to lose. The only good reason why it should not be suppressed, it is not to be compared with the liquor traffic as a demoralizing agency in the city. Besides, the liquor traffic is legitimate and gambling is not. From a purely business standpoint,

Ex-Chief Henderson Has a Plan.

To the Editor of The Journal. I don't believe that gambling ever did any one any good, and I am convinced from what I know of its demoralizing and centralizing the evil, as I am undertaking to do in this city to-day, than to spread it out and have games running on the quiet throughout the city? I think so. Gambling is a vice, which I have no objection to see eradicated, were it possible. But all human experience shows it to be a necessary evil, and as such it should be tolerated.

Wipe It Out Root and Branch.

To the Editor of The Journal: There is no question as to what ought to be done. Like the gilded saloons of vice peopled by degraded womanhood; like the enticing liquor saloons, fitted up with more or less barbaric garishness, the house of gambling is a blot upon any community, a blight upon the name of its frequenter, a destroyer of mind and character, an utter ruin to one's success in whatever business or venture.

No Compromise With Wrong.

To the Editor of The Journal. Of all defects with which vice man is cursed the love of gambling surely is the worst. My boys be warned of this most fearful snare. Trust not to following bull or growing bear. But a question is to give it the support and authority of a license, to place upon the mantle of crime the fleece of innocence.

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Aid for Students.

To the Editor of The Journal: Had I a million dollars to be used for philanthropic purposes every cent of it would go to aid struggling students through college.

A STORY OF ATKINS REGARDING THE LINE

Facing Sudden Death on a South African Railway—How the Boers Make Use of Dynamite—The Track Patrol.

Edgar Wallace in London Mail. Come with me to you people who have a hint of a suspicion that Atkins is subject to funks. Have you ever faced death? Not on a sickbed, when your mind is clouded and death and you have lost the grip of things; not in the stupor of your crisis, when all power of realization of your danger has slipped from you; but death that comes to you in the broad light of day; death that comes at lunch time, and it is a toss-up whether it will be afternoon tea for you or a funeral. Face death that way, stand on the very brink and look down—down—down; sway and reel on the brink of eternity and recover your footing on the edge of life with a gasp—that is the way I mean by facing death. Do this not once in your life, but daily, and you will taste the real flavor of it.

On the Gange's Trolley. It is early morning and bitterly cold. Only the stars—frozen spangles of light—in the heavens; only a white rime of frost on the ground, and between frost and stars an empty silence, save that, from the engine of the train above, the whistle held up all night at the little veiled siding comes the hiss and roar peculiar to its kind. A feather of steam shakes impatiently at its own failure, and the engine and the sleepy passenger coaches behind are ready as soon as light shall come to resume the interrupted journey to Pretoria.

But much may have happened in the night. Brother Boer may have crept down in the darkness and lifted a rail, or worse, left a pack of dynamite and a ball of artfully hidden between rail and ball with the object of reducing the rolling stock of the Imperial Military railways.

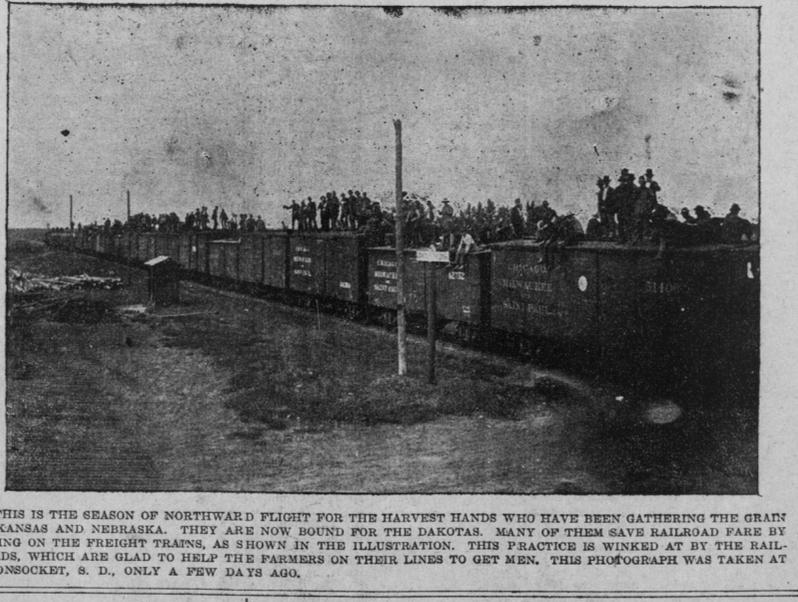
With Faces to the Ground. Then the search commenced. On the outer edge of the trolley the corporal and a man stretched themselves full-length along a wooden platform, their heads just over-reaching the fore end of the trolley; their faces about twenty inches above the rail. The other two men trundled the car along, now running alongside pushing the foot of the trolley back to the platform propelling the little truck forward with an occasional kick at the ground.

There was now just enough light for the two watchers to see pretty clearly twenty yards ahead and the uncannyness of the experience was passing. Atkins who pushed on the right had a fine taste for gruesome anecdote, more particularly in the matter of exploded mines, and his conversation was not cheerful. His report included the stories of the Invidious Corporation.

LAFAYETTE CADDIES' UNION AGAINST WORK ON SUNDAY

A Flourishing Labor Organization That Enforces Strictly Its Schedule of Prices and Rules of Conduct for Members—Promotes Good Service.

THE HEGIRA OF HARVEST HANDS



THIS IS THE SEASON OF NORTHWARD FLIGHT FOR THE HARVEST HANDS WHO HAVE BEEN GATHERING THE GRAIN IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA. THEY ARE NOW BOUND FOR THE DAKOTAS. MANY OF THEM SAVE RAILROAD FARE BY RIDING ON THE FREIGHT TRAINS. AS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION, THIS PRACTICE IS WINKED AT BY THE RAILROADS, WHICH ARE GLAD TO HELP THE FARMERS ON THEIR LINES TO GET MEN. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT WOODSOCKET, S. D., ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO.

OTHER TOPICS

Shirtwaists in Church.

To the Editor of The Journal. I read in The Journal recently how an usher in a church was reprimanded for wearing a costume in keeping with the weather, rather than in keeping with the old traditions of the church. It made me think that a revolution in the twentieth century could make so light of life as to put more import on dress than on life.

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NEW DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII

Interesting Decorations of an Old Roman Villa—A New Field for Research Presented.

Recent excavations at Pompeii have brought to light in its entirety a curious mansion, the chambers of which are decorated with interesting mural paintings. The dwelling in question is considered as having belonged to one Marcus Lucretius, a rich man of the town, who lived in the white stucco of the tricolium, or dining room. In constructing this building the architect appeared to have been guided by the nearness of neighboring houses. The dwelling is composed of the atrium—the central court open to the sky peculiar to Roman houses—an indoor garden, a triclinium, or dining room, and a bedroom.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia, should use Carter's Little Nervine Pills. They are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.