

tionists of the country in the columns of *The Defender* three years ago, were continued in this city. I arrived here on an early morning train with two hours to wait for connections, on Wednesday morning. Neither desirable restaurants nor hotel dining rooms were as yet open and I walked up and down the street for nearly an hour waiting for a chance to obtain breakfast. During that time I met a woman in a state of beastly intoxication and saw two men in the barroom of one of the leading hotels of the city, both drunk and vomiting at so early an hour, one of them wearing the uniform of the street railroad service.

These facts I am not citing as instances of law violation. Perhaps no law had been violated. The statutes of the great Empire State provide for the selling of liquor to men and women to make them drunk, although they forbid the selling of liquor after the purchaser is drunk.

I came back here last night and spent some hours on the streets of the city during the evening. Albany has always had an unenviable reputation for vice. A great section of the city has for years been almost wholly given up to vicious resorts. I was surprised to find that even with powerful reform organizations at work in this city and with a reform governor living in the executive mansion on the hill, the vice district of Albany has extended itself. Never before did I see vice in this city so open, flagrant and defiant. A new addition to the vice system is a battery of great dance halls where hundreds of young people, many of them girls who appeared to come from respectable homes, up to a late hour last night were reveling in an atmosphere surcharged with drink and lust.

One specially noteworthy feature of Albany's vice district is the fact that something like a dozen of the worst of the vicious resorts are openly licensed as saloons in violation of the law of the state. Of course, little can be expected of a municipal government, but the state's excise commissioner, whose office is a short rifle-shot away from these places, has the power to close them almost instantly, to revoke their licenses and to collect the heavy penal bonds under which, as the holders of licenses, their keepers have been placed. I cannot imagine any possibility that the condition of things in this part of the city is not known in the excise department's offices in the capitol and I can hardly imagine the governor ignorant of these things.

My special object of investigation here, however, has been the lawbreaking of the saloons in the capital of the Empire State on Sunday. Former readers of *The Defender* will remember the exposé in that paper which showed how a battery of saloons opposite the New York Central depot used to stand wide-open, with crowds thronging in and out on Sunday, just as on any other day. I anticipated a change, and, perhaps, a very marked change in view of the recent activity of reform organizations in this state and city and the "reform" attitude of the administration. I was almost prepared to find these places actually closed and the Sunday-closing provisions of New York's liquor law complied with.

I did find a change. The front doors of almost all of these places were closed. Of the old battery of lawbreaking saloons on Broadway only one had its front door open and that opening was apparently temporary, for later in the day I found it closed. But, with one exception, I am able to state that every one of these saloons was actually open and doing business, and concerning the exception, I have no doubt that it, too, was doing business. I was unable to get in. Perhaps I looked too respectable.

In the other places the law which requires an unobstructed view of the barroom was violated in almost every case, and in only one place did I see any pretense of obedience to the law which

requires the serving of meals with drinks upon Sunday. In that place the waiter insisted upon an order for something to eat, and when told to suit himself, brought a pretty "tough" looking sandwich. I poured the beer into the cuspidor and left the sandwich on the table for further use, but succeeded in securing from the waiter the information, "There are so many damned preachers in the city that business can't run quite as it used to."

I offer my sincere congratulation to the said preachers.

In some of the places where the unobstructed view of the barroom required by the law was given, it was possible for any passerby to see lawbreaking going on inside. One of the most notable cases of this was at the huge saloon on the southeast corner of Broadway and State street. A big curtain was hung across the barroom here, making the rear portion of the room almost dark, and the screen was removed from one of the side doors entering that part of the room. Anyone going close enough to the door to avoid the interference of the light from without, was able to see a line of men, the length of the bar, drinking. I obtained access to this saloon through a little lunch room on State street, through which an almost constant stream of men was passing in and out, and found twelve men, two or three of them intoxicated, at nine o'clock in the morning, lined up at the bar drinking. While I stood in this barroom, which, as I have indicated, was visible from the street, I saw a policeman pass along Broadway within fifteen feet of the spot where I stood. Later I found a man in front of the unscreened side door, acting as "capper" and directing inquiring citizens to the lunch room through which I entered the saloon.

I soon found that even these slight concessions to the law were not the usual thing, but a mere spasm of virtue. In one of the large hotels I attempted to enter the barroom and found it closed by an iron gate. A young woman at the cigar counter close by, seeing my evident disappointment, volunteered the information that the word, "keep close," had been passed, because a "special spotter" was supposed to be in town. She assured me that two weeks ago everything was wide-open and that probably things would be running as usual next Sunday.

The most interesting part of the day's observations, however, I made in the immediate vicinity of the executive mansion of Governor Hughes. This mansion, a very fine, imposing structure, stands upon the hill to the south of the capitol, at the corner of Elm and Eagle streets and occupies nearly the whole block between Elm and Myrtle avenue. Upon the southwest corner of Myrtle avenue, just sixty steps from the south gate of the executive mansion, stands the saloon of Rourke & McGann. Diagonally opposite, on the northeast corner, stands the saloon of P. McDonald. This morning at ten o'clock both of these saloons were open in violation of the law and both doing a land-office business. The saloon of Rourke & McGann was violating the law regarding "unobstructed view" patently, every inch of its broad windows being covered with green curtains. Pausing at the side door I heard the noise of a quarrel that amounted to a "rough house" coming from within. The door was locked, but after I had knocked two or three times a voice from within bellowed directions, telling me to go to the back gate. I found this place a few steps up Myrtle avenue, entered and passing through the back room where ten or twelve men were drinking, reached the barroom where four men were lined up drinking at the bar.

Leaving Rourke & McGann's place I crossed the street to McDonald's saloon. Here a part of the curtain had been raised or lowered and

passersby could see into the barroom, across which a large cloth curtain had been hung, concealing the rear half of the room. I entered that part of the saloon through a side door covered by a little storm house in which a seven- or eight-year-old girl was waiting for the growler of beer which the bartender was filling inside. In the rear half of the barroom and in the room behind the barroom I found not less than twenty men drinking and there was not even a Raines law sandwich in sight as a tribute to the majesty of the statutes of the state of New York.

McDonald's saloon is in plain sight of the executive mansion, though the door which entered is upon the other street and out of view, and a gentleman whom I believe to be Governor Hughes himself was standing on the lawn at the corner of the mansion in plain sight of the saloon when I came out.

I want to close this article by again congratulating the reader, and particularly the editor of the *New York Prohibitionist* who has come to admire Mr. Hughes because of his opposition to the gambling fraternity, against taking this as an attack upon Governor Hughes. It is an attack upon no one, simply an unvarnished, conscientious statement of facts. Albany is probably no worse than any other city in New York state, and in New York city, in Poughkeepsie, in Troy, just north of here, in any of the cities of the Mohawk valley, in Syracuse, in Buffalo and in the cities of the southern tier, and, to an extent, probably in Rochester itself (if Clinton N. Howard happens to be out of town today), a similar condition of things could be found.

But I have chosen Albany as the point of examination because it is here that the "reform" governor resides, because it is here that the excise department of the state of New York has its headquarters, and because the expressed will of this "reform" governor, while it could not abolish the saloon and inaugurate Prohibition in this city, could stop the saloon's lawbreaking almost instantly.

Charles E. Hughes has been governor of the state of New York since the first day of January, 1907, and the saloons of the capital of the Empire State, almost within the shadow of his executive mansion, so close that he can see their doors from his own door and almost hear the sound of their brawling in his own bed-chamber, do this day defy the law as they always have defied it.

I admit to you that this condition of things does not prove Governor Hughes insincere in his fight against the gamblers, and ought not to rob him of just praise for that. I will even admit that it does not prove him a bad man. As politicians go, and compared with the other men who have held the office of governor in New York state, I believe him to be a pretty good man. But these things conclusively do prove that a Republican "reform" governor of even the best type, means nothing against the liquor traffic and that the system that he represents deserves no support from men who have political acumen enough to recognize the drink evil for what it is—the greatest issue in American politics.

Seventh-Day Baptists and Prohibition

DODGE CENTER, MINN., June 23—(Special correspondence)—The Northwestern Association of Seventh-Day Baptists held a four days' convention in this place, June 19-22. It passed unanimously by rising vote the following resolution:

Resolved, That we consider the system of licensing the sale of intoxicating beverages as most repugnant to public morals and public policy, and that we rejoice in the great increase of sentiment against it, and the demand for the Prohibition of the importation, transportation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and while we appreciate and support local prohibitory measures, we regard them as inadequate to the fuller purposes of the reform.

The devil is sick again, and is giving great promise of being a saint when he gets well. In this case he will not be the kind of a saint he was in the old story—FOR HE WILL NOT GET WELL.—*The Kane Leader*.