

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
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"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation." —Robert Louis Stevenson.

It is stated that the War Department is contemplating the transformation of old Fort Lafayette in Lower New York Bay into a great naval powder magazine. The New York World states that the old fort is the most conspicuous target in the lower bay and suggests that the government nail up a conspicuous sign-board bearing the following inscription: "Notice to the Enemy—Don't shoot at this. It is a magazine."

The "400" of New York are alleged to be in a frame of mind as to the possibilities that might ensue in case of war between the United States and Spain—or in fact any other European power. Their greatest fear is that the ocean cables might be cut and that they would thereby be compelled to await London advices by the then uncertain methods that would be necessary in ship navigation. Not that they fear any money loss especially, but they feel that they would not have patience to wait for information as to whether the Prince of Wales was late in arriving at some dinner to which he had been invited. Then, too, the fashions would be absolutely "stale" by the time they could be transmitted from Paris to New York by steam navigation. The outlook is indeed gloomy (?).

The swell-headed grandson of Queen Victoria who controls the destinies of the German Empire is said to be greatly displeased at what he is pleased to term the change in the foreign policy of the United States as evidenced by the proposed annexation of Hawaii and the alleged ultimatum sent to Spain by the hands of Minister Woodford. The young Kaiser sees in these two circumstances great peril to our country that may lead to serious complications. The Americans he says in a recent interview, "are departing from their policy of seclusion and wish to interfere very strongly in the affairs of the Old World. They interfered with us very strongly in respect to Venezuela. They interfered with Germany with a very rough hand in respect to Samoa. They have interfered with Japan very decidedly with respect to Hawaii, which is not in America, but two thousand miles off, and they are going to interfere, by all accounts, with Spain in the most peremptory way. If there is any truth at all in the detailed and minute accounts of the instructions given to General Woodford, the new ambassador to Madrid, the Government of the United States intends immediately and at once to offer an ultimatum to Spain. The Queen Regent must either grant Cuba full and complete autonomy—autonomy usually defined as autonomy in Canada—even withdrawing her garrison from the island, or the people of the United States will be compelled to take steps for the enfranchisement of the island, which may end, it is fully admitted, in its annexation." Fortunately for the United States we are not compelled to consult this erratic and badly "rattled" young man even if our officials should decide to change the foreign policy of our Government.

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL POLICY. The British government is said to "bank" largely upon the enthusiasm, generated by the recent great jubilee in celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation, for the further extension of Britain's already overgrown domain, as well as for the retention of the loyalty and willing adherence of colonies the wide world over that may have dreamed of independence and a government of their own. The political condition of all the greater British empire is already that of practical independence. They have their own legislatures, they make their own laws, they regulate their tariffs on foreign commerce and their internal taxes, and they elect their own rulers, with the exception of a governor-general, appointed by the queen. This governor-general has only a nominal power. He may veto the acts of the colonial parliament, but from him there is an appeal to the privy council of the empire and to the queen. Although they have no representation in the parliament of Great Britain, each colony has an agent there with the title of "high commissioner," who looks after its interest at the colonial office and in parliament. He is merely an adviser, however, and reaches the ministry and the parliament through the secretary of state for the colonies. The policy of Great Britain toward her colonies ever since the revolution which ended with the independence of the United States has been extremely liberal. They have been allowed an actual and practical form of home rule. They have been permitted to manage their local affairs in their own way almost without exception, and although the crown retains control of their foreign relations, it has been wise, liberal and conciliatory. Therefore the relations between England and her colonies have been more friendly than those enjoyed by any other nation. Nevertheless, there has been a gradual and natural drifting away from the mother country, and the development of the

spirit of independence has been so strong that the slightest attempt of coercion on Canada, Australia, or any of the other large dominions would be followed by a revolution which might not be successful, but the suppression of which certainly would tax the resources of the mother country. There are independence clubs in nearly all the colonies and they have been increasing in numbers, activity and influence from year to year. There is no doubt, however, that the celebration of the diamond jubilee has done much to stimulate the loyalty of the colonies and strengthen the bond that unites them to the throne.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The revival of interest in the Panama Canal—which was supposed to have been abandoned for all time when the great frauds that engulfed the capital of the DeLesseps company were discovered some years ago—is one of the remarkable exhibitions of financial, and final, perseverance of our day. That capitalists continue to furnish funds to be expended in a ditch that many experts have pronounced impractical shows that somebody is "off" in their reckonings. At the present time work is being carried on by the new Panama Canal company which was organized in October, 1894. The company has a capital of 65,000,000 francs, of which 5,000 francs have been paid over to the Colombian government for the right of way. The entire capital has already been three-quarters paid in, and has been made up by subscriptions from the organizers of the old company, and from certain individuals condemned by the French courts to pay an indemnity for the frauds which wrecked the DeLesseps company. The most rigid rules have been adopted to prevent future frauds in the prosecution of the work, and provision has been made for a government commission to inspect the work as soon as one-half of the present capital has been expended. The work of excavation has been continuously carried on since November, 1894. The most modern methods of transportation have been from time to time adopted—the last being the system of apparatus used on the Chicago Drainage canal, known as the Lidgewood system. Ultimately success seems to be assured and again French pluck will prove its superiority to the world and gain a new triumph to add to the record of past achievements.

SENATORIAL CRITICISM.

It has been an accepted idea for several years that adverse criticism of the American Senate, as a body, was about the correct thing on all suitable occasions. So unpopular have the methods of the Upper House of Congress become that open censure from recognized organs of all parties is of frequent occurrence—justly or unjustly. As a rule this criticism is not personal, but refers to the general routine and dallying with public business so characteristic of the high and mighty seniors who seem to think they have been lifted above the level of their fellowmen. The August Century in an able article referring to this subject says:

"Flippant and unreasoned attacks up on any branch of our government are greatly to be deprecated. They tend to bring American institutions into popular contempt; they discredit authority and discourage patriotism. At the same time it is evident that there is equal or greater danger in the withholding of legitimate criticism. If evils are not seen, understood and denounced, they will grow till the injury may be well-nigh irreparable. For a number of years that body which the fathers first called the 'second branch' of the Federal legislature, and which is now called the Senate, or 'upper house,' has been the subject of popular suspicion and ridicule. Its conspicuous defenders have, unfortunately, come more frequently than otherwise from within its own membership. It has become the fashion to berate the Senate. To so great an extent has this been the case that there are many who forget that the Senate still contains not only able, but upright and public-spirited Senators, men who are most unjustly included in any general condemnation. There are several occasions for the criticism. One is the fact that the Websters, Clays, and Sumners are no longer living; that the Senate contains no men of comparatively first-class caliber. Even if this is acknowledged to be true, the fact would not in itself be sufficient to excuse the present popular disdain of the Senate. *** There is probably much less bribery of the old-fashioned, brutal kind in Congress than there was thirty years or so ago; there is less corruption there in general. There are few men in the Senate who are under gross suspicion; but there are, in addition to these, Senators whose conduct in relation to legislation in which they or their backers are interested may be said, in the language of moderation, to be indelicate; there are enough of both classes to create scandal, and largely to account for the wide and most unfortunate ill repute into which the Senate has fallen. One of our leading and most thoughtful statesmen, still active in politics and affairs, said the other day that he had no desire to enter the Senate; he could do his work outside of it, and would not then be subject to the ill repute that attaches to that body. He thought the Senate deserved its present most unfortunate reputation—a reputation more unfortunate for the country and for our system of government than for the particular body or individuals affected.

This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum and flaunt the flag and gather their recruits with wild huzza, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much as the click of the dice. Oh, how many have gone down under it! Look at those men who were once highly prospered. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go out. In their souls are plunged the beaks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and you see a coil of aders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you forget it. The most of this evil is unadmitted. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tell it. Once in a while, however, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped down upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens from the first merchants on State street to the low street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen \$103,000 for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young

LILIPUTIAN SINS.

MINIMUS INQUITIES THAT GNAW AND NIBBLE AT THE HUMAN HEART.

Severo Arraignment of Stock Gambling and Gift Enterprises—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage in this sermon depicts the insidious modes by which evil habit gains supremacy and shows how splendid men are cheated into ruin. Text, Isaiah 5:18: "Woe unto them that sin as it were with a cart rope."

There are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work the man still stands upright, respected and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart rope. I suppose you know how they make a cart rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwoven. Then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox or hold a ship in a tempest.

I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which the mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers and brothers and sons be interested in such a discussion, but that wives and mothers and sisters and daughters look out lest their present home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say, "It has no practical bearing upon my life," for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three words—earth, heaven and hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about 5,500 professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Then—these ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ane-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent.

There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are of "Jephthah's Daughter" and Dore's "Dante's" and Virgil's "Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place here is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you must come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "rope in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quick silver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low wilians of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther squat in the grass know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place or your body will be thrown bloody into the street or dropped into the river.

You go along a little farther and find the policy establishments. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse." And there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting that "gig" and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door. "Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough. This sin works very insidiously. Other sins sound the drum and flaunt the flag and gather their recruits with wild huzza, but this marches its procession of pale victims in dead of night, in silence, and when they drop into the grave there is not so much as the click of the dice. Oh, how many have gone down under it! Look at those men who were once highly prospered. Now their forehead is licked by a tongue of flame that will never go out. In their souls are plunged the beaks which will never be lifted. Swing open the door of that man's heart and you see a coil of aders wriggling their indescribable horror until you turn away and hide your face and ask God to help you forget it. The most of this evil is unadmitted. The community does not hear of it. Men defrauded in gaming establishments are not fools enough to tell it. Once in a while, however, there is an exposure, as when in Boston the police swooped down upon a gaming establishment and found in it the representatives of all classes of citizens from the first merchants on State street to the low street gambler; as when Bullock, the cashier of the Central railroad of Georgia, was found to have stolen \$103,000 for the purpose of carrying on gaming practices; as when a young

man in one of the savings banks of Brooklyn many years ago was found to have stolen \$40,000 to carry on gaming practices; as when a man connected with a Wall street insurance company was found to have stolen \$180,000 to carry on his gaming practices, but that is

destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and some of you remember at the close of our civil war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things—be honest or die.

Generally the money leaks silently from the merchant's till into the gamester's wallet. I believe that one of the main pipes leading to this sewer of iniquity is the excitement of business life. Is it not a significant fact that the majority of day gambling houses in New York are in proximity to Wall street? Men go into the excitement of stock gambling, and from that they plunge into the gambling houses, as when men are intoxicated, they go into a liquor saloon to get more drink. The agitation that is witnessed in the stock market when the chair announces the word "Northwestern" or "Ft. Wayne" or "Rock Island" or "New York Central," and the rat, rat, tat, of the auctioneer's hammer, and the excitement of making "corners," and getting up "pools," and "carrying stock," and a "break" from 80 to 70, and the excitement of rushing around in carbuncle brokerage, and the sudden cries of "Buyer three!" "Buyer ten!" "Take 'em!" "How many?" and the making or losing of \$10,000 by one operation, units a man to go home, and so he goes up the flight of stairs, amid business offices, to the darkly curtained, wooden shuttered room, gayly furnished inside and takes his place at the roulette or the faro table. But I cannot tell all the process by which men get into this evil. A man went to New York. He was a Western merchant. He went into a gaming house on Park Place. Before morning he had lost all his money save \$1, and he moved around about with that dollar in his hand, and after awhile, caught still more powerfully under the internal infatuation, he came up and put down the dollar and cried out until they heard him through the saloon: "One thousand miles from home, and my last dollar on the gaming table!"

Many years ago for sermonic purposes, and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night, and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were drawn, the door was guarded, but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table finding eight or ten men, well-dressed, all the work going on in silence save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming table in one parlor and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were shipwrecked bankers and brokers and money dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice, but all intent upon the table as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something awfully solemn in that silence, the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the raps, and I have no doubt some saw as they sat there horses and carriages and houses and lands and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence, had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went in by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me, "None get in here except by police mandate or by some letter of a patron."

While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost; put more money down on the roulette table and lost. Then, feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls.

Oh, merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the club houses of London. His body was carried into the club house and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players. In these gambling houses of our cities men have property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen to restore their fortunes; some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down. And that work proceeds day by day and night by night. "That cart rope," says the young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprises of our cities which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul and a robbery of the community. Yet how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience, or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that purchasers of that tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come up on a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of the community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young man, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man consents to these practices he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already

destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity, and some of you remember at the close of our civil war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things—be honest or die.

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Young man want—what is it? More salary? Higher social position? No. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it—it is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison and try to get out, and you fail, and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grates and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back and the door will swing open and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return, and the calf as fast as it will be, and the harps of heaven are all strong and the feet free! There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon their billiard saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. They stretch a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clinched as to smite, but outspread as to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom and immensity no iron bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eternal victory, but alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace while the angels of God keep the tally board, and after kings and queens and knaves and spades are "shuffled" and "cut" and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it. The faro bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers.

Detectives at once went to work on the case, which is one of deliberate train-wrecking. The motive is not known. The railroad officials say that they have never had trouble with any toughs around Thorntown and that it is a quiet, orderly place. The pin was driven into the ground, it is thought, especially for this train. It was not there 40 minutes before, when No. 27, westbound, passed the switch.

SPOILSMEN SURPRISED.

An Unexpected Order by the President Extending the Scope of Civil Service Rules.

Washington special: An order issued by President McKinley amending the civil service rules is received with satisfaction by the civil service reformers here and with equal dissatisfaction on the part of the place hunters. Heretofore the law protected the entrance but failed to guard the exit. This has been remedied by the President's order, which gives legal protection to the meritorious official or employee. It has been thought it would require Congressional action to accomplish this end. The President has settled it by a stroke of the pen. The place hunters on the other hand, are howling. They confidently expected that the President would amend the rule so as to take out of the merit system the government printing office and the bureau of engraving and printing, in whole or part, thus providing places for about one thousand of their number. Included in the order was the