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MACAO, Nov. 21.—I write this in the Monte Carlo of Asia, in the great gambling hell of Macao, where fan-tan runs riot. Day and night, Sundays and week days, year in and year out, these gambling-houses are open. This is the center of the lottery system of West Asia. The Manila Company has moved here, and the fortunes which were won at the Philippines now come to Macao. The chief gambling is in fan-tan, in which thousands of dollars are lost and won every night by betting on the number of copper cash under the bowls.

I am sitting in a gambling hall as I write these notes. It is in the heart of this Portuguese capital, on the Rua de Jogo, the street of the gamblers. It is midnight, and the pavement is thronged with hard-faced Chinese, running to and fro. The air is full of laughing and joking and of the noises which the Chinese call singing.

There are male roosterers and females of plumes. The room is dark, but the Rua de Jogo blazes with Chinese lanterns. Its stores are open, and gambling signs invite you to "buck the tiger." The talk is of winning and losing. There is an almondered, long-nosed man who tells how he won \$10,000 last week, and how a Frenchman came here to break the bank and lost \$400 in one night. Last night he says he got it all back, the next night and \$15,000 to boot. The thought stirs the Yankee gambling blood in us, and we look up the house where the money was won.

Chinese Gambling Hell.

We go through a well-lighted passage and enter. The ground floor is full of Chinese. This large room at the right is crowded. Yellow men and women are gathered about a long table covered with molting, upon which money and chips and Chinese cards are lying. Look up through that opening which runs to the roof with galleries at the second and third floors. See the hundreds of anxious almond eyes which are looking down upon the table. Notice their owners as they let down little baskets with strings of copper cash to stake. When the game is over they pull up their winnings. As the baskets go down their sing out the number where the money is to be placed, and at the close of each game the bankers shout the numbers which win.

In another room they are playing fan-tan in much the same way. Here the betting is all on the number of copper coins under a bowl. The banker takes a couple of handfuls of coins from a pile at one side of the table and covers them with a brass bowl. Later on he will count them in fours, and the betting is as to whether they will come out even, or whether one-two or three cash will be left.

The bets flow in from all parts of the room. There are hundreds of dollars upon the table, and the croupier calls "Stop!" He raises the bowl and begins to pull out the coins with two chopsticks, taking four out at a time. He does it so slowly that there is no chance of deception. The game looks fair, and I put my money on No. 1, only to find that 3 wins the stake. The next time I put it on 5, but luck is against me, and it goes into the pile of the banker. Had I won, I should have gotten three times my stake.

Fan Tan Variations.

This game of fan-tan is played throughout the far East. There are different ways of counting, but, of course, the chances are always in favor of the banker. In some games the chances are almost even, but the banker has a commission of 7 per cent on all that passes over the table.

There is a game where the gambler has one chance of winning by guessing the stake and one of losing it. This is called ching-tong. If, at the close of the count one coin is left, he gets an amount equal to his stake; if two or three, he saves his stake, but if four or five, he loses it. Another game allows the gambler one chance of winning double the amount he puts down, two of losing and one of retaining his stake. There are still others where the gambler has a chance of winning three times the amount he puts down and three chances of losing it. The game is in many ways like roulette, although there is no wheel for the balls to fall.

The Chinese are among the greatest gamblers of the world. You find gambling houses in every Chinese colony, in every Chinese city and in every village. The people gamble on the roadsides, in the tea-houses and on board ship. The steamers which cross the Pacific from San Francisco to Shanghai often carry 1000 or more Chinese in the steerage, and many of them are gamblers who have money in the United States and are going home to spend it. They gamble all the way over. A dozen different games are running at one time, and in some cases the stakes are high.

Upon some of the steamships the officers and sailors come down and join in the gambling, and I have seen Americans, both women and men, sit down with these dirty Chinese to play. During my last trip across the Pacific I saw the agent of one of the big Milwaukee breweries lose \$500 at fan-tan, while a very pretty American widow, who was, I fear, not so good as she should be, lost more than \$500 in the same way.

Disgraceful Spectacle.

This woman, as well dressed and as nice-looking as any girl you will meet in six months, squatted down in her Paris-made dress on the deck of the steamer, with piles of silver dollars before her, risking from \$10 to \$20 at a time on the cash under the bowl. The sight was a disgraceful one, and the fact that gambling is permitted on steamers carrying the United States flag is a disgrace to the United States. I heard it hinted that the Chinese keepers of the game paid a proportion of their winnings to the American officers, and the latter told me that the Chinese must be permitted to gamble, or they would take other boats.

Gambling is forbidden by law in China. There are many people who denounce it, and many who would no more think of gambling than a Presbyterian parson would of betting on a horse race. Gambling, however, is tolerated by the officials, who make money out of it by levying blackmail upon such houses. Indeed, there are gambling shops right at the doors of some of the government offices. They are to be found in the back and side streets, and sometimes in the business streets.

Many sporting houses are conducted by joint stock companies, and some by private parties. It is against the law for

now was to stay out all night and spend money. I have heard the same from rich Chinese at the other treaty ports, and I can see that their sons are as a rule worthless. They have all the old vices of their race added to our new ones. They are gamblers, profligates and spendthrifts, while their fathers, on the other hand, are thrifty, upright good fellows and good business men.

Chinese Fortune-Telling.
One reason why gambling is so universal here is through the superstition of the Chinese. They consider life largely a matter of luck. There is a large class

Gambling for Grub.
The man who wants a meal pays so many cash for a chance. The tube is shaken and he pulls out a certain number of the sticks. If the dots on these are the winning ones, he gets double the amount of his money in food; if not, he gets nothing. I have seen some peddlers jingling such sticks on the wharves of Tien Tsin among the coolies who were unloading the vessels. It was at lunch time, and each of the laborers had perhaps a cent or two to spend for his lunch. In nine cases out of ten he would bet with the peddler, taking the chance of getting two big cakes or going hungry.

Another method of gambling is with three short sticks. The gambler ties a piece of money to the end of one of the sticks and grasps the three sticks in his hand so that the money is concealed. The gambler fastens an equal amount to the other end of one of the sticks. If he puts it on the stick on which the money of the dealer is he wins; otherwise he loses. In this case the man who runs the game has two chances at winning.

One of the most common ways of betting here is with oranges. You see this going on at the fruit stalls and also in private houses. The bet is on the number of seeds in an orange. Sometimes it is as to whether the number is odd or even, and at others as to the exact number of seeds the orange contains. If at a fruit stand the dealer will pay the lucky guesser five times his bet, but the loser must pay the value of the orange and also five times as much as he has wagered.

There is little gambling on horse-racing except at the open ports and at Hong Kong. Bird fights and insect fights take the place of bull fights and races. There is some chicken fighting in the interior, and almost everywhere there are quail fights and cricket fights.

Quail Fighting.

Quail fighting is done on a table with a little fence about its edge. The fighting quails have been starved for some time. As they are put into the pen a few grains of rice or wheat are laid before them and they at once begin to fight over them. They are trained for the purpose, and a good fighter is worth \$100 and upward. It is the same with the crickets. Their prize rings are little bowls. The crickets have been trained. They seem to understand their master's word, and they are urged on to the combat with straws.

of professional fortune-tellers who are consulted upon everything. They are asked to point out the lucky and unlucky days for all sorts of actions. There are certain days upon which the Chinese will not do certain things. If they open a granary on one day they think that the rice will rot, and they will not plant upon certain days for the same reason, while on a third they never shave because, if they do, their heads will be covered with boils.

Every day has its own superstition and

every way than where the soldiers rely on outside liquor-sellers for the drink which they will have is undeniable. There is no denying either that the liquor-sellers are among the strongest advocates of the abolition of the canteen.

So far as my experience of 14 years in the service has gone, I believe that the Army is practically a unit in favor of retaining this much-abused institution. There are so many good reasons why this stand is taken that the public should be fully informed on the subject before it

of prohibitionists, and unconsciously they are acting as the allies of the very people against whom all their energies are otherwise directed—the liquor-dealers—who stand to win enormously by the abolition of the canteen.

To those persons who are blighted on the subject, it makes no difference that the canteen system has increased sobriety; that, through its medium, the soldier is served with malt liquors only in limited quantities, under Government supervision, instead of with spurious liquors of the vilest stomach-digesting kind and in such quantities as his fevered appetite may demand.

A Poor Substitute.
Yet it is a matter of official record that at posts where there are no canteens, "pay day" is a curse to a large number of the soldiers. The soldier is merely human, and like all other classes of citizens, feels, after he has done his work, which is peculiarly mechanical and monotonous, that he needs to have a little relaxation. Shall he find it in his own club, under the eye of his comrades and the restraining influence of all his associates, or shall he fly from the tedium of drill to the abominable dens that will form like fester sores outside the limits of the reservation so soon as the canteen be abolished?

Again, these visits will necessarily not be made as frequently as would those to the canteen, and when they are made, will result in much heavier drinking, as a matter of course.

The abolition of the canteen will naturally mean the abolition of the club, for without the profits derived from the sale of the beverages, there will be nothing to divide among the messes and therefore no club can exist. Those who imagine that the tendency to take a glass of beer will be prevented by the removal of temptation do not know human nature.

Tell a man that he cannot go and take a glass of beer with a comrade and you will drive him to resort to the most desperate measures in order to obtain it. The result will be that the grogshop outside the post will always be busy and the guardhouse equally crowded, which means that the tone of the entire post will be lowered.

Personally, I am not the advocate of using malt liquors in any form, but of two evils I believe in choosing the lesser.

A Case in Point.
A very simple instance of the bad effects of allowing soldiers to drink indis-

indorses the taking of so radical a step as abolishing the canteen.

Would Be Fatal Error.
I, who should be one of the first to condemn an institution that would be detrimental to the soul of the soldier, unhesitatingly say that the abolition of the canteen would be a fatal error. Those officers who are not absolutely prejudiced against the use of alcohol in any form whatever can but admit that the can-

teen is a powerful influence for good, and that it tends toward the preservation of discipline, comradeship, sobriety and health.

An almost similar comparison can be made between drinking in a respectable club and drinking in a low saloon. While the influence of one tends to promote sociability and the higher social attributes, the influence of the other is toward viciousness of a kind which would not be even discussed in the former.

A large majority of persons occasionally use stimulants, and nothing would induce them to discontinue the habit,

criminally anywhere came to my notice when I first arrived in Manila. The streets of the city were practically lined with little nipa huts, in which natives were sitting, at a merely nominal price, not only fruits and vegetables, but also native gin. Our soldiers soon christened them what they really were, "gin shacks."

The character of this native distillation was so fiery and effective that its results were deplorable. It became my duty to bury two of our boys who had succumbed to the indiscriminate use of the vile stuff. The substitution of regimental canteens, in which only beer was sold,

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UPHOLDS ARMY CANTEN

CHAPLAIN PIERCE, IN MANILA, SAYS IT IS NOT HARMFUL.

Believes That Abolition of Present System Would Lead to Greatly Worse State of Affairs.

MANILA, P. I., Nov. 21.—The Army canteen, while it may not be ideal, has many good features, and is an immense improvement upon the system it has superseded. I do not want to see any return to the old sutler's regime, nor to have our Army posts surrounded (as they will be if the canteen is suppressed) by a cordon of low dives where drink and devilishness reign rampant. Better the ills we have, than the others, to which we surely will fly.

That the conditions existing where a canteen is maintained are better in ev-

even if, occasionally, they might feel themselves to have derived less benefit than advantage from them. With many others, the habit of drinking has become a confirmed one, and failure to receive their regular allowance would appear to be, at least temporarily, a serious deprivation. To such persons compulsory abstinence at one time would mean unbridled indulgence at another.

Evil Results Would Follow.

I do not for a moment question the good intentions of those who are advocating the abolition of the canteen, any more than do I the intention of those misguided individuals who originated the prayer-chain enterprise. Their action was in direct defiance of the authority of the Deity, inasmuch as it was an attempt to dictate to God. Many prayers have been offered in ignorance and the thing asked for has been shown, in the light of subsequent experience, to have been the worst that could have been sought. There can be no doubt that when a similar attempt to bring about an undesirable condition is persisted in, equally evil results follow.

The people who are urging the abolition of the canteen are largely composed

led to an immediate and most marked improvement in the sobriety of the troops. CHARLES C. PIERCE, Chaplain United States Army.

Rev. Dr. Pierce, whose signature is attached to the foregoing letter, is an Army chaplain of many years' experience and the first rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Manila. He is a personal friend of President McKinley and enjoys the friendship of many other prominent citizens of this country. He is exceptionally qualified, by opportunities for observation, to write on the subject of the Army canteen.

Holiday Reflections.

Mrs. Fincher Critiques Practice of Exchanging Presents. New Year Resolutions.

"Oh, dear! here is Christmas again!" exclaimed Mrs. Fincher, disgustedly. "It hardly seems a month since I was racking my brain to reimburse my friends and fellow-givers for past favors, calculating to a nicety the extent of their generosity to me, and returning it, in due measure. 'Yes, I know this doesn't sound well, but, in the main, it is what we all do. Mrs. Overd gave me the crudest combination of coarse satin and lace that ever composed a pin cushion; I positively could not bear to put it on my dresser. I laid it tenderly away, and this year it goes to a friend who honored me last Christmas with a cheap Hattenberg doll. And as for Mrs. Brown, who sent me a down pillow stuffed with chicken feathers, the gods will grind out a remembrance for her in the shape of a home-made 'Parisian novelty'—a pulley belt. Goodness knows, she needs one for that thick waist!"

The Christmas Spirit.

"You don't seem to be inspired with the true Christmas spirit," remarked the Dearest Friend.

"Well, I am, and I am not. I love to give to dear ones—I enjoy to enthusiasm, making my real friends happy with pretty souvenirs. But this perfunctory giving to people just because it is expected is all wrong, and a weariness to the flesh."

"I counted over my store yesterday and divided and subdivided it, for the purchasing of various and sundry articles, yet to be selected, amidst a weary crowd of half-dressed women. Imagine a horde of men thronging around a counter, flushed and heated with the endeavor to make a dollar buy ten beautiful and expensive presents! If only women would buy and move on!"

"Today I essayed to pass through a narrow aisle in a store, and found two fat women wedged in there, conversing at their leisure, about the ailments of their children, the new minister, the latest recipe for mince pie. There they stood, enjoying themselves very much, and entirely oblivious to the jam on either side, until a clerk politely asked them to move on."

Indignant Females.

"They were outraged! 'Huh!' snorted the fattest one—'snorted' is the word—'Huh!' if customers can't talk sociably in this store, we'll go where we can.' And they waddled off in high dudgeon, to paw over the counter display elsewhere. 'By the by, why don't merchants have 'pawed-over' sales? Hundreds of women handle every individual article within reach at Christmas time. At the silk-bargain counter, at the novelty display, at the picture booth—everywhere—there is continual thumb-and-adding-to the accompaniment of 'Oh, isn't this sweet?' or 'Isn't that dear?' etc." And Mrs. Fincher ceased.

Amid all this holiday looking and buying and giving, how little is bestowed on the really destitute whom we have always with us! Suppose that, for one Christmas, every woman in the city should lop off some of the all-morally reciprocal giving and should give to the poor, instead! Suppose, indeed, that women should band together in a society, called, let us say, "Sisters of the Poor," and do this noble work! How many a widow's spirit would then be cheered, how many an orphan's heart would overflow with the pure joy of being alive in such a delightful world! In this, I refer not to institutions, but to the unclassified and unknown poor, who are fighting the bitter battle of life unaided!

New Year Resolutions.

Be it resolved: That we live, not for ourselves alone. There are others who are created in the same likeness, only better looking.

That we speak not unkindly of the absent, lest our own "left ears" do burn likewise.

That we utter no compliment we do not mean, and express no sentiment we do not feel. For, behold the fate of Sapphira, and take heed!

That we turn a deaf ear to the tale of evil, and repeat it not. For let us that first tell it forth.

That we give the accused the benefit of the doubt. So shall he be able to hold up his head before all the people—until maybe he be proven innocent.

That we rejoice in the beauty of our fairer sisters, even as is that of a flower, without envy, heartburning or backbiting.

That we do not begrudge to the poor, without envy, heartburning or backbiting.

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hearts of gold, while our own may be but brass and very common clay. And finally, my sisters, be it resolved: That we exchange our state and be wise, exercising charity toward all. For, behold, we arise and flourish for a brief hour, and are gone forever. And soon no man or woman can say, "Let them were here, and we were there," for we shall be even as if we had never been. MARY E. BELL.

A SONG OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Let us join in the chorus of victory, of gladness, and joy, and peace—
Hail a new epoch in the world's history, wherein all discord shall cease!

The cycle that's ended was glorious—the grandest the world has seen.
We will leave it with tenderest feeling, and keep it in memory green.

But the world has come with its lessons, and placed its feet on the new ground.
To keep pace with the slow procession of decades already found.

"Onward! forever onward!" is the song the new century sings,
As it steps o'er the threshold of ages, and the door wide open swings.

So young and so strong and so vigorous, so full of prophetic light,
It betters the world a new Springtime, with Right on the throne, and Might!

'Tis the fullness of time sung by poets and far-seeing seers of the past,
Who searched the horizon for signals that our race should be free at last.

It now will arise in its grandeur and herald the dawning day,
Where love and brotherhood only shall wield over men their sway.

Old things have passed on forever; we gladly welcome the new,
And reach forth the kind hand of greeting to the stranger, with promises true.

As he enters the door of our threshold, and Proclaiming, at last, the freedom sung by poet, prophet and sage.

Let each lift his eyes to the hilltops, now luminous with the new light,
That grand world which brings us, scattering darkness and night.

Let him dip his pen in the sunbeams, and write, with the finger of God,
On the page clean and white now before him, and scatter Truth's teachings abroad.

Let him gain his inspiration from his welling heart within,
That the new world shall no longer know suffering and sorrow and sin.

Let him stand on the lofty mountains and view the landscape o'er,
And spell in it a new meaning he but dimly guessed before.

This earth is the Father's garden to perfect His children's lives,
And give hope's fullest fruition to each one who works and strives.

The New Century brings this lesson, in manifold wisdom and love,
Teaching us, God's in heaven and His angels are watching above.

Let man's will assert his dominion o'er all things below his estate;
Let him rise in majestic greatness, nor ever succumb to fate.

He was born to be ruler and master of all the forces of life,
To bring forth only perfection, to know neither care nor strife.

On this clean white page now before him let there be only truths of love—
The secret of all life living—the gift of God from above.

The world has outgrown its childhood, its age of wood and of stone,
When man was afraid of his brother, and trusted only his own.

No more shall war vex the nations, but ever shall harmony be the aim,
For brotherhood is the world's watchword, and joy takes the place of pain.

Hope points with her beckoning fingers to heights we have not yet attained,
Where life's possibilities wait on us and secrets of power are gained.

Let us hold ourselves receptive of all that is good and true,
Letting God's light shine thro' us, as the sun thro' the blue ether.

The brightness of heaven surrounds us right here in our earthly home,
Awaiting our acceptance while living under its dome.

"Onward, forever onward!" let us sing it o'er and o'er,
Till all men shall heed the message which echoes from shore to shore.

And takes the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the earth,
Piling up hearts with the valor in which great deeds have birth.

Then a grand, new race of immortals upon our earth shall arise,
Expressing God's image and likeness—the consummate hope we prize.

—Frances Elmina Cox.

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"A QUIET GAME" AMONG RICH CHINESE, IN A TREATY PORT.



GAMBLING AMONG CHINESE, AT FEASTS, IN HONG KONG.

Some of them are very fierce, and many will fight until they die. Those which chirp the loudest are considered the best fighters.

The Chinese understand how to feed and groom the crickets for the fray. They give them honey, boiled chestnuts, and belled rice and certain kinds of fish. They do not allow any one to smoke near them, for they think tobacco is injurious to them. If the crickets grow sick, they feed them upon mosquitoes, and, in certain cases, red ants.

In a cricket fight the insects are weighed before they are put into the ring. They are matched as to size and color. The betting is done just as carefully as at an American horse-race. The stakes are held by a committee, which divides a certain percentage for those who own the fighting-houses. During the fight the gamblers grow excited. They scream and yell and hop up and down as one insect gets the better of the other and so almost mad when one wins.

The Chinese have all sorts of games, but mostly games of chance. Even in kite-flying the boys and men—for even the men here fly kites—will try to see which has the strongest string, forcing his string against the string of the others so as to break them. In such contests the string are often soaked with glue and dusted with powdered glass, so that they may cut or saw the better.

Finger Guessing.
At every feast there are games of guessing, upon which money is staked. One is guessing how many fingers a man throws out at you, and another is quickly flinging out one or more fingers and shouting a number, when the others who are playing must instantly fling out as many fingers as will, when added to the number mentioned by the first man, make up a total of ten. At the same time they must shout out the number of fingers they throw out. In this case those who lose have to pay so much money, or drink so much wine as a forfeit. The Chinese are very fond of this game. They grow so boisterous in playing it that the European officials of Hong Kong have prohibited it there after 11 o'clock in the evening.

Speaking of Hong Kong, that city and Shanghai are among the fastest places in the empire. Shanghai leads in all varieties of vice. It has all the wickedness of the Chinese married to every vicious habit that is known in Europe. The older Chinese at the treaty ports deprecate the presence of foreigners in China because of their vicious example. They claim that their sons are being ruined by European teachings.

Take, for instance, the comprador of the American Consulate at Shanghai, a man who started life as a clerk, and who has now a business outside of the consulate which brings him in about \$15,000 a year. He says that he has made more money out of the foreigners, but that he would be glad to give up every cent if they were out of China. He told me that he had seven sons, who might have been good boys, but they had been so ruined by foreigners that their only idea

of its own luck. If you dig a well on the day called Moo, you will get only bitter waters, and if you eat dog's flesh on the day called Moo, the spirit of the dog will haunt you. On the day Shan you must never weep for the dead, or you will have sorrow upon sorrow and if you make sauce on the day called Sun, it will be tasteless. There are 10 days called Male days, and 12 which are called Female days. If you wear a new suit of clothes for the first time on the day called Chow, you will be sure to die away from home, and if you buy land on the day called Moo, you will be unlucky. I take these facts from Archdeacon Gray's book on China, which is long since out of print.

These superstitions as to luck extend to the configuration of the country, and also to the legends connected with localities. Some time ago a telegraph was projected between Canton and Hong Kong