

This sort of conventional hypocrisy among the common run of people is easier to forgive than the same thing among the cultivated few whom we accept as mentors. I stumbled upon an illuminating incident about five years ago which I cannot forbear recalling here. A young man just graduated from college, where he had attracted some attention by the cleverness of his pen, was invited to a position on the staff of the *New York Journal*. Visiting a leading member of the college faculty to say farewell, he mentioned this compliment with not a little pride. In an instant the professor was up in arms, with an earnest protest against his handicapping his whole career by having anything to do with so monstrous an exponent of yellow journalism. The lad was deeply moved by the good man's outburst, and went home sorrowful. After a night's sleep on it he resolved to profit by the admonition, and accordingly called upon the editor, and asked permission to withdraw his tentative acceptance. In the explanation which followed he inadvertently let slip the name of his adviser. He saw a cynical smile cross the face of Mr. Hearst, who summoned a stenographer, and in his presence dictated a letter to the professor, requesting a five-hundred-word signed article for the next Sunday's issue and inclosing a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars. On Sunday the ingenuous youth beheld the article in a conspicuous place on the *Journal's* editorial page, with the professor's full name appended in large capitals.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his *Tremendous Trifles* has expressed the feeling of the normal man toward the two contrasting types of journalism.

If I had to choose between taking in the *Daily Mail* and taking in the *Times* (the dilemma reminds one of a nightmare), I should certainly cry out with the whole of my being for the *Daily Mail*. Even mere bigness, preached in a frivolous way, is not so irritating as mere meanness preached in a big and solemn way. People buy the *Daily Mail*, but they do not believe in it. They do believe in the *Times*, and (apparently) they do not buy it.

What is here said of the *Times* sounds violent, but it fairly describes much of the debating in those Buzfuz reviews during the election, except that when seen at this distance it seemed like burlesque. Each side so manifestly dodged the points at issue. The debate turned on little class

horrors and bogey-words, and "shops and tomato sauce" innuendoes. One side hissed "rabble" and the other muttered "dukes." To call Mr. Lloyd-George a "little Welsh attorney" was supposed not only to annihilate him but to dispose effectually of the Budget. It was generally enough merely to imply that a word was repugnant to the writer—"radicalism," "socialism," *verbum sat*—or that the thought was outside his experience. "Our sacred British institutions" were constantly menaced on both sides, with no inkling to the reader of the nature of the peril.

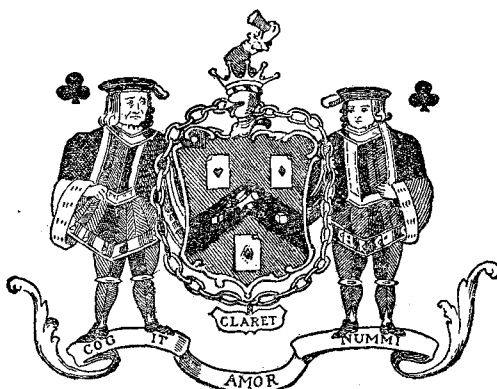
"In later times," said Barry Lyndon in his spirited defence of gambling, "a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honour engaged in the profession of play; but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful Revolution, which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our order. . . . I say that play was an institution of chivalry: it has been wrecked, along with other privileges of men of birth. When Seingalt engaged a man for six and thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed no courage? How have we had the best blood and brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing around the table, as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have been beggars the next day; when *he* lost he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Toeplitz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? 'Sir,' said we, 'we have but eighty thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months. If your Highness' bags do not contain more than eighty thousand, we will meet you.' And

we did, and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen florins of him."

In much the same spirit Mr. Ralph Nevill sat down to write *Light Come, Light Go*, which has just come from the press of the Macmillan Company. The book is a record of Dame Fortune's triumphs and occasional failures in her perpetual fight against those who attempt to woo her. She was in the full flush of her glory in eighteenth century England, when the sums lost at games of chance were appalling even to the modern imagination. For example, Charles James Fox, "who joined Brooks's when he was sixteen, once sat in the club playing at hazard for twenty-two hours in succession, when he lost eleven thousand pounds. At twenty-five he was a ruined man, though his father had paid one hundred and forty thousand pounds for him out of his own property. In 1793 his friends raised seventy thousand pounds to pay his debts and buy him an annuity." Another player at the same club lost seventy thousand pounds, and everything else he possessed, including his carriage and horses, which were his last stake. General Scott, father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, is said to have won two hundred thousand pounds at whist. Colonel Henry Mellish "plunged" immediately after coming of age. At one time he lost forty thousand pounds by a single throw and is said to have forfeited a similar amount at a sitting to the Prince Regent. On another occasion he rose from the table the loser of ninety-seven thousand pounds, took his place again on the arrival of the Duke of Suffolk, and in two or three hours won one hundred thousand pounds from the newcomer.

Charles Fox's favourite game was faro, which is supposed to have been invented by a noble Venetian, who gave it the name of *bassetta*. The Venetian's fate was that of many great inventors. No sooner had *bassetta* come into favour than he himself was banished for the evils that had resulted from the game. "In 1674 Signor Justiniani, Ambassador from Venice, in-

troduced it into France, where it was called *bassette*. Some of the princes of the blood, many of the *noblesse*, and several persons of the greatest fortune having been ruined by it, a severe law was enacted against its play by Louis XIV. To elude this edict, it was disguised under the name of *pour et contre*, and this occasioning new and severe prohibitions, it was again changed to the name of *le pharaon*, in order to evade the arrêts of Parliament. From France the game soon found its way to England, where it was at first called *basset*, but in the fashionable circles, where at that time it enjoyed a great vogue, it was invariably known by the name of *faro*.



THE WHIMSICAL OLD COAT-OF-ARMS OF  
WHITE'S CLUB

"Vert (for a card table); between three parolis proper, on a chevron sable, two rouleaux in saltire between two dice, proper. In a canton sable, a ball (for election), argent. Supporters, an old knave of clubs on the dexter, a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper. Crest, issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's), an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper. Motto, alluding to the crest, 'Cogit amor nummi.' The arms encircled with a claret-bottle ticket by way of order.

There were in those days no end of eccentric wagers. In 1735 the Count de Buckeburg, on a bet, rode a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, the horse's head toward Scotland, the rider's toward England, accomplishing the feat in less than four days. Another mad gamester wagered to travel from Paris to Fontainebleau and back before his opponent could prick half a million pinholes in a piece of paper. Competitive eating matches and wagers to stand on one leg for twelve hours and three minutes were common occurrences. Remarkably eccentric were some of the

most assiduous gamblers. There was the miserly Mr. Elwes, known, until he inherited a fortune, as Mr. Meggot: "A clerical neighbour had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to Newmarket. As was the latter's custom, they set out on their journey at seven in the morning, and, with the hope of a substantial breakfast at Newmarket, the clergyman took no refreshment before starting. . . . Eventually four o'clock arrived, and by this time his reverence had become so impatient that he murmured something about the 'keen air of Newmarket Heath' and the

thorough, in another sense, was that Thomas Kerridge who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, says tradition, gambled away Shelley Hall, in Suffolk, room by room, "and, when all the contents were gone and the house gutted, pulled down certain portions and gambled away the bricks."

Napoleon, Mr. Nevill tells us, was a very poor card player, and never indulged in any serious gambling. The same was the case with the Duke of Wellington, who though charged with being



THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT HOMBURG

In this drawing, which was made by the late G. D. Sala, the reader may detect a curious error

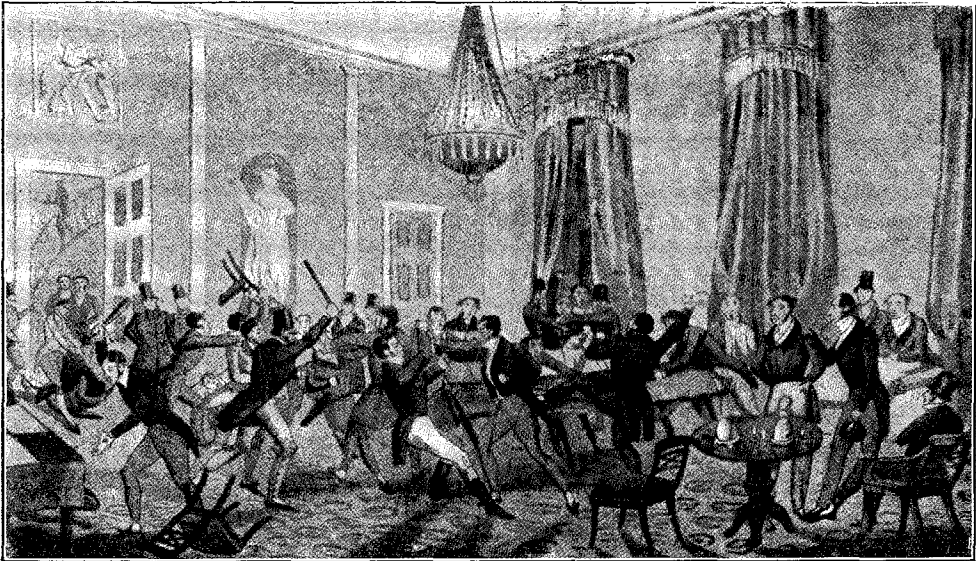
comforts of a good dinner. 'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'have some of this,' offering him at the same time a piece of old, crushed pancake from his great-coat pocket. He added that he had brought it from his house at Marcham two months before, but 'that it was as good as new.' " Such was the man who that very day had hazarded seven thousand pounds; who, after sitting up all night playing for thousands with the most fashionable profligates of the day, would walk to Smithfield to meet his own cattle, and haggle in the rain with a carcass-butcher over a shilling; who once sat at piquet for thirty-six consecutive hours. As

addicted to playing hazard, maintained that never in the course of his life had he won or lost twenty pounds at any game. It was different, however, with the other christener of boots who came to help Wellington at Waterloo. Blücher was inordinately fond of gambling and repeatedly lost large sums at play. Much to his disgust this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming-table, and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience. One morning, however, young Blücher presented himself before his father, and exclaimed with an air of joy, "Sir, you



said I knew nothing about play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of roubles which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I will convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blücher won all his son's money; whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

to swear how often the bank had been stripped; a dunner, who went about to recover money lost at play; a waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room; an attorney, the sharper the better; a captain, ready to fight any gentleman who might be peevish at losing his money; an usher, to light gentlemen up and downstairs, and give the porter the word; a porter, who was generally a foot soldier; an orderly man, whose duty consisted in walking up and down on the outside of the door to give notice to the



A ROW IN A FASHIONABLE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GAMBLING HELL

The well-regulated gambling house of London in the eighteenth century had attached to it a considerable army of retainers. "The first, and of the greatest importance, was the commissioner, always a proprietor, who looked in at night, the week's account being audited by him and two other proprietors. Then followed the director, who superintended the rooms; the operator, who dealt the cards at faro, or any other game; the croupier, who watched the cards and gathered the money for the bank; a puff, handsomely paid to decoy others to play; a clerk, who acted as a check upon the puff, to see that he embezzled none of the money given him to play with; a squib, who was a puff of meaner rank, and received but a low salary, whilst learning to deal; a flasher,

porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables; a runner, employed to obtain intelligence of the justices' meeting. Besides these, there was link-boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, and others, who might bring information of danger, at half a guinea each for every true alarm. Finally, there was a sort of affiliated irregular force, the members of which—affidavitmen, ruffians, and braves—were capable of becoming assassins upon occasion."

"So great was the love of betting amongst sporting men that when they were on a journey they would wager as to what they might meet with next. This method of gambling was afterward made into a regular game which was called



CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Mr. Towne's unusual poem *Manhattan* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

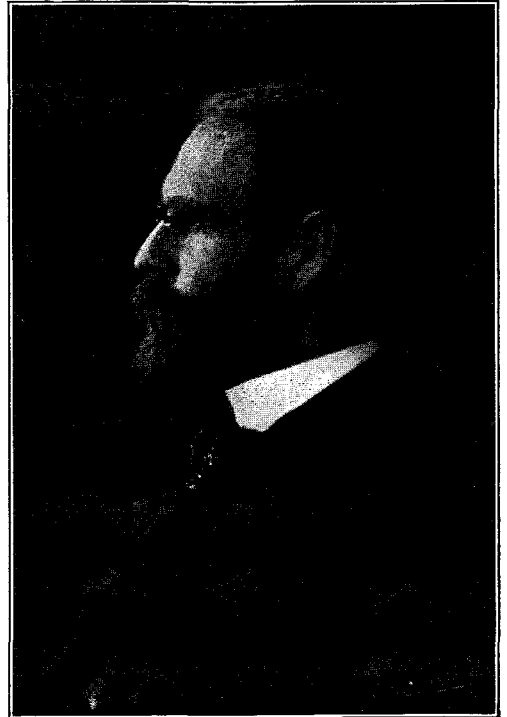
'Travelling Piquet.' This was defined as a mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning toward his game the persons, or animals, that passed by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:

A parson riding on a gray horse	Game
An old woman under a hedge	do.
A cat looking out of a window	60
A man, woman, and child in a buggy	40
A man riding with a woman behind him	30
A flock of sheep	20
A flock of geese	10
A post-chaise	5
A horseman	2
A man or woman walking	1

"Death itself was not infrequently made the subject of a wager. Just before two unfortunate men, hung at the Old Bailey, were *dropped off*, a young nobleman present betted a hundred guineas to twenty 'that the shorter of the two would give the last kick!' The wager was taken, and he won; for the

other died almost instantly, whilst the shorter man was convulsed for nearly six minutes. So great was the mania for wagers at this epoch, that even the clergy were affected by the prevailing craze. A young divine, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, declared himself ready to undertake for a wager of a hundred guineas to read six chapters from the Bible every hour for six weeks. The betting was ten to one against him."

A great deal is being said of late with regard to Björnsterne Björnson. Certainly, throughout his active life, his personality was very striking and he appealed immensely to the imagination of his countrymen. Un-



THE "CENTURY'S" NEW EDITOR

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has succeeded the late Mr. Gilder as editor of the *Century*, has been on the staff of that magazine for thirty-seven years. Since 1881 he has been the associate editor. In addition to his editorial work, Mr. Johnson was the originator, with John Muir, in the movement that resulted in the creation of the Yosemite National Park, he started the Memorial to Keats and Shelley in Rome, he was the first to propose to President Roosevelt the Conference of Governors for the purpose of preserving the forests of the East, and he was one of the prominent workers in the cause of international copyright.