

least three gambling games going on within it, and as the saloons number about eighty, there must be at least 240 games at which you can lose your money in the town. All sorts of vice are licensed. The saloons, I am told, pay \$600 a year for the privilege of selling liquor, and every game pays its license of \$10 a month, so you see the town has an income of about \$48,000 a year from its saloons, and of nearly \$30,000 a year from gambling.

It is on "Easy street" that you find the most of the dance halls of Cripple Creek. There are dozens of these in the town, and they would be a disgrace to any Christian community. You enter a saloon, at the back of which is a big room, in which a screeching band plays. The saloon is filled with men and women, some sober, some half drunk, others tottering with intoxication. The women are young, and not a few are pretty. Some wear long Mother Hubbards, some are even more scantily clad. The faces of all are flushed with drink, and some of the women almost stagger as they push their way in and out among the men, begging them to dance and drink with them. In most cases the men refuse, for many are here only to see. There is no charge for the dancing, but the man who dances is expected to treat his partner, and the girls are held out as a bait to sell the liquor and to get the drunken miners to gamble. Stop a moment and watch the dance! There are quadrilles and waltzes, and cowboys with their hats on are nopping about in heavy boots over the board floors and swinging their drunken partners. Listen a moment and you can hear their conversation. It is not fit to print, and oaths and slang are mixed with the vilest of language. I have seen some of the famous wicked dances of the world. I have been in the Moulin Rouge in Paris, and have seen the can-can, but this is worse. The Parisian's vice is to a certain extent refined and hidden. Here it is open and disgusting in the extreme.

Gambling goes on everywhere. There is a laro game now being played in the back of the Cripple Creek Hotel. Bills are scattered around the streets advertising free keno rolls, and there are club rooms to enter which you must know the password, and in which high games are played. One such club is known as the Chautauqua. I have lectured at Bishop Vincent's great Chautauqua summer school at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. It is one of the chief Christian institutions of the world, and it has its branch circles in almost every county of the United States. In walking down the street the other day with a newspaper friend I saw the sign "Chautauqua" above a door across the street, and I said that I would like to go over and call and pay my respects to the members of the circle. A queer smile came over the newspaper man's features as he said:

"All right, I am a member of that Chautauqua, and I will introduce you." We entered a narrow hall, through one door of which I could see into a saloon where at least 500 men were gambling. We passed this and went upstairs and stopped before a door which was closed. "I have a key," said my newspaper friend, as he opened the door with a night key and let me into a large parlor, on the tables of which were papers from all parts of the world. I saw a copy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, a

Harper's Weekly and the Chautauqua Magazine, and next to them lay a copy of the Police Gazette. Before I could realize how such an ungodly paper as the latter came to be taken by a Chautauqua circle a tall, thin gentlemanly young man, with a brown moustache and cold blue eyes, came in. I was introduced to him as the manager of the Chautauqua. He gave me words of welcome in a voice like oil, and asked me to step into the next room. I did so, and I there saw the biggest and most popular social circle in Cripple Creek. It was a literary circle to some extent, and its members were hard at work. They sat about little tables, each with several leaflets in his hand. As I looked I saw that the leaflets were illustrated. They were covered with red and black spots and with pictures of kings, queens and knaves. It was a poker chautauqua and the chips on the table represented many dollars. In another part of the room was what I thought at my first entrance an object lesson class standing around what seemed to me to be a model of Jerusalem or some ancient city. The professor sat down as he lectured. I drew nearer. The professor was a croupier and the wheel he was turning was not a model of Jerusalem but that which has lost so many green-horns so much money in the game of roulette. The scholars were the players, and the money on the table showed me that the game was a high one. A young fellow from Philadelphia came into this Chautauqua one night. He had but a few dollars, but he began to bet on the red and black. Luck was in his favor and he doubled his stakes. He left the money on the table, changing it from one color to the other now and then. It was doubled again and again, until he had at last won \$16,000. This was all the cash the bank had on hand. The croupier stopped the game and went out and got \$20,000. He brought this in and dared the young gambler to put up his \$16,000 on a single turn of the wheel and to double it or lose. The Philadelphian, however, replied that he had got enough and that he did not care to play any longer. He took his money off with him to lose it, in all probability, in some future game. The majority of the gamblers lose in the end. The percentage in every game played here is in favor of the bank, and the most of the games are swindles out and out.

And still Cripple Creek in some respects is an orderly town. You can keep out of all this vice if you will, or if you cultivate it too much it may possibly land you in jail. There are better jails than that of Cripple Creek. The visit I paid to the prison was just before the fire. The marshal took me to the police station, a building which looked for all the world like the tower of a windmill boarded up. We passed through this, and at its back, in a little shed, I found the jail. There were at least a dozen prisoners, who were caged up like so many wild animals. The whole twelve were kept inside of an iron framework made of two-inch bars crossed like a lattice work and bound together so as to form two tiers of cages, and so that you could look through all of the cages at once. Each cage was just about high enough for a man to stand upright within it, and each contained from two to three men. There was no chance for seclusion or privacy for any one. All were housed in together, and a burglar

and a murderer slept side by side with two foolish drunken boys who had raised a row at a dance hall the other night.

Frank G. Carpenter

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. LVIX.

Having secured passage to Naples, Italy, on the fine Orient Company's steamer "Oroya" I sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, on Monday May 4th, 1896, bound for the "old world." Among the thousands of people who came down to Circular Quay to see friends off, the only one for whom I had any special interest was Elder Jedediah Goff, who kept me company to the last. I had a pleasant passage to Melbourne, Victoria, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, where we arrived in the afternoon of Wednesday the 6th. The next day I found Elder Joseph Stephenson, who had been laboring alone in the colony of Victoria since Elder George W. Lewis, his former companion, left a short time ago. Elder Stephenson has been suffering with weak eyes for many months, which has been a great annoyance to him; but he appears to belong to that class of Elders, who would rather sacrifice life itself than make a failure of his mission; and consequently he has taken a stand which could hardly justify the president of the mission to release him on account of ill health. His time, however, has now nearly expired, and he will be able to return home with honor to himself and family. Elder Edward A. Carr, who is to be his companion for a short time, arrived in Melbourne on the 8th, and made the suburb of Footscray his temporary home. Brother Stephenson himself occupies a rented room in North Melbourne, where most of his labors during the last few months have been directed.

During my three days sojourn in Melbourne I made myself very busy in culling from the old branch records, and proving up historical dates from old files of newspapers at the public library. Elder John Murdock was the first of our Elders who brought the fulness of the Gospel to the colony of Victoria. He arrived in Melbourne in December, 1851; but unable to obtain a footing, he soon afterwards returned to Sydney. The next year Elder Charles W. Wandell came, and, after diligent labors, succeeded in raising up a branch of the Church in Melbourne. Other Elders followed, and other branches came into existence, among which one at Bendigo a mining town about one hundred miles inland, which flourished for a short time only, as most of the members emigrated to Zion. From Melbourne the work also spread to South Australia and Tasmania; but the calling home of the Elders in 1857 and 1858, stopped the further progress of missionary work for many years. In 1885 the late Elder John L. Blythe reopened the field; assisted by the Elders, he reorganized the Melbourne branch, and raised up a new branch at Harrow, far the northwest, which had an organized existence till last year when the president of the branch (Brother Cox) emigrated to Zion with his family, and there is now only one family belonging to the Church in that locality. The present branch in