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EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

P. T. BRODIE, EDITOR.

To Make Good Citizens.

In a country where the people govern, it is too obvious to need argument that all the people should know something about government.

We get our supply of new citizens from two sources—immigration and the growing up of American children.

How safe we should be from the pernicious effect of such ignorance and vicious anarchism which now trouble us, if committees of good citizens had attended at our courts of naturalization and had forced home upon the consciousness of all officers of the law who have power to grant naturalization papers the will of the people that they should be

But the great majority of our citizens come to us not from the immigrant steamships but from the public schools. What are our schools doing to provide the United States with citizens intelligent enough upon matters political, and patriotic enough to secure the permanent success of our form of government "by the people"?

The obligation of the State to maintain the school we hear often enough emphasized. Is the obligation of the school to support the State by using all right means to train good citizens as frankly recognized and as fairly met? In our school system is there a large enough place made for those studies which promote intelligent patriotism, vol untary obedience to law and public spirited interest in public affairs?

In America, we have been slow to make room, in the curriculum of our schools and colleges, for the studies that emphasize the demands which popular self-government makes upon the citizen, as well as the blessings it confers. "Give us fuller instruction in the studies that fit men for citizenship—in the principles of government; in the ethics, the motive powers and the economics of social life; in the duties of American citizenship."

"A Drink Fit For Ye Gods." Lovers of a fruit juice beverage will find a pure, wholesome and delightfully refreshing drink in the Specialty Co's Apple and Peach Juice, Grape and Florida Orange Juice, Raspberry and Pineapple Juice. Be sure that you ask for the Specialty Co's goods. The Specialty Co., Cider Mills, 25 and 29 Williamson St., Office, 107 Bay street, Savannah, Ga. 52-ly

PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

THE IDLE RICH, THE IDLE POOR, THE DESPERATE, DANGEROUS POOR.

Dr. Talmage's Graphic Sketch of the Dangerous Elements in City Life—Life in the Jails, Cellars and Hospitals—The Lava Seething Below.

NEW YORK, April 12.—Dr. Talmage, in continuation of the course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," today preached to large audiences in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the forenoon and at the Christian Herald service at the New York Academy of Music in the evening on "The Plague of Crime." He took for his text Exodus viii. 30. "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood."

Among all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. Its fish, the food, its waters the irrigation of garden and fields. Its condition decides the prosperity or the doom of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is incriminated. It is a red gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the rivers into blood. But my text is not a poetic license. It was a fact, a great crime, appalling condition described. The Nile rolling deep of blood! Can you imagine a more awful plague?

The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It halts not for bloodshed. It strikes not on castles and destroys. It revels in the blood of body and soul—this plague of crime. It is not for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now.

RECORDS OF THE POLICE COURTS. The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me more suggestive than Dante's Inferno, and all Christian people as well as reformers need to awaken to a present and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider.

First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come into our own port. In 1889, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, coming into the slums of our cities, seeking for opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cutthroats.

Second, the public criminals. New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn—four thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride in their skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft and ten thousand for assault and battery and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

Ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year. You cannot, as good citizens, be independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars' worth of taxes a year to support and pay the cost of the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal from the sneak thief that snatches a spoon of cotton up to some man who swears a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral degradation of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air as to stand in a community where there is such a great multitude of the depraved without out somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your stoves down; compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

CAN THE CRIMINAL BE REFORMED? We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voices, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the hawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in the cage, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villain, go in there and rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look, and live."

Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prisons, but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison and in the other case the house of correction let them just as bad as they were before.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unchipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief and at a great price, handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who lover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in the "pickpockets," the "fence," the men who find the general thieves, the people who go and pick and steal and then with families and children, they come to you and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

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Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil propensities, and you had spent much of your time in a hellish and obscene and cursing, and it at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at eight if you came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community depend more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

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Again, in your effort to arrest this plague of crime you need to consider untrusty officials. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning." It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1836 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city at that time, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. Those were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had all kinds of rings. There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were fifty millions of public treasure squandered. In those times the criminal had only to wink at the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him, and the question was decided for the defendant.

Of the eight thousand people arrested in that city in one year only three thousand were punished. These little matters were "fixed up," while the interests of society were "fixed down." You know as well as I do that one villain who escapes only opens the door for other criminals. When the two pickpockets snatched the diamond pin from the Brooklyn gentleman in a Broadway stage, and the villains were arrested, and the trial was set down for the general sessions, and then the trial never came, and never anything more was heard of the case, the public officials were only bidding higher for more crime.

WHEN THE WICKED RULE THE PEOPLE. There is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unchipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief and at a great price, handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who lover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in the "pickpockets," the "fence," the men who find the general thieves, the people who go and pick and steal and then with families and children, they come to you and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with profanation. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims on the floor, cold, sick, three-fourths dead, sinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of fresh air in that room for five years, literally. The broken sewer empties its contents upon the floor, and they lie at night on the swimming filth. There they are, men, women, children; black, white; Mary Magdalene without her repentance and Lazarus without his God. These are the "dives" into which the pickpockets and the thieves go, as well as a great many who would like a different life but cannot get it. These places are the sores of the city, which bleed perpetual corruption.

They are the underlying volcano that sometimes bursts forth in earthquakes. It rolls and roars and surges and heaves and rocks and blazes and dies. And there are only two outlets for it—the police court and the Potter's field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. Oh, you never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on the day when those staggering wretches shall come up in the light of the judgment throne, and God shall say to each one of them, "What a safe thing it is to be a great criminal!" Let the law swoop upon them. Let it be known in this country that the detectives are after it, that the police club is being brandished, that the iron door of the prison is being opened, that the judge is ready to call on the case. Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society.

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It is not for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now. Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft and ten thousand for assault and battery and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

Ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year. You cannot, as good citizens, be independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars' worth of taxes a year to support and pay the cost of the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal from the sneak thief that snatches a spoon of cotton up to some man who swears a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral degradation of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air as to stand in a community where there is such a great multitude of the depraved without out somewhat being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your stoves down; compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

CAN THE CRIMINAL BE REFORMED? We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voices, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the hawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in the cage, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villain, go in there and rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look, and live."

Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prisons, but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison and in the other case the house of correction let them just as bad as they were before.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unchipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street day by day. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, sheltering the thief and at a great price, handing over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skinners," the men who lover around Wall street, with great sleight of hand in the "pickpockets," the "fence," the men who find the general thieves, the people who go and pick and steal and then with families and children, they come to you and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

There are the "harbor thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," the "fences," the men who find the general thieves, the people who go and pick and steal and then with families and children, they come to you and they want you to pay their way, and they will send the money back by the very next mail.

Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil propensities, and you had spent much of your time in a hellish and obscene and cursing, and it at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at eight if you came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community depend more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

FOULNESS OF PRISON LIFE. In some of the city prisons the air is like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the wicket, it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw in one prison a woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison slept on the floor, with nothing but a vermin covered blanket over them. Those people crowded and was and wasted and half suffocated and infested. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man, "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out. Where they banded down one house they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are in this minute plotting worse burglaries.

Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture foot-pads, vagabonds and cutthroats. Taje college is not so well educated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that those men do not know of crime after they have been in that dungeon for some time Satan's machinery cannot teach them. In the insufferable stench and sickening surroundings of such places there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind and death for the soul. Stilled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man.

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