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# THE SHADOW OF THE BOTTLE



PRICE 50 CENTS

# The Shadow of the Bottle



**"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT"**

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." 1 Cor. 9:25.

# The Shadow of the Bottle

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*Published in the Interest of  
Nation-Wide Prohibition  
of the Liquor Traffic*



"Lift the shout until it trembles the earth  
and crumbles the last rum battlements.  
A saloonless nation by 1920, the three  
hundredth year from the landing of the  
Pilgrims at Plymouth."

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

NEW YORK CITY



GOD GAVE THEM WATER TO DRINK

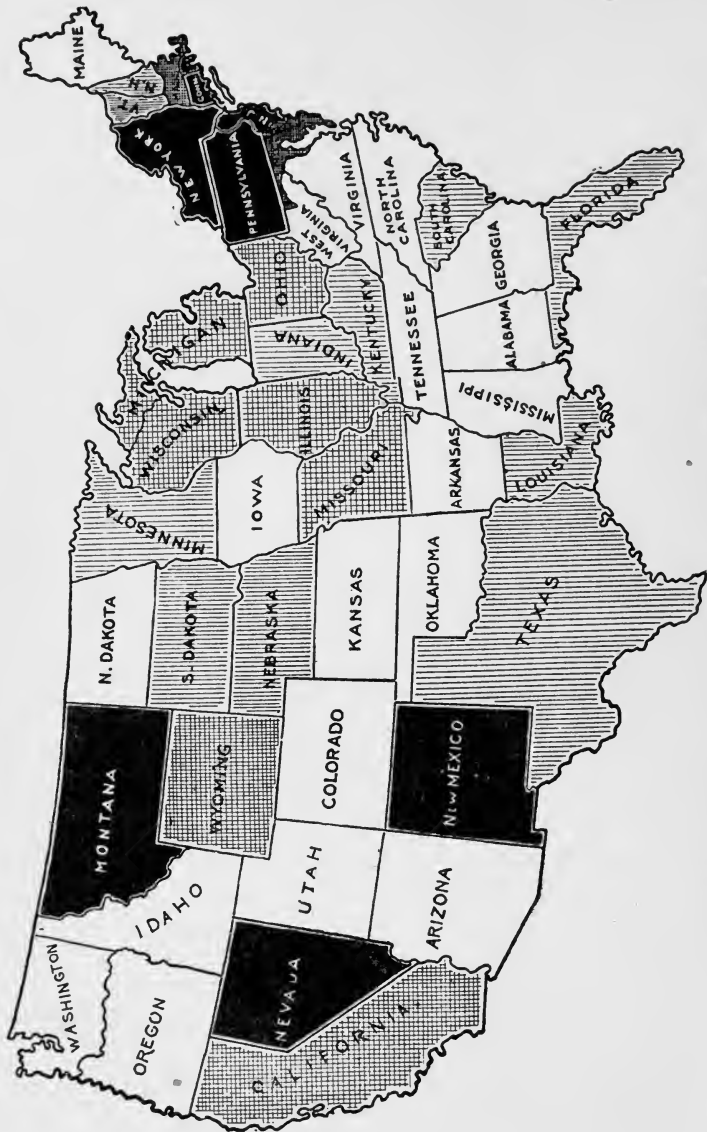
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THE MARCH OF PROHIBITION, MAKING THE MAP WHITE

## Foreword

THIS book is issued for a definite purpose. It is designed to aid in making the map on the opposite page wholly white, by removing the shadow of the bottle from the homes and hearts of men. This map and the statistics in this book, while very enlightening, soon fall behind the truth because of the onward march of the prohibition movement. They do, however, furnish some effective ammunition for the firing line.

Much of the matter and many of the most telling cartoons have been compiled from the annual Temperance numbers of the *Youth's Instructor*, which for several years have played an important part in the prohibition campaigns in many of the States. This compilation has been made in response to an urgent demand from temperance workers who have appreciated these annual issues and have used them extensively.

These stories, statistics, and cartoons should contribute toward making the voter, the saloon keeper, Uncle Sam, and the devil as well, ashamed of themselves for the part they play in this traffic in the souls of men. It is sent forth with the earnest prayer that God will give strength to every arm stretched forth for its circulation, and send a conviction of duty to the heart of every reader.

THE PUBLISHER.





### ALCOHOL IS A POISON

It has not the slightest compensating value for internal use. It isn't a food, a beneficial stimulant, nor an aid to digestion; it's a poison. It's a parasite, forger, thief, panderer, liar, brutalizer, murderer. There isn't, and there never has been, one word to say for it.— *Robert W. Chambers.*

# The Shadow of the Bottle

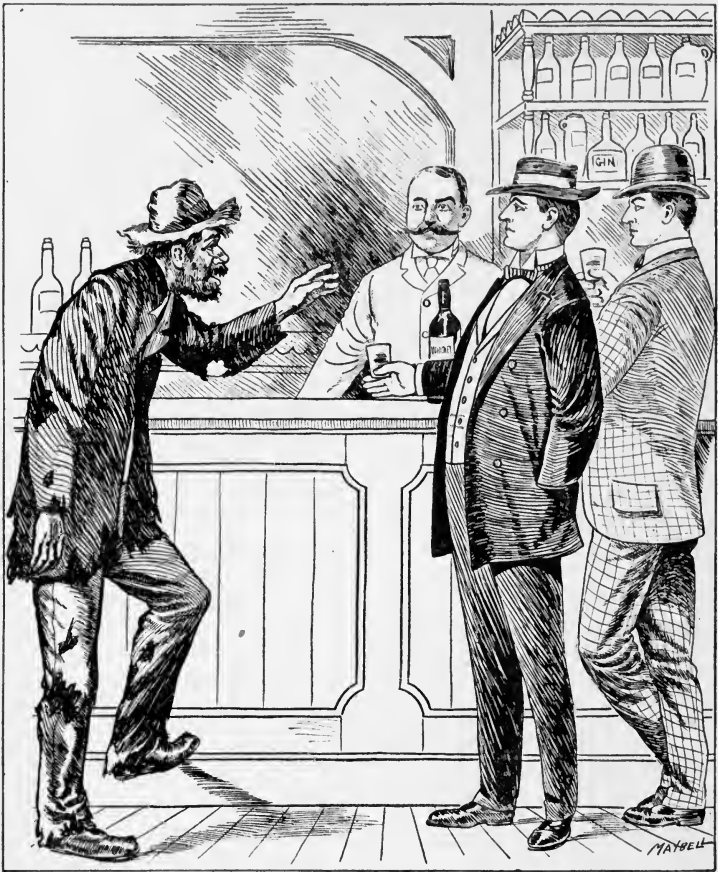
BY G. B. THOMPSON

THE shadow of the bottle is the shadow of the Valley of Death. From within its irksome gloom come tidings of unspeakable misery and wretchedness, of crime, riot, and bloodshed. Rum enters the house and strikes the roses from the woman's cheek, and the crust from the lips of the starving child. It is the despoiler of man and the terror of woman. It is the shadow that covers the faces of children.

Rum has dug more graves and sent more souls unsaved to the judgment than all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho. Through millenniums of time it has carried forward its work of spreading sorrow throughout the world. It has taken the fairest and brightest of the land,—fond parents' sons and daughters,—and transformed them into drunken bloats, ragged loafers, and harlots. It has dethroned reason, and filled asylums with chattering imbeciles and hopeless idiots.

Rum seizes man at his best estate as its victim; it leaves him in the end, as its finished product, a loathsome, diseased, vulgar sot. It takes kind fathers and changes them into demons and fiends. It makes the gray-haired mother a broken-hearted widow, and her children whisky orphans. It takes the refined boys and girls from our colleges and seminaries and trains them to be infidels, and dissipates and corrupts their morals. It fills the land with paupers, thieves, and vagabonds, and our penitentiaries with convicts, as a burden upon the sober, industrious class of citizens.

The insatiable monster, intemperance, is indeed a remorseless tyrant. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" Through all the years since these startling questions have been propounded by the sacred Book of God, the suffering, wretched victims from within the shadow of the bottle stand as the answer. And the tens of thousands of this doomed, unfortunate host, gathered from wretched hovels, cheerless garrets, and hospitals, victims of rage, murder, and suicide who fall annually into drunkards' graves, all are eternally lost; for one writing with an inspired pen has declared that drunkards shall *not* "inherit the kingdom of God." The dark, dismal shadow of the bottle, therefore, stretches even beyond this world into the very regions of hell itself.



## RUM RUINS MANHOOD

"Gentlemen," said he, "I look tonight at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours — a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolved, and quaffed it down in the brimming draft. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring. . . . Today, I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead — all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of strong drink." (See page 11.)

Probably no more eloquent or dramatic sermon on the sin of drunkenness was ever heard than that to which a small gathering of men recently listened in a New Orleans barroom. The drinkers — a group of well-dressed young men with plenty of money — were standing at the bar, when a poor, miserable specimen of a tramp pushed open the swinging doors and, with bleared eyes, looked at them appealingly. They ordered a drink for him, paid for it, and then boisterously demanded that he make a speech. After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began to speak: —

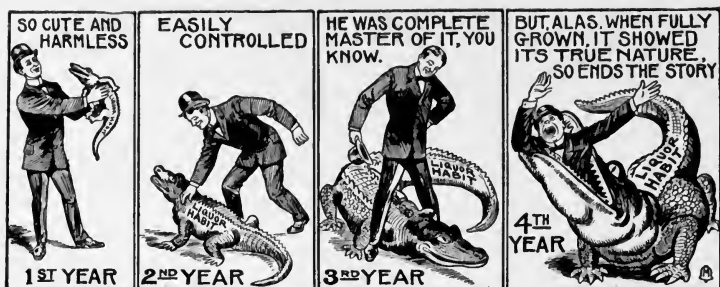
"Gentlemen," said he, "I look tonight at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours — a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolved, and quaffed it down in the brimming draft. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring. I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation have reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke, and bruised, and at last strangled them that I might not be tortured with their cries. Today, I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead — all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of strong drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into fragments, and when the little group about the bar looked up, the tramp was gone. And millions more who stand in the shadow of the bottle could bear similar testimony. Hear one more: —

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy man stepped up to him and said: "I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly said, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

"You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the



### “WINE IS A MOCKER”

As a mocker wine is beyond comparison. The holiest relations of life it handles with the most ruthless mockery. It laughs at domestic peace, and stirs up discord in its place. It promises the husband a pleasant evening with his friends, and then sends him home to abuse the best and most trusting friend he has. In the glow of the first glass it promises him temporal success; and then when it has wound its coils about him, it takes everything he did possess, and turns him and his family into the street. It promises him promotion in his occupation, and then takes from his hands the steadiness and skill that are necessary to enable him even to hold the position he has. It promises him fluency of speech; and then robs him of his brains, thickens his tongue, and gives him the speech of the lunatic. The army general needs it to “steady his nerves,” and he takes it, and loses the battle. The soldier needs it to brace him up for a dangerous duty; he takes it, forgets his duty, and is captured by the foe. The orator needs it to give him freedom of utterance; he takes it, and disgusts his audience. The financier needs it to help him consummate a deal; he takes it, and when the deal is consummated, his fortune is gone, and his friends desert him. The common man has needed it all his life as a stimulant; and while he imagined he was continually being stimulated to greater accomplishments, he was standing still and watching the procession go past; and when he has looked back upon a life now nearly spent, he has found that he was farther back than when he started, and the grade of his path has been downward day by day. Every year nearly a hundred thousand persons can look back upon such a deceived and misspent life in this country alone; for so many new drunkards’ graves each year testify to the wasting and mockery of the demon of drink in the United States.

The saloon jeopardizes every interest of the home. It cannot live without sacrificing those interests. Souls are its victims, and it snatches them from rich and poor alike. There is no satiety to its appetite, no set boundary to its field of operation, no trust too holy for it to violate, no right too sacred for it to trample upon, no child so beautiful that it would hesitate to set the hot brand of ruin upon its forehead.— *C. M. Snow.*

The man who tries to drown his sorrows in liquor will find they can swim. The chains of habit are often too small to be felt until they are too large to be broken.—*Justice Hawkins.*

gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to whisky, and it will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy. "Was it drink that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

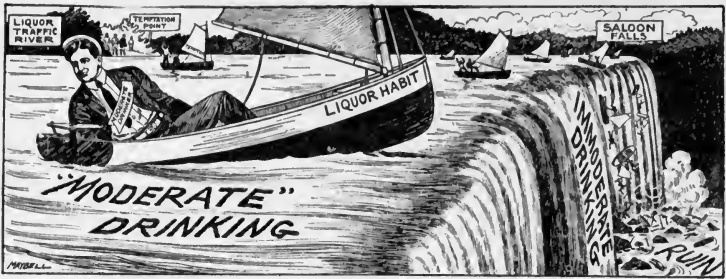
Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor, and said, "Then it is time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.

We speak of the horrors of war, and God knows there are horrors enough,—carnage and bloodshed and terrible mutilation. There are crippled men, empty coat sleeves, weeping, desolate widows, and hungry, homeless orphans, together with enormous debts and grinding taxation. But all these fail to compare in their horrors and woes with the victims of the overshadowing curse of rum. Rum debauches more homes, makes more misery and anguish, more pauperism, crime, and murder, and more victims of self-destruction than war ever has.

We shudder, and well we may, as we read the sickening ravages of the pestilence as it stalks unchecked through the land, and lays its icy touch upon its victims here and there. But the pestilence lays hold upon the body, leaving the soul unharmed. But think of that ragged army of blear-eyed victims of intemperance who by the tens of thousands annually reel down into drunkards' graves, every one damned for time and eternity.

The claim is sometimes put forth that the saloon keeper and the brewer are the revenue producers. But they are not. They merely *collect* the revenue. The men who drink the accursed stuff—the moderate drinker, the bum, the confirmed sot—are the ones who are the real revenue producers. *Revenue is blood money.* It represents the life, the tears, the agony, of tens of thousands of widows and orphans left to struggle alone with poverty, the husbands and fathers having gone down prematurely into drunkards' graves, lost forever. For a government to attempt to live upon such revenue is like a man living upon the blood sucked from his own veins.

I am told that it is the custom at a certain insane asylum to set the inmates to bailing out a watering trough into which water is running. If they keep bailing, they are adjudged imbecile; but if they are bright enough to shut off the water, there is hope for them. The question before us is, Shall we keep on "bailing," or shall we shut off the supply of intoxicants? So far we have been "bailing." We ought to suppress by law the manufacture and sale of this awful poison.



## ALCOHOL IS A DECEIVER

It makes you believe you are warm when you are cold; cool when you are hot; strong when you are weak; the champion pugilist; the keenest business man; the most engaging orator; the richest lord; the finest citizen; and the greatest politician, when you are the weakest, dullest, poorest, and meanest citizen on earth.

The saloon has no economic value. The more it induces a man to spend for booze, the less he will have for shoes; the more he spends for hops, the less he will have for crops; the more he spends for wet goods, the less he will have for dry goods; the more he gives the bartender, the less he will have for the coal vender. The liquor traffic constitutes a great organism. It is made up of composite joints; it has the saloon joint, the grill joint, the gamblers' joint, the white slave joint, the dance joint, the sporting joint, the red light joint, and the criminal joint. The saloon is a robber and an outlaw, and when it thrusts its hands into the American pocket and takes out two billion dollars annually and returns no equivalent, it is enough to cause the American people to shrink, and to try by pen, and voice, and vote to stamp that traffic out forever.— C. S. Longacre.

The liquor traffic is the enemy of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report on this earth.

It is the enemy of the home, the mother that makes it, the father that defends it, the childhood that adorns and sanctifies it.

It is the enemy of the church, the Christ that founded it, and the Sabbath school that sustains it.

It is the enemy of the school, the factory, the store, the farm, and the barn; the enemy of God and of heaven; and the fast limited Black Demon express that leads to everything in the opposite direction, with the devil's hand on the throttle, and hell the destination of the train.— Clinton H. Howard.

Shrewd word is passed along our ranks, especially to the worrying, that "prohibition cannot prohibit." Let us fling this back in the teeth of the enemy. It is nothing less than a boast that the nation is already lost. Let us put it before our ranks as the cry of pirates who have boarded the ship of state and with jeers are trying to hoist the black flag, with its skull and crossbones, above the Stars and Stripes.— Hon. Richmond P. Hobson.

Suppose a man should come into your community and open a shop where the brightest and purest of the youth would go, and the proprietor, by making a few passes over them, could transform them into chattering idiots. Would you license him to do this terrible work, for a money consideration?—Hardly; yet this is what the licensed saloon is continually doing.

Not long ago a young man addicted to strong drink took his life, and left the following paper, headed, "My Last Will and Testament:"—

"I leave to society a ruined character.

"I leave to my father and mother as much misery as, in their feeble state, they can bear.

"I leave to my brothers and sisters the memory of my mis-spent life.

"I leave to my wife a broken heart, and to my children the memory that their father fills a drunkard's hell."

What an awful legacy!

All penal institutions and almshouses are filled with the victims of intemperance. Three hundred convicts in the penitentiary of a certain State were asked by its chaplain how many of them owed their convict stripes to the use of liquor, and 281 are said to have arisen to their feet.

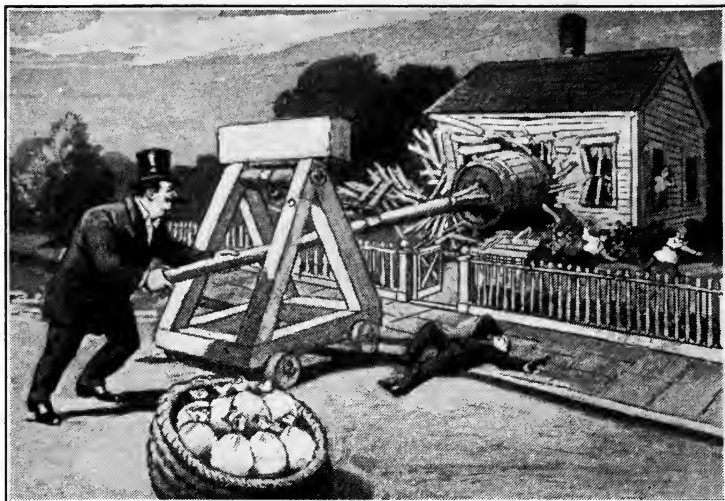
A noted public executioner is reported as saying, "In all the seven hundred executions with which I have been connected, whether as hangman or as assistant, I do not know of one teetotaler among those who paid this extreme penalty."

A noted evangelist was once approached by a saloon keeper who said, "Unless you evangelists and ministers stop knocking at the liquor business, we liquor men will have to go to the poor-house."

"All right," said the evangelist, "when you go in, all the rest of the inmates come out."

You ask which side I am on in this battle against rum. Well, you go to the drunkards, the thieves, the men with skeleton keys and jimmys, the gamblers and hoodlums, the owners of dives, the harlots, the saloon keepers, and the manufacturers of the accursed stuff, and when you find out which side they are on, you can put me down on the *other side*. Go to yonder cheerless home where sits a woman in terror, beaten by a man whose brain was on fire with rum,— the man who promised to protect her,— and ask her which side she is on. Go into the wretched hovel, where, cold and hungry, the worse than widowed woman sits, made so by rum, with her orphaned babe upon her breast; stoop down and ask her which side she is on. You can put me down on the same side with these suffering souls.





### THE HOME WRECKER

As a national institution the saloon is all liability and no asset. As a local enterprise it is all burden and no benefit. The American dramshop cannot be defended upon any principle which appeals to the moral sensibility or the business intelligence of the community. It is a rebel against good government. It dictates nominations, purchases elections, corrupts the ballot, and falsifies the returns. It smirches the legislature, soils the executive, and stains the judiciary. It is the foe of organized society. It overawes the pulpit, undermines the platform, and subsidizes the press. It discredits the Constitution, despises the statutes, denounces the Congress, and derides the courts. It is the destroyer of domestic happiness. It brutalizes the husband, desolates the wife, debauches the son, and betrays the daughter. It is without concern for truth, without regard for honor, without reverence for virtue. It has no tolerance for church, no interest in school, no consideration for home, no expectation of heaven, no apprehension of hell. The patience of America is exhausted, and we shall temporize with the infamy no longer. All the manifold forces of sobriety, of decency, of respect for order, of loyalty to law, of love for mankind, are marshaling in invincible phalanx to pulverize the rum power. And they will eventually triumph, because their righteous warfare is sustained by the fervent hopes of all good men and sanctified by the holy prayers of all good women.— *Representative Kendall.*

If the \$2,000,000,000 spent in this country last year for liquor were converted into greenbacks and placed end to end, the line would girdle the globe nearly nine times. It would require twenty-two men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we waste it for liquor.— *Temperance Instructor.*

In a city in the Northwest, as a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning, the doorbell rang. He answered it, and there stood a boy twelve years of age. He was on crutches, his right leg being off at the knee. Shivering, he said: "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come back and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hastened to the jail and talked and prayed with the man, who had no knowledge of what he had done. He said: "I don't blame the law, but my heart breaks at the thought that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. O, sir, whisky, whisky did it!"

The preacher was at the little hut when the undertaker's wagon drove up. The pine coffin was carried in, and the little boy was led up to it. He leaned over and kissed his father, and sobbed, and said to his sisters, "Come, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little, hungry, ragged whisky orphans hurried to the coffin, shrieking in agony. Policemen, whose hearts were inured to such sights, buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees, and lifting his clenched fist and tear-stained face, took an oath, before God and before those orphans, that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in his coffin.

You can put me down on the side of this little boy, peering into papa's coffin, and weeping within the "shadow of the bottle." In the name of noble womanhood, of the pure, innocent, defenseless children whose merry laugh is heard about us, we should stamp out the sale of this accursed thing from among us. We can do it if we will.

## Dare to Say "No"

DARE to say "No" when tempted to drink;  
Pause for a moment, my boy, and think —  
Think of the wrecks on Life's Ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost;  
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;  
Think of the tears that would fall like the rain;  
Think of her heart and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love, and at once answer "No."



### OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE

"You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this, I shall be on my way down the road, east. I take that route only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I do not know where I . . . shall spend the night. But one thing I promise you, whatever there is in a widow's wail or an orphan's cry, if there be really a God, we will meet you at his judgment bar, there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears." (See page 25.)

# A Bottle of Tears

## A True Incident

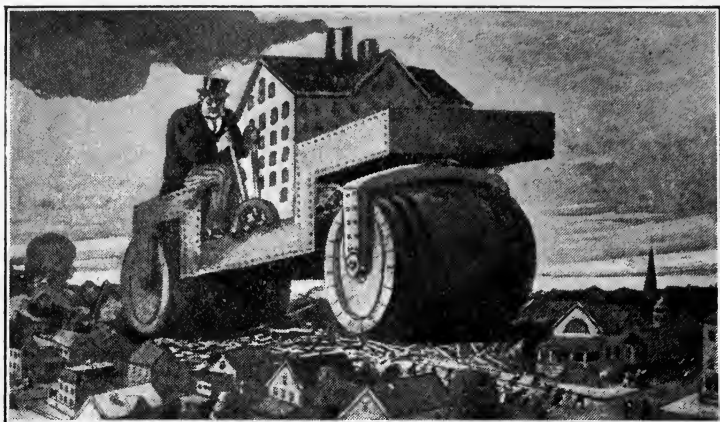
ONE moon-bathed evening in October a sweet girl stood by the baptismal font, and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord forever.

Only two brief years later, attractively attired, in beautiful orange she stood by those same altars, with her hand resting with poetic confidence upon the arm of a strong, noble man, as she, with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for loyalty to him, "as long as skies and waves are blue." They soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping through strange scenery, on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at the gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said: "Surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality to make the place perfect. Can anything but heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-aeried place, to bring breath of poison?" Poor woman! We shall see.

Between this beautiful mansion and the large, well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty groggery, the gathering place of the toughs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend(?). Later, he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he drank, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered in that place, and carried home, and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and it covers a term of ten or twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scanty breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had got out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note from the barkeeper. It ran something like this: "Dear Madam [Dear!]: This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's house and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunk, wardrobe, and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things."



### THE HOME CRUSHER

There is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no place strong enough to shut it out.

Today it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children.

It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—*Henry Grady.*

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening its destruction, and all efforts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more effort to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of drink.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

This was unlooked-for news to the poor woman. While the farm horses had gradually shrunk from twenty-six to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner, she thought the few acres, house, and contents were hers. She had wept for the past few years until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding, dry tears left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken; for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sac, which trickled into the saucer as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken — only cried; had not thought — only cried; had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note — only cried.

Reason again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer; and with a woman's intuition she poured them through a spoon into a vial. This she placed in the folds of her wedding dress in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had sold her husband the liquor which had ruined him, her, and the children: —

“Sir: You demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with the red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress you will find a small vial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof; of fifteen joyous, girlhood, school-day years; of a short, sweet courtship, and marriage to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whisky; of the day we moved into this, then palatial and well-kept home; of the — alas! so short — honeymoon spent here. You will find all these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears.

“A change, sharp and sudden, came. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of kisses, saying that for my sake he would never be brought under the baneful effect of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home keeping and home love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of his first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir.

“You will find there, too, one rainy, windy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this old whisky-soaked world. You will also find, in the bottle of tears, the greed-gorged part you played



### THE VERDICT IS GUILTY

This is the indictment; the liquor traffic is the criminal; the people are the victims; God is the judge; science, reason, religion, motherhood, and posterity are the jury; and the verdict is, GUILTY — in every unprejudiced, unpurchasable, and just court. And the sentence of the national conscience is that this mother of all abominations, and father of all lies, and son of all villainies, this covenant with death and agreement with hell, shall be carried bound to the place of execution at the holy of holies of the temple of the nation at sunrise on the next general election, and there stoned with Christian ballots that it die; the execution to take place in the capital city of Washington at a joint session of the national Congress, with the President of the United States acting as high sheriff of the day.— *Clinton H. Howard.*

The state cannot, under the guise of a license, delegate to the saloon business a legal existence, because to hold that it can is to hold that the state may sell and delegate the right to make widows and orphans, the right to break up homes, the right to create misery and crime, the right to make murderers, the right to produce idiots and lunatics, the right to fill orphanages, poorhouses, insane asylums, jails, and penitentiaries, and the right to furnish subjects for the hangman's gallows.— *Samuel R. Artman, judge of the Twentieth Judicial Court of Indiana.*

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are, houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners.— *Benjamin Franklin.*

in my house that night; for while one physician attended me, another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas, and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears.

"I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees. I heard the rain dashing in fury against the windows. The room was jarred by angry thunder. But louder than thunder to me were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly but now fallen and cowardly husband.

"You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry,— the advent cry of my first baby,— a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish as I thought of such a fit beginning to a career destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the paths of sobriety, from which you, for gain, had led him.

"The next morning he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish luster kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home. But they were soon dashed and broken; for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irretrievable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless. I grew old; my heart petrified.

"I need not tell you of the next few sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury; of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses, and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled by night from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table; of the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squalor to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my now helpless husband.

"One night there was such a pain at my heart that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain that I must be dying; that she would have to take mamma's place and care for papa and little sisters; that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only breadwinner. You will find in the bottle of tears how we spent





### TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT LIQUOR

Let us go this road though we go alone.

Let us lift our hands and loose our tongues and tell the truth about this foe of humankind.

Let us tell the truth about it, aye, tell the truth!

Tell it,—

Until its wickedness shall be laid bare;

Until the poverty it creates shall cease to be;

Until the pauperism it produces shall disappear;

Until its wrongs to womanhood and its injustice to childhood shall be exposed;

Until almshouses and hospitals shall be no longer needed to house the defectives it creates;

Until jails and prisons shall be emptied of its victims;

Until the insanity it begets shall cloud the intellects of men no more;

Until the crime it impels shall no longer be laid upon the souls of men;

Until murder shall stop its riot and arson its carnival;

Until men shall see it with the blood upon its naked, knotted hands;

Until fathers cease to neglect their offspring;

Until mothers need fear no more for the children they bear;

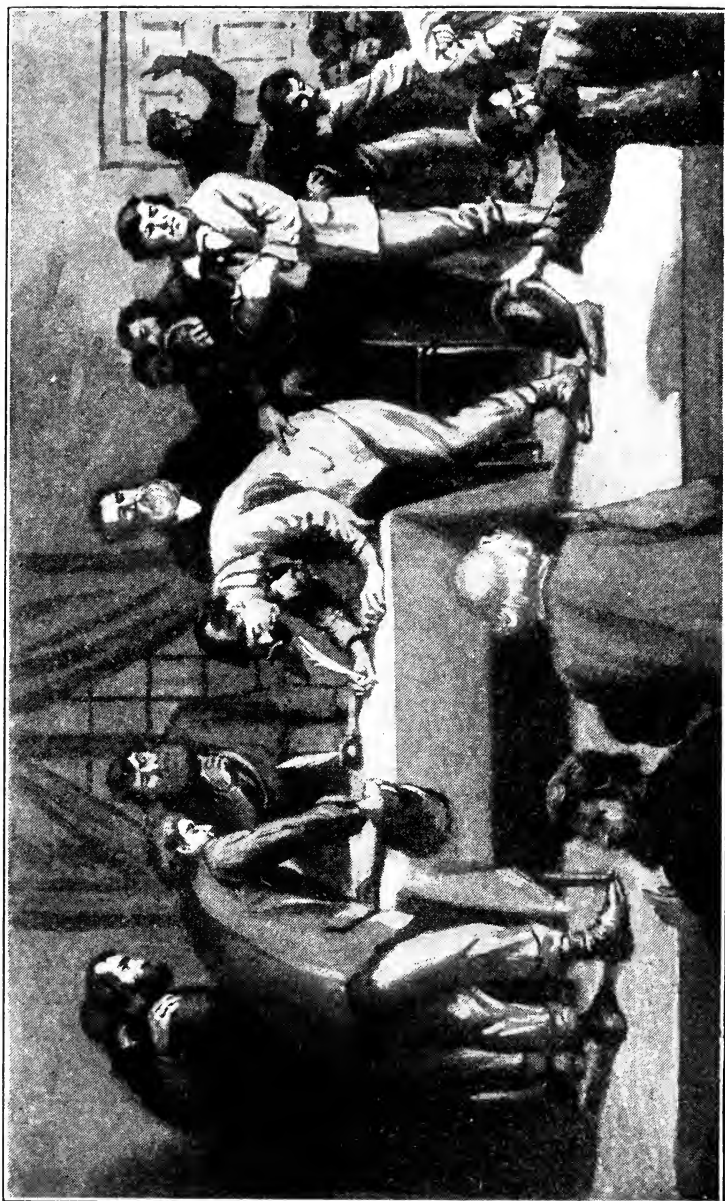
Until this republic shall become a saloonless land, its flag a stainless emblem.—*Hon. J. Frank Hanly.*

The saloon is a nuisance. The evil can no more be confined to the building in which it exists than the odor of a slaughter house to the block in which it is located. I know, and you know, that they are in league with every other form of evil in society. As a rule, if you let the liquor dealer have his way, he will have a disorderly house upstairs; he will have a gambling den in his back room, and his place will be the center of every sort of evil. The saloon is the bureau of information for every sort of crime. It is the first place that a policeman looks for crime, and the last place he would go to look for virtue.—*Sec. William Jennings Bryan.*

that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn in the doorway and watched for her papa's return; how with the rising of the sun he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms around her father, and said: 'O my papa! our mamma came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you, and little sisters, too. O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm and slapped the child — a blow that sent her to the graveled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had in my own name and right to leave you as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

"Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my lifeless husband home to me at break of day, and laid him on the floor, and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly Negroes to dig the grave in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer, and shells in the winter, and teach my girls how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden and under your apple tree. Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stains of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears.

"You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this, I will be on my way down the road, east. I take that route only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I do not know where I, with my three girls, will spend the night. But one thing I promise you, whatever there is in a widow's wail or an orphan's cry, if there be really a God, we will meet you at his judgment bar, there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."



### THE MINER AND HIS CONVERTS

"Fifty-eight men came tramp, tramp, on the platform. They seized the pen as if it were a pen of iron, and wrote as if they were graving their names into stone." (See page 31.)

# Down With the Bottle and Up With the Man

BY JOHN B. GOUGH

I ONCE heard a speech, and it is a much better one than I can make, and therefore I will repeat it. On one occasion I spoke to an audience of eight hundred of the hardest men I ever came across in my life. If one threw a joke at them, it dropped like a stone falling into a bed of mud, chuck! I could not move them to laughter, to tears, or to anything else. There they sat, as if inquiring, "What are you going to do next?" All were alike. I sat down very much discouraged, and the chairman said to me: "Now, Mr. Gough, if you have no objection, I should like to ask a man I see in the audience to come on the platform. You think these people have no enthusiasm, but you will find that they have. You have not seen them. This man cannot read or write, but he knows a great deal of the Scriptures; and when he preaches on the hillside, on the Sabbath, he gathers hundreds to hear him. If you have no objection, and should like to hear him, I will invite him to speak, and you will see how he can move his audience." I said, "Objection? I should be delighted to hear him." So up he came, in fustian jacket and corduroy trousers. He had been in the mine, and had evidently given himself a splash and a wipe. He had a good, clear eye, and an honest face. The first thing he said was:—

"How d' ye do, lads? The gentleman axed me to come on th' platform b'cause he thowt ye'd loike to have a look at me. I hain't no objection to ony man's lookin' at me; ye may look at me if ye loike. Dunnot ye see how fat I am agettin'? I doan't drink no beer, neither. Lock at me. I bean't ashamed. My elbows bean't stickin' out o' my jackêt, an' my toes bean't stickin' out o' my boots. I've got a clean shirt on, an' I gets one once a weeak; an' by th' look o' some o' you, ye doan't get one once a month. Ye may look at me if ye loike. I bean't ashamed if ye do. I say, lads, I've made a change. I've changed beer fur bread, an' brandy fur beef, an' I've changed gin fur good clothes. They're pretty good uns, though they bean't very stylish-loike. An' I've changed rum fur a happy wife an' a comfortable 'ome. My wife doan't lay no longer on a bundle o' rotten rags, an' call't a bed; an' my childer doan't run no longer i' the streets, learnin' devil's tricks; they goas to school, an' I pays a penny a week for each on 'em, an' they're goin' to be better edu-



### "THE PAY DAY," A MONUMENT IN PARIS

Drink will degrade, imbrute, and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, and sneaking. I expect to my dying day to fight the drink with every lawful weapon.— *John B. Gough.*

I never touched a drop in all my life, for any reason, and never will. Early in life I faced the question squarely, considered its probable effect on my brain, character, and body, saw how it affected others, and then concluded that I couldn't afford under any consideration to touch one drop of the product of either distiller or brewer. I have never regretted that step, I can tell you. Later, I began more fully to comprehend the economic and political phases of the traffic, and the result is that I now view it as the most important issue before the American people today.— *Senator Albert J. Beveridge.*

I am not willing to sit down at a banquet with young men around, and by my example teach them that it is safe or wise for them to drink liquor. No pleasure that I could get from a glass of wine, no satisfaction that I could derive from doing like people around me, would compensate me for the haunting thought that my example might be just the little influence that would turn the scale in some man's mind who was struggling to free himself from the appetite for drink.— *William Jennings Bryan.*

cated than their dad ever was. I've made a change. Ye remember th' owd song we used to sing:—

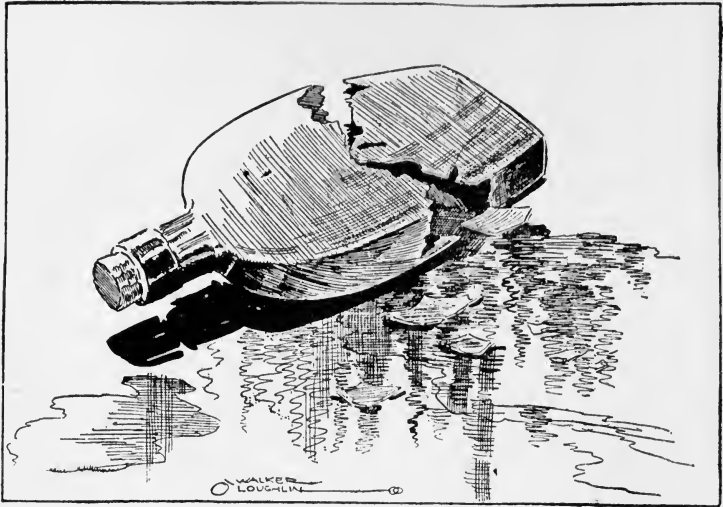
“When a man buys beef, he buys bones;  
When a man buys plums, he buys stones;  
When a man buys heggs, he buys shells;  
When a man buys drink, he buys nothing else.”

Ain't it true? Ay, lads, that's all true, an' every one o' you knows it;” and they began to shout, “Hurrah! hurrah!” every one of them.

“I doan't want you to 'oller. I didn't coom here for any 'ollering. I'll tell ye what I did th' fust thing when I'd put my name on th' temperance pledge. I went whoam and tow'd my missus, an' that brightened her up a bit. Then I took my childer out o' th' gutter. Then I got o' th' den I was burrowin' in, and took a 'ouse, a two-roomed 'ouse. I am a 'ousekeeper' now, I am. And then I thowt I must cut a dash myself, an' I did, but I'll never do it again. I got a black pair o' trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat an' jacket to match, an' a foine big necktie wi' dots on it, an' then I got a stiff 'at, an' I'll be blowed if 't warn't a stiff un; an' then I strutted up an' down, an' when the people that knowed me afore seed me, blowed if they warn't all putrified, every one on 'em.” Again the audience shouted.

“Now, look 'ere, I doan't want none o' your 'ollering; I want to make this 'ere speech what some of the learned gentlemen call a practicable speech. There's Dick ower there. Dick bobbed his head down when I said 'Dick.' Everybody knows Dick. He'd share his last crust wi' a brother pitman, and lend his tools to his brother workman if he know'd he'd pawn 'em next day. Dick would lie on his back sixteen hours pickin' coal, and spend tother eight takkin' keer o' a sick chuld ut belonged to a neighbor, Dick would. But what did Dick bob his head down fur when I said 'Dick'? Dick, my lad, you knows me and I knows you. I want to ax you a question: D' ye remember that bitter November night when th' wind was drivin' the sleet through the thick cloas of a man, an' you sent your little lass out, an' she had but one garment on her, an' that was aclin' to her bare legs wi' th' wet, and you sent her wi' a blackin' bottle, an' she could hardly stand on her bare toes an' put the blackin' bottle on th' counter, an' you sent her wi' a silver sixpence for gin; an' there was your 'alf-starved wife lyin' on th' floor, wi' a newborn babe wailin' at her side? Ah, Dick, that was bad. I say, lads, Was 't Dick as turned th' lass out that night?—No, 'twas th' cursed drink did that. Down wi' th' drink, an' up wi' th' man! That's my doctrine.

“An' there's Tom there, just such another as Dick. Tom bobbed his head down when I said 'Tom.' Ah, everybody knows him. I



### WHY I HATE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

I have seen so much of the evils of the liquor traffic, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its commercialism. I hate it for its greed and avarice.

I hate it for its domination in politics. I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country. I hate it for its utter disregard of law.

I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back, for its wounds to genius. I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused. I hate it for the almshouses it peoples, for the prisons it fills, for the insanity it begets, for its countless graves in potters' fields.

I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims, for its spiritual blight, for its moral degradation. I hate it for the crimes it has committed. I hate it for the homes it has destroyed. I hate it for the hearts it has broken. I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood — the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations. I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm, and the helpless, for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children.

I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.— *Ex-Governor Hanly of Indiana.*

"I know very well that the pleasure of drinking is an old heritage of the Germans. However, we must henceforth, in every connection, free ourselves from this evil.— *Emperor William of Germany.*

want to ax you a question, Tom: What did you promise the lass when you took her from her mother's 'ome? Didn't you promise to love her, an' cherish her, an' protect her? Have you done it, Tom? Who gied her th' black eye three weeks since? Who thrust her down-stairs an' tore her flesh from her wrist to her elber? An' she covered the place ower wi' her apron, an' tow'd folks lies to shield you, an' said she tumbled. Ah, that's bad, lads. Was 't Tom as struck a woman? Was 't Tom as threw his wife down th' stairs? — No; 'twas th' cursed drink as did it. Down wi' th' drink, an' up wi' th' man! That's my doctrine.

"I say, lads, do ye want to smooth th' wrinkles out o' your wife's face like ye smooth out th' wrinkles in a sheet wi' a smoothing iron? I have. Put your name on the pledge; that'll do it. I say, Dick! Dick is coming, Dick is coming! Tom, Tom, look here! Ah, that's right, Tom. Now, lads, follow a good example."

And fifty-eight men came tramp, tramp, tramp, on the platform. They seized the pen as if it were a pen of iron, and wrote as if they were gravng their names into stone.

## Bustin' the Temperance Man

HOARSELY demanding "Gimme a drink!"  
 He sidled up to the bar,  
 And he handled his glass with the air of one  
 Who had often before "been thar."  
 And a terrible glance shot out of his eyes,  
 And over his hearers ran,  
 As he muttered, "I'm hangin' around the town  
 Fer to bust that temp'rance man!"

"I've heerd he's a-comin' with singin' and sich,  
 And prayin' and heaps of talk;  
 And allows he'll make all fellers what drink  
 Toe square to the temp'rance chalk.  
 I reckon ——" and he pulled out a knife  
 That was two feet long or more,  
 And he handled his pistols familiarly.  
 While the crowd made a break for the door

The good man came, and his voice was kind,  
 And his ways were meek and mild;  
 "But I'm goin' to bust him," the roarer said —  
 "Jess wait till he gets me riled."  
 Then he playfully felt of his pistol belt,  
 And took up his place on the stage,  
 And waited in wrath for the temperance man  
 To further excite his rage.





### LOADING FOR BIG GAME

It is not difficult to see the duty of the state. If a foreign invader landed on our shores and disinherited the people of a single county, the nation would be up in arms. Here is a foe that has come upon us and is taxing us for more than the values of all the products of all our farms, all our forests, all our mines, all our fisheries; equivalent to taking from our people all that mother earth produces on land and water combined. What shall be the attitude of the state in face of a foe that has disinherited the whole nation? Clearly, the state has not only the clear right but the bounden duty to take up arms and expel the foe.— *Richmond P. Hobson.*

The brewery advocate would have you believe that just as a desire on his part to be a public-spirited citizen, the saloon keeper pays the tax. The truth is, the saloon keepers give back to the city \$100,000 as taxes for \$4,000,000 taken in over the bars.— *D. F. Anderson.*

But the orator didn't; he wasn't that sort,  
For he talked right straight to the heart,  
And somehow or other the roarer felt  
The trembling teardrops start.  
And he thought of the wife who had loved him well,  
And the children that climbed his knee,  
And he said, as the terrible pictures were drawn,  
"He's got it kerrect — that's me!"

Then his thoughts went back to the years gone by,  
When his mother had kissed his brow,  
As she tearfully told of the evils of drink,  
And he made her a solemn vow,  
That he never should touch the poisonous cup  
Which had ruined so many before;  
And the tears fell fast as he lowly said:  
"He's ketchin' me more and more!"

He loosened his hold on his pistols and knife,  
And covered his streaming eyes;  
And though it was homely, his prayer went up —  
Straight to the starlit skies.  
Then he signed his name to the temperance pledge,  
And holding it high, said he,  
"I came here to bust that temp'rance chap,  
But I reckon he's busted me."

— *From the Star Speaker.*



### KINGLY MEN LAID LOW BY ALCOHOL

Alexander the Great conquered all of the then known world by the time he was thirty years of age. Three years later he passed away, mastered by the flowing bowl.

Byron, the splendid poet, had his manhood degraded and came to his grave at thirty-seven years of age, by reason of intemperance.

William Pitt, the younger, lost his health and his strength in alcoholic dissipation.

Charles Lamb was another of the bottle's victims.

Edgar Allan Poe passed away in a state of intoxication.

Edmund Kean wrecked his giant memory through its influence.

Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of alcohol.—  
"World Book of Temperance."

# A Bloody Monster

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE

*"It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him."* Gen. 37: 33.

JOSEPH's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, deceiving him into the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation today. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindustan jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. By this vice, Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey, and China have groaned with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betel nut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish; and Persia, Brazil, and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa; the Mexicans, the agave; the people at Guarapo, an intoxicating product taken from sugar cane; while a great multitude, which no man can number, are the votaries of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and could they come up from the dead, what eye could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction? What heart could endure the groan of agony? Drunkenness! Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling to the sick room, and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit?

I sketch two houses in one street. The first is as bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Bountiful evening meal! Gratulation and sympathy and laughter! Music in the parlor! Fine pictures on the wall! Costly books on the table! Well-clad household! Plenty of everything to make home happy!



“HOUSE THE SECOND”

“Did I call this house the second? No, it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.” (See page 37.)

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff! Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop! Clock gone! Daughters' jewelry sold to get flour! Carpets gone off the floor! Daughters in faded and patched dresses! Wife sewing for the stores! Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck by an angry blow! Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room! Doorbell rings! Little children hide! Daughters turn pale! Wife holds her breath! Blundering step in the hall! Door opens! Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No, it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first was graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduated. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!"

Man the second: Lies in the station house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in, drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first. Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum, accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our physicians fall into suffering that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and the ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long-resounding crash of ruin and shame.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, First, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine.

We will grapple this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partisanship,



### DOES IT PAY?

*Does it pay* to license a traffic which breeds idiots, paupers, criminals, lunatics, and epileptics, and casts them upon society to be supported by decent, honest, industrious people?

*Does it pay* to license a traffic which increases taxes by creating a demand for jails, penitentiaries, asylums, hospitals, almshouses, orphanages, reformatories, police and criminal courts?

*Does it pay* to maintain a national quarantine against criminal and dependent classes from abroad, and license two hundred and fifty thousand saloon keepers to manufacture such products at home?

*Does it pay* to maintain 275 life-saving stations on our coast at a cost of \$1,500,000, and out of the same pockets maintain 250,000 life-destroying stations at a cost of \$2,000,000,000?

*Does it pay* to support the families of saloon keepers and bartenders and pay their rent, taxes, insurance, and buy luxuries for them, in order to get a few pennies of our many dollars back in revenue and license?

*Does it pay* to license a traffic which makes men less skillful, less steady, less reliable; which lessens endurance, lessens confidence, lessens credit, lessens the demand for food, clothing, shelter, and tools with which to work?

*Does it pay* to levy a tax to support orphans and widows, and license the murder of husbands and fathers?

*Does it pay* to listen to the sophistries and falsehoods of passion, prejudice, ignorance, appetite, and greed, and close our ears to the voice of conscience, of reason, of judgment, of suffering, of religion, and of God? — Charles Scanlon.

and demand that our officials shall be sober men? I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; and that, however eminent a man's services may be, if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office.

We will try the power of the pledge. There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document.

We expect great things from asylums for inebriates. They have already done a glorious work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will not cure him, temperance lectures will not eradicate the disease; religious tracts will not remove it; the gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children! he would tread their life out. Away with the wife! he would dash her to death. Away with the cross! he would run it down. Away with the Bible! he would tear it up for the winds. Away with heaven! he considers it as worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though it be pale with tears, though the froth of everlasting anguish float on the foam — give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe, to my children's rags, to my eternal banishment from God and hope and heaven. Give it to me! the drink!"

Again: we will contend against these evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations, you who drink the best liquors, you who never drink until you lose your balance, let us look each other in the face on this subject. You have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail; and the plowshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. O, what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as they once showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change.





### THE GATES OF DEATH

"Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men." (See page 41.)

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right, and say to your companions and friends, "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life; nor will I countenance the habit in others"? Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? For God's sake get out of that business! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day! Do not think, because human government may license you, that therefore God licenses you.

I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you, and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

## The Saloon Keeper's Advertisement

HAVING recently had my saloons closed up in Kansas and Iowa, and appreciating the advantages of high license, I have moved over here and leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's block, corner of Ruin Street and Perdition Lane (next door to the undertaker's), where I shall continue my business of manufacturing drunkards, paupers, lunatics, beggars, criminals, and "dead beats" for sober and industrious people to support. Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, of painful diseases, of disgraceful quarrels, of riots, and of murders. My liquors are warranted to rob some of life; many of reason; most of property; and all of true peace; to make fathers fiends; wives widows; children orphans. I shall cause mothers to forget their infants; children to grow up in ignorance; young women to lose their priceless purity; young men to become loafers, swearers, gamblers, skeptics, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort."

Boys and girls are the raw materials out of which I make drunkards, etc.; parents may help in this good work by always sending their children to buy the beer.

# SALOON Testimonials



The fast friend of shipwreck, and train wreck, and health wreck, and home wreck, and business wreck, and character wreck.— *John G. Woolley.*

On two hours' notice I agree to put husbands in condition to reel home, break the furniture, beat their wives, and kick their children out of doors; I shall also fit mechanics to spoil their work, be discharged, and become tramps. If one of the regular customers should be trying to reform, I will for a few pennies take pleasure in inducing him again to take just one glass and start again on the road to destruction. The money which he has been wasting in bread and books for his children will buy luxuries for me. And when his money is gone, I will persuade him to run in debt, and then collect the bill by attaching his wages.

Orders promptly filled for fevers, scrofula, consumption, or delirium tremens. In short, I agree to help bring upon all my customers, in this world, debt, disgrace, disease, despair, and death, and in the next world, damnation.

Having closed my ears to God's warning voice, having made a league with hell and sold myself to the devil, and having paid for my license, I have a right to bring all of the above evils upon my friends for the sake of gain.

Some have suggested that I display outside the door assorted specimens of my art. But that would blockade the street. A fine assortment of my manufactured wrecks may be seen inside, or at the city station houses every morning, also in the poorhouse, the prisons, and on the gallows.—“*Temperance Selections.*”

### Will It Pay?

“OUT from the hearthstone the children go,  
 Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow;  
 A licensed wrong on a crowded street  
 Waits the coming of guileless feet;  
 Child of the rich and child of the poor  
 Pass to their wreck through the dramshop's door.  
 Oh, say, will they ever come back as they go—  
 Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?  
 Out from the hearthstone the children fair  
 Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer;  
 Shall a father's vote on a crowded street  
 Consent to the snare of the thoughtless feet?”



### WHICH IS THE SALOON KEEPER'S WIFE?

A man crossed Chelsea Ferry to Boston one morning, and turned into Commercial Street for his usual glass. As the saloon keeper poured out the poison, his wife came in, and confidently asked for five hundred dollars to purchase an elegant shawl. He drew from his breast pocket a well-filled pocketbook, and counted out the money. The man outside the counter pushed aside his glass untouched, and, laying down ten cents, departed in silence. That very morning his devoted Christian wife had asked him for ten dollars to buy a cloak, so that she might look presentable at church. He had crossly told her that he had not the money. As he left the saloon he thought: "Here I am helping to pay for five-hundred-dollar cashmeres for that man's wife, but my wife asks in vain for a ten-dollar cloak. I can't stand this. I have spent my last dime for drink." When the next pay day came, that meek, loving wife was surprised with a beautiful cloak from her reformed husband. As he laid it on the table he said: "There, Emma, is a present for you. I have been a fool long enough."— *Temperance Instructor*.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby said that no fewer than 12,500 widows were made every year in Great Britain by deaths from alcohol.

## Tom Darcy; or, Only the Husk

TOM DARCY, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. Although naturally kind-hearted, active, and intelligent, he lacked strength of will to resist temptation, and therefore had fallen a victim to intemperance.

He had lost his position as foreman of a great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do at private houses here and there; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom was engaged to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars; and on the following morning he started for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were absolutely suffering for want of clothing; so that morning he held a debate with his better nature, but his better nature had become weak, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effect of the strong drink, and fancied himself happy because he could laugh and sing. He drank while he could stand, then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was almost midnight when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but he did not love the landlord.

Long years ago Peter Tinder and Tom Darcy had wooed the same maiden,—Ellen Goss,—and Tom had won her, leaving Peter to take up with the sharp-tempered damsel who brought him the tavern. Tom knew well enough that even lately Peter had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tinder, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy! he's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk."



*Hill climbing is hard  
 Enough, anyway  
 Isn't it about time to  
 remove needless obstructions?*

### OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

A young mechanic who worked well, talked well, read books on great civic problems, and attended public meetings thoughtfully, being urged to engage in the discussions, said, "How can I ever be anything when my father is a drinking man?" He solemnly signed the pledge of total abstinence, and began to make short speeches. The young men said, "Let us send him to the Legislature." At every step he did his best. Finally Massachusetts sent him to Congress. John Quincy Adams invited him to dinner. While at dinner Mr. Adams filled his glass, and turning to the young mechanic said, "Will you drink a glass of wine with me?" He hated to refuse. There was an ex-President of the United States. There was a great company of men. All eyes were upon him. And so he hesitated and grew red in the face, but finally stammered out, "Excuse me, sir, I never drink wine." The next day this anecdote was published in a Washington paper. It was copied all over Massachusetts, and the people said: "Here is a man that stands by his principles. He can be trusted; let us promote him." And so he went up higher. He was made a Congressman, then a Senator, and finally Vice President of the United States. That boy was Henry Wilson.—*World Book of Temperance.*"

Betsy turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself. "No, I won't drink any more tonight."

"It won't hurt you, Tom — just one glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't."

The air was damp and cold, but Tom Darcy didn't mind it. The fact was, he was waking up at last. The words of Peter Tinder were sounding in his ears: He would go home at once. Why had he not gone before? he wondered, as he stepped out into the dimly lighted street.

Tom stopped a moment and looked up at the stars and then looked down upon the earth.

"Ay," he muttered, grinding his heel into the gravel, "Peter Tinder is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk,— a husk more than worthless. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my poor children of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life, so that Peter Tinder may have the kernel, and Ellen the husk. We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The saloon keeper's speech, meant not for his ears, had fallen upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon the ears of Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he repeated, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife, "Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and his wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom ate a light breakfast,— there was not much left to eat in the house,— and then went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."





## OUT WITH HIM!

The experience of the railroads has led over thirty-nine great railroads to forbid the use of alcoholic beverage among their employees. While the men thought they were being fortified, experience proved the contrary.— *Richmond P. Hobson.*

The following paragraphs are quoted from a saloon keeper's letter to the *Kansas City Star*, in which he gives his reasons for getting out of the liquor business:—

"I believe I can read the handwriting on the wall. I believe the finish of the booze business in this country is in sight. I prefer to step from under before the roof falls in. . . .

"Social and business conditions have changed until booze and booze fighting have no place in the present-day scheme of things. . . . Business life is too strenuous these days for a man to hamper himself with a befuddled brain. And with the realization that they themselves can't drink and remain at the top notch of efficiency, business men are demanding that their employees let booze alone. Corporations and firms are not hiring drinkers, and they are getting rid of old employees who do drink.' . . .

"All these things point in just one direction. They mean that the men of this country are making up their minds that drinking is bad business. Drunkards there are and will be so long as booze is to be had. But the self-respecting and social drinkers, the real dependence of the liquor traffic, are preparing to banish booze. And . . . when it becomes a serious offense against the federal law for a man to manufacture, import, sell, handle, or possess liquor, booze drinking will cease."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir; and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him to work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested today. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to go home.

"She's all right now, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he had left it for her. She had been out and bought potatoes and sugar and flour and butter and a little basket of strawberries. All day long a ray of light had been dancing and glimmering before her,—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set the tea table and waited; but the sun went down, and no Tom came; eight o'clock, and almost nine — Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager; yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands and the odor of oil upon his clothing.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I did not mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop!"

"Yes, and I'm promised the old place, and —"

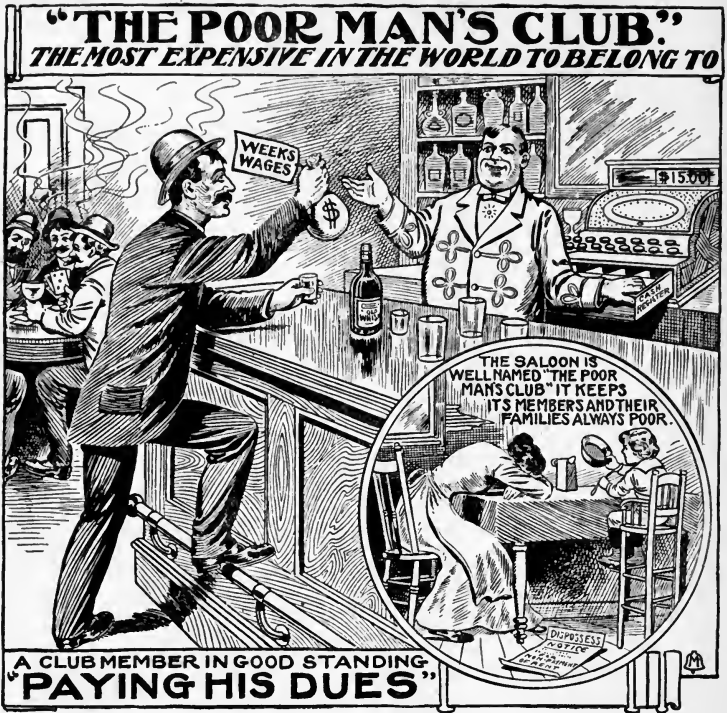
"O Tom!" And she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, I have him now! God bless you, my husband!"

It was a banquet — that supper — with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning, Tom Darcy resumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of dissipation.



### SLAVES OF THE SALOON

The saloon business cannot exist without slaves. You may smile at that statement, but it is absolutely true. Is not the man who is addicted to the drink habit a slave? There are 1,000,000 such slaves in the United States. They are slaves of the saloon. They go out and work a week or a month, draw their pay, go into the saloon, and hand the saloon keeper their money for something which ruins their own lives. Is not this slavery? Has there ever been in the history of the world a worse system of slavery? It is quite natural, of course, that the slaveholder should not care to liberate these slaves.—*Richmond P. Hobson.*

A woman entered a barroom, and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. "Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here."

And she departed. The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish. The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said: "I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same your wife and children have at home."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

The liquor traffic, like the slave trade or piracy, cannot be mended, and therefore must be actually ended.—*Joseph Cook.*

A few days later Tom met Peter Tinder on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I'm up,—right side up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom."

"I have forsaken only the evil, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on 'husks' long enough, and if there was any goodness left in my heart or in my manhood, it was high time they had the benefit."

"Ah! you heard what I said to my wife that night."

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of brightness."

## Drinking a Home

My homeless friend with the ruby nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! There is dirt in it — one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre.

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more than a tenth part of forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre. What an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder such men are buried in the "potter's field;" they have swallowed farms and gardens and homes, and even drunk up their own graveyard.—*The Twentieth Century Speaker.*"



### WIDOWED BY RUM

"And to this widow let me say: You have the heartfelt sympathy and prayers of this congregation. In your hours of loneliness, may you hear the voice of Christ saying, 'Be not afraid.' And may the voice that silenced the waves of Galilee still your troubled soul, until at last the day breaks and the shadows forever flee away." (See page 59.)

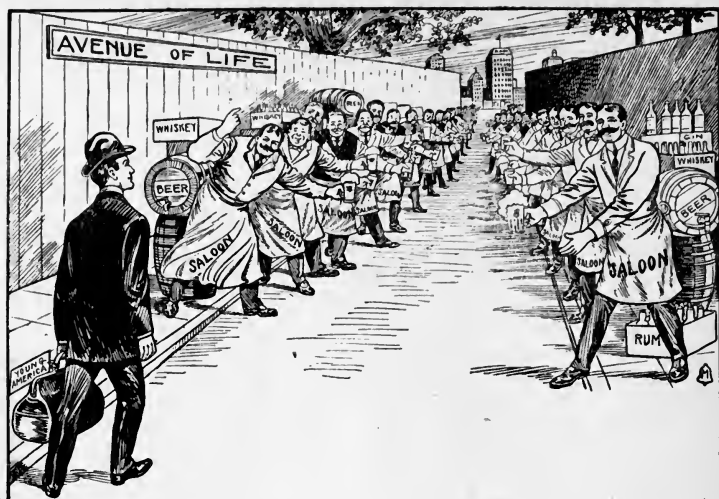
# Sermon at a Maryland Drunkard's Funeral

BY REV. G. R. WILLIAMSON

THE scene before us is sad beyond all power of description. It is not my business as a minister to apologize for the mistakes of the dead man whose body lies in this casket. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Our limitations are such that we see through a glass darkly, and it is not always possible to tell how the tree falls. It is customary to exalt the virtues of the dead and to minimize their faults, while we exalt the faults of the living and minimize their virtues. God would have us do justice to both the dead and the living.

Clyde Liller's sun has gone down while it is yet day. When he should have been at his best, in the prime of manhood's powers, the supporter and defender of his family, taking his place as a citizen in a great republic, bearing his share of life's burdens, suddenly the light went out. When himself, Clyde Liller was a generous, large-hearted man. His wife has said more than once to the speaker, "When Clyde is sober one could not wish for a better husband, a better father." But when whisky goes in, the man goes out. Social life in America is such that the man with a weakness for alcohol has a tremendous battle to fight, and in most instances is the loser. At some time, I know not when, Clyde Liller tasted the poison, and later found the scripture true, "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The habit once contracted, its effects felt, his will power weakened, it got beyond his control, until the finished product, the legitimate fruit of the American saloon, lies a helpless corpse before us. A woman has been made a widow, three children made orphans, because the liquor traffic pays revenue, and some men will sell it regardless of the widow's cry and the orphan's wail.

Some one is saying, "He ought to have let it alone when he saw he could not control it." O, yes, how easy to say that, and how little it means! That strong man who boasts that he can take it or let it alone, usually takes it, and sooner or later becomes a hopeless wreck himself. Another says, "Let whisky alone, and it will let you alone." This is another assertion as false as Satan himself. These innocent children let it alone, but it would not let them alone. This heart-broken widow let it alone, but it would not let her alone. Either



### A GANTLET OF SHAME

There came into a prominent church one evening a man so under the influence of liquor that he disturbed the meeting. He left the service four times, each time returning to his seat far to the front. Timely advice finally quieted him, and after the sermon the minister urged him to become a Christian that night. The man said it was of no use; he could not live a Christian life. The minister persuaded him to kneel at the altar. Finally the man almost vehemently demanded: "If God should forgive my sins, and I determine to live for him, tell me where I shall go!"

"Where shall you go? What do you mean?"

Then the man said, "There are eight open saloons that I must pass on my way home, and I cannot get by any one of them without smelling the accursed stuff; and if I smell it I am lost. *Tell me where I shall go!*"

And the minister did not know what to say; but he has since been doing all in his power to clear the way for men who cannot pass the open saloon unharmed. "Make ready the king's highway by the abolition of the liquor traffic!" is the cry of the Anti-Saloon League, and of every other temperance force in the world.—*Temperance Instructor.*

If, consistently with the Constitution of the United States, a State can protect her sound cattle by prohibiting altogether the introduction within her limits of diseased cattle, she ought not to be deemed disloyal to the Constitution when she seeks by similar legislation to protect her people and their homes against the introduction of articles which are regarded by her citizens as "laden with infection" more dangerous to the public than diseased cattle.—*John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.*

Sir Thomas Lipton, the yachtsman, warns young men that "cork-screws have sunk more people than cork jackets ever saved."

directly or indirectly this horrible monster, the liquor traffic, has its satanic clutches around the throat of every man, woman, and child in our fair land.

I want to say here that to my personal knowledge Clyde Liller did make a struggle, and a brave one, to stem the tide and free himself from the manacles that bound him hand and foot. When he would go to work in the hope that he was victor, on his way to the shop his nostrils were greeted with the stench of the foul poison; boon companions were ready to lure him away from all his good resolutions; men were ready to take his last nickel in exchange for the vile stuff, regardless of the protests of his innocent wife; every fiber of his being was crying out for alcohol. He fell time and again only to get up and make a brief struggle and fall again, until, a hopeless, helpless wanderer, away from home and friends, the tired body lay down to sleep the dreamless sleep. Such is the picture, the awful tragedy, of one human life. But we make in this country 100,000 drunkards' graves a year, 277 each day. During this funeral hour *eleven* other of our fellow citizens will go in the same way. And thus the miserable work goes on from year to year.

The grogshop, with its doors always open, was sufficiently powerful to overbalance any influence for good, and thus the effort to save Clyde Liller under the present conditions was vain. He tried working in a dry town, but the national government itself is in the miserable liquor business, and for the small pittance of twenty-five dollars will give a man a federal license. So when a poor drunkard wants to free himself from his slavish chains, he may go from Maine to California, from the Gulf to the Lakes, and on every foot of territory over which Old Glory waves her proud folds, he is hounded and hunted by this monster, until at last, like poor Clyde, he lies down to the sleep that knows no waking.

Somebody is to blame. This poor body is a murdered body, and the murderer goes scot-free in this great land of freedom,—this land of churches, boasting one hundred thousand pastors; this land of colleges and universities; this land that has been styled "God's last chance for the human race,"—goes on murdering 'other wives' husbands, other mothers' sons; goes on ruling Congress, dominating State legislatures, intimidating town and city councils, and throttling the voice of the pulpit.

Lincoln said, "This nation can't live half slave and half free." Neither can it live half drunk and half sober. Sin will down any of us; even in the strongest men, it is too mighty to contend against unaided. The greatest delusion in this world is that you can build yourself up by tearing somebody else down, or that success can be reaped out of the frailties and misfortunes of others. Upon this





### KILL IT OR IT WILL KILL YOU

I have lately met with the following striking testimony from Colonel Lehmanousky, who had been twenty-three years in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek, and said:—

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horseflesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and only a few rags of clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun on my baked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that *I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life*; and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated as a fact that the 6,000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all of them men who abstained from ardent spirits."—*From an address by Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.*

The ravages of drink are greater than those of war, pestilence, and famine combined.—*Gladstone.*

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as intemperance.—*Lord Bacon.*

false principle the licensed liquor traffic acts. By this delusion the people of this fair town allow the accursed, stenchful, blackening, damning institution, the licensed saloon,—an institution that fosters and perpetuates an evil almost as old as sin itself; an evil, haggard, monstrous, furious, and diabolical, that for ages has walked and crawled the earth, combining all that is obnoxious in the races of men. It has gored with its horns, it has torn with its tusks, it has crushed with its hoofs, it has poisoned with its fangs, it has stung with its insectile javelin, greater numbers of the human race than have perished from all other causes combined. It bribes, lures, decoys, charms, fascinates, tempts, and seduces; it has the eye of an eagle, the tooth of a rattlesnake, the jaw of a crocodile, the crushing coils of a boa constrictor, the slyness of the scorpion, and the folds of the worm that dieth not. It has cheated and deceived the nations. By our false system of regulation, or attempted regulation, it hisses, it lies, it cheats, it debauches, it kills. I hate it with an everlasting, uncompromising hatred.

It puts its poisoned talons on the home, and robs it of its furnishings. It takes the clothes from off the backs of innocent, helpless children, and shoes from off their feet. It brings mothers to the wash-tub and scrub brush, and straps burdens on their shoulders too heavy to be borne. It dashes out brains and pulverizes the human heart. It fills the poorhouses, the penitentiaries, the lunatic asylums, and the hospitals. It peoples our graveyards with the flower of our manhood.

Whose boy will now take the place of Clyde Liller? Somebody's will. It may be yours.

To you men who are before me: The griefs, the scalding tears, the deferred hopes, the strangled aspirations of this woman ought to lead every man of you to lay the ax of absolute prohibition at the root of our license system, and to rest not till the whole tree is burned up root and branch in the fires of a holy and righteous indignation. As you behold the wound, will you not bring the healing balm? As you witness the bondage, will you not seize the hammer and strike off the manacles that bind at this very hour so many citizens of Garrett County? I know full well that criticism will be heaped on me for saying this today. I have weighed every word and am prepared for the consequences. But I will not stand by and see a man cut down by liquor, and witness the wreck and ruin of a home, without raising my voice in solemn protest against the liquor traffic, at whose door lies the responsibility of Clyde Liller's murder.

I am going to say something else. The men who run saloons are not alone in this. Others are responsible. When we get to the judgment, the man who made the foul stuff, the man who sold it, the man who gave it to him when he could not buy it, the man who is bonds-



### A TIMELY WARNING

"And now a word to these two precious boys: You have been left without a father at this early period in your lives, and will have struggles in life and heavy burdens to bear, and I beg of you today, resolve down deep in your hearts never to taste, handle, or have to do with that which caused your poor father's untimely death." (See page 59.)

man for the saloon keeper, the citizen who by his silence or vote indorses the liquor traffic, will come up with fingers streaming red in the blood of poor Clyde Liller, who fell a hopeless victim into the clutches of the liquor traffic.

And now a word to these two precious boys: Hear me today. You are old enough to know what I am saying. You will never forget this hour. You have been left without a father at this early period in your lives, and will have struggles in life and heavy burdens to bear; but I beg of you today, resolve down deep in your hearts never to taste, handle, or have to do with that which caused your poor father's untimely death. Stay with your mother, encourage her, support her, be honest and true, and the world will give you a place, and you can make a living in it.

And to this widow let me say: You have the heartfelt sympathy of this congregation. You have my prayers, and in your hours of loneliness when dark shadows gather round and life's storms threaten to dash your frail bark to pieces, may you hear above the roar of the conflict the voice of Christ saying: "It is I; be not afraid." "Peace, be still." And the voice that silenced the waves of old Galilee will still your troubled soul, until at last the day breaks and the shadows forever flee away.

To this congregation: May you all live so that at last when you are called to answer the roll call of the skies, you may be numbered with those who shall hear the words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

## One Glass Too Much

"ONE glass too much!" aye, tell me, who can,

How long may the reckless tippler pass

The poisonous dram to his thirsty lips

And still escape from the fatal glass?

Young man, so strong in your generous pride;

Fair maiden, so blest with beauty's touch,

Oh, tamper not with the tempting tide!

The very first glass is "one glass too much."

— "*Temperance Selections.*"



### “SEEKING WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR”

My experience of the last thirty-five years, while engaged in rescue and reform work in the prisons, jails, and police stations of this and other countries, is that whenever you touch this open sore of our civilization, you touch the liquor traffic. Accompanied by officers I have spent midnight hours upon the streets of large cities, searching for lost girls and women, and never touched hands with one, young or old, that I did not get the odor of liquor; and to my question concerning it I have always had answer with this meaning: “We could not live without drink; we began this life with it, and we shall have to keep on.”—*Mrs. J. K. Barney, World's Superintendent of Penal, Charitable, and Reformatory Work (W. C. T. U.).*

As a result of thirty years of investigation and study of this question, I am sure that eighty-five per cent of “felled girls” find the open door to ruin in the social dance where wines are sold, the dance halls where liquors are sold, and the cafes and wine rooms to which, after theater, ball, and dance, the young people resort. Every saloon in Los Angeles has over it, in the rear of it, or very near it, places for fallen women. From seventy-five to ninety per cent of the divorces are traceable to drink, in the estimate of judges in this city. Judge Noyes, forty years a practicing attorney, superior court judge for twenty-two years, and not a Prohibitionist, just now declared to me that ninety-nine per cent of the divorces were directly or indirectly traceable to drink, and that ninety-five per cent of all cases coming before him could be traced to drink in some way. During the enforced prohibition in San Francisco there was no “Barbary coast” and no “red light district.” On the opening of the saloons the “coast” sprang again into existence, and every house east of Dumont Street was either a saloon or a bawdy house, or both.—*Wiley J. Phillips, chairman of the National Committee on the White Slave Traffic.*

# A True Story of One Woman's Life

RISING suddenly in the meeting, she spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard? — Yes; I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and O, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it,—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard — whether father, husband, brother, or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained the fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night, bleached by sorrow, as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snow of seventy rests on my head and upon my heart. Ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night; and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely girls and one boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence. "My husband had been drinking deeply, I had not seen him for two days; he had kept away from his home. One night I was seated by my sick boy; the two little girls were sleeping in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. The room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, it gave way and flew open. O, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.



**"MR. BOTTLE, YOU ARE MY STRONGEST ALLY"**

The "Titanic" carried down 1,503 persons. Phelps estimates that alcohol carries off directly or indirectly 65,897 adults annually. This means 1,503 men and women every eight days the year round. This takes no account of the children under twenty years of age whose lives are cut off because of enfeebled vitality due to parents' drinking habits or because of neglect or inadequate care by drinking parents.

On the basis of Phelps's estimates, alcohol is responsible wholly or partly for carrying off one adult about every eight minutes, night and day, the year round, through alcoholism itself and through 106 other causes of death into which alcohol may enter as a prime or contributing factor.— *Handbook of Modern Facts About Alcohol.*

It is well for us to bear in mind that alcoholism is more prevalent and more of a menace to this country than any other disease, even including tuberculosis and syphilis.— *Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft.*

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood behind the bed, his eyes gleaming with insanity. 'Take them away,' he screamed, 'the horrible things! They are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say,' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their lifeblood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was utterly dumb in the presence of my terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac — the man who had brought me all the woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailing filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room; and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the bodies of my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck. Then I recovered from the shock and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard;' and I turned unto my desolate home a childless woman, one upon whom the hand of affliction had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your lives as I have blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you; for married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, you say? Ah! a woman sadly overrates her strength when she undertakes to do that. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city; I am merely passing through it. But I have a message to every girl: Never marry a drunkard."

I can see her now as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she





### A MORTGAGE ON THE CRADLE

The use of alcohol produces degeneracy. Taking the children of our temperate families, eighty-two per cent of such children are in no way degenerate. Taking the children of intemperate families, it has been scientifically demonstrated that seventy-seven per cent are degenerate. Is it, therefore, to be presumed that the degenerate children must be so, because otherwise the personal liberty of the father would be interfered with? Go and talk to the wife or the gray-haired mother of the drunkard about personal liberty.—*D. F. Anderson.*

The habit of drinking leads at least to the hospital; for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies — paralysis, lunacy, disease of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker. The hygienic faults of parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first few months, they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or, worse still, they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis, or phthisis.—*“World Book of Temperance.”*

uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, "fitly spoken," were not without effect, however, and because of them there is at least one girl single now.—  
*The American Issue.*

## The Drunkard's Daughter

A woman who became an earnest temperance advocate and worker for total abstinence, after having been ruined in fortune and having her happiness wrecked by drink in her own home, was twitted by her former friends and called a fanatic. The following lines were written by her as a reply:—

Go, feel what I have felt;  
Go, bear what I have borne;  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall;  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;  
Implore, beseech, and pray;  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—  
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,  
And see the strong man bow,  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—  
The sobs of sad despair,  
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,  
And its revealings there  
Have told him what he might have been  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.



### A DELIBERATE PLAN TO ENSNARE CHILDREN

In an address at the liquor men's convention held in Columbus, Ohio, one speaker said:—

"The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die; and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers.

"The open field for the creation of appetite is among the boys. After men have grown, and their habits are formed, they seldom change in this regard; and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed."— *Temperance Instructor*.

Go to my mother's side,  
And her crushed spirit cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear.  
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith in early youth  
Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup,  
And led her down from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright,  
And chained her there, mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing — a drunkard's wife!  
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight — a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known;  
Then look within the wine cup's glow,  
See if its brightness can atone;  
Think of its flavor would you try,  
If all proclaimed, *'Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl!  
*Hate* is a feeble word;  
I loathe, abhor, my very soul  
With strong disgust is stirred  
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
Of the dark beverage of hell!



### COUNTING THE COST

“Suppose the young man who holds the first glass of intoxicating liquor in his hands were to hold it there for five minutes, counting the cost of a burning brain; counting the cost of a palsied hand; counting the cost of a staggering step; counting the cost of broken hearts and tear-stained pillows; counting the cost of a blighted home; counting the cost of the self-respect which oozes out at the finger tips as they clasp the sparkling curse; counting the cost of the degradation and disgrace of a ruined body and a lost soul. What young man could soberly count the cost of that one step and not be strengthened against the temptation to sip the slow poison of death?”

## The Bridal Wine Cup

"PLEDGE with wine! Pledge with wine!" cried young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow. Her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marian, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expects it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it, with tempting smiles, toward Marian. She was very pale, though composed; and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "O, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes,—“wait, and I will tell you. I see,” she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, “a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen! I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot. Tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather. They flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. Among them lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! His eyes are wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands before him — nay, I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"O, the high, noble-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands. Hear his thrilling shrieks for life. Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. O, hear him call piteously his father's name! See him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister — his only sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land.



### PROTECT HIM FROM THE SALOON

Answer these questions honestly, and see if your conscience will permit you to remain inactive: —

- Would you want to die in the saloon?
- Would you want to see your mother in the saloon?
- Would you want to meet your wife in the saloon?
- Would you want your daughter to frequent the saloon?
- Would you admit the saloon keeper into your home as your social equal?
- Would you advise your son to spend his leisure time in the saloon?
- Would you want a saloon operated next door to your home?
- Would you point to the saloon as one of the good institutions of your town?
- Would you like to see your minister enter the saloon?
- Would you make companions of those who hang out at the saloon?
- Would you place the saloon on the same equality with the grocery, the dry goods store, and the meat market?
- Would you consider it an honor to be known as a saloon patron?
- Would it add to your standing in your town to be known as a saloon sympathizer?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative, there is no reason why you should oppose the saloon.

If you answer them in the negative, then as a good citizen you should join the forces moving forward to the abolition of the saloon.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their hands, and the judge fell overpowered upon his seat,—“see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays—how wildly!—for mercy. Hot fever rushes through his veins. Then he moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets. In vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister: death is there,—death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead.”

A groan ran through the assembly. So vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated, her lips quivering and her voice more broken. “And there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only, idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father’s son, my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, “father, shall I drink now?”

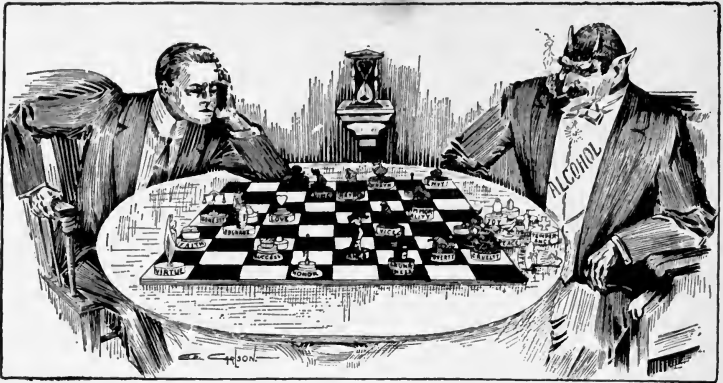
The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered:—

“No, no, my child; no!”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and let it suddenly fall to the floor, where it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantly every wine glass was transferred to the marble table from which it had been served. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: “Hereafter let no friend who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother’s dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve.”

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, were her answer. The judge left the room. When, an hour later, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy from his princely home.—“*Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer.*”





### A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

Seventeen years I had the drink habit; eight, the drink habit had me. If during the last six years of that quarter century I was sober once, I do not remember it. Day by day, I added to the strength of my weakness until the disease — and disease it had in truth become — brought me, nerve-racked, unstrung, broken, palsied, to the verge of delirium and disgraceful death.

Then, when without brandy and ever more brandy I could not lift food or drink to my lips, I took the fag end of a misspent life that remained, and made a man of it.

How? Not day by day, hour by hour, as the habit grew, but instant by instant; with every instant a poignant agony of body and soul. Moment by moment, I postponed the drinking of the brandy carried in my pocket, though every moment of those first days was a suffering such as I trust may never again fall to my lot. Every fiber of my being, distressed, screamed out, "Brandy! Brandy! If ever you needed it, you need it now!" But always my answer was, "Not yet. In a second or two perhaps, but not yet."

Many times during that first terrible day, and the scarcely less dreadful days that followed, I asked myself if I could live another hour — a half hour — fifteen minutes — without brandy. I did not know. A second? Perhaps. I was not sure.

At last, weakening, as I now marvel that I did not weaken sooner, I drew forth the flask that seemed to hold my only hope of life; opened it; with two hands, shakily raised it to my lips.

Then came the thought, If I must die of brandy, I can die without more; if not, I can live without any. And again I said, "Not yet. In another moment, maybe; but not yet."

That was six years ago. After the first month, I threw away my flask — and have tasted no intoxicant since.

My moment-by-moment method was based upon the thought that all of life is measured out in fractions of a second; and that, for the brief present fraction that is all the life we have, any torture is endurable.—  
*Thomas Harding.*

# The Old Temperance Lecturer

[The following lecture was given at the beginning of the temperance reformation, when even ministers feared to espouse the cause.]

THE old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled the breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at least, a mere child, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his eyes full upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's; the tavern keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze; and then, in a low and tremulous tone, he began.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eyes of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit.

"My friends! I am an old man standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends or kindred on earth, and look with longing to rest in the night of death. Without friends, relatives, or home! It was not always so!"

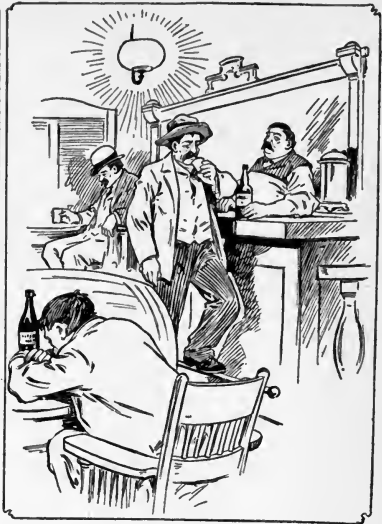
No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed of my own tears.

"No, my friends, once it was not thus. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of household idols that once were mine; now mine no more.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife, as fair an angel-hearted creature as ever, smiled in earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer's sky, her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart was wrung till every fiber was broken. I once had a noble son, a bright and



Your Money or Your Life



Your Money and Your Life

## THE TWO ROBBERS

"Come in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Irishman to another.

"No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died."

"Well, what about Tim?"

"He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He dropped his place; he dropped his coat and hat; he dropped his money; he dropped everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! But the worst is to come. He got crazy with drink one day, and killed a man. And the last time I saw him, he was taking his last drop, with a slip noose around his neck. I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen too many good fellows when whisky had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter, and then they dropped into the grave. No rum seller can get a drop in me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."

The whisky business is a lawless desperado. It tries to "get the drop" on boys and girls, on men and women, on politicians and officers. The train robber presents his pistol, with the demand, "Your money or your life." Rum gives no such alternative; its demand is, "Your money and your life."— *Selected.*

"Whatever the scientist may call alcohol, it is the universal experience that life, home, politics, and society are poisoned by it, and if it is a food, then it is the food of hell."— *Christian Endeavor World.*

beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it. Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him into the world, and the blow that lamed him for life. May God forgive me for the ruin which I brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped the tears from his eyes. My father watched with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone at the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.

"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her sad eyes upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheeks.

"At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and set up a famished wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James; have had none for two days. I have nothing for the baby. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

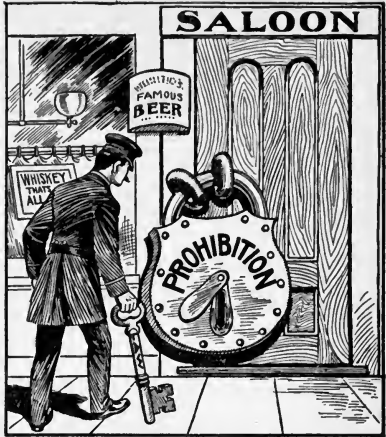
"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I — yes, I — struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the floor. The furies of hell battled in my bosom with deep intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

"'God have mercy!' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance; 'you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie,' as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door; and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a loud 'Ha! ha!' I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe.

"But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my older son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against



**INSTEAD OF LOCKING UP THE MAN FOR DRINKING WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO —**



**LOCK UP THE SALOON AND LET THE MAN GO TO WORK TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY.**

### TWO KINDS OF BARS

There are two kinds of bars connected with the saloon business — the kind over which men pass their money, and receive in exchange the poisoning of body and soul, the filching of their reason, the disgrace, sorrow, and poverty of themselves and families; and the kind behind which men are shut away from the rest of humanity when drink has driven them to crime. He who passes his earnings over the one tempts the devil to put him behind the other. Abolish the first kind, and we can dispense with more than three fourths of the latter.

We can do more than that, — we can stop a river of sorrow, and wipe out a sea of tears; we can put peace and happiness in the place of turmoil, abuse, and wretched poverty; we can build parks for tenement children to play in, instead of prisons for their fathers and brothers to be shut away in; we can build houses for the families of the poor, in the place of scaffolds on which to hang the head of the household when drink has made him the murderer of his own flesh and blood; we can prepare the children of the poor to do honest battle with adversity, instead of sending them to sweatshops to grow up to manhood with a handicap of ignorance and a predilection for crime; we can write, "Vacant — for Rent," over the gates of our poor farms and almshouses, and stop a great portion of the turbid stream that is flowing into our asylums; we can close two thirds of the brothels, put the procurer and procuress largely out of business, and feel that the dangers threatening our daughters from that source are reduced in like ratio. We can do all that, and more, when we have closed that kind of bar over which money is exchanged for liquor, character for appetite, peace for misery, honor for disgrace, hope for despair, and the possibility of heaven for the certainty of hell. — *C. M. Snow.*

his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of the devil that possessed me, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished that I were at home. The old man looked up, and I have never beheld such mortal agony pictured on any other human face as there was on his.

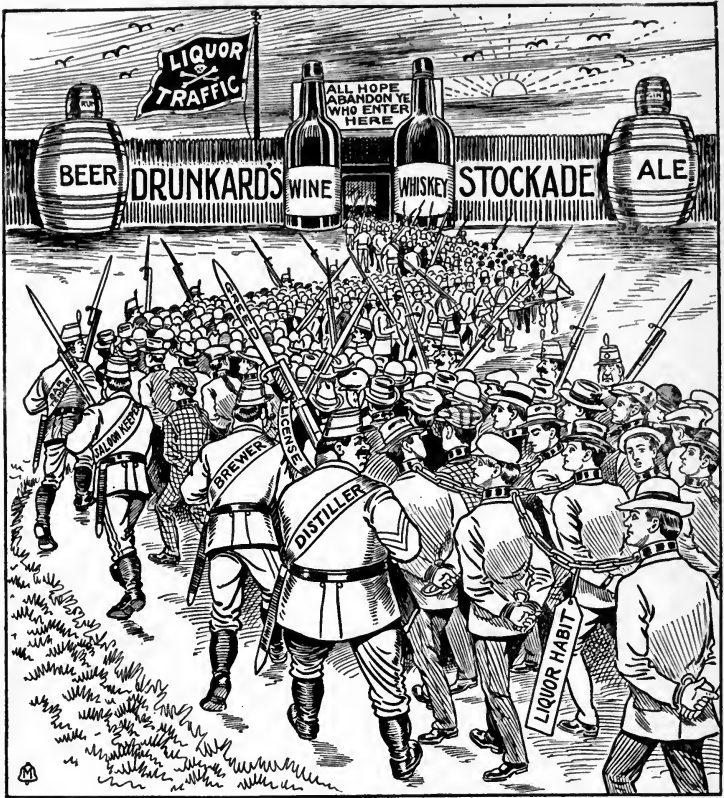
"It was morning when I awoke," he continued. "The storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I first missed her, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread.

"As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was — O God, how horrible! — it was my own Mary and her babe, frozen to death. The ever-true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all who were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos he concluded: —

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could equal those endured in my own bosom. O God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But, while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and so fearful to me. I must see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, while tears fell thickly. The



### TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? — A hundred thousand! A hundred full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and a hundred regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp — the sounds come to us in the echoes of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp — the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp — comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? — The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of filling a hundred thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time. — *J. G. Holland.*

old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him. As he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eyes upon the paper.

"Sign it, young man, sign it. Angels would sign it. I would write my name ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved ones."

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson."

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance flushed and then became deathly pale. "It is — no, it cannot be, yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own lost boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled, one gasping, "My own injured boy!" the other, "My father!"

They each fell upon the other's neck till it seemed their souls would mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loath to leave the spot.

\* The old man, my grandfather, is dead, but the lesson he taught me on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten.— *Selected.*

## The Price of a Drink

"FIVE cents a glass — does any one think  
That that is really the price of a drink?  
Five cents a glass. Some one might say,  
'Why! that isn't very much to pay.'  
'Five cents a glass!' How Satan laughed,  
As o'er the bar the young man chafed;  
And before the morning the victim lay  
With his lifeblood ebbing swiftly away:  
And that was the price that he paid, alas,  
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.  
Five cents a glass — does any one think  
That that is really the price of a drink?"





### WHAT ALCOHOL DOES

Does nothing but harm.— *Tolstoi.*

Stupefies and besots.— *Bismarck.*

Decreases strength.— *Matthew Woods, M. D.*

Impairs every human faculty.— *The Rosanoffs.*

Propagates tuberculosis and cancer.— *Sir Victor Horsley.*

Acts as a poison on all living protoplasm.— *Professor Kassowitz.*

Drink kills more than all our newest weapons of war.— *Lord Wolseley.*

Increases liability to disease, adds to its severity, and retards recovery.

— *A. K. Chalmers, M. D.*

If we could sweep intemperance out of the country there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

No war, no plague of humanity — cholera, tuberculosis, or famine — has made so many victims, has caused so much poverty, suffering, and death, as the use of alcohol.— *Charles Darwin.*

Alcohol solidifies, crystallizes, and makes chronic every evil passion of depraved human nature. It is a promoter of all that is evil, all that is vile, all that is abominable.— *John B. Gough.*

## The Prisoner at the Bar

"PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for the answer to the judge's question.

The judge waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard, and the situation had become painfully oppressive when the prisoner was seen to move, his head was raised, his hand was clenched, and the blood rushed into his pale, careworn face. Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said:—

"I have. Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I have finished.

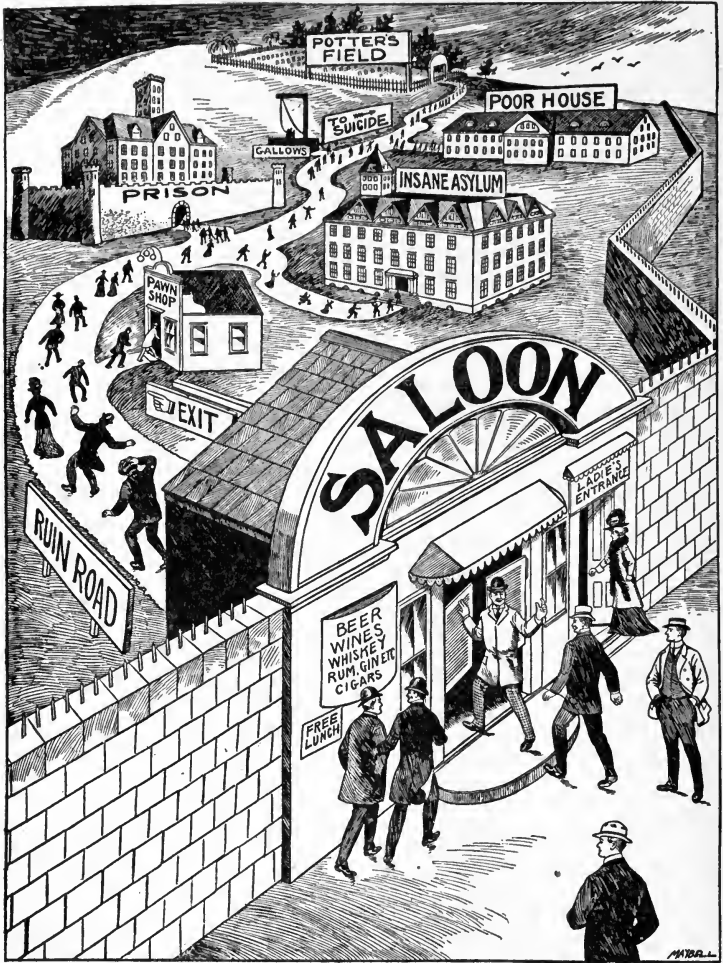
"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish, and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in the case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But may it please the court, I wish to show that *I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!*"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at one another in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice.

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand before his judgment throne, where we shall all be righteously judged.

"Had it not been for the saloons of my town, I should never have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I should not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for these human traps, I should have been a sober man, an indus-



### THE DRUNKARD'S BANK

Every dollar spent foolishly, somebody banks; is it the saloon keeper? Which is better for you, the savings bank or the saloon bank? If you deposit in the saloon bank, you deposit your money and lose it; you deposit your time and lose it; you deposit your character and lose it; you deposit your independence and lose it; you deposit your self-control and lose it; you deposit your children's happiness and lose it; you deposit your soul and lose it: for the saloon is the tollgate on the pathway to hell.  
— D. F. Anderson.

trious workman, a tender father, and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children — God bless and care for them! — cast out on the mercy of the world, while I am to be hanged by the strong arm of the state.

“God knows I tried to reform; but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor.

“For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were happy, and our little home was a paradise.

“I was one of those who signed remonstrances against reopening the saloons in our town. One half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge who sits on this bench, all voted for the saloon. By their votes and influence saloons were reopened, and they have made me what I am.”

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop further speech, when the speaker hastily said: —

“No! no! your honor, do not close my lips; I have nearly finished.

“I began my downward career at a saloon bar, legalized and protected by the votes of this town. After the saloons you allowed have made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar,— the bar of justice,— and now the power of the law will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar,— *the judgment bar of God*,— and there you who have legalized the traffic will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me — the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic — alone responsible for the murder of my wife? — Nay. I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered *one*; but you have deliberately voted for the saloons, which have murdered thousands; and they are in full operation today with your consent.

“All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty’s truth.

“You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

“Your honor, I have finished. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this dreadful traffic.”— *Selected.*



### "COME IN OUT OF THE WET"

Kansas offers the strongest, the most convincing proof of the widespread and far-reaching benefits of a saloonless State. Compare Kansas' annual expenditures of \$1.25 per capita for liquor with \$21, the per-capita average for the saloon States.

What other State can show forty-eight counties that did not send a single criminal to the penitentiary last year, or eighty-seven counties that did not send a patient to the insane asylum, or fifty-three counties without a prisoner in their jails, or eighty-three counties without a pauper? (These Kansas statistics are irrefutable.)

There are more than a dozen counties in Kansas in which no jury has been called in ten years to try a criminal case.

Kansas has more students in colleges and universities, in proportion to population, than any other State.

Kansas' bank deposits have increased in ten years from \$100,000,000 to \$220,000,000.

Kansas has the lowest death rate in the world, the lowest percentage of illiteracy in the United States, largely as the result of its thirty years of prohibition.— *Arthur Capper, in the Household, January, 1915.*

Her per capita wealth in cash is \$118, while each Kansan is credited with \$1,684 as his or her share of the State's assessed wealth. Thirty-eight county poorhouses are empty. The pauper population of the State falls short of 600. In the last twelve months they have added more than \$45,000,000 to their taxable personal property.— *Lewis Edwin Theiss.*

## The Fence or the Ambulance

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;  
For over its terrible edge there had slipped  
A duke and full many a peasant;  
So the people said something would have to be done,  
But their projects did not at all tally.  
Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff;"  
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
For it spread through the neighboring city;  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true;  
But each heart became brimful of pity  
For those who slipped over the dangerous cliff,  
And the dwellers in highway and alley  
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,  
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,  
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much  
As the shock down below when they're stopping."  
So day after day as these mishaps occurred,  
Quick forth would the rescuers sally,  
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff,  
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause  
When they'd much better aim at prevention.  
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,  
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;  
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,  
For the voice of true wisdom is calling:  
"To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best  
To prevent other people from falling."  
Better close up the source of temptation and crime,  
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;  
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff,  
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

— *Joseph Malins, in the Protest.*



### MIRACLE IN RUSSIA

"A miracle has happened in Russia—a miracle that has put bread in the cupboards of the poor, fires on the hearths, reformed the wife beater, lifted a people from sullenness and despair to happiness and self-respect.

And the miracle, strangely enough, was made possible by Russia's autocratic form of government, under which the little father, by one stroke of the pen, put vodka and its temptations beyond the reach of the people,—by prohibiting the sale of strong drink in any part of the empire.—*The Evening Star (Washington), Dec. 26, 1914.*

In the *Saturday Evening Post* of Feb. 20, 1915, M. Bark, Russian minister of finance, is quoted as saying:—

"In coal regions we have sent thirty per cent of the male inhabitants to the war, and yet the output of work is greater by thirty per cent, because everybody is sober. . . . Heads of large concerns employing labor have said they would pay in cold cash the sums that were necessary to cover the deficit in revenue (\$200,000,000 annually) from the larger incomes they derived by reason of the increased capacity of their employees.

# Why Prohibition

BY W. A. COLCORD

BECAUSE the liquor traffic is a curse, God himself having pronounced a woe upon it.

Because no drunkard can enter heaven, and the saloon makes drunkards.

Because the state has no right to legalize, foster, or receive revenue from that which sends men to perdition.

Because the liquor traffic is one of the greatest promoters of crime.

Because a traffic which is so dangerous and deadly in its nature and tendencies as to require constant policing and heavy licensing in order to prevent it from overrunning and ruining outright, cannot be a good traffic.

Because traffic in that which deprives men of their reason and incites them to crime, ought not to be treated as a legitimate or honorable line of business.

Because good government is possible only where the majority possess self-control, or are self-governed; but the whole tendency of the liquor traffic, as its entire history shows, is to cause men to lose self-control.

Because the liquor traffic is one of the greatest incentives to vice, immorality, and deeds of violence.

Because the liquor traffic is responsible for a large share of all the murders, wife beatings, divorces, accidents, and business failures.

Because the liquor traffic can thrive only upon wasted money, wrecked manhood, and ruined homes.

Because the sighs and sorrows of broken-hearted wives and neglected children, caused through drink, appeal to us for help.

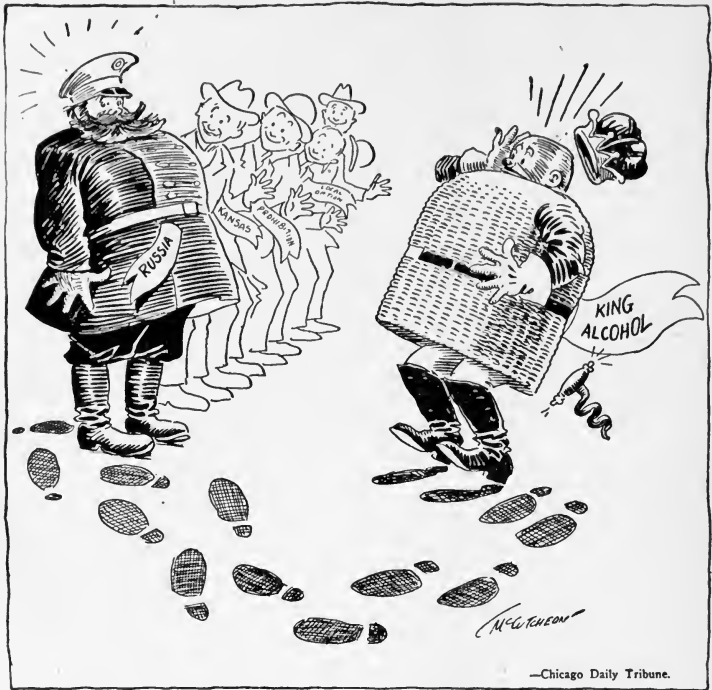
Because the liquor traffic tends to pauperize those who assist it most, and gives no adequate returns for the money paid into it.

Because alcohol is a poison; and the sale, use, and traffic of alcohol weaken men physically, mentally, and morally, and unfit them for life companions and parenthood, and it is one of the greatest causes of insanity.

Because the liquor traffic fills our courts with criminal cases, our jails with prisoners, our hospitals and infirmaries with patients, our orphanages with homeless children, and our insane asylums with inmates, thus imposing a heavy burden upon society.

Because where prohibition has been tried, and allowed to prohibit, it has lessened crime, relieved suffering, dried tears, brightened





### A DESPOT NEEDED

For years we cheap teetotal cranks have tried to slay the demon Rum, and from our agitated ranks all sorts of shrieks and prayers have come. Such weapons as were at command we have employed as best we knew, and every corner of the land has heard our earnest how-de-do. We gain a little every year, small triumphs follow every slump; a village there, a county here, cuts out the booze and hits the pump. But, O, it is a weary task, this toiling onward, stage by stage, while Barleycorn, with jug and flask, still poisons Youth and murders Age! But in this country of the free, we cannot burn the boozing ken, or lock the door and lose the key — the beast must linger in its den until the law, that's halt and lame, can be persuaded of the truth, and urged to kill the thing of shame that fattens on the nation's youth. Enlightened Russia knows the way, great Russia, with her tyrant czar; he twists his wrist, and in a day the lid is placed on every bar. The wish is treason, much I fear, and I am shaking in my shoes — I wish we had a despot here, just long enough to kill Old Booze! — *Walt Mason.*

M. Bark, the Russian minister of finance, with whom I conferred in Paris, told me that the output of Russian workmen had increased from thirty to fifty per cent since the sale of vodka had been prohibited.— *Chancellor Lloyd-George of England.*

homes, emptied jails, increased prosperity, promoted peace, and been a blessing in every respect.

Because we love our families, our neighbors, our country, and our God; and we do not wish to see our homes, our children's homes, and our neighbors' homes, our homeland, or the world ruined through the withering, blighting influence of liquor.

## “It Is Not My Business”

A WEALTHY man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. Being pressed, he said, “Gentlemen, it is not my business.”

A few days later his wife and two daughters were coming home on the limited express. In his grand carriage with liveried attendants he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say “Accident”? There are fifteen railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely to have occurred on the — and Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him. It is his business now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and on inquiry he finds that the accident has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the — and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:—

“I will give you five hundred dollars for an engine.”

The answer flashed back, “No.”

“I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine!”

“A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no others.”

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. In a half hour, perhaps, which seemed to him a half century, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled bodies and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whisky, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say of this tremendous question, “It is not my business”? — *Selected.*



### UNCLE SAM IN BAD COMPANY

Today we face the distressing fact that the mythical Uncle Sam is a Milwaukee brewer, a Peoria distiller, a corpulent and white-aproned Chicago-Cincinnati-New York saloon keeper, a seller of whisky to brothels and minors and habitual drunkards, a manufacturer of physical, industrial, moral, and political incompetents. In the presence of this white-ribbon army of mothers and wives and sisters, and in the city of Henry Grady, we declare that this country which went into the liquor business shall go out of the liquor business. We further declare that this republic shall publish to the world in its organic law, there to remain until "the leaves of the judgment book unfold," its dissolution of partnership with John Barleycorn, and its political redemption from the crime of the licensed saloon. Only thus can atonement be made for the blood money the unspeakable license system has wrung from the bodies and souls of our people.— *Daniel A. Poling.*

Compromise with it! You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle; with the cyclone in its flight; with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire; with Apollyon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander in chief.— *T. De Witt Talmage.*

## National Prohibition and State Rights\*

MY countrymen, we are now confronted by a peculiar situation. When we propose the submission to the States of a Constitutional amendment to prohibit the liquor traffic, we are met with the cry that we are attacking the doctrine of State rights.

State rights! Why, we stand flat-footed and foursquare upon the very fundamental principle of State rights. It is for that principle we are fighting. In its name we are pleading that the forty-eight States of the Union be given the opportunity to exercise what Thomas Jefferson and all his compeers declared to be their "indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right,"—the right to alter, reform, amend, or change the Constitution under which they formed the Union.

Our proposition cannot win without the separate consent of thirty-six of the States. Whether those three fourths, as provided by the Constitution, desire to change that instrument as we propose can never be rightly known until they are allowed to legislatively express their will.

The man who would arbitrarily deny to them that right is not a friend but an enemy of State rights.

How strangely this doctrine sounds coming from the liquor men of the nation, whose long record of contempt for State constitutions and State laws is the one broad bar sinister upon the escutcheon of our American civilization.

Put them to the test of their vociferous loyalty to State rights by offering to repeal the internal revenue laws affecting liquors: then you will hear from these men a vigorous wail of protest. If there is anything on earth the liquor men of America *do not want*, it is to be released from their partnership with Uncle Sam and to be turned over to the will of each of the forty-eight States of the Union. They don't want State rights; they only want Congress to weave that doctrine into a coat of mail in certain cases for the protection of the liquor traffic from real State rights.

And how absolutely absurd is all this debating of State rights for the salvation of the liquor traffic when one but remembers recent history. What is the record as to State rights as it has been written by the statesmanship of this era?

Why, when a trans-Mississippi boll weevil crosses the Father of Waters, all the statesmen and people of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and the Southeast generally, rise up in consternation, lift

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\*Paragraphs selected and edited from a speech by Rev. Sam W. Small.



### DIRTY DOLLARS

Surely it is a shortsighted statesmanship that would permit \$2,000,000,000 to be worse than wasted each year in the production of misery and vice and shame in order that the government might obtain a revenue of two hundred and twenty millions. If this republic cannot live without the dirty dollars it obtains from the liquor traffic, dollars stained with the tears of women and children, it ought not to live.— *Senator Morris Sheppard.*

Drunkenness is bad; drunkard making is far worse; governmental sanction and protection of drunkard making is infinitely more shameful and wicked; but for civil government, the divinely appointed agency for the promotion of human welfare, to attempt to make lawful and to afford its protection to the unspeakably infamous work of drunkard making **BECAUSE THE DRUNKARD MAKER PAYS FOR PERMISSION TO CONDUCT THAT WORK**, is a reproach and disgrace the extent and depth of which cannot be expressed in human language. It is the colossal crime of the ages, the monstrosity of human history, the doom and death of which that verdict of the nation's high court will accomplish.— *Ervin S. Chapman, D. D., LL. D.*

their hands and voices toward Washington City, and call for Uncle Sam to hurry down and chase the enemy from their fields. Why don't they catch the boll weevil themselves and give him a heroic dose of State rights?

Every time a Texas tick swims the Mississippi River, and attacks a mangy steer in the pine barrens of Mississippi or on the red hills of Alabama, a concerted howl goes up from the solid South and all her State rights statesmen, calling upon the federal government to hustle the invaders back to their Lone Star lairs.

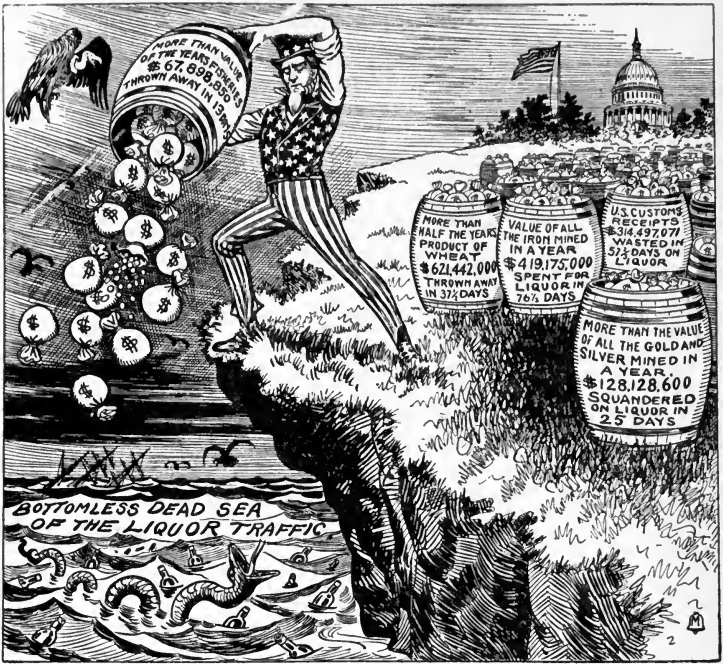
Early in the year the cholera got into the hog ranges of the Middle West, and at once the whole pork-eating constituency of these modern State righters demanded "national prohibition of hog cholera," and our obliging Congress hurried to pass, and our President hastened to sign, a bill appropriating \$500,000 to save the hogs of Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri — all in defiance of the sacred shibboleth of State rights.

When we consider that by the census we have only fifty-eight million four-legged hogs in this country, and equally as many children upon whom the liquor trade has fixed its basilisk eyes to make them its future patrons and victims, we cannot possibly hurrah for a State rights doctrine that says, "Save the hogs, but destroy the children."

I cannot shoot a jack rabbit in season in one State and ship him to another State where the rabbit is out of season, without falling into the penal clutches of a federal prohibition law.

What, too, shall we say of the great government crusade now on against the hoof-and-mouth disease among the brute cattle of the country? Already, we are told by the Secretary of Agriculture, over \$1,000,000 of our money has been spent to stay the epidemic. Yet the distillers, brewers, and dram sellers of the nation have afflicted five millions of our people with a foot-and-mouth disease that is far more deplorable and destructive of national welfare. This mouth disease that can be assuaged only at the bars of saloons, and this foot disease that sends seven hundred thousand men daily staggering from neglected jobs to despoiled homes, to prisons, and to poorhouses, cannot be stopped by national power because, forsooth, that would jeopardize our precious State rights, and imperil the delicate poise of powers between the nation and the States!

When we are told to be satisfied with our State rights over the liquor traffic, we ask what State right has Congress left to us, except the right to prohibit it? And then we see our prohibition nullified by the issuance of "government licenses" to bootleggers, blind tigers, and every other stripe of liquor outlaws. No man can make or sell liquor under State rights alone. If he tries it, he will be promptly



### UNCLE SAM A GREAT WASTER

Uncle Sam's expenditures for liquor — an absolute waste — is indicated by comparison with his annual income from the following important industries of the country: —

In 25 days he spends the value of gold and silver mined . . . . .	\$128,128,600
In 76.5 days he spends the output of his iron mines . . . . .	419,175,000
In three months, the output of his coal mines . . . . .	554,902,000
In 57.33 days, all obtained from the customs tariff duties . . . . .	314,497,071
In 36.5 days, the output of the copper mines . . . . .	200,000,000
In one month he spends one third the annual appropriation for public schools . . . . .	500,000,000
In 37.5 days, completing the year, he spends one half the entire wheat crop . . . . .	621,442,000

The money Uncle Sam deliberately wastes in this way each year would build the Panama Canal, support both the Army and Navy Departments, run the United States Post-office Department, the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of the government, and care for all paupers and criminals and idiotic and insane persons there would be throughout the land were there no liquor traffic.— *Temperance Instructor*.

haled before a federal court, and have stripes put upon him that will make him look like the twin brother of Barnum's zebra.

The State of Georgia, where I live, by solemn act of her legislature, outlaws the liquor traffic, and refuses to create by law, or by license, a "liquor dealer." But the United States government maintains in the State of Georgia a federal officer who issues to every man or woman that will apply to him, and pay to him \$25 for Uncle Sam, a script that recites that each of the payees is "a retail liquor dealer" and may prosecute that business without interference by federal authorities — and that, mind you, in defiance of the State right that Georgia has exercised in saying that no such calling or business shall legally exist within her jurisdiction. That practice by the federal government, carried on in every State, is the most flagrant invasion and nullification of State rights ever recorded in American history.

And how strange it is to hear in this day the representative scions of the old Abolitionists, the descendants of the men who stood sacrificially with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and Lovejoy — who glorified John Brown, exalted Lincoln to the chair of Washington, and followed Sherman to the sea, and Grant to the apple tree at Appomattox — now, in the year of our Lord 1914, standing up in defense of liquor vats, beer tubs, and saloons, and making appeals for State rights in terms so strenuous and phrases so eloquent that if William L. Yancey, Robert Toombs, and Lewis Wigfall could hear them in their graves, they would turn green with envy and wonder at their own *ante bellum* proslavery State rights moderation.

My countrymen, the whole exhibition is but a time-serving tango; a burlesque done to divert the public mind with a delusion, and avert for a little while longer the certain verdict of annihilation that the American people are writing for the liquor traffic. It has unhappily succeeded for this occasion, but it will not succeed a second time. We will carry this State right to amend the Constitution home to the people of every State in the Union, and we do not fear their answer.

What shall we say, also, of this belated and bizarre dogma of State rights when we reach the case of the District of Columbia? This District has no State rights to be safeguarded, no State rights to be made the bulwark of defense against the liquor traffic. Yet the Congress imposes that traffic upon the people of the District, to the shame of the whole nation, in a way to demonstrate beyond question that this State rights defense against national prohibition is a false face, a mask, a makeshift, both tricky and transparent.

We are a liberal nation. We can spend the people's money, aptly called "the sweat of the poor," like a drunken sailor. We





### THE WRONG MAN ARRESTED

The fact is, the whole liquor business is a telephone system, with the government at "central." Let the name which is given to the money that is paid as tax on liquor, "internal revenue," be called "infernal revenue!"

Congressman Champ Clark, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, when asked regarding the fitness of the saloon as a place for a young man to frequent, said: "Not if he is ambitious to lead a clean, successful life. If he wishes to excel in crime, rob his mental and physical powers, consort with thugs, blacklegs, prostitutes, and thieves, be a disgrace to his family and a stench to his own nostrils — why, I'd advise him to frequent the saloon. He can learn and be all that in any liquor saloon. In fact, he can take a postgraduate course without leaving the premises.

"One of the worst phases of the saloon life is the treating system. I have seen a half-dozen choice American citizens, leaders in their line of work, line up in front of a bar, and in less than thirty minutes come out indecent, jabbering idiots. A hog would feel insulted if any one of them should call it brother. You know how it is done. One threw down a dollar that, two hours before, he said he could not afford to give his wife, and treated the bunch. The others did the same. And so on, until the bartender had served six orders, thirty-six drinks, and had pocketed the change of six American sheep."

can refinance foreign victims of earthquakes and epidemics; we can forgive Cuba the half-billion debt for freeing her from Spain; we can hand back the Chinese indemnity on a silver platter; we can use national power and purse to prohibit weevils and ticks and save sick pigs; but the great and glorious dogma of State rights stays our hands from relieving the drink-cursed millions of the nation at large!

## “Your Sign Is Down, Mister”

JOHN was a little boy, but he was serious and thoughtful, and much interested in the work of the temperance legion. One day he walked along the streets of the town thinking of the lesson of the legion meeting he had just attended.

As he came to the corner saloon, he saw a repulsive object — a man in a drunken stupor, lying halfway out of the door. He looked at the man in boyish pity and thoughtfulness, and then a sudden impulse came to him. He pluckily advanced to the saloon door, and entered without hesitation.

The floor was covered with sawdust; there was a cloud of tobacco smoke hanging in the air, and a hum of voices intermingled with the clink of the glasses on the big bar, behind which were several men with white coats. He walked up to the bar, and rapped on a heavy circular railing that was just about as high as himself. A bartender leaned over, and said, with a frown, “What do you want here?”

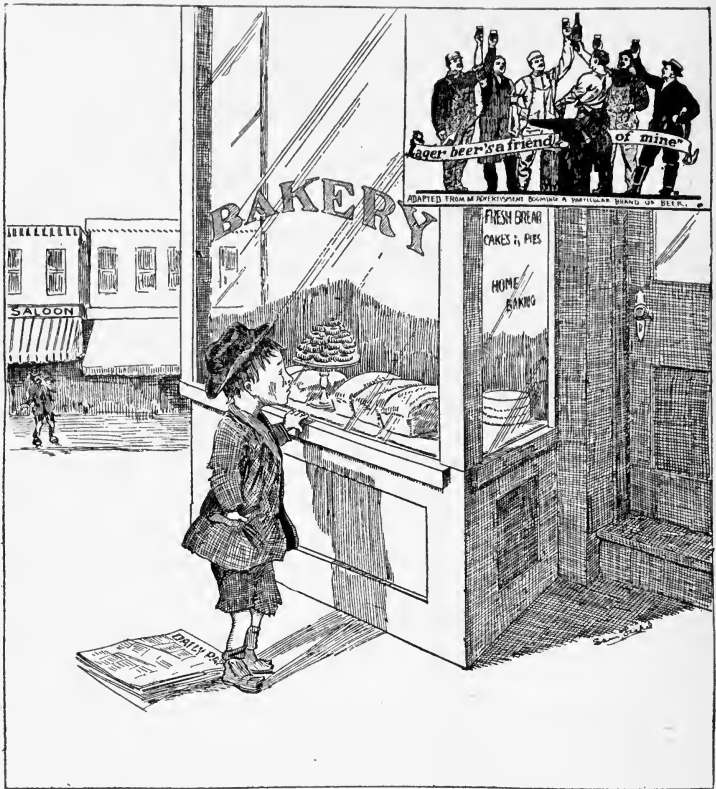
“Your sign is down, mister,” replied John boldly. The bar-keeper looked surprised, wiped his hands, and came out from behind the bar.

“Come on,” he said, “we’ll see.”

When they came outside, he looked up at the big brass signs on each side of the door, all brightly polished and safe, and then turned to the lad, and said, gruffly, “What are you talking about, boy? My signs aren’t down.”

He talked so loud that several persons stopped to listen, and then John said, pointing to the miserable drunkard whom the saloon keeper had overlooked, “*There’s your sign, mister.*”

And to the discomfiture of the saloon keeper, a spectator replied, heartily, “You’re right, sonny!”— *J. George Frederick.*



“BUT NOT A FRIEND OF MINE”

Liquor does not hang pictures on the wall or put bread and meat into the larder, but it does create at least three hundred and fifty thousand child laborers by impairing or cutting off entirely the earning power of the natural provider. The fact that a father has lost his job through drink does not signify that his children have lost their appetites.

The liquor institution educates no children but the children of the liquor dealer, but it closes the door of the public school to hundreds of thousands of children, and for millions it bars the road to higher education. No prayers have ever been offered for God to make more saloons and more saloon keepers, more drunkards and drunkards' wives and drunkards' children, but prayers as numberless as the sands of the seashore have risen to the Throne, that the drunkard shop might be closed forever. And they will continue to rise until the prayer-answering God, through the ballots of his people, makes final reply.— *Daniel A. Poling.*

# Tommy Brown

"WHAT is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old. His hair was cut square in the neck in the unpracticed manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap, with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said: "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin', an' she couldn't spare me. But sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another said, "You must sleep in the ragbag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble, she found the place where he lived, and two of the W. C. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies



### WHO PAYS THE TAX?

Who really pays the tax, the brewers and distillers? — Not one cent of it. Drinkers everywhere pay it, and only drinkers, and those who drink the hardest and are least able, pay the most tax.

A woman bends over the washtub. Her husband is down in the saloon drinking, helping to pay the tax.

A young man is taking his first drink. He is beginning to pay the tax. He may be a drunkard in a few years, and then he will pay more tax.

An employee has just been discharged for drinking. He was paying the tax. He joins the large army of unemployed.

A husband is selling off some of his best furniture, and the family is moving into a stuffy flat. What is the trouble? — He has been paying the tax.

A constable is ringing his bell. He is going to sell some household goods that the owner of the house may get his rent money. The owner of the goods has been paying the tax at the corner saloon.

A lot of noisy Negroes are in a saloon drinking — paying the tax.

A speak-easy is being run in a dark alley under a government license in violation of the State law. Its patrons are paying the tax. It is one of more than fifty thousand lawless places protected by the federal government.—*"American Prohibition Year Book."*

climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered, they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a washtub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty. But the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner; then, taking a chair herself, she said:—

“Sissy, give me the baby.”

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she laid in its mother’s lap—a lean and sickly looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

“Your baby doesn’t look strong,” said one of the ladies.

“No, ma’am; she ain’t very well. I have to work hard and I expect it affects her.” And the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where this family ate, slept, and lived. There was no carpet on the floor. An old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner, in an opposite corner a trundle-bed—that was all.

“Where is your little boy, Tommy?” asked one of the visitors.

“He is there in the trundle-bed,” replied the mother.

“Is he sick?”

“Yes’m, and the doctor thinks he ain’t going to get well.” At this the mother laid her head on the baby’s face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

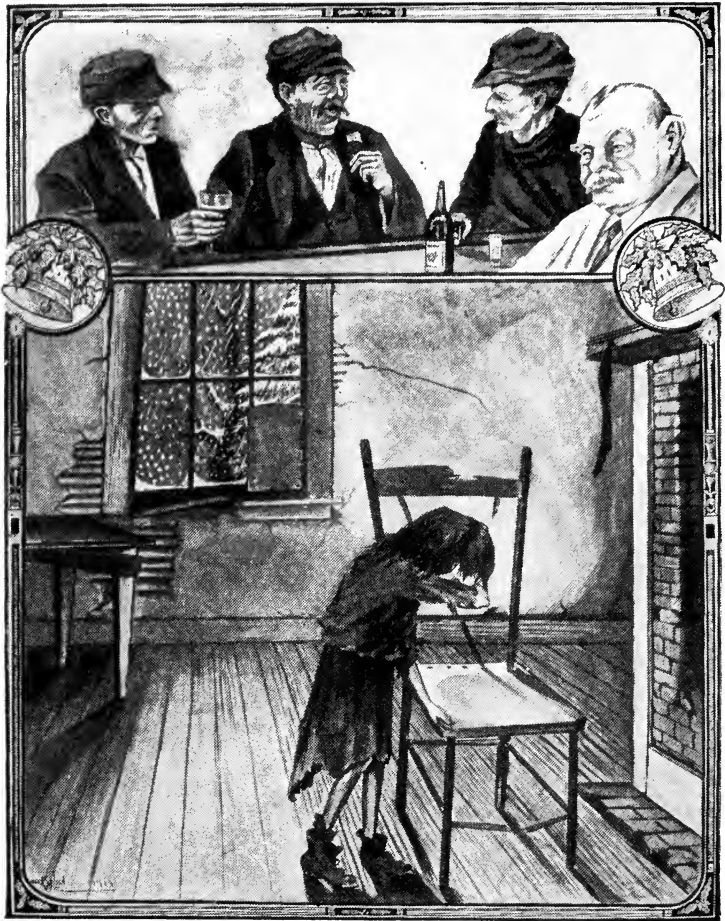
“What is the matter with him?”

“He was never strong, and he’s had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the washtubs and things like that.”

“Is his father dead?”

“No, he ain’t dead. He used to be a good workman and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now—and that ain’t much—goes for drink. If he’d only let me have what little I make over the washtub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry.”

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.



### THE EMPTY STOCKING AND THE FULL FATHER

The great curse of the laboring man is intemperance. It has brought more desolation to the wage earners than strikes, or war, or sickness, or death. It is a more unrelenting tyrant than the grasping monopolist. It has caused little children to be hungry and cold, to grow up among evil associates, to be reared without the knowledge of God. It has broken up more homes and wrecked more lives than any other curse on the face of the earth.— *Cardinal Gibbons.*

“If your son becomes the finished product of the saloon, where can he find employment? He can get a job cleaning spittoons, driving a garbage wagon, or as doorkeeper at a dance hall.”

"Tommy had been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education, he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and baby and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him go. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned around to see me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't you worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but, oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!" Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears, and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:—

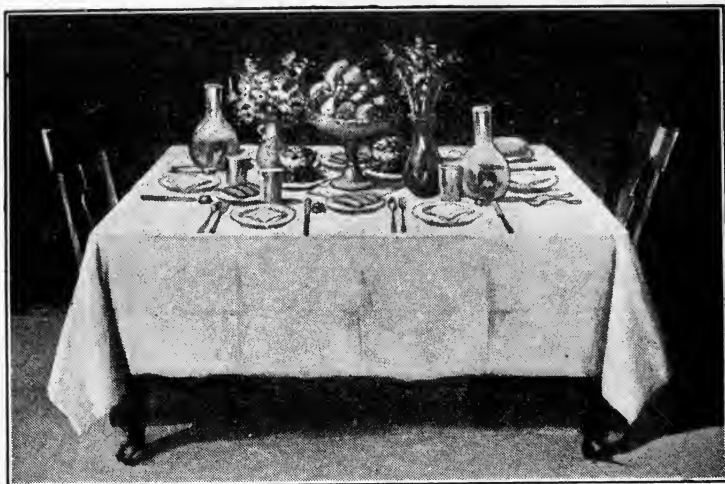
"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a' been sick anyway. But, O, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollowed eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:—

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, any-





### PUT THE BOTTLE OFF THE TABLE

Moody never told a more timely truth than when in reply to a query sent up at a hall in Edinburgh, "How shall Scotland be delivered from intemperance?" he said, "Let every minister and church member put the bottle off his own table." That single sentence set Scotland thinking. Awhile ago a Scotch minister was beguiled by his doctor (as I have known many a man in this community to be beguiled by his doctor) to take whisky to break up some dyspeptic or other trouble. The minister said, "I cannot do this." The doctor replied, "Yes, you can; you must take it hot; you may take it every morning in your room when the girl brings up the hot water for shaving." He allowed his conscience to be salved and blistered; he tried whisky, but he tried it rather too long. One of the elders called to know what had come over the minister. The man servant, Jamie, replied: "I dinna ken what is the matter, but there is something wrong. Wad ye believe it, some days he is shaving himself all day, and all the while he is ringing and ringing for more hot water."—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

Booker T. Washington once said at a dinner in New York that he could not speak for temperance more effectively than to quote the words of old Uncle Calhoun Webster, who said:—

"When I sees a man agoin' home wid a gallon o' whisky an' a half pound o' meat, dat's temperance lecture enough for me—an' I sees it ebery day. An' I knows dat everyt'ing in dat man's house am on de same scale—a gallon o' misery to ebery half pound o' comfort."

"The world drinks more than \$1,000,000 worth of liquor every hour. The world's beer gathered into one body would make a lake four miles long, one mile wide, and six feet deep. That lake would be large enough to drown every man, woman, and child in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States."

how. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a slower tone: "Some day — they ain't going — to let the saloons keep open. But I'm afraid,— poor father — will be dead — before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums, and alleys in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this Christian land; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, it was also said: —

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—*Common School Education.*"

## How Ned Barred Out Alcohol

If you won't invite it in as a guest, I've heard Uncle Tom say that alcohol will try to sneak into your blood like a thief. So I've gone around and barred all the doors.

First, I've ordered tobacco to keep out, because tobacco slips the door open for alcohol before you know it.

Then I locked the cider door tight. It didn't look very dangerous, but a taste for alcohol will creep through a cat-hole.

I put a good, strong padlock on the pudding sauce door, and when Aunt Marie told me that my plum pudding would taste flat without wine sauce I told her I'd rather it should taste flat than that I should some day lie flat like a drunkard.

I slammed the wine drop candy door shut the first time a boy offered some. I won't even let a drop in.

I've got the treating door double-locked and bolted already, if any one offers me beer or cordial or even soda water or lemonade that has been doctored.

I've propped my pledge against all these doors. I've bolted them with prayers, and I believe Jesus will help me to keep alcohol forever out of my body.— *Selected.*



### STOP! YOU WILL DAMAGE VALUABLE PROPERTY

The liquor people ask if we are going to confiscate their property without paying for it. Yes, we are. The government has a right to condemn property in the interest of the public, and the condemnation of the liquor dealers' property is overdue long ago.—*Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee.*

That business must go. Day and night we will pursue it, locally and at large. We will crowd it to the ropes. We will not break away in the clinches. And when it lies dying among its bags of bloody gold, and looks up into our faces with its last gasp and whispers, "Another million of revenue for just one breath of life," we will put the heel of open-eyed national honor on its throat and say: "No! Down to hell! and say we sent thee thither."—*Hon. John G. Woolley*

# Story of a Dry Town

M. C. WILCOX

PREVIOUS to April 8, 1912, Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Cal., with a population of between 1,500 and 2,000, bore the burden of seven saloons. The revenue that the town derived from these saloons amounted to \$300 each, or an aggregate of \$2,100 a year. The condition of the town was such that a wholesale liquor dealer, delighted with the climatic conditions and natural railway advantages of the place, refused to purchase there, solely because he would not bring his family into such surroundings. April 8, 1912, the saloons were voted out; the town went dry. Three months later, July 8, 1912, the saloons were closed.

In the campaign preceding the closing, it was predicted by the liquor men, and feared by the faint-hearted, that prohibition would "kill the town," "grass would grow in its streets."

The leading saloon keeper after election held a funeral in his saloon. The coffin, draped in black, with conventional candles at its head and foot, and the legend, "MOUNTAIN VIEW *is dead*," was displayed in the windows of his saloon.

But Mountain View still survives, a little more than one and one-half years from the time the saloons were closed.

The town lost the yearly revenue of \$2,100; it lost the business of the saloon keepers, which, according to their statement, amounted to \$75,000 annually,—largely the "booze" bill of the little town.

The saloon keepers drew from the one bank in town deposits to the amount of \$19,000.

Seven empty buildings stood staring out upon the streets.

## ONE YEAR LATER

In one year from that date, the one bank had not only replaced the \$19,000 withdrawn, but had received \$42,000 more in deposits. That is, the deposits in this one bank were increased, the first year after closing the saloons, \$61,000.

A new bank was opened this year, with deposits of \$44,000.

There were erected in this "dead" town, in an unusually hard year, the following: —



### THE RISING TIDE

There is no agency on earth or in hell strong enough to deliver the liquor institution from its just doom. The only power that could strike the fast-descending sword of retribution from the avenging hand of this republic is the power of Almighty God. That power is on the other side.

Then strike!

Comrades of the long war, strike!  
Strike through your blinding tears,  
Strike with the passion of the years,  
Strike till the rum foe disappears!

Strike for the green graves of your sires,  
Strike for your altars and your fires,  
Strike till the last rum foe expires,  
For God and native land.

A new bank building .....	\$16,805
A new concrete business block where a steam beer joint had stood .....	10,000
2 new churches, \$8,000 and \$10,000, respectively .....	18,000
34 new residences, averaging \$2,000 each .....	68,000
Additions to cannery .....	10,000
Improvements at Pacific Press printing plant .....	7,000

New building operations in the year following the closing of the saloons, aggregating .....\$129,805

The secretary of the board of trade, who furnished these figures, interviewed twenty business firms, and the increased average in business was twenty-six per cent. Collections were reported better, in some cases as high as sixty per cent. One saloon building was replaced by a fine business block, and the remainder were all used for legitimate purposes. One and two-thirds years from the time the saloons closed, I interviewed a number of business men, bankers, attorneys, merchants, druggists, publishers, editors, lumbermen, etc. Invariably their testimony was for a dry town. Here are expressions in writing from these well-informed men:—

“Business conditions better than ever before, and still improving.”

“The greatest improvements in building in twelve years, since the town went dry.”

“Analysis of my business [lumber] fails to show the loss of one dollar traceable to the absence of saloons in our midst. On the other hand, it would be, I think, in the confines of truth to say that a goodly portion of the business that we have had since the change from wet to dry can be traced directly to the absence of the saloon.”

“The abolishment of the saloons in the town has resulted most beneficially in the progress, prosperity, morality, and increase of population.”

“Business and the town have both greatly improved.”

“Collections are better.”

“Those who used to spend their money in the saloons and let their creditors wait, now pay their bills promptly.”

“Those who used to visit the saloons on pay day before going home, and often let their families go ragged, hungry, and barefoot, now carry their wages home, all of them, and the families are wearing better clothes.”

“It is a better town to grow boys and girls than one with saloons.”

“Business has improved already, since driving out the saloon, and the expense attending crime has been reduced.”



### THE "RISING WRATH" OF THE PEOPLE CANNOT BE STAMPED OUT

A constitutional evil requires a constitutional remedy. Away then with powders and pills, peppermint, and pipsissewa.

For the physical leprosy, moral meningitis, mental hydrophobia, and criminal civil excrescence, all in one, conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, born in bastardy, nurtured upon impurity, wedded to harlotry, and mother of anarchy, give us the surgeon's knife!

We must cut this cancer out.

To let the saloon live anywhere, on any condition, at any price, whether by license, regulation, substitution, local option, or nullification, is the remedy of perdition; to kill it is the divine remedy for sin.— *Clinton H. Howard.*

"From a business standpoint we have every reason to congratulate ourselves, as from every viewpoint there is improvement, but the most marked improvement is in our collections."

"New buildings, both business houses and private dwellings, have gone up; and notwithstanding the number of new residences, newcomers are unable to find a place to rent."

"Since the town went dry I have changed my business from a credit to a cash business, and am now doing thirty-five per cent for cash more than I did when giving credit."

"The tax rate has been lowered, and there is a feeling that it could be lowered still more."

"Formerly there were a large number of drunks and disorderlies, but there have not been more than two in all the time since said election."

"Our streets are in the best condition that the town has ever known."

"There are now a large number of men who voted for saloons at the last election who openly state that they would vote against them now, as they have seen enough to know they are not necessary to sound conditions and are positively a social menace."

"Should we come to another vote in Mountain View, the majority would be considerably more against saloons than the first time. If we could only get people to think on this question, they soon must feel and then act."

"The places formerly used as saloons have been converted into business houses, and other shacks used for saloons have been removed entirely, and substantial business houses put in their place."

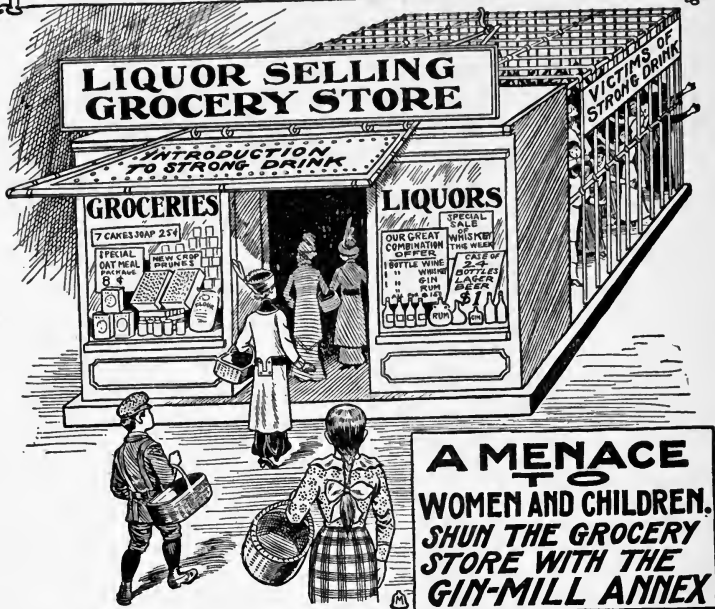
"At the beginning of the present fiscal year, nearly two years after the saloons closed, there was in round numbers \$10,000 in the town treasury, a sum nearly twice that at any previous time in the history of the town, notwithstanding the tremendous amount the town expended in street work and other improvements."

"The demand for good houses for tenants always exceeds the supply; and since the town went dry there is not a desirable vacant house in town."

Expressions like the above from business men could be greatly multiplied. The saloon building where the funeral of Mountain View was held, is now occupied by the largest furniture store in town. There are three garages. Is there any liquor selling? — Some, illegally, but growing less. No fights and drunken men or drunken brawls on the streets. Police court always idle. Well-dressed citizens and children where formerly there were drunks and ragged children. Money spent for furniture, clothes, food, and savings banks rather than the saloon. Town jail always empty.



# THE ALCOHOLIC MOUSE-TRAP



LIQUOR! HOW I HATE IT!

If we have no sorrows, it creates them; and if we have them, it increases them and makes them harder to bear. It blights the young man as lightning does the tree, and leaves him stripped of his heritage. It is the thief of character. It turns men into monsters and women into harlots. It invades the ballot box to corrupt it. It weakens the administration of justice

If you would know more of its black and blighting record, look at the long and sad procession of its victims. Go to the courts and see the crimes it has caused and the criminals it has made. Go to the prison and read the story of its tragedies in the listless eyes and hopeless faces behind the bars. Go to the divorce courts and hear the causes which dissolve the holy bonds of wedlock and send families adrift. Go to the homes where the serpent has left its slimy trail on the lintels of the door. Hear the oaths and curses, the revelings and imprecations from thickened tongues and maddened brains. See the wife and mother as she pales in terror, with a bruised and broken heart. See the children as they huddle and shiver in fright, like birds before the hunter's gun. See the sweet milk of concord sour and turn into the very broth of hell. Liquor! How I hate it! — *Ex-Gov. M. R. Patterson of Tennessee.*

Drink is doing us more damage than all the German submarines put together.— *Chancellor Lloyd-George of England.*

This in brief is the story of one town from a material standpoint. Visit the town and interview the men and women. We cannot express in words the real comfort of heart it is to many fathers and mothers and homes. Go to other towns. Visit Redlands and Riverside, comparing them with San Bernardino. Go to Woodland, closed since 1910. Go to hundreds of other towns, and learn the same rainbow-tinted story, not of a dream, but of actual realities. Aside from the moral effect, not to be measured by money, it is a mighty good investment for any town, city, state, or country to make. It is no longer an experiment that a dry community is a success. Its success is a demonstrated fact to all sober, home-loving people, to all business men.

## The Deacon's Sunday School Sermon

A DEAR old deacon in my State was cursed with a high license pulpit. So, when his pastor had pushed high license, he, as superintendent of the Sunday school, said, "Teach it to the children; as the trees are bent, the twigs should be inclined." So in his homely way he turned the sermons into language the children could understand, and made a talk for high license before the Sunday school.

"Dear boys and girls," began the deacon, "you know it's very naughty to drink beer and whisky. So, too, it's naughty to sell them without a license, or with a cheap license. But when the State orders high license, and the town makes every saloon keeper pay it \$500 out of what he gets for making drunkards, it isn't naughty any longer to sell beer and whisky, but a real, nice, respectable business like selling sugar or hymn books. And your blessed papas don't like to have a fifty-dollar saloon close by their store; but with a five-hundred-dollar one each side they know that all good people will like to visit their store. So, when bad men get drunk and swear and fight and roll into the gutter before the five-hundred-dollar saloon, your high-license papas know that's a blessing, and they must thank God every day that blessings fall so thick about them.

"You see it all clear, don't you, children? If not, you must be patient, and remember your eyes will grow bigger, like pa's, some day. Of course, too, your fine mammas never visit the wife of that fifty-dollar rum seller; but quick as he grows so good and respectable that he pays his town \$500 a year as its share of what he gets by making drunkards and drunkards' wives and children, and the old tax-payers pat him on the back, why, then, of course, your fine mammas go right off and visit his wife, and find her just lovely, and ask her over to tea; don't they? You know an advance of \$450 in license works a



### THE SALOON CATECHISM

Where are schemes hatched which promote corruption? — In the saloon.

Where does the assassin go to prepare for his work? — To the saloon.

Where do the police go for the thief and murderer? — To the saloon.

What takes the bread from starving children and women? — The saloon.

What lures young girls into its dens of vice? — The saloon.

What fills the jails, reformatories, and prisons? — The saloon.

What backs up dance halls and houses of ill fame? — The saloon.

What is the only business built up by debauchery? — The saloon.

What causes the manly boy to blush for his father? — The saloon.

What bribes legislatures, cities, and corporations? — The saloon.

What thief takes furnishings and comforts from the home? — The saloon.

Can any man prosper who spends his time and money in the saloon? — No one but the saloon keeper. He can; he does, too.

great change of heart and manners in the saloon keeper and all his family. When he pays \$50 he's a brute, but when he pays \$500 he's a gentleman.

"You keep on seeing it, don't you, children? Maybe, though, you can't see why, if it's awful wicked for a fifty-dollar license to fill a man's boots with snakes and his head with the crazy, and turn his hands into double fists, and send him home to knock down his wife and kick his little boy and girl into the street — if this is dreadful wicked, maybe you can't quite see why it's all right and respectable for a five-hundred-dollar license to do the same thing. But it'll come clear to you when you grow up and read the Bible the way lots o' men do now. Then you'll see that what's all wrong standing alone, is all right standing on \$500.

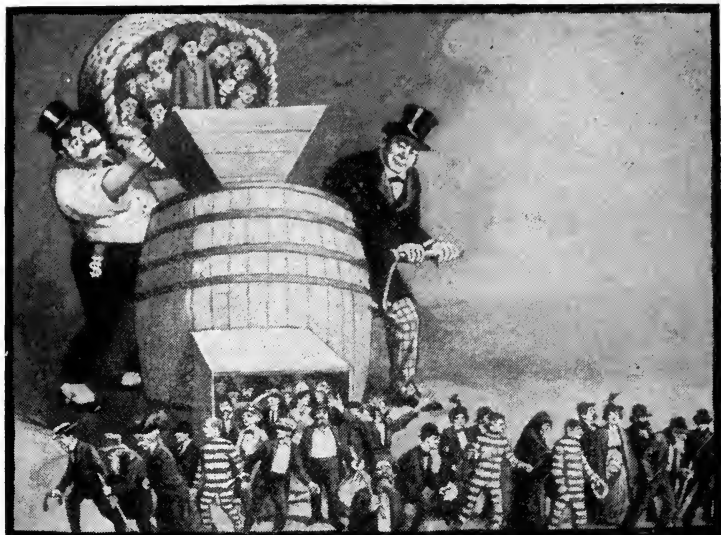
"Maybe, too, pet lambs, you don't now quite see how, if it's wrong to drink liquors at any license, it's right as can be to sell them at any license, coaxing men to drink them. But wait till you get big, and hear men talk who know a pious lot about high license. Then you'll see that the words in the Lord's prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' don't mean anything now the world's got to be so smart. And when the license preachers get up a new version of the Testament, I suppose they'll leave out all that nonsense.

"One thing more, sweet ones: Don't forget what a high license is to poor towns. Why, quite often it builds a new jail — and fills it. Isn't that real good of it? So, if any of you die drunkards or drunkards' wives, it'll be a warm comfort to you to remember that, by living drunk or with a drunkard, you've paid to support your town and country almost one tenth of what they've paid to kill you.

"You must remember, too, that it's because intemperance is wrong that high license is right. It's so much, you see, like prohibition; for you can easily see that 'a half loaf's better'n no bread,' if 'tis poison.

"Now, good-by, children; and if ever you want to be constable, or go to Congress, and want the taxes collected in a tumbler, don't object to being cursed, only charge high for it."

The Sunday school scholars laughed and called the deacon crazy; their fathers got to thinking; the pastor got into a passion, but was afterward converted and became a good man.—*James Clement Ambrose.*



### THE GIN MILL

"This is an American institution, and it has got to run. If it takes millions of boys annually from the hearts and homes of our land, it has got to run. Give me that boy." "Turn on your power." Grind! grind!! grind!!! There is your manufactured article, body, mind, and soul ground up. There it is! What is it? — A drunkard. Who is the drunkard? — Mother's darling boy. (See page 119.)

Two million boys wanted for the drink business! One family out of every *five* must contribute a boy to supply this demand. If any family fails to meet the demand, some other family must send two boys. Which of your boys will you voluntarily give to answer the saloon keeper's advertisement?

"Wanted, some bright boys, full of cheer,  
 To stand at my counter as drinkers of beer,  
 To fill up the ranks, without further delay,  
 Of the army of drunkards passing away.  
 A hundred thousand a year will just supply  
 The loss to our trade from the drunkards who die.  
 Send those who can toil, or have wealth to bestow,  
 For profits are small on old drinkers, you know;  
 Let them come from the shop, the school, or the home;  
 We'll welcome them all, whoever may come.  
 Let mothers surrender their sons to our cause,  
 And fathers keep voting for good license laws;  
 For if you will vote to keep running the mill,  
 You must furnish grist, or the wheels will stand still."

## The Four Mills\*

HERE are four American machines. Look at them. The first is a sawmill, the second a gristmill, the third a paper mill, the fourth a gin mill. Let me ask them some questions. "Hello, sawmill, what is your power?"—"Steam or water." "Turn it on and let the wheels buzz. What is your material?"—"Logs." "What is your manufactured article?"—"Lumber." "Lumber worth more than logs?"—"Yes, sir." "Then you take the raw material and manufacture it into an article worth more than the raw material?"—"Yes." "Then you create values?"—"Yes." "You are a good machine. We will put our arms around you, and preserve you as an American industry with honor."

"Hello, little machine, what are you?"—"I am a gristmill." "What is your power?"—"Steam or water." "Turn on the power. Let us hear the music of the wheels, the creak, and the 'creaking old mill, Maggie.' What is your raw material?"—"Wheat and corn." "What is your manufactured article?"—"Flour and meal." "Flour and meal worth more than wheat and corn?"—"Yes." "Then your manufactured article is worth more than the raw material?"—"Yes." "Then you create values, and we will put our American arms around you and protect you as an American industry of honor."

"Hello, little machine, what are you?"—"I am a paper mill." "What is your power?"—"Steam or water." "What is your raw material?"—"Old rags." "What is your manufactured article?"—"Linen paper." "Linen paper worth more than rags?"—"Yes." "Then take your place with American industries."

"Hello, machine, what are you?"—"I am a gin mill." "Look here, I have not much confidence in you. You may have to have witnesses to what you say. What is your power?"—"The votes of the church people of this country." "No, no." "Yes, Stuart, that's right," says the gin mill. "You ask some of these men. The very day that all the church people shall cease to vote for me, that day I stop, stock-still, never to go again." (Mr. Stuart turned on the platform and asked all the ministers, "Brethren, is this so?"—"Yes, sir.") "I had to have a great deal of evidence to believe what you say. But they have confirmed it. I must believe it. The power of the saloon is the votes of the church people in this country; they hold the balance of power. Turn on your power, ye members of the church of Christ. Start your infernal machine. Run it day and night.

\* Paragraphs, selected and edited, from a speech by George R. Stuart.



### RECRUITED FROM OUR HOMES

The devil is marshaling a mighty army in this country, an army whose battle cry is, "Rum, rum;" that marches in rags; an army whose step is a stagger; in which every saloon keeper is a captain, every brewer a colonel, every distiller a general, and the devil himself is the commander in chief. That army's drill ground is the bar, its barracks is the jail, its soldiers' home is the poorhouse, its national cemetery is the potter's field, and its headquarters is hell. The continent trembles under the tread of that army, recruited from our schools and our homes. "Attention, stagger forward," are the devil's orders, and, "Rum, rum, rum." The continent trembles beneath the drunkards' feet as they march out of homes, as they march out of schools, as they march out of work, as they march through jails and penitentiaries down to the drunkard's grave and to the devil's hell.—*Rev. Chas. F. Morris.*

Some time ago the body of a young man was found in the river Mersey, near Liverpool. In his vest pocket was a piece of paper on which was written: "Ask not my name. Let me rot. It is drink which brought me here." The coroner published a description of the unfortunate youth, and his farewell message to the world. At the end of three days he had received three hundred letters from parents, making inquiries as to certain marks of identification, that each might know whether it was his boy who had come to such an untimely end.—*World Book of Temperance.*

"Drink is a greater destroying force than all physical evils combined."  
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

But what is your raw material? [Mr. Stuart called three little boys to the platform, put his arms around them, and stood a moment while the audience applauded.] What is your raw material, I ask?" —"Our American boys."

"These boys?"—"Yes, yes, yes." "Turn on your power." "Give me these boys." But listen. What is that I hear? A man from the audience cries: "Not that boy; he is my boy." "But who are you? This is an American institution; it has got to run. What care we for homes, and hearts, and lives? Give me this boy." What is that I hear? Another cry? It is a mother: "Not that boy; he is the joy of my home and the light of my life." "Who are you? What are American women and children? This is an American institution, and it has got to run. If it takes millions of boys annually from the hearts and homes of our land, it has got to run. Give me that boy." "Turn on your power." Grind! grind!! grind!!! There is your manufactured article, body, mind, and soul ground up. There it is! What is it?—A drunkard. Who is the drunkard?—Mother's darling boy. What is he fit for? The railroads won't use him. The stores won't use him. Mechanics won't use him. He is a blight to society, and a burden on the home. What is he fit for? A few like him are occasionally used in politics, but, thank God! the day is nearly past when liquor-soaked bloats can be elected to the offices of our land.

I lift up this poor drunkard, the manufactured article of the saloon, and ask him again, "Of what were you made?"—"Of a bright American boy, a boy capable of earning wages, and adding to the wealth of the home and the country." "What is your worth?"—"Nothing. I am a burden to the home and the State and the country." "Drunkard, what made you?"—"The saloon over there made me." "Saloon, what made you?"—"The law over there made me." "Law, who made you?"—"That legislator over there made me." "Legislator, who made you?"—"The ballot in the hands of the churchman over there made me." "Churchman, did you cast the ballot that made the man that made the law that made the saloon that made the drunkard?"—"Well, I always stick to my party." "That is not the question I asked you, sir. Did you vote for the man that made the law that made the saloon that made the drunkard?"—"Yes. He represented my party, and I never scratch the ticket." Take this picture, my fellow citizens; here is a chain with the following links: a drunkard, a saloon, a law, a legislator, and a voter — five links. Do you see it? Let us go to the last link. "Poor drunkard, where are you going?"—"To hell." "How do you know?"—"The old Book says, No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." "Poor fellow, would to God I might save you." I go to the top of





### IN THE SAME BOAT

Take this picture, my fellow citizens; here is a chain with the following links: a drunkard, a saloon, a law, a legislator, and a voter — five links. Do you see it? Let us go to the last link. "Poor drunkard, where are you going?"—"To hell." "How do you know?"—"The old Book says, No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." "Poor fellow, would to God I might save you." I go to the top of the chain. "Churchman, where are you going?"—"I am going to heaven." "How do you know?"—"About forty years ago the Lord took my feet out of the mire and clay and placed them upon the Rock, and put a new song —" "Stop! Stop! You miserable hypocrite, I have a contempt for such twaddle."

Let every man hear this statement: If the lower link goes to hell and the upper does not; if the poor old drunkard goes to hell, and the churchman, who voted for the saloon that made him, doesn't go with him, then the drunkard can stand on the black-crested waves of damnation and cry, "Unjust! unjust! unjust!" until he will tear down the pillars of heaven. (See pages 119, 121.)

From the standpoint of the State, there is but one decision: My countrymen, this great destroyer himself must be destroyed.— *Richmond P Hobson.*

the chain. "Churchman, where are you going?"—"I am going to heaven." "How do you know?"—"About forty years ago the Lord took my feet out of the mire and clay and placed them upon the Rock, and put a new song——" "Stop! stop! You miserable hypocrite, I have a contempt for such twaddle." (Great applause.)

Let every man hear this statement: If the lower link goes to hell and the upper does not; if the poor old drunkard goes to hell, and the churchman, who voted for the saloon that made him, doesn't go with him, then the drunkard can stand on the black-crested waves of damnation and cry, "Unjust! unjust! unjust!" until he will tear down the pillars of heaven.

In my fight against the saloon in Weatherford, Tex., the courthouse was packed with men. I was representing the work of the gin mill to them. The ladies had prepared some flowers for the table. One of the brightest features of my fight against the liquor traffic is that though there are storms and dangers in the battle I fight, my battle is for helpless women and innocent children, and at every turn of the march I meet the flowers of their gratitude strewn along my pathway. I represented the sawmill with a bouquet, the gristmill with a bouquet, the paper mill with a bouquet. I said, "I do not want to represent the saloon with a bouquet of flowers. Its mission has been to destroy the brightest flowers of earth. Will some one lend me something by which I can represent this gin mill?" A gentleman took from one of the lamps a smoky lamp chimney, and handed that to me. After running the boys through this gin mill and crushing them, mind, soul, and body, I held the smoky chimney up in my hand and asked the audience, "What shall I do with it?" A great big fellow, whose precious boy had been ground up in the gin mill, rose to his feet, with tears streaming down his face, and cried, "George, bust her!" (The audience applauded.) I held it a minute and asked again, "What shall I do with it? It is your institution." Twenty or thirty men yelled in concert, "Burst it!" I saw the fire was catching from man to man, and I held the chimney a moment in my hands and cried again, "Fellow citizens, what shall I do with it?" and the entire audience screamed until they almost lifted the roof of the house, "*Bust her!*" I turned to a post near and struck the lamp chimney against it, breaking it into a thousand pieces. Such a yell as I had never heard went up from that audience; and as I stamped the pieces of glass beneath my feet, it seemed to me a prophecy of the day when the American people will dash the saloon to the earth, and tramp it back to the hell from which it came.

Among our mountains some years ago there lived a man who made a living by catching rattlesnakes. The reason he could thus make a living was that all the fools were not yet dead. He caught rattle-



### WE MUST HAVE MORE BOYS

"We must have more boys," hear the villains cry,  
 As they click their jingling glasses;  
 'Tis strange how fast the drunkards die!  
 A hundred thousand graves heaped high  
 Each year marks off as it passes.

"We must have more boys — at least twelve each hour  
 We must win by cunning devices.  
 To gather the brightest of youth's flower,  
 From the garden of home and innocence's bower,  
 We must use every art that entices.

"We must have more boys. Then let fiends be sent  
 To make their persuasive offers;  
 Get the boys to drink; a nickel that's spent  
 On a glass for a boy, is money lent  
 To bring dollars back to our coffers.

"We must have more boys; for only with boys  
 Is the army of drunkards recruited;  
 Slay the fathers' hopes and the mothers' joys,  
 Use the devil's most deceptive decoys,  
 And render the boys imbruted.

"We must have more boys. Then let us begin  
 To pursue them in every quarter;  
 With a hustle and bustle and din we shall win;  
 Then scurry and hurry them into their sin;  
 Push them on like sheep to the slaughter."

— Rev. Norman Plass.

snakes and put them in boxes and covered them with glass, and exhibited them on his front porch upon the public road, and sold them to curiosity hunters. This mountaineer had one child, a fat-faced, chubby-handed, sweet little boy, whom he called Jim. Jim always met his father on his home-coming, at the front gate. The old mountaineer, when not bringing home a rattlesnake, would gather his child in his arms and kiss his chubby face. He could taste the sweetness of his boy's cheek through the heavy layer of dirt. Jim was the most precious object on earth to him. One day he brought a rattlesnake from the mountains, placed it alive in the glass-covered box, slipped the lid over it, and stepped out to the woodpile to chop some wood. Little Jim came up to the glass-covered box, pulled back the lid, and, with his chubby little hands, pulled the live reptile on the lap of his little linsey dress. The snake planted its fangs in the cheek of the little fellow, who screamed, "Papa! papa! papa!" The father, hearing his cries, ran with an ax in hand, slipped the handle of the ax into the coils of the snake, threw it into the yard, and chopped its head off. Gathering little Jim in his arms, he began to cry, "Jim's dead! Jim's dead!" His neighbor, Tom, hearing the cry, ran over to his cabin home. As the little boy lay on his mother's lap, his body swelling and his eyes bloodshot, the mountaineer said to his neighbor, "Tom, little Jim is going to die, and I would not give little Jim for every rattlesnake on these old mountains and for every dollar I have made from them."

Brother, we have got the serpent of the still, and we have put him in our glass-front saloons, for the hope of the revenue. But our boys have stepped off the home steps and walked down into the glass-front saloons, pulled this serpent upon their hearts and lives, and the great cry comes up from all the earth today: "My boy is gone! my boy is gone!" I never look into the bloated face or bloodshot eyes of a drunkard American boy but that I say in my heart, "I would not give that one American boy for every dollar we have made from the infernal stuff."

A widow with two noble young boys, traded her country home for a cottage in one of our towns. The cottage was near a little shoe shop, where the honest workman plied his honest trade to the hurt of no one. These boys went and came in their daily toil, and were innocent and happy about the cottage door of their widowed mother. But a saloon took the place of the shoe shop, and the music in the saloon attracted these boys. Awhile they stood on the outside and listened, and then they stood on the inside, and then the saloon got on the inside of them, and you know the old story. The mother wept over her drunken boys. The oldest, intoxicated on the public square, picked a quarrel with a man, drew his knife and started to-



### WAITING ON THE TRAIL

I indict it as the wild beast of our boasted Christian civilization—untamed and untamable, unwashed and unwashable, uncivilized and uncivilizable, unmuzzled wherever licensed on the highway of the city, State, and nation, scattering physical, mental, and moral hydrophobia among the people, leaping upon our little children, driving its poisonous fangs into the heart and brain and blood of our young men, stealing the roses from the cheeks and virtue from the hearts of our daughters, disappointing the hopes of our fathers, breaking the hearts of our mothers, destroying our homes, corrupting our politics, making cowards of our American policemen, perjurers of our public officers, and smiting with the leprosy of perdition the gate of every city and the foundations of every State.—*Clinton H. Howard.*

You cannot buy immunity for any price for your boys and girls; you cannot buy safety so long as the saloon is opening its doors and inviting them in. As long as you permit these places, you may expect to furnish the material that goes into this ceaseless death grind.—*George C. Sturgiss.*

ward him, and was shot down on the street. They carried his bleeding body to his broken-hearted mother. It was but a short time until the other boy came to his death through the same saloon. And the widow joined the great army of suffering mothers who make contributions of the precious boys to this infernal traffic. A little while after her last boy was buried, the saloon took fire at midnight, and from it her little cottage caught fire, and she barely escaped with her life. She sat upon a little pile of wood in her yard at the midnight hour, with her sad face in her wrinkled hands, while the dying embers of her little cottage threw their ghosts upon her pitiful form. The crowd that gathered were moved by the picture. A subscription was started, and soon a man stood by her, saying, "Don't cry any more; we have raised money enough to replace your house." Lifting her face from her hands, she said: "I wan't crying about the little house; it wan't much no way. I wan't crying about the furniture; there was little of it. But that same old saloon burned up John and Willie, and nobody got up a paper to save my boys; and if you cannot bring back John and bring back Willie, don't bother about the little house. My life is ruined anyway."

I am the man, fellow citizens, to circulate the paper to down the saloons and save the boys.

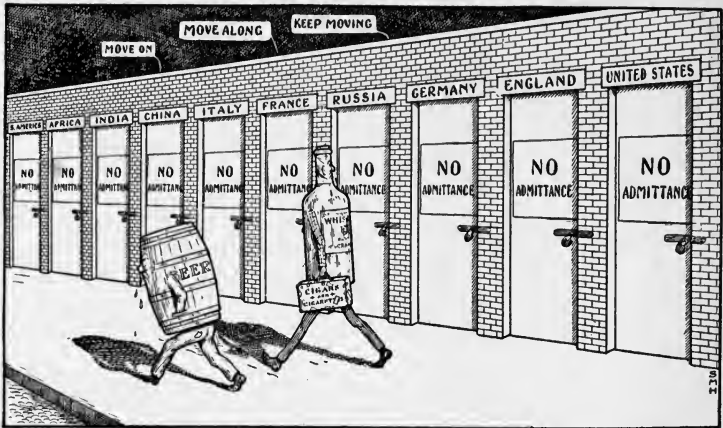
### The Devil's Want Ad.!

JOHNSON the drunkard is dying today,  
 With traces of sin on his face.  
 He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;  
 Wanted—a boy in his place.

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,  
 Boys from the home and the school,  
 Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm  
 Where "drink and be merry" 's the rule.

Wanted—for every lost servant of men  
 Some one to live without grace;  
 Some one to die without pardon divine;  
 Have you a boy for the place?

— *Southard.*



### DOWN WITH THE SALOON!

Why the saloon? What is a saloon? By a saloon I mean the brewery and distillery; by the brewery and distillery I mean the organized traffic in rum, wholesale, retail, and cocktail; the pocket peddler, the blind tiger, the blind pig, the speak-easy, the joint, the saloon, the hotel bar, the high-toned cafe, the swell club buffet, the bishop's subway, brewer and Beelzebub, distiller and devil; in one word — the saloon.

What is this traffic in rum? "The devil in solution," said Sir Wilfred Lawson, and he was right. "Distilled damnation," said Robert Hall, and he was right. "Artist in human slaughter," said Lord Chesterfield, and he was right. "Poisoner's general, driving men to hell like sheep," said John Wesley, and he was right. "More destructive than war, pestilence, and famine," said Wm. E. Gladstone, and he was right. "A cancer in human society, eating out its vitals and threatening its destruction," said Abraham Lincoln, and he was right.

"The most ruinous and degrading of all human pursuits," said William McKinley, and he was right. "The most criminal and artistic method of assassination ever invented by the bravoes of any age or nation," said John Ruskin, and he was right. "The most prolific hotbeds of anarchy, vile politics, profane ribaldry, and unspeakable sensuality," said Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst, and he was right. "A public, permanent, and ubiquitous agency of degradation," said Cardinal Manning, and he was right. "A business that tends to lawlessness on the part of the one who conducts it and to criminality on the part of those who patronize it," said Theodore Roosevelt, and he was right. "A business that tends to produce idleness, disease, pauperism, and crime," said the United States Supreme Court, and it was right. "A hell perpetuator, hell propagator, and hell populator," said Henry Ostrom, and he was right.

This is not very fragrant, but you cannot expect the perfume of roses when a polecat is on the dissecting table. It is the universal verdict of humanity against the liquor traffic.— *Clinton H. Howard.*

# The Growth of the Prohibition Movement

- 1808, first total abstinence society founded in America by William Clark.
- 1813, Society for Suppression of Intemperance organized in Maine.
- 1826, Society for Promotion of Temperance founded.
- 1831, total abstinence became nation-wide movement under leadership of Dr. Lyman Beecher.
- 1839, first local option law passed by Connecticut.
- 1841, Washington society with membership of 500,000 took up temperance cause.
- 1851, Maine adopted prohibition law — first State to do this.
- 1869, National Prohibition party organized.
- 1874, Woman's Christian Temperance Union organized.
- 1876, first effort made to secure federal prohibition law.
- 1893, Anti-Saloon League founded in Ohio.
- 1901, canteen abolished in United States Army.
- 1907, prohibition movement greatly advanced in West and South.
- 1908, North Carolina voted "dry."
- 1911, prohibition almost lost the original "dry" State, Maine.
- 1914, Virginia adopted prohibition in September.
- 1914, Arizona, Colorado, Washington, and Oregon voted "dry" in November.
- 1914, Hobson resolution voted on in Congress December 22.
- *Woman's National Weekly.*





The American Voter Fishing for Revenue. YOUR BOY  
MAY BE NEXT







