

The Voice of The Dram-shop.

BY WILLIAM C. CONANT.

From an Address by Request of the Central Prohibition Committee of New York County, at Central Prohibition Hall, 32 East 14th St., New York City, Monday Evening, February 8, 1886.

If there is anybody who disputes the proposition that alcoholic drink is a poison and a curse—nay, if there is one who has a lingering doubt to confess whether alcoholic drink is or is not the chief destroyer and the chief enemy of mankind to-day, without a single redeeming quality or use to mitigate our abhorrence of it—if there is such a doubter left, I don't want to try *my* feeble rhetoric on him. I will send him to an abler orator. The great anti-liquor preacher of our day is the dram-shop. Such burning eloquence, such "hell-fire preaching," was never heard before since the world was made, as that which now resounds from a hundred and fifty thousand of these pulpits of the pit all over our broad land! We have heard of hell afar off, in the future, in another world, and have trembled. But it has come; it is here in our own world; it is among us; its fires rage around us; every day its demons, mad for blood, rush on the helpless, and literally hew in pieces the shrieking women and the piteous babes, and the boss devils sit by their tills and gloat over the price of blood! Yes, the dram-shops lift up their voice! They cry aloud, and surely they spare not! The blood of them cries to God from all the ground. It cries in the ears of every one who hath an ear to hear. The daily press resounds with it. Not an issue of the daily press, from one end of the land to the other, but resounds with the cry of the slaughtered victims of the dram-shop.

It did not use to be so—before the daily press of these days. The dramsellers sigh for the good old quiet times, when their hellish business did not make such a hellish noise all over the country. They were always modest men concerning their business, these dramsellers. I never met one—did you?—who did not feel that the less said about it the better. They would be only too glad to hide their light under a bushel. But it cannot be hid. Its red and raging and fuliginous flames roar up from myriads of hell's craters, and spread a lurid glare over the scene of demoniacal raving. THESE are the preachers that denounce strong drink, in words that burn, and in curses that persist, unquenchable as the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. These are the later modern physiologists, that explain the nature of alcohol—that tell you whether it is food and medicine, and all that, or whether in the body and brain of man it is anything but poison; anything but a liquid limb of Satan and a bottled elixir of death and damnation both immediate and everlasting. No need further to trouble the anatomists, the microscopists, the chemists, and the doctors. They all tell the same story—except a few lingering medical tipplers—but what a tame and inexpressive tale is theirs, in comparison with the ghastly analysis the dram-shop exhibits, in blood, and woes, and crimes, and groans, and wailings of the damned!

Oh, says some soft soul, what violent language! Well, if I have applied violent language to a bland thing, then I have offended, both against charity and against truth. But if you will bring fairly before your mind's eye the published doings of Drink for a single day, that make a modern newspaper the most hideous record of cruelty and butchery and agony the world has ever seen, I defy you then to say that my words or anybody's words can over-state or over-curse these atrocities. Picture, if you can, the scene of a few Sun-

day evenings since in that village of peace called Salem, in Indiana. See that beautiful and accomplished young lady assailed in the public square with the importunities of a loathsome young debauchee, and shot down for refusing to surrender herself as a wife to the beast. See the raving murderer then, filled up with hell-fire from the dram-shop, rush through the streets, fire into every one he meets, shoot dead the occupant of an approaching vehicle and seize the reins to make his escape; then at last finding himself headed off and surrounded, finish the massacre by blowing out his own brains!

Look into John McGoldrick's cottage in Troy. John McGoldrick is a decent man and a kind husband. But to-night he is drinking himself drunk. The neighboring dram-shop is pouring a legion of devils into him. His fond wife beseeches him to drink no more to-night. At this the groghell rises in him with all its fiends; he seizes his razor with one hand and the poor wife by her hair with the other, and butchers her. Did you ever think there was something almost incredible in the last act of Shakespeare's Desdemona? Yet this fond woman, in the few last minutes that she lived, protested that John was always a good husband, unless the drink was in him, and refused to admit that it was he that killed her. Perhaps she thought it was the dramseller. What do you think? I know what I think of that dramseller, and of some other parties in the transaction. If a leading responsibility lies at the door of that dram-shop, a heavy portion of it lies also at the door of your magnificent Capitol at Albany, and of the people of the State of New York, who virtually licensed that butchery and took money for it. And did you or I have a remote and careless hand in it too? If so, let us make haste to wash our hands of all further guilt of the sort!

If you like that story, try another. One of our quiet German fellow-citizens, Adolph Hess by name, returned from the beer-garden on a recent Sunday night, full of the "kindly," "reformatory" drink that we hear so much recommended as the true remedy for the evils of intemperance. All that was human drowned in beer, and all the dregs of savage beastliness stirred up in a delirious ferment, he found his axe in the first place; in the second place, he went to the little bed where his only baby lay asleep, and chopped off its head. In the third place, with the gory axe he hacked his wife to death; and fourthly, he found a rope and hanged himself to a rafter. Did not that beer-garden do a good business that Sunday? The proprietor thought so. He drank off his mug and wiped his mouth like the woman in the book of Proverbs, and said, "I have done no wickedness."

You cannot have helped noticing that these demoniacal doings of the dram-shop are *multiplying* at a fearful rate, and that they are also growing more cruel and atrocious from day to day. Time was, within our memory, when wives and children lived long, in daily terror of death from the infuriated demon of their home; and it was rare, and most shocking, when the deed was really done. Now, however, the butchery is prompt and speedy. It is a word and a blow, and the blow first. Now, it is everywhere. Now, it is so common as to excite no more surprise or special wonder than a summer cloud. How do you account for this? The enormous growth of the liquor traffic in late years partly and only partly, accounts for the multiplication of these murders, but not at all for the terribly increased ferocity of them. The true secret of these peculiar modern horrors of the liquor traffic is disclosed by chemical analysis—the analysis of any sample of spirituous or malt liquor that you can buy at the groggery. The horrible drugs the chemist will roll out for you from that sample, some stupefying, some maddening; among which the terrible alcohol itself is

one of the milder and often one of the minor items—such poisons as fusel oil, stramonium, cocculus Indicus, opium, belladonna, strychnine, corrosive sublimate, and all the corrosive acids—these account for the savage frenzy and for the shouting idiocy characteristic of modern intoxication. I saw at the funeral of General Grant in New York a strikingly beautiful young woman, going off the grounds at Riverside Park, pursuing after her husband and baby which he carried in his arms, and howling curses and idiotic ravings with a voice that could be heard half a mile, without an instant's pause unless when she stumbled and fell; and all that had been kept up for something like a mile, and still continued, when my road parted from hers. Undoubtedly belladonna or the like auxiliary drugs in her beer, had given her madness that peculiar type.

Do not imagine that this is an incidental and remediable abuse of the liquor business. Do not be duped by schemes of reforming the liquor manufacture or traffic by high license and such-like expedients. This is an abuse that once established, as it now is, can never be reformed by any power on earth. Until liquor dealers are all turned to saints they will be governed, as too many Christians are, by the laws of trade. No; this trebly poisoned drink is a thing that has come to stay; to stay as sure, and as long, as competition impels the unscrupulous and compels the rest to cheapen the manufacture and to intensify the product to the now trebly depraved taste of the drinker, who *will* have it thus, and will not put up with anything less exciting. I am not saying that manufacturers of beer and liquors are more dishonest than other manufacturers. I am simply saying that liquor free of other narcotic poisons than alcohol cannot be made to-day for the market. It could not be sold for what it would cost to make it. Why not? Let me show you how the whiskey of the market is made, and then tell me how anybody is going to make pure whiskey to compete with it.

Say a bushel of corn will make three gallons of whiskey. But then what will a few cents' worth of strychnine do? With a gallon of water it will make the three gallons FOUR, and equally strong as before to stimulate, to madden, and to destroy. Where is your chance, already, Honest Whiskey, to compete with this sort of manufacture? But this is hardly a beginning. The merchant takes the four gallons and makes them eight. If he did it with water alone it would be well for his customers, but they would not touch the slop. How does he make them like it? Well, he substitutes for the lacking alcohol some other and more deadly narcotic, and very cheap—say stramonium. The dizziness, headache, muddle and stupor, that stramonium produces, would be to the toper a satisfactory imitation of his favorite poison—but unfortunately it gives him cramps into the bargain. To mend the matter now, the good man who watches over our personal liberty in the matter of eating and drinking, drops in another kind of narcotic that has the property of counteracting cramps. That drug is opium.

Then comes along the barkeeper. Mixing drinks is his vocation; and if he knows himself he is not going to let the manufacturer and merchant monopolize the profits of modern science. A little belladonna, and liberal water, will fill the place of a good proportion of the little remaining alcohol in his whiskey. And, it will excite his customers to a satisfactory pitch. It will put lightning in their eyes, set their faces in a blaze, and stir a fever near to madness in their blood. It will send them shouting idiots through the streets, as you will often hear them nowadays—that's belladonna—and then return them howling demons to their homes. In fact, the toper of the period would think himself cheated with poor "adulterated" stuff, if you gave him pure whiskey, with nothing stronger than alcohol in place of all these

lively ingredients to which he is accustomed—by their effects, but not by their names.

The standard proportion of alcohol in Government-proof whiskey is 50 per cent. But a fair specimen from the corner grocery, analyzed by Mr. James Black, an eminent expert, contained but 17 per cent. of alcohol, and the other 33 per cent. was made up, he tells us, of such fancy drinks as sulphuric acid, strychnine, caustic potash, and so on. These, however, are mere illustrations. There is cocculus Indicus, again, a few grains of which will put a dog to death with cruel convulsions—such a violent narcotic that the natives of India stupefy and catch fish by throwing a little of the stuff into a stream. Ten thousand pounds of cocculus is not a single year's supply for the liquor manufacture, as shown by the export returns to Great Britain alone. Fusel oil, again, is the most virulent and unmanageable product in the series to which alcohol belongs. Yet it is so ubiquitous in common whiskey and beer, that fusel, or "fusee," is as common slang for liquor as "Jersey lightning." But I must not go on with the list—it is too long.

It reminds me of the German tale of a malignant magician who followed the business of a poisoner and a poison-monger. His delight was to entice children into his secret vaults, where he experimented on them with every conceivable combination of poisons, and reveled in the varieties of anguish and the horrible forms of death which his diabolical art enabled him to produce to suit customers. Perhaps you suspect me of inventing this illustration to fit the demon of the modern liquor traffic. But I did not invent it: there is such a story, and it is called the Rat-catcher. Of course it issues in a discovery of the Rat-catcher's diabolical practices and a rising of the people in a sort of prohibition party that puts an end to him and destroys the enchanted dungeons of his cruelty.

Our Republican friends are just now badly off as a party from the disappearance of their "bloody shirt." Would to God that every such bloody emblem of wickedness were like that one furlled away among the trophies of glorious and triumphant war for humanity and God! But that is not done yet. There are garments drenched with fresh blood to-day and every day, probably while I have been speaking, with blood that cries aloud for a new humanitarian party to lift them up and thrust them on the shuddering and averted sigh, of every man, woman and child in this country, until another "uprising of a great people" shall put a forcible stop to the murderous business, and purge every statute book of the last express or tacit recognition of dramselling as anything but a crime.

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"The Sparrow Must Go."—What About the Liquor Vulture?

BY JOHN P. ST. JOHN, OF KANSAS.

THE burning, blistering, blood-curdling question of the hour has just been sprung up by the New Haven *Palladium*, right in the midst, too, of the appointment of cross-roads postmasters, which work has been shaking this country from center to circumference for the past six months. But to the question. Under the important head of

"ENGLISH SPARROWS,"

the *Palladium* says: "The time to prepare for work against this feathered humbug is now. The city and State authorities ought to take the matter in hand at once, and formulate some scheme looking to his extirpation. The sooner the task

is begun, the greater will be the hope of its success. The English sparrow must go."

Just think of it! The Mayor and Council, with all the policemen of New Haven, headed by the State authorities, moving in one grand procession, carrying banners inscribed, "The English Sparrow Must Go!" And then, when all other efforts have failed, imagine the editor of the *Palladium* at the head of the Connecticut State Militia, leading a bloody charge, at double quick, against a flock of English sparrows, and at each bound crying out in thunder tones, "The English sparrow *must* go!" Why this bitterness against the sparrows? They didn't "beat Blaine." They never destroyed even one of our homes. They didn't "set the cause of prohibition back twenty years." Nor have they interfered with the colored man's right to vote, stuffed a ballot-box or bulldozed any human being. They have not corrupted our politics, robbed the Nation of its manhood or a mother of her boy. Then what is the trouble? Why, the English sparrow don't vote, consequently he is like the Chinaman—got but few friends. If they only had "infloonce," every sparrow family would be furnished a brass-wire cage. But what evil hath this little sparrow brought upon our country? We turn to the columns of the *Palladium* for this terse reply:

"Only a few years ago, the trees on the green were full of merry singing birds, that filled the air with their sweet songs and presented a picture of joyous happiness, as they flitted from branch to branch, or swooped down in the green grass in search of a worm. To-day not one of those birds can be found (nor worms either). They have been driven out by the sparrows." Just think of it—a naughty, naughty sparrow robbing an honest, upright jay-bird of his morning worm! No wonder that there should be a demand made that the combined powers of both city and State authority should be promptly used for the overthrow and immediate suppression of the authors of such an infamous outrage. "The English sparrow must go!"

"Only a few years ago," there was a home in New Haven. In that home was a happy, bright-eyed, intelligent, rosy-cheeked Christian wife and mother, in the prime of her womanhood, full of hope for the future. Her husband was a manly man; affectionate, generous, noble and true. In our country's darkest hour, when it needed men, he bravely marched forth under the old flag, offering himself as a sacrifice, in defense of the life of this nation. In that home were innocent children, who "filled the air with their sweet songs, and presented a picture of joyous happiness," which can never be forgotten.

That husband and father to-day is a drunken, bloated, miserable, mental, moral, and physical wreck, down in the gutter, penniless and friendless.

The rose has left the cheek of that poor wife and mother, her eyes are sunken and blinded with tears, no longer does she occupy that once happy home; the joyous songs of her once happy darlings are heard no more. To-day, in a remote tenement, she is found with her little ones thinly clad, hungry, and penniless; and as the winter storms drift through the open walls they hover over the embers of a fire that is almost gone. No longer do they greet papa at the gate with a smile and a kiss. With every ray of earthly hope gone, the dark clouds of despair settle thick around them. Oh, with what submissive faith that heart-broken mother turns unto God and says, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

It was not the English sparrow that destroyed this home. But it was *our* Government's legalized, law-protected, fattened, petted, and perpetuated hell-born liquor vulture. When we come to the judgment bar of God, the man who stood at the saloon counter and dealt out the liquor that destroyed that home will be no more guilty than the man

who stood at the ballot-box and gave sanction thereto by his vote.

Then let the fiat go forth, that by the grace of God, and the will of American freemen, this nationalized, home-destroying liquor vulture must go.

The Irrepressible Conflicts.

BY W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE heroic deeds of our brave ancestors are a constant theme for song and story, and become incentives to our nobler aspirations and moral intrepidity.

The remembrance of the formidable trials, sufferings, sacrifices, and dangers experienced by the earlier settlers of our country, together with their sublime heroism and grand successes over the mountains of difficulty they had to encounter, makes the blood tingle in our veins. We glory in their patriotic aspirations and the grand achievements they secured by their devotion to the sacred cause for which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. After conquering a peace which was bought with so much personal sacrifice, the hearts and the best interests of the people were brought together in council and developed a constitution and set of laws that challenged the world for their wisdom and justice.

But in a spirit of weakness and anxiety to secure the blessings of peace they made a concession to the selfishness of a few, and perhaps all were a little involved in the old demand of our selfish nature, and found a plausible justification for the enslavement of a few ignorant human beings on the plea of Christianizing them.

We all know what it cost to rid ourselves of this terrible curse: how much blood and treasure was expended before the nation was willing to relax its grasp on the black man's rights. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since this deluge of war swept over our country on account of human slavery, and we find ourselves again confronted with another and more awful incubus that overspreads our country, North and South, with a dark pall of crime, wretchedness and pauperism, that for its devastation of human happiness has no parallel in history. Almost every home in our land is invaded with this hideous scourge. The cries and tears of mothers, widows and orphans, plead for relief, and every moral and religious sentiment of the people is paralyzed with its blighting influence; Government and people are subject to its awful despotism. This monster of iniquity is the Rum Power.

This second irrepressible conflict is now upon us and the time is auspicious for a combination of moral, religious, and educational forces of the people to combat this great evil of the 19th century. Our country has so long suffered from this devastating curse that we need combination of the conscientious voters of our country to protect ourselves from the outrages on our homes that have been so long and so obsequiously fostered on the demand of the selfish interests of the liquor sellers, and the degraded appetite of their victims.

This grand battle for the annihilation of the liquor traffic will be no holiday affair, and we shall need all of our reserved force and constant new recruits to meet this formidable enemy even on the threshold. Skirmishers, sharpshooters, and arch-traitors will meet us on the whole line of our march. The liquor interest, with their artillery and infantry, and all the munitions of war, will be arrayed for a grand campaign. For long years they have been drilling and concentrating their forces, and they undoubtedly have their plans all laid to meet our army, and frustrate any attempts

that we may make to take them by storm or lay siege to their fortifications. They have studied the ground, and know our weak points, and we must not expect to take them by surprise or reduce their strength by any strategical movements. All the modern appliances must be called into requisition.

National, State and County organizations will be our iron-clads to sweep the seas of apathy and selfishness, our gatling-guns of Prohibition politics to mow down the rum-sellers. The artillery of our printed pages will pour hot shot and shell into our enemy's ranks whenever they mass themselves in opposition to our arguments; our sharpshooters will choose the platforms where they can be most effective, and the weary stragglers and wounded will be tenderly cared for by the W. C. T. U., whose kindly attentions will be a joyful promise of entire convalescence.

We expect to demolish all their earth-works and fortifications by the voice and efforts of earnest Christian ministers, who will bring their battering-rams of electric power and trumpets of no uncertain sound to encourage and inspire an active Christian faith in our final triumph.

With the marshaling of our volunteers under true and tried leaders, inspired with a well-drilled and intelligent conscience, and a heroic enthusiasm for the right, we shall show to the world what can be accomplished by a determined and persistent effort to save our homes and country from a bitter, unrelenting and unscrupulous enemy. Already we hear bombs of the coming war, and the air is thick with the dust of tramping heroes. The horizon shows unmistakable evidences of a fierce and formidable conflict in the near future.

Our enemies are not to be despised; they are both numerous and well provided with the sinews of war. Their personal interests are all involved in the struggle, so that we need not expect any quarter. They will raise the black flag, which means that they will fight for what they call their rights and privileges until the last vestiges of their hopes are destroyed. The battle array is soon to spread out for the conflict, and there will be no quaker guns used on either side. The war will be one of hard, severe fighting; every inch of ground will be contested, and we shall conquer—as conquer we must—not only by the inspiration of the righteousness of our cause, but by all the force that numbers will give us; and, with the requisite preparations, continue to fight with a will and determination that knows no defeat; and as sure as God lives, the final victory will be ours. Now is the time for enlistment.

The old veterans in our cause are brightening up their armor and will surely be found in the thickest of the fight. Some of the grand army are already on the line of march, and their well-known cheers are heard in the distance. In the van of this triumphant host we shall soon see the gay banners of our youthful heroes flung to the breeze, and their cheerful, glad voices will echo the sentiments of our glorious crusade all along the line, to be reverberated and repeated with shouts of triumph that will arouse and stimulate the whole nation to do valiant service in the glorious war we have begun for the annihilation of the greatest curse on the people that the world has yet known.

On our banners are inscribed "Up with the home, down with the saloon! Prohibition the dawn of the millennium!" With hearts uplifted we will pray for—with voices united, we will sing for—with wills determined will we work and fight for the utter, immediate, unconditional and permanent annihilation of the liquor traffic. Prohibition first and last—now, always, and forever!

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Fraudulent Claims of Whiskey Men.

ONE of the most insidious and dangerous compounds that is now claiming the attention of the public is known as malt whiskey. The fact that it is called whiskey ought to be a sufficient signal of its dangerous and crime-producing quality, but when its announcements are permitted in a large number of our public papers with assurances that it possesses health producing and pain relieving qualities, it is not unlikely that a large number of people will be deluded into a conviction that they are at liberty to use it as a medicine, and thus fasten upon themselves a habit of taking intoxicants, which always act as a virulent poison, while producing a drunken frenzy that vitiates the whole system; and yet it is so easy to delude one's self, that because they produce a temporary exhilaration that they will give permanent relief. No delusion is fraught with greater injury to the community, and so well calculated to open a vortex of crime and wretchedness, to debauch the whole people with vitiated appetites, strong craving for stimulants, and final delirium tremens. Recent scientific conclusions have determined that alcohol is no less poisonous because it is pure. The most poisonous ingredient of whiskey is alcohol, of which it contains not less than 30 per cent., and therefore whiskey is a compound of the most acrid deadly poison, quite as deserving of the name as arsenic, and cannot be taken into the stomach without producing the worst forms of disease of the most aggravated character; and this includes all such diseases as inflammation of the coatings of the stomach will be most likely to develop, so that if we were anxious to make havoc of the health of the community, we would take this most insidious method of deluding them with a belief that whiskey was the friend of the invalid. The wicked, mercenary selfishness that will thus play upon the credulity of people, especially upon those whose ailments are clamorous for relief, is simply awful, and ought to meet with the just and indignant condemnation of every member of the community. These shylocks and vampires on society ought to be driven out of the country as the worst enemies of our race. We put dead men in whiskey to preserve them, but these shysters would persuade us to put whiskey in our stomachs to kill us with an acrid poison that burns up all our vitals, and then laugh at the antics that we display while under its vile and deadly exhilaration, and then claim that this is an evidence of life and vitality to be set down to their credit. What shall be said of such vile, hypocritical, selfish and wicked duplicity? Nothing but Prohibition will prohibit this fraud on the people.

Swindlers.

You should be on the lookout for all kinds of traveling swindlers, prominent among whom are the *bogus* book peddler and subscription agent. The latter is, probably, the meanest of the tribe, his victims being generally needy persons who desire to enrich their homes with a magazine or family paper. This impostor avers that Shark & Grabem are the authorized agents for a particular territory, and have contracted with the publisher for ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand copies each month, and are thus enabled to take subscriptions at half price, and give one or more chromos, of large dimensions, in addition. He is generally supplied with current copies of the leading publications, which he has purchased from some newsdealer, and will leave one number on payment of the reduced price, or one-half, the other half to be paid on delivery of the second number; and that is the last seen of the self-styled "subscription agent," the magazine, or the money.

Subscription swindling was common in years past, but direct communication with the publishers through the facilities offered by the modern postal system is so easy that these swindlers meet with but little success, unless some special inducement can be offered to the expected victim, who parts with a dollar, often more, sometimes less, because the opportunity is at his door of obtaining, as he thinks, a two or four dollar magazine for half the publisher's price. This inducement, and the oily, lying tongue of the applicant, blind them to the fact that if the publisher could afford to sell his magazine for less money, he would immediately put it on his publication, that all the world should know it, and not send out a special fraud to undersell him in his own market.

PROHIBITION LECTURE BUREAU.

RESULTS OF THE FIRST BROADSIDE OF PROHIBITION BOMBS.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM A DOZEN DIFFERENT STATES.

G. T. ALDRICH, *New Haven, Conn.*—I have just read your article on the "Liquor Traffic" in your Magazine and have been impressed with the importance of the subject. I have always advocated temperance (but not Prohibition), in the use of liquor, etc.; but don't understand me as sanctioning their use in any way except as a medicine. * * * I should like to be enlightened on the subject of Prohibition. As a beverage, I will vote to prohibit its use every time; but believe it may be useful, sometimes, in sickness. I would use it, however, as any other poison, or as a package of dynamite.

Inclosed find ten cents for copies of your article, which I will circulate. Will also put some in the hands of my pastor.

I. W. BRIGGS, P. M., *West Macedon, N. Y.*—Please send me one hundred (100) copies of the Prohibition circular. It is the best I have seen on the subject, and destined, I believe, to hasten the Millennium.

G. W. WILSON, *Flora Dale, Pa.*—Inclosed find ten cents in stamps for one hundred copies of Col. Geo. W. Bain's "Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times." This from an old Union soldier, too poor to buy many at a time, but heart and hand in the Prohibition movement.

D. W. REAM, *Piqua, Kan.*—Having read one of the best articles on Prohibition in your Magazine of this month, I inclose you ten cents in stamps for one hundred circulars.

W. A. CULLUMBER, *Bitterwater, Cal.*—Please send me one hundred samples of your circulars entitled "Liquor Traffic," etc. I wish to scatter them in this benighted locality. We hope such articles may continue to appear in your Magazine.

MRS. BLANCHE P. WICK, *New Bethlehem, Pa.*—Your article in last Magazine on Prohibition covers every phase of the subject so entirely that we would like you to send 1,000 copies of same for distribution in our town.

W. H. KETLER, *Camden, N. J.*—I notice you are publishing a series of four-page tracts—good articles at a very low price. * * * This is a grand undertaking, putting first-class literature within the reach of all our workers. I sincerely hope you will be able to continue the publication of these "Bombs."

REV. C. U. WADE, *Bourbon, Ind.*—Inclosed please find postage stamps—twenty cents for Prohibition "Bombs," by Herrick Johnson, G. W. Bain, and others. The cause with us is growing.

G. M. VAUGHAN, *Lexington, Mo.*—Can you supply me with a circular, "Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate It?" If so, please let me know, as I wish to sow broadcast several thousand in this part of the country.

C. T. DARWIN, *Decatur, Ind.*—Inclosed find fifty cents, for which please send five hundred "Bombs for Prohibition." We have enlisted for the war.

M. LOWRY, *Boston, Mass.*—I had from the P. L. B. a few hundred of your "Liquor Traffic the Monster Crime, and How to Annihilate It." They are nearly all gone, placed in the hands of five hundred people. It is the best, most concise, and contains the most vital points for so small a sheet I have ever seen. * * * I pray God to spare you to go

on in the good work, and may you and I live to see the accursed traffic abolished.

JOHN W. ROSEBOROUGH, *Elmira.*—Inclosed please find twenty-five cents for which send me as many copies of Dr. Herrick Johnson's late paper on Prohibition as money will pay for. In fact, argument, law and logic, it is a very masterpiece. I saw a notice in the *Delaware Signal* that you published it at the rate of 1,000 copies for one dollar.

H. S. FIELD, *Philadelphia, Pa.*—Inclosed please find ten cents for which send one hundred copies of Tract No. 2, by W. Jennings Demorest. I want these to send to every voter in our ward.

SYLVANUS ERWIN, *Cheneyville, N. C.*—Inclosed find ten cents as payment for one hundred Prohibition tracts * * * I desire these for supplementary distribution with the *Southern Thunderbolt*, a live Prohibition paper at ten cents a year. We will order more soon.

SAMUEL H. COCHRAN, *Milwaukee, Wis.*—Please send me two hundred copies of the admirable paper of Mr. Demorest's, entitled "Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic."

JAMES A. EAKIN, P. M., *Big Bend, Pa.*—Please forward to address as above one hundred copies of No. 8, "Prohibition the Remedy for Hard Times," by Geo. W. Bain * * * This is a rural district and we Prohibitionists are organizing our Party. We are greatly encouraged by daily accessions to our number.

MRS. M. R. MICHAELS, *Gloucester City, N. J.*—Inclosed please find twenty-five cents for 250 tracts. We are much pleased with Demorest's tracts. We have a Reading-Room through which we circulate a great deal of literature. Six thousand inhabitants and forty saloons. Our W. C. P. U. has to fight to live.

MRS. MARY E. HOYT, *Nicholville, N. Y.*—I want to contribute my mite toward advancing the all-important work you have undertaken. That God may bless you and prosper you in your noble work is my sincere wish.

A. A. SCHWALM, SUPT., *Hegins, Schuylkill Co., Pa.*—Please send me Geo. W. Bain's tract on Prohibition. * * * We have but one hotel in our place, but are beginning to see the curse of intemperance.

J. F. MURRELL (Editor and Publisher *Western Carolinian*), *Hickory, N. C.*—Inclosed find \$2.50 for which please send 2,500 of the tracts "Mad Dogs and the Liquor Traffic," by W. Jennings Demorest, which I find in February number of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. It is the best Prohibition document I have read. I read it to our Lodge of Good Templars last night and raised the money for 2,000. I shall mention it in my paper next week, and hope to have many thousand of them scattered over my County (Catawaba) between now and June, when we expect to have an election on Local Option.

"Bombs for Prohibition," consisting of 4-page tracts by the ablest thinkers, speakers and writers of the world, are furnished in sample sets of ten for one cent; 100 for ten cents; 1,000 for a dollar; post paid. Address Prohibition Lecture Bureau, 32 E. 14th Street, N. Y. City.

WM. MCK. GATCHELL,
Secretary.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
President and Treasurer.

The War of the Rum Power on the People.*

BY W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

WAR is one of the most formidable evils, especially when waged to perpetuate wrong and oppression. Defensive, it may cost the people much blood, treasure, and sacrifice, and often disturbs some of the cherished phases of society. But if its culmination develops a higher, nobler manhood, it opens and paves the way to a more enlightened and advanced civilization.

THE terrible onslaught that is now waged by the belligerent forces of the Rum Power against the people has no parallel in history for viciousness and fearful carnage.

The devastation of numerous happy homes, an immense waste and destruction of property, the suffering of innocent children, crime, wretchedness, pauperism, and the vicious tendencies that pervade a large proportion of the community are among the terrible consequences of this awful warfare now being waged by this unscrupulous and relentless foe. The conflict is an irrepressible, unmitigated antagonism of many, many thousands who are the very demons of selfishness, or incarnated devils impelled with all the venom and frenzy of a mercenary and debauched human nature and opposed by the patriotic, conscientious masses of the people possessing generous susceptibilities and a noble manhood, quietly aspiring after a moral and Christian civilization.

The Rum Power with their numerous sympathizers are combined in a solid, unbroken compact, and are strongly fortified with both money and influence. They have secured as allies the force of political power, have large vested interests, and are strongly barricaded and protected behind the social habits and perverted appetites of their victims. The majority of the people, men, women, and children, are on the other side; most of them seem too timid or too much occupied with their own personal affairs to know or care what will be the final outcome of this terrible conflict. This apathetic carelessness of the people has given the Rum Power many and special advantages, and also given them favorable opportunities to fortify and intrench their position. They have also succeeded in deluding the people with the conviction that they have the most innocent intentions in planting their batteries in every available point and on the most eligible positions, so that they can sweep the whole field, and reach every man, woman, and child.

Their numerous fortifications are also barricaded with legal and governmental sanction, and these still further securely protected by political earth-works and intrenchments of perverted appetites.

Some of these fortifications and batteries have the fascinations of beautiful surroundings to attract the taste and fancies of the rich and high-toned among people, especially the young, and in some cases combining grandeur and all the gorgeousness of color, gilding, and draperies. These fortifications are often covered with banners and gold mountings, and are sometimes made to appear like fairy grounds, strains of the most exquisite melody and the display of elegant mirrors, stained glass, and other rich adornments all arranged and designed to make the impression that no harm can come from their belligerent and dangerous attitude.

For an opposite class of the people the batteries are of the meanest and lowest character, and are made attractive by an occasional hilarious song and dance, showy placards and pictures all arranged to mislead and deceive the unwary.

To cover up their deadly object, their guns are masked and supplied with euphonious names, and even their shot is so poisoned that when it strikes it produces a delirious and pleasurable frenzy, and while they do not kill their victims outright, they are often reduced to an inanimate stupor and left to drag out a miserable existence of disease and suffering, besides impoverishing their families and filling their surroundings with the most vicious tendencies.

Every hour in the day and long into the night these batteries of the Rum Power are opened on the people with fearful havoc, but their most effective work is done at night, when they find a large proportion of the victims of their diabolical work are massed in such positions that they can mow them down with the least opposition and the most deadly effect.

The moral portion of the people, especially those belonging to the Christian Church, are to some extent aware of the character and designs of these batteries, and the terrible devastation and death struggle that is going on among the people, and occasionally rally in opposition, but their chief effort seems to be confined to a mild attempt to persuade the multitude to keep out of the range of the shot and shell that are constantly though silently hurled forth from these deadly guns of the enemy, and not a few of the people seem to be animated with an ardent zeal to take care of the wounded.

These are often taken to hospitals especially provided, where they are carefully nursed, and when convalescent are instructed to keep out of the range of the guns of the enemy, but as the marksmen know their victims they become their targets and an easy prey to their practised eye.

These victims of the Rum Power are very numerous, and known to be the especial objects for their shot, and liable to be struck down again and again, until some final and more deadly aim from some of the batteries ends their career, accompanied with the most terrible sufferings, which is often made to include their families and even entailed on their children. In some cases the shot of the enemy produces all the horrors of hell itself, making their victims rage with a demoniacal frenzy, sometimes torturing their families with indescribable violence and brutality.

One of the most lamentable features of this war is that the mass of the people are indifferent, and seem ignorant as to the designs and the vigilance of their enemies.

Many of the leaders of the people, especially the high-toned in the Christian Church, and even some of their ministers are known to be closely allied, and have intimate relations with the Rum Power, and often use their influence and opportunities to apologize for and belittle the effects of the shot of the enemy.

It is very evident that the Rum Power have their plans laid for a long and vigorous war, and have also their hired emissaries and sympathizers circulating among the people to persuade and hoodwink them with the most specious delusions.

Many of the most effective delusions have no foundation whatever. Among other things they tell the people that their personal liberties would be endangered if their grand display is opposed, that it is one of the people's rights to do as they please about placing themselves where they can see and enjoy what is going on, that a slight regulation is all that is required to evade the fatal effects of their batteries, and that these occasional wounds that they receive are only incidental, and in some cases that it is good for their general health to be wounded now and then. And that these so-called enemies are real friends of the people in disguise, because they give much pleasurable gratification whenever they are allowed to discharge their batteries for the people's amusement.

*The above published in tract form, 10 for one cent or 10 cents per 100 or \$1 per 1,000, post free. Address, Prohibition Lecture Bureau, 32 East 14th St., New York.

By way of intimidation and bluff an intimation is given by some owners of these batteries that if the people succeed in silencing these guns they will be obliged to pay for their cost, as it was partly through the people's sanction they were placed in the position they occupy, and that this would be an unnecessary and burdensome tax, besides circumscribing the rights of the people.

A further and still greater delusion of the people is an agreement or bribe of a money consideration for which these batteries are to be sanctioned by law on the pretext and pretense that they are to be limited in number and decorated so as not to be offensive to the eye, and also to include an obligation that the guns shall not be fired into children or on the Sabbath-day, also that the money coming from this compact shall go to pay for some of the devastation caused by the batteries, the care of the wounded, and the education of the children of both parties.

But the one most effective delusion among the people is that their whole duty consists in persuading each other not to be afraid of the effects of the shot of the enemy, only so that they do not stay around and near enough to these batteries to receive their most deadly fire; also taking care of the wounded as fast as they are disabled comprises the whole duty or obligation of the people in reference to this matter. And that their duty to the government consists in their care and sympathy for the pauperized and criminal classes who have been accidentally shot, and especially that to leave this whole question of self-defense in the hands of politicians is the best and most positive evidence of moral strength and Christian character.

The Rum Power tell the people that any protest or interference with its interest (except to exact a fine or tax for the monopoly of some very good position for their guns) would be a sumptuary encroachment on their vested rights which no good Christian patriot could or would tolerate, however much it might conduce to the general welfare of the people or the safety of the nation.

They say the Rum Power's interest is the interest of the people, because the reserved rights of the people is the right to do as they please, and this right is paramount to all others.

This popular axiom with the numerous other delusions has been seriously questioned by some people, and the number of these protesters or malcontents (by some called cranks or Prohibitionists) are increasing very rapidly.

These malcontents or Prohibitionists claim that the *good* of the people is the basis of all law. There can be no true liberty without law.

This theory of the sovereign right of the people to protect themselves from the effects of the batteries of the Rum Power by Prohibition is seriously questioned, so that the people are now divided among themselves; besides, a large proportion of them, especially the political parties in power, are known to be in league with the enemy, some ignorantly and others are designedly giving aid and comfort by their connivance or duplicity.

One of the best arguments to prove that these partisan officials are in league with the Rum Power is that they refuse to allow the people an opportunity to have their sentiments made a test question, knowing that it would insure opposition and a probable defeat of the Rum Power.

But the war is going on with fearful carnage, and the wail from the homes of the widows and orphans, and the desolation of certain sections where these batteries are in good positions, reveal their awful destructiveness.

A portion of the people seem to have a keen appreciation of the devastation going on, and have kept mounted several old guns called moral suasion. These guns have, for a long series of years at different intervals, been throwing shot and

shell toward the fortifications of the Rum Power. But these moral suasion guns have been found too small, so that it is found that only now and then a shot reached the enemy, and the more intelligent among the people have become exasperated at the result, and a wide-spread enthusiasm has been awakened with a determination to rout and demolish the Rum Power batteries with new and larger guns.

The Prohibitionists are especially radical in their treatment and denunciation of the Rum Power's batteries, and are making extraordinary efforts to arouse the people to combine and procure more effective means of warfare.

To help and encourage these Prohibitionists a new Gatling gun that uses ballots as projectiles has been recently suggested, and to some extent brought into requisition.

These guns, when used with determination by a combined effort of the people, are found to be very effective, and the only means by which they are sure to annihilate the enemies' batteries, and the people are being urged by these Prohibitionists to provide these guns in such numbers as may be necessary; but there has been such a howl against the use of these Prohibition guns by the emissaries of the Rum Power, that the people are hesitating and divided as to their rights and privileges, and at present the whole country is in a state of fermentation.

The Rum Power, with their emissaries, by threats and intimidations, and appeals to the appetite and passions of the people, have been very active in their attempt to divert their attention; but the newly-awakened moral and Christian sentiment among the people has been aroused, and they are spending much time to urge the necessity for a more advanced and aggressive movement, and the necessity for immediate action to secure the new long-range Prohibition guns.

There is no doubt but that the Rum Power can be annihilated whenever the people choose to combine and formulate themselves into a compact body with new and trusted leaders, and secure sufficient ammunition, and are not misled by their pretended friends and the emissaries of the Rum Power, and such other political parties as are now in league with them; but it will be no holiday affair or child's play to dislodge these formidable batteries of the enemy.

The delusions of the people have also been very numerous, and these fortifications could not have been erected or their batteries placed in such strong positions if the people had used either moral sense or common sense for their own protection.

But an awakened intelligence and certainly a vitalized conscience will now be required, together with a common determination of the people to combine in a compact movement with the best and most efficient implements of warfare, especially with the new Prohibition Gatling guns, to move on their works.

This Rum Power must certainly be annihilated or it will inevitably destroy the homes and the best interests of the people. Therefore every claim of humanity now demands the immediate use of the Prohibition guns, every aspiration of patriotic enthusiasm points to Prohibition guns, every Christian sentiment pleads for Prohibition guns, the best interests of the country, the demands of education, morals, civilization, home, and religion—all call for immediate and determined action to sweep these batteries of the Rum Power out of existence, which can easily be done by a combination of the means that a determined and intelligent people can bring to bear upon them, and which necessarily includes immediate, unconditional, and absolute surrender and destruction of the Rum Power's batteries.

The new Prohibition guns must be used as the only

effective means to silence these batteries of the Rum Power, whose deadly carnage of the people has reached such a fearful accumulation of death and misery that the whole world is combining its demand for extermination and annihilation.

This will be the final outcome of the will and power of the people, enforced without compromise or conciliation. The highest good of the people obtained through the stimulant of legal enactments that will include unconditional Prohibition, and a brand of infamy put upon the guilty persons who may attempt to evade the law; and more especially a large, strong, and enthusiastic combination of the people behind the law to secure its enforcement. Then, unencumbered and disenthralled from this terrible incubus the Liquor Traffic, the people will experience the exhilarating effect of a new moral resurrection that will develop more fully the genius of American enterprise, and cause them to rejoice over the grand success of our glorious country and an enlightened Christian civilization.

"Can a Man's Blood Cry?"

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY N. S. S.

SOME years ago a man leased a building on a prominent corner of a public thoroughfare, and set about fitting it up. It was a miserable tumble-down affair at the best, and after looking it over thoroughly, he came to the conclusion that as he had a very long lease, and could, without doubt, get a longer one still if he desired to, he might about as well build a new structure outright. He arranged with the owner to take a twenty-five years' lease. He merely stated that he would build a business block, and no further questions were asked. As he left the room, the son of the owner, a boy about eight years of age, asked:

"Papa, what kind of a building will that man put on your lot?"

"I don't know, my son; a fine one, I think. Why do you ask?"

"Because he stays in a saloon all of the time, and I wondered if he would build a new saloon on that corner. Do you think he will, pa?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Well, why didn't you ask him, pa? Didn't you care what he built? Will you let him build a saloon?"

"I have no right, son, to dictate what he shall use the building for. I leased the place to him for business purposes. I didn't ask what sort of business he was going to carry on there."

"But, pa, isn't a saloon wicked?"

"Certainly, my son, but go and play; I must write some letters."

"Yes, pa; but isn't it wrong for you to let him build a saloon there?"

"William Henry, will you be quiet? Don't you see that I am writing," said the father, angrily.

"Yes, pa," said the lad. "But may I go out for a walk?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, and the boy took his hat and went out and stood on the front door-step. Less than a block away stood the man who had just leased his father's lot, and the boy ran down to talk to him. He was very pleasant, and had chatted with the child before his father came in, and the lad seemed greatly attracted to him. After the man had finished his conversation with some persons who had stopped him, he turned to the boy, and asked,

"Well, my little man, where are you going?"

"Out for a walk, sir."

"Will you walk with me?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if you please. I want you to tell me something."

"What is it?" said the man.

"What kind of a building are you going to put up on my pa's lot?"

"A four-story, basement and sub-basement building, I think. Why?"

"What are you going to use it for?"

"Oh, offices, perhaps; flats may be; I don't know."

"Will there be flats down-stairs on the ground floor?"

"I think not. That will probably be used for a lunch-room."

"What sort of a lunch-room—like this?" pointing to an oyster-house where many persons sat at small tables eating

"No, not exactly," said the man.

"What kind, then, like the one over on the Avenue where I saw you yesterday?"

"Well, yes, more like that, I think."

"Isn't that a saloon?"

"Yes."

"Why did you call it a lunch-room?"

"Because it is customary—sometimes."

"Is a lunch-room always a saloon?"

"Not always."

"Is a saloon always a lunch-room?"

"Usually, yes."

"Do they always have things to eat in saloons?"

"Generally they do, in all first-class saloons."

"The same things that they have in restaurants and hotels?"

"Not altogether. They have salads, and meats, and sandwiches, and such things."

"Do men go there to buy them when they are hungry?"

"No, they don't sell things to eat there. The men go in and eat what they want, but they don't pay for the food."

"Don't they pay anything?"

"Oh, yes, they pay for things that they drink."

"Well, why don't they pay for what they eat? Don't the things cost the man that keeps the place anything?"

"Oh, yes, they cost him a great deal of money."

"Are they good things?"

"Certainly, they are always the best that the man can find."

"Then why don't the men who come in and eat there pay the man for them?"

"Because it is customary to have what is called a 'free lunch' in such places."

"But how can the man afford to keep such a nice building and put such fine things in it? I have seen them take splendid things into that saloon on the Avenue. He can't make any money giving away things to eat, can he?"

"No, he doesn't make money that way."

"How does he make it, then?"

"On things to drink."

"But can he make enough on the things to drink to pay for all of the food and other things they have there, and the drink, too?"

"Well, yes, it seems that he does."

"What kind of things do they drink?"

"Oh, beer and wine, and other things."

"What other things?"

"Whiskey and rum and gin and brandy."

"Don't they keep tea and coffee and chocolate and milk?"

"I don't think that they do."

"Would some of the men want to drink them, if they were there?"

"They might."

"And why wouldn't the man want them to?"
 "Because it would not pay, I suppose."
 "Does the man make so much more money on the liquors than on the tea and coffee that he likes to sell them better?"
 "Well, I don't know. I think it is because it is not customary to keep such things in such places."
 "Does whiskey hurt men that drink it?"
 "Sometimes."
 "Isn't it wicked to sell it to them to hurt them?"
 "Some people think it is."
 "Do you think it is wicked?"
 "Well, yes, rather—that is, sometimes."
 "Did you ever sell any liquor to a man?"
 "Yes."
 "How many times?"
 "Oh, a great many times."
 "A thousand times?"
 "Yes."
 "More than that?"
 "Yes."
 "Did you ever sell liquor to a man till he was drunk?"
 "Yes."
 "A good many times?"
 "Yes, a good many times."
 "Does a man swear when he is drunk?"
 "Sometimes."
 "Did you ever hear a drunken man swear?"
 "Often."
 "Is it wicked to swear, then?"
 "Yes, I suppose so."
 "Did he swear because he was drunk?"
 "Possibly."
 "Was it wicked for you to sell liquor to the man till he was drunk and swore?"
 "I suppose so."
 "Didn't the liquor make him swear?"
 "Sometimes. They don't always swear."
 "Did you ever see a man that was drunk kill another man?"
 "Yes."
 "Would the man kill anybody if he had not been drinking liquor?"
 "I don't think he would."
 "Did you sell him the liquor that made him kill the other man?"
 "Yes."
 "Will God blame you for it?"
 "I don't know."
 "What did they do with the man that killed the other one?"
 "They hung him."
 "Did they do anything to you?"
 "No."
 "Why not?"
 "Because I didn't hurt the man."
 "But didn't you make the other man do it?"
 "No, of course not."
 "But you sold him the liquor, didn't you?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, weren't you to blame, then, because the man was killed?"
 "Some people might think so."
 "Well, you know they put a man in prison because he built a house that fell down and killed some one. Is that any worse than to sell liquor to a man till he kills another man?"
 "I don't suppose it is."
 "Then why didn't they hang you, too?"
 "Because I didn't kill the man."

"Well, the man that was put in prison didn't really kill the people that the house fell on, because he wasn't there at the time, but they put him in prison all the same. Isn't it worse to give a man something that makes him kill somebody right off than to pile up a lot of bricks and go away and let them fall down and kill people just when they happen to?"
 "I should think it would be."
 "And are you going to keep the saloon yourself when you get it built?"
 "Yes."
 "And will you sell liquor to anybody that wants it?"
 "Yes."
 "If a man comes in from his work and brings the money that he has earned, all of it with him, will you sell him liquor until he pays it all out?"
 "If he wants it."
 "Well, will you if you know that he has little boys and girls at home that haven't anything to eat?"
 "I suppose I will, if he wants it."
 "If his little boy comes and cries for his pa to go home and get them something to eat, what will you do?"
 "Tell him to go away, I suppose."
 "Will you scold him and drive him away?"
 "Perhaps."
 "Why? because it might make the other men stop drinking if he should stay?"
 "May be."
 "Would you give him anything to eat?"
 "No."
 "Why, because he might come again?"
 "Why should he come again?"
 "To get his pa to go home. If he should go away some cold night and freeze to death before he got home, would you be glad because he couldn't come and trouble you any more?"
 "I shouldn't be glad that he died."
 "But wouldn't you be kind of satisfied?"
 "I don't know."
 "What if the little boy's mother and all of the other children froze to death because there wasn't any coal, because the man gave you all of the money for liquor, would you feel bad?"
 "I don't think I should know anything about it."
 "Would you try not to know?"
 "Possibly."
 "If a man killed another man in your new saloon and the blood ran all over the carpet, what would you do?"
 "Get a new carpet, I suppose."
 "Would it soak through and make a spot on the floor?"
 "It might."
 "Would you put the carpet down over it?"
 "I presume so, if it couldn't be washed off."
 "Would you know that the spot was there on the floor?"
 "Yes."
 "Would you like to walk over it?"
 "I should not think about it."
 "Could you help it?"
 "After awhile."
 "Would you like to stay there after it was all dark?"
 "I shouldn't care about it."
 "Would the other men know that the spot was on the floor?"
 "I don't think they would."
 "Would you tell them it was there?"
 "No."
 "Would God know it was there?"
 "I suppose so."
 "Can a man's blood cry?"

"I don't think so. What do you mean?"

"The Bible says: 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.' But it wouldn't be your brother, I suppose. You wouldn't let a man kill your brother, would you?"

"Not if I could help it; but I haven't any brother."

"Would it be wicked for you to let a drunken man kill your brother?"

"Certainly."

"Well, isn't it just as bad if he kills any other man?"

"Yes."

"Have you got any boys and girls?"

"Yes, three boys and two girls."

"How old are the boys?"

"One is sixteen, the others are eighteen and twenty-two."

"Do they help you in your saloon?"

"No."

"Why don't they?"

"Because they are not in this city."

"Do they know that you sell liquor and make men drunk?"

"No."

"Why don't you tell them? Would they think it was wicked?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they might."

"Do you ever give them liquor to drink?"

"No."

"Does any other man give it to them?"

"I hope not."

"Would you be angry?"

"Yes, very."

"How do you know but some man is selling liquor to them when you are not there to take care of them?"

"I think I should find it out if they drank it."

"Is it any more for some other man to sell liquor to your boys than for you to sell it to other men?"

"I don't suppose it is, but it seems worse."

"Has a man a right to sell liquor to make men drunk?"

"Oh, yes, if he has a license."

"What is a license?"

"It is a permission granted by the city authorities to sell liquor, or to do various other things."

"Does having a license make it right to sell liquor?"

"Many people think it does not, but the law allows it."

"Can the law make it right for people to do things that are wicked?"

"Look here, my boy, you are getting too deep for me. The law can allow men to do a great many strange things. Just why honest men formerly made such laws is about as strange as why they will now let them stay after they are made."

"But can law make a wrong thing right?"

"No, never. But I must go and see about my building arrangements. Why don't you ask your father about such things? He is a great deal better able to answer you than I am. There, good-bye now," and the man turned away and walked rapidly down the street. Faster and faster he walked, but even with his increasing haste a chastising angel with a keen lash kept pace with him.

"Why didn't his boys help him? Why didn't he tell them what his business really was instead of representing himself as a broker, a dealer in stocks, and the Eastern agent for some mining companies? He had never felt his degradation and falsehood before. Chattering magpie, why did he listen to the boy?" But then the law allowed him to do this, and he would forget that he had heard such silly prattle, and he went into a saloon where he was accustomed to go, and meeting some acquaintances they called for drinks, and

in the course of the gossip and chat, and with the effects of the liquor that followed, the conversation with the boy passed from his mind. But it always came back when he was alone, and the only remedy was more liquor to benumb his brain. Recklessly he dashed into the work of his new building. He was untiring in his efforts to hasten its completion, and the contractors and workmen often wondered at the feverish eagerness he displayed over the most trifling details of the work.

At last the walls were up, the roof was on, and the inside work was begun. The man went to a lumber yard to select the boards for his floors. They must be smooth and even. The dealer had some that were especially desirable. As he looked at them there was a whisper in his ear, "would God know it was there?" The man staggered back and turned pale, for on the boards he fancied he saw blood stains as years before he saw them when the life-current of a boon companion trickled down upon the floor of the saloon he used to keep. Hastily explaining that he was ill and must go home, he almost rushed out of the yard and out of sight. When he sat down in his room there were beads of perspiration on his brow and his hands were trembling. "I can't get away from it," he said. "What fiend is this that follows me everywhere? Night or day, sleeping or waking, I cannot get away from it. Have the spirits of men that I have destroyed risen to haunt me? 'Can a man's blood cry?' What a dreadful question." Ah, it was crying with a voice so loud that he shuddered lest the whole world should hear it. He writhed in agony of soul. His boys! Was some man destroying them because he could not be there to look after them, and he groaned aloud. He had rested quite contented all these years with crime after crime, sin after sin accumulating on his soul. All at once came back the words of an old text, "Because vengeance against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore are the hearts of the sons of men fully set in them to do evil." Almost instantly followed another: "I will repay, saith the Lord." The words sounded in his ears like the blasts of doom. Had his time come at last? Were the judgments of Heaven about to overtake him? He seized his hat and started for the nearest saloon for a glass of liquor—two, three, a score if necessary; he must have something to drive away this horrible incubus that weighed him down. At the door he met one of the contractors who had come for some final and minute directions about the interior of the building. Together they went to the nearest saloon, and there the plans were spread out. After a glass of strong liquor the man felt better, and braced himself for the effort to go over the details of the finishing. The floor would be laid to-morrow. Ah! would he see those stains there? The workman went on with his talk, and loud in the ears of the wretched victim the avenging angel whispered the truth between the sentences.

"I think you said you would have the bar just here," indicating the point with his pencil.

"Yes." (That's where you will see men drink to destroy their bodies and corrupt their souls, the voice whispered.)

"And the cashier's desk will be here?"

"Yes." (Where you will take in the price of blood, and the money that should go to feed hungry wives and children. In that cash drawer are the wages of sin, which is death.)

"And the bookkeeper's desk will be here?"

"Yes." (There is where are kept the records of broken pledges, disregarded vows, blighted honor, and debased manhood.)

"You will have double swing doors with fancy ground glass, of course?"

"Yes." (By all means double doors, thick ones, to shut out the sight of that gilded hell from the unpolluted gaze

of innocence. But you cannot shut it up from the gaze of the Almighty.)

"By the way, there were some samples of carpet sent up to-day. There is a red wilton that would look well, also a green-shaded piece; will you look at them 'this afternoon?'"

"Yes." (Select the red one by all means. It will remind you of the blood that cries from the ground. Besides, it wouldn't show a little blood; it would not be necessary to get a new one if the man didn't bleed much.)

"How are the back rooms to be fitted up? Have you decided?"

Receiving no answer, the speaker looked up. His companion's eyes were set as though he looked past time into eternity. His hands were clenched, his lips were white, and through them came a voice that sounded strange and as though it came from afar.

"You will furnish them luxuriously. There will be light, and warmth, and comfort, and a genial welcome. There will be everything there to make a man forget his wife, his children, his honor, his manhood, and his God. The way to hell through those open doors will be made as alluring as the dreams of the Lotus-eater. There will be no thorns in the path, no toilsome exertion, no chill air, no glaring sunlight, no repulsive shadows, but all will be soothing, gentle, and refreshing. The choicest specimens of the painter's and sculptor's art will enchain the senses and lead mer. captive by their charms. The finest sensibilities will be appealed to, the most delicate taste gratified. And amidst these luxurious surroundings the young man will begin his career of sin. Vice will be gilded, draped, environed amid silks, satins, velvets, tapestries, and filmy laces, all giving forth sweet odors, and rustling languidly with the breezes blown from fountains of perfume. And all of this magnificence is bought with the price of souls. And on the walls, framed, may be, is a document granting permission to the owner or proprietor of the place to batter, deface, and destroy that which was made in the likeness and image of God. In the face of men who are intelligent, men who can read, men who have votes and help to make the laws that govern a free people, the presiding genius of this abominable maelstrom, this delusive Palace Beautiful, flaunts his permit from the government to delude, demoralize, and debauch the young men of our land. Rum consumed within these walls pays for all of this more than Eastern splendor. Are men blind? Do they willfully refuse to see that it is of their substance that this is created? Have they no homes, no wives, no children, no sanctuaries where the millions that are here swallowed could be more worthily bestowed?"

And if they are so blind, so weak, so deluded that they are unable to resist the allurements of the rum-shop, or the silken webs of the enchanted land of sin, let those men who have manhood, courage, and godliness rise in their might and with one voice protest against the disgraceful farce of licensing the ruin of the bodies and souls of men.

What a spectacle! A paternal government taking a price for the destruction of the people. A mother who for a certain specified sum grants a man permission to debauch her daughters. Merciful God! can these things be?

Go, rumseller, seek out the sons of the men who made these laws and number their daughters, and destroy them body and soul. Rob them of honor, shame, and integrity. Make their steps unsteady, their eyes dim, their faces bloated, their utterances thick and maudlin. Make them beggars. Tear their hearts asunder by the sight of their best beloved in rags and degradation and shame. For only in this way can the enormity of their sin be brought home to them. Only through some mortal agony can they come to the new birth of enlightenment that shall give them the

power to comprehend the meaning of the words: "*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.*" "*The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink. They are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.*"

The voice ceased, the man sunk upon the floor as one dead. They carried him to his room, and for days and weeks he raved in delirium. Eagerly he asked of his attendants: "Can a man's blood cry?" "Can the law make it right to do a wicked thing?"

Those who cared for him will never forget the earnestness with which these questions were continually repeated and the evidences of the mental torture that wrung them from his parched and quivering lips. When at length his reason returned and he could comprehend all that had passed, he sent for the contractor and asked about the progress of the work. Nothing had been done, as they were waiting for further orders. Involuntarily the words "thank God" came to his mind, and he closed his eyes and motioned the man away. He would be alone with his thoughts. What did it mean? Was he saved through suffering? Why did his soul say "Thank God," even before he was aware of it.

Weeks afterward, when with slow and feeble steps he sought the street and mingled with the living tide of men, it was not a rumseller who walked there. His steps did not turn in the direction of the saloon, but to a green oasis in the great brick and mortal desert. For the first time in many years he craved a cup of the cold water that plashed from a fountain. As he grew stronger and his mind became clear, he repeated the resolve made in his first conscious moments. Never more should the question be asked him, "Why don't you tell your boys that you sell liquor?"

The man has a home now. A wife and children look every night for his coming and welcome him with gladness. He can tell them truthfully what is his business. His sons assist him, and they are prosperous. Much of his time is given to a work to which he has consecrated his life—the grand and glorious work of PROHIBITION. His name stands high up on the roll of honor, and is known all over the land. He is not a politician; he is a man and a Christian. He knows no platform or dogma, no law or ordinance that has not for its foundation and cap-stone and its outermost circumference *absolute*, UNQUALIFIED, peremptory PROHIBITION.

The Plea of the Republican Leaders.

PLEASE, Mr. Liquor Dealer, won't you come into our parlor, we have been trying to make our platform ever so accommodating. We cannot drive away the temperance people any longer, and we must do or say something to pacify them, but we promise you, Mr. Liquor Dealer, that we will "give Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled."

You know we cannot spare the temperance vote; they are now flocking over to the Prohibition Party in such numbers that we are obliged to say anti-saloon and such other platitudes, but it will be all right in the end, help us just once more; do stay with us through another Presidential election; we will always so arrange to vote on the amendment for a change in the Constitution so that it will not pass, but you know we cannot say so out loud, but you have always found us true to your interests. Now, Mr. Liquor Dealer, take our word for it, we promise that nothing shall be done to interfere with your interests and all that we shall say or do will be to throw dust in the eyes of those fanatical temperance people. Now, Mr. Liquor Dealer stay by us for the present, won't you please do.

Prohibition Booming.

THE cause of Prohibition is booming so efficiently and with such rapid progress that all ordinary calculations are at fault—hardly a single State is now without its full representative character made apparent in its various election districts.

Each State, county, and congressional district are holding conventions, and every town is alive with Prohibition Lectures, and demanding Prohibition Literature. New recruits and converts with active demonstrations of a wide-spread enthusiasm are falling into the ranks, and it seems that we may expect a boom for Prohibition this fall that will bring consternation in both the Republican and Democratic Parties. The Fisk boom in New Jersey is one of the marvels of our political times. It has now become so certain that Fisk will receive a majority of the votes cast that there is hardly a question about it. This conceded will prove one of the most astonishing developments ever brought about in the history of our country in so short a time, and gives promise of the possibility of carrying the next Presidential election for Prohibition with its glorious results to follow. Verily a new resurrection of moral and intellectual activity is taking possession of the minds of the people that means real progress, and that the saloon must go, and much quicker than we could at first have anticipated.

The Temperance Prohibition Contests.

THE contests among the children for the Demorest Medal has become quite a feature in the schools of our city, especially the Sabbath schools.

About a dozen of these contests have already taken place, and we learn that there are now about thirty more under way, so that when the fall opens there will undoubtedly be one or more of these contests held in every Sabbath school, and numerous other schools in this city.

The plan comprises the offer of a silver medal for the best recitation, where from five to ten children under twenty-one years of age engage in the recitations. The pieces to be selected from the recitation-book furnished. Three judges are appointed, who are not known to the children, and their decision is final. Those who receive the silver medal will be entitled to compete in a combination of a larger district for a gold medal, and those again for a larger and more costly gold medal, and the final competition will be for a number of gold and silver medals, including one set with diamonds. This contest to be held in one of our larger halls, and will undoubtedly be an affair of much interest.

A Glorious Resurrection.

THE present Prohibition movement is the most promising and certainly the greatest epoch in the history of our country.

It does not require much of a prophet's vision to see the bright glimpses of the coming revolution that is so soon to sweep this curse of all curses, the liquor traffic, into the deep gulf of annihilation, and this revolution will do more to clarify and elevate the moral tone of the people and dignify our civilization than all other influences of a human character combined. This new departure that is now so certain to culminate into a grand uprising has taken most of the politicians by surprise. This radical and dignified crusade for a righteous modification of statute law to prohibit the liquor traffic has been the result of the defiant character of the rum-sellers, and their arrogant demands for concession and legal claims to respectability. The people are now determined, and their determination is taking a very active form.

Prohibition has become the rallying cry for young men and old men both of whom are forming into Prohibition Clubs all over the land. In New York, New Jersey, and all the New England States, and all over the West the people are hurrying forward with zeal and enthusiasm. The South are combined, and in every section of the country Prohibitionists have their representatives in complete political organizations.

The church is taking an active political interest, and the atmosphere is full of Prohibition everywhere. We now feel some of the inspiration that was prevalent when the grand old party first developed into life and activity for the destruction of slavery. The lightning flashes of truth and the thunder of an awakened conscience are hurried along on a flood-tide of a heroic enthusiasm. This cyclone of moral revolution has developed with a rapidity that has astonished every body, and that the Prohibition Party will be triumphant in the near future, is as certain as the tides ebb and flow; nothing can now stay its onward progress.

The fiat of the people is: "The saloon must go."

The Outlook for Prohibition.

THE prospect that is now before the Prohibition Party for a grand success in the near future is much brighter than it was last year. Every voter is now canvassing the question, and it is very evident that a very large vote will be polled for Prohibition by the best elements taken from both of the old parties. From the best statistics that we are able to secure, we learn that the proportion will be about as follows: one-third from the ranks of Democrats, and two-third from the Republican. A wide-spread enthusiasm has sprung up among the people that demands the annihilation of the saloon, and as the curse of the liquor traffic has made itself more apparent by its arrogant claims to protection and respectability, the people are coming to be just as determined in their efforts to put the brand of infamy on the whole business by Prohibition.

Cuba is Free.

GLORIOUS news from Spain! Cuba is free!! We are rejoiced to find that the long delayed measure of justice has been accorded to the blacks of Cuba. The news comes in the following despatch:

MADRID, July 28.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day Señor Labra moved a resolution that the Government free as soon as possible the remaining 26,000 slaves in Cuba. The Government agreed to the resolution and it was passed unanimously. The President of the Chamber congratulated the members on the "crowning of the glorious work of the abolition of slavery,"

which will soon set the remaining 26,000 slaves in the Island free. Hurrah for Cuba! She now becomes a star of beauty in the grand galaxy of redeemed from the awful curse of human bondage. A final redemption from the curse of the liquor traffic will be the culmination of her great and glorious destiny as one of the gems of the ocean.

CROWDED meetings were held at several of the collieries in England protesting against the recent agitation in regard to the employment of women. A bill to put a stop to which had been prepared by Mr. Childers, M. P. The women themselves headed deputations and sent petitions, praying to be allowed to continue to earn a livelihood for themselves and children, declaring the work better and more agreeable than many forms of household drudgery, not unhealthful, not immoral, not degrading, and for many virtues, such unmarried women, the only alternate between the street and the poor-house.