

# Nine Monstrous Demands

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*"Do men gather grapes of thorns  
or figs of thistles?"--Jesus.*

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Some ten or eleven years ago we were asked to make an address at the first Anti-Saloon League Convention we ever attended. When we consented so to do, the one asking us to do the deed said: "What subject will you speak on?" Immediately this theme flashed into our mind, "The Saloon Tolerated, The Wonder of it." We gave that subject, and when the people gathered, spoke on that proposition. We remember the amazement that took possession of us as we studied the speech. We recall plainly the effect of that address on the great audience assembled. That view of the matter seemed never to have occurred before to the hearers any more than it had to us. Many a one came, and said: Why is it that, in a Christian land, in this 19th century of Christ's work on earth, the

people still tolerate such a horrid institution as the licensed liquor saloon?"

Allow us to suggest to you nine monstrous demands this traffic makes on the people—and, marvelous as it may appear the people seem to grant these demands.

### *The Traffic a Crime.*

The liquor sellers demand that the people shall agree to call their crime a business.

Although the truest men, the greatest statesmen and the makers of national prosperity, agree in naming the saloon a danger and a curse; and although our courts from the highest in the land down to the humblest justice court in our smallest hamlets, have denominated the saloon the breeding place of crime and the incubator of poverty, some way or other. the impudent demand of the saloon man is acceded to, and his damnable traffic is honored, while all legitimate activities are insulted, by calling-liquor selling a business. Think of the lumber business and the saloon being placed side by side and both called by the same honorable name! Imagine the grocer and the clothier as they minister to the needs of our home and loved ones being counted as on a par with the man who ruins souls, and blights the home! And yet that is the monstrous demand made by the saloonkeeper, and that has for years been allowed by our people.

### *A Financial Blunder.*

The liquor sellers demand that the people shall believe the traffic in intoxicants a financial benefit.

In twenty years, from 1888 to 1908, \$24,818,061,670 were spent directly over the bars of the saloons of our land.

The liquor traffic paid into city, county and state treasuries, and into the treasury of the United States, in that same twenty years, \$5,520,000,000. That is, taking into account every way in which the liquor helped in the support of national, state, county and city institutions, for every dollar that traffic gave for governmental support, local and general, it collected \$4.75 from the people. But that is not all.

National statistics show that there is an annual bill of \$75,000,000 as the cost of punishing crime and protecting life from the results of drink.

The United States Census Bulletin shows that there is invested at the present time over \$735, 000,000 in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. Consulting the "Bulletin of Manufactures" issued by the United States government it is revealed that liquor manufacturers employ one hundred men for each \$1,000,000 invested. That would show the liquor manufacturers of the country have employed 73,500 men all the time. Turn now to the factories where brass goods, hardware, silk and silk goods,



woolen goods, rubber boots and shoes and felt hats are made, and we find that in these, for every \$1,000,000 invested 655 men are employed. This would give, if the \$735,000,000 invested in the manufacture of strong drink, were invested in the production of these other goods, 481,425 men annually. Here is a loss in the number of men employed each year, of 407,925 men, and a loss of \$179,894,925 in wages annually.

Add to this the loss to the state of the years of sickness produced by alcoholism. Insurance tables show that drinking men are sick and under the doctor's care many times more days annually than teetotalers are, and that their lives are actually shortened by the drink habit. This loss runs up into the millions.

Compute also the loss of time by imprisonment of criminals. In one penitentiary in California on a certain date there were 1600 prisoners, 75 per cent of these were there upon account of drink. These 1200 whiskey prisoners stayed on an average of six years in the penitentiary. That would make 7,200 years every six years taken out of the producing power of the State of California.

\$441 is the average annual wage of a laborer. Here then is a loss of \$529,200 annually by the imprisonments in one penitentiary only. Consider now all the national prison houses and the loss must be tremendous. But this is only a part

of the loss. Yet the liquor men demand we shall say the traffic is a financial benefit.

### *Dishonorable Citizens.*

The liquor sellers demand that the people shall not look down upon them; but shall treat them as if they were honorable citizens.

For ten years the mass of the people in this land has been coming to the conclusion that the liquor traffic is a crime. It has always been acknowledged that he who incites to crime is himself a criminal. We recognize clearly now that a majority of the crimes of this wicked age are induced by intoxicants, or the persons committing them are put in the criminal spirit thereby. The logic is unerring. The seller of strong drink is engaged in a criminal business. How, then can the people look upon the saloon men as if honorable citizens?

Again, the students of criminology and heredity are thoroughly convinced, and are telling us constantly, that the drinking habit is the most fruitful cause of physical and moral degeneracy. Criminally disposed youths of both sexes are more likely in the proportion of 6 to 4 to be found among the children of drinking parents. A diseased and imbecile progeny is the certain fruitage of drunkenness in the parents and grandparents. Thousands and tens of thousands of these moral and physical degenerates are to be

found in our land. The proportion of these in every community, where drunkenness is common, is increasing at a most dangerous and shameful rate. No irregularity of life or hurtful habit contributes so greatly to this inheritance of shame and danger as the drinking habit. How can our people treat with respect, as if they were honorable citizens, the authors of all this wrong? To demand such a thing is monstrous, to grant it is unthinkable. They are not honorable, and no amount of calling them so will change the fact.

Among our best and most honorable citizens are our public school teachers, and professors in our institutions of higher education. With great care and at great expense they have prepared themselves to educate our young people. They inculcate lessons of loftiest purpose and sturdiest virtue. They invoke the noblest and purest lives of the past as ideals toward which they direct the attention of our boys and girls. With most self-sacrificing effort they seek to raise our young people to grand manhood and womanhood.

The very opposite and anti-Christ of all this effort is the influence of the liquor saloon. Nothing so neutralizes good impulses and shatters high ideals as does the drinking habit, nor embrutes and debases like drunkenness. This last is the legitimate fruitage of the liquor traffic.

The saloonist stands as the very antithesis of the school teacher and college professor. How can our people look upon such men as honorable?

High above every other sacred thing in our national, social and individual life is the cross of Calvary, on which our Lord wrought out the soul's redemption. That cross stands for self-sacrifice. The good of others brought the Lamb of God to Golgotha. The extreme selfishness that prompts the liquor traffic makes it the natural enemy of the cross and its evangel. How can the lovers of the Lord, and anyone who loves his fellows, look with other than disapprobation and condemnation upon a traffic that stands athwart the path of the world's salvation? How can they hold as honorable those whose whole activity fastens more firmly upon the bodies and souls of men the sentence of damnation issued against the drunkard?

#### *Agents of Debauchery.*

The liquor seller demands that parents shall calmly allow the saloons to make drunkards of their boys and prostitutes of their girls, and utter no protest.

Statesmen, laboring for the country's good, judges expounding the law from the seat of justice, scientists declaring what results come from alcoholic indulgence, ministers of the gospel pleading for a better chance for our children than their fathers and mothers enjoyed, unite



in declaring the saloon to be the active foe of childhood, youth and age, and of all the influences leading to misery shame and ruin, there is none so bad as the influence of the saloon. An examination of the records of reformatories shows the great and increasing number of boys and girls going astray, and that their straying is due to the liquor traffic. If one shall visit our penitentiary he is amazed to find what a large proportion of the convicts are but recently from the fireside of home, and from beneath the instruction of loving parents. Consultation of the records of the causes of incarceration shows cause for charging the downfall of the greater number to the liquor traffic. Call at the popular saloon in the city of Portland, or any other city of our state or our land, and you will find the most gladly welcome customer at the bar is the young man whose life is yet all before him, and who therefore promises most to the cash box of the saloon man. Visit the cafe that caters to the pleasure lover and you are first and most powerfully impressed with the fact that most of the habitués are young people whose parents are not yet done worrying over their uncertain course in life. And yet, with all this in mind and in sight, the parents of these youths and maidens are expected to look calmly on while this transmutation of their loved ones from decency to indecency, from innocence to

crime, goes horribly forward. Is not this a monstrous demand? Is it not most inhuman to expect that it shall be conceded? Yet this is what the saloon man means when he asks for a license. He knows as we all know that the saloon can no more run without boys and girls than a saw mill can run without logs. This is what our public officials mean when they grant the license to run a saloon for they know as well as they know anything that the saloons they are licensing will ruin boys and girls. This most inhuman and monstrous demand of the saloonist is not one whit more inhuman and monstrous than the permission of the authorities and the consent of the people that the saloon shall be licensed. O, inhuman old Pharaoh, as he commands the Hebrew babies to be cast into the Nile! O, monstrous old Herod, as he murders the innocents in Bethlehem! These murderers were in the early days of human civilization, or in the days when human life was at the cheapest figure, and lust was personified by a Caesar or a Pharaoh and reigned supreme in Rome and in Cairo. What shall we say of this twentieth century of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ? What of our American people and American civilization? Here, for a price, we are annually sacrificing to the god of lust and drunkenness thousands of our fairest and best. And we are expected to do this and make no complaint. Each

home is expected to provide a boy or a girl as a sacrifice and do it without murmuring. O monstrous demand.

### *Cess Pools in Residence Sections.*

The liquor sellers demand that the people looking for good home locations shall not consider the presence in any community of liquor saloons as a drawback.

A train of three sections of eighteen cars each, coming from the east, loaded with home seekers, pulled into one of our Oregon cities where saloons are greatly in evidence. For the five minutes the train stopped, some of the inquiring passengers were out to look about. Said one large hearty jovial homeseeker, as he took one look about and caught sight of saloons on every hand, "Well, this is no place for us. We have had enough of the saloon back East. The place that gets the crowd on this train will have to show a clean sheet on the saloon question. Let's get on board boys." A saloon man who heard the remark swore loud and deep at this expression of dislike of the saloon. He called the temperance passengers several kinds of fools, and went, like a spider dissatisfied at a fat fly, back into his den where he was heard to hold forth in condemnation of all such narrow minded fanatics. A "half-shot" saloon loungeur who heard all and saw how angry the saloonkeeper was said, "Well, I'm sorry I didn't have the same sense when I came to Oregon five years ago. I might

have the price of a dinner now, but instead all my earnings have gone into that old devil's pocket." There's the testimony of the wise man who had the saloon as a destroyer of homes and was bound not to be caught by it, and of the foolish man who had been robbed and ruined by the traffic. And yet we are expected when hunting up our home places, to consider the saloon as no drawback.

Our real estate men never put on their advertisements—"First class saloons in our town"—as an inducement to prospective homeseekers. Booster committees who go over the state, and back through the eastern states, singing the praises of this section of country, never set out as an inducement—"Plenty of good saloons close at hand." The pictures distributed of town sites planned are marked church locations, grade and high school buildings, and such other features as promise a good and rapid development, but not one word of saloons. No mark on the map to indicate that here the inordinate thirst of the drinking man can be supplied from the stream of death that issues freely from the bung of the beer keg. Why? It would damn the whole thing. And yet we are expected to say nothing against the saloon in our home communities!

I have before me the Thanksgiving, 1909, copy of one of Portland's great dailies. In it Albany is puffed. Eugene



is praised. Corvallis is applauded. Other towns are set forth as representatives of push and prosperity. It is mentioned that Eugene and Albany and other dry cities have no saloons. This is given special prominence. But when Salem and Oregon City and Medford are exploited not one word is said about saloons existing within them. Why? It is the skeleton in the closet. It is the imbecile child in a large family of beautiful and smart children. We don't advertise our shame and disgrace. We don't advertise our drunkenness and crime mills when we want good people to settle among us. And yet we are expected to consider the saloon all right.

*Ashamed of Their Business.*

The liquor sellers demand that we do not charge drunkenness to the saloons. They declare drunkenness is not the legitimate result of their traffic, but only an incident thereof, and demand that we cease advertising them as drunkard-makers.

When the small boy, seeing a drunkard lying in the gutter in front of a saloon opened the saloon door, and said to the saloonkeeper, "Say, Mr. your sign has fell down," was caught and soundly cuffed by the indignant liquor seller. That's how they feel. That's how they would treat us all if they dared.

A queer old fellow, a great temperance advocate, in one of our California

communities, hit upon the following plan to propagate his doctrine of temperance. Being somewhat of a ready offhand crayon artist, he made a picture of a sheaf of wheat, a keg of beer and a drunken man prostrate beside the other two. Underneath he wrote these words "A shameful transformation." An attempt was made by the liquor men of the community to prevent his exposing this cartoon. The court refused to interfere. A bulletin board held the picture through a whole successful campaign. The liquor men object to the truth concerning their business being made public.

A poor drunken wretch went to sleep at the door of a saloon in one of our small towns. He settled down by and by till he lay on the stone pavement with his head pillowed on a beer keg. Some wag seeing the shameful sight, went into a nearby store and obtaining a sheet of paper and the use of a marking brush soon had a placard which said, "A specimen of the work done inside." This he took and tacked on the saloon wall above the sleeping drunkard. When the saloonkeeper saw it he tried to have the perpetrator of the joke punished. The magistrate to whom he went said to him, "There's no law on my books against truth like that." Nevertheless the saloonkeepers demand that we shall respect the business, which they claim is made respectable by the license they have obtained.

### *The Saloon a Gambling Den.*

The liquor seller demands that gambling shall not be charged to the licensed saloon.

A reform gambler told the writer that, "unless men can be made drunk gamblers cannot make a living. Only the drunken man will sit and be robbed of all his money by sharp practice men." Gamblers do not as a rule hire rooms and set up business therein for themselves. They hold forth in saloons, and "divvy up" with the owners of the establishments. The saloon fits men, young and old, to be victims of the gambler. And yet, with these facts before us, and confirmed both by the operators and the victims, the saloon man demands that we cease charging gambling to the saloon traffic. The facts substantiate our position and we shall continue to make the charge.

### *Unfit for Decent Society.*

The liquor sellers demand that they shall not be shut out of decent society.

The great fraternal organizations do not any longer receive them into membership. One after another the drink itself is being cut out of the gatherings of fraternal organizations by those in charge of the same. Catholic clergymen are more and more coming to declare against the traffic and are laying such stress on the danger and shame of the saloon keepers' job, that the liquor man is being ostracised among the members of

the Catholic communion. They are shutting themselves out of decent society by violating the fundamental principles in the creed of every church of Jesus Christ and in the declarations of every organization that has for its purpose fraternal love and service. How can people pledged to the Lord and to each other, to help towards the highest and best things receive into their honorable company, a class of men, the whole influence of whose life is to shame and destroy their fellow men.

### *"Leave us Alone."*

The liquor sellers demand that the church shall leave them to conduct their business unopposed.

This is the old cry of every wrong doer. "Leave us alone. What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazerath? Art thou come to destroy us before the time?

So said the evil spirits in the days of Christ's humanity. So they demand today. "Leave us alone," say the gamblers. "Leave us alone," say the procurers who lead astray many victims. "Leave us alone," is the demand of every criminal. That is all they wish. "Leave us alone."

Their demand is that the church of Christ shall give its time to the preaching of forgiveness and life eternal to the sinner, and not seek to prevent the sinner's going astray. That the minister of the gospel should spend his time in



perfunctory gospel work and not in seeking the arrest and punishment of those who set snares in the pathway of the weak and ignorant. "Leave us alone." in our licensed business of producing crime and misery. "Leave us alone," as we cut deeper all the time the lines of care on mother's face, crush day by day the heart of the wife, and orphan and dishonor the children in the home.

"Leave us alone," as we put obstacles in the way of the world's redemption. "Leave us alone." "Leave us alone."

The liquor men are going into this great struggle with these "nine monstrous demands" on their lips and in their literature. They expect the people to grant these demands and that they will prevail upon enough voters in Oregon to give them a longer lease of life that they may shame and disgrace still longer our state and all its people. Shall they do it, so far as you are concerned, my brother?

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