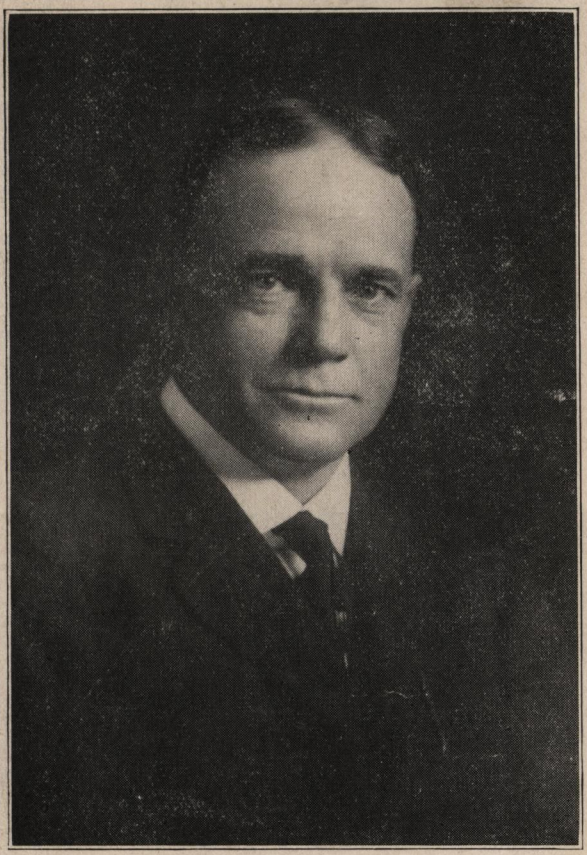
GET ON THE WATER WAGON



BY

WILLIAM ASHLEY SUNDAY

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Rev. William Ashley Sunday

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I am the sworn, eternal, uncompromising enemy of the Liquor Traffic. I ask no quarter and I give none. I have drawn the sword in defense of God, home, wife, children and native land, and I will never sheathe it until the undertaker pumps me full of embalming fluid, and if my wife is alive, I think I shall call her to my bedside and say: "Nell, when I am dead, send for the butcher and skin me, and have my hide tanned and made into drum heads, and hire men to go up and down the land and beat the drums and say, 'My husband, "Bill" Sunday still lives and gives the whiskey gang a run for it's money.' "

After all is said that can be said on the open licensed saloon, its degrading influence upon the individual, upon business, upon public morals, upon the home (for the time is long gone by when there is any grounds for argument, even its friends are forced to admit its vile corruption) there is one prime reason why the saloon has not been driven from the land long ago—that is the lying argument that saloons are needed to lighten taxes. I challenge you to show me any community, where a saloon license policy has lightened taxes.

Seventy-five per cent of our idiots came from intemperate parents. There are more insane people in the United States than students in the universities and colleges. In Kansas there are eighty-one counties without an insane man or woman. There are fifty-four counties that have no feeble-minded. Eighty per cent of the paupers are whiskey-made paupers. In Kansas there is only one pauper to every three thousand of the population. There are thirty-eight counties without a

pauper; there are eighteen counties, which do not even own a farm for the poor; there are only six hundred paupers in the state.

Ninety per cent of our adult criminals are drinking men, and committed their crimes while under the influence of Booze.

In 1914 there were sixty-five counties in Kansas, with no prisoners in their jails. In some counties they have not called a Grand Jury to try a charge in ten years.

The people have over $200,000,000 on deposit in the banks. The death rate is the smallest in the world—seven out of every one thousand of the population.

In the state of Massachusetts in ten years, the yearly average of crime has been thirty two thousand six hundred and thirty-nine cases, and thirty one thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight have been caused by drink. The Chicago Tribune kept track of the number of murders committed in the saloons in ten years and the number was fifty three thousand four hundred and thirty-six.

Archbishop Ireland said, "I find social crime and ask what caused it? They say 'drink!' I find poverty. What caused it? 'Drink!' I find families broken up and ask what caused it, they tell me 'drink!' I find men behind prison bars and ask, 'what put you here?' They say 'drink.' I stand by the scaffold and ask, 'What made you a murderer?' They cry 'drink! drink!' "

"If God would place in my hand a wand with which to dispel the evils of intemperance, I would strike at the door of every brewery, and every distillery, and every saloon until the accursed traffic was driven from the land."

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war, worse than pestilence, worse than famine. It is the crime of crimes. It is the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery, pauperism, and crime. It is the source of three-fourths of all the crime, thus it is the source of three-fourths of all the taxation necessary to prosecute the criminals and care for them after they are in prison. To license such an incarnate

fiend of hell is one of the blackest spots on the American Government.

"Why anti-saloon?" asks someone. "Why not anti-grocery store, anti-dry goods, anti-furniture, anti-bakery, anti-butcher shop, anti-boot and shoe store, anti-coal yard? Why single out this one business and attack that?"

"Anti-Saloon." Who is against it? The church is against it, the school is against it, the home is against it, the scientific world is against it, the military world is against it, the business world is against it, the railroads are against it, and every world-wide interest on earth, except the underworld, the criminal world, the immoral world and the world of crime. All cry "away with the saloon. Down with these licensed distributing centers of crime, misery and drunkeness!"

What is this traffic in rum? "The devil in solution," said Sir Wilfred Lawson, and he was right. "Distilled damnation," said Robert Hall, and he was right. "An artist in human slaughter," said Lord Chesterfield, and he was right. "Prisoners General driving men to hell," said Wesley, and he was right. "More destructive than war, pestilence and famine," said Gladstone, he was right. "A cancer in human society, eating out its vitals and threatening its destruction," said Abraham Lincoln, he was right. "The most ruinous and degrading of all human pursuits," said Wm. McKinley, he was right. "The most criminal and artistic method of assassination ever invented by the bravos of any age or nation," said Ruskin, he was right. "The most prolific hot-beds of anarchy, vile politics, profane ribaldry and unspeakable sensuality," said Charles Parkhurst, he was right. "A public, permanent agency of degradation," said Cardinal Manning, he was right. "A business that tends to lawlessness on the part of those who conduct it and criminality on the part of those that patronize it," said Theodore Roosevelt—he was right. "A business that tends to produce idleness, disease, pauperism and crime," said the United States Supreme Court, and it was right. "That damned stuff called alcohol," said Bob Ingersoll, and Bob was right that time sure.

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, at the International Congress on Alcoholism, said, "after forty years at the Bar and ten years as a judge, I have no hesitancy in saying that ninety per cent of the crime is caused by strong drink."

Who foots the bills? The landlord who loses his rent, the baker, butcher, grocer, coal man, dry goods merchant, whose goods the drunkard needs for himself and family, but cannot buy—the charitable people, who pity the children of drunkards, and go down in their pockets to keep them from starving—the tax payers, who are taxed to support the jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, almshouses, reformatories that this cursed business keeps filled.

Who makes the money? The brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers, who are privileged to fill the land with poverty, wretchedness, madness, crime, disease, damnation, and death, authorized by the sovereign right of the people, who vote for this infamous business.

For every $800.00 spent in producing useful and necessary commodities, the working man receives $143.50 in wages. For every $800.00 spent in producing booze, the working man receives $9.85 in wages.

The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for the working man to dump his wages in as any thing I know of.

To know what the devil will do, find out what the saloon is doing.

The man who votes for the saloon, helps the devil get his boy. The man who doesn't believe in a hell, has never seen a drunkard's home. The devil and the saloon-keeper are always pulling on the same rope.

Last year the farm products were valued at about $5,073,997,594. The brewers used 38/100 of one per cent. The corn crop was 2,463,017,000 bushels. At 70 cents per bushel, it would make $1,724,111,900. The brewers and distillers used less than 2 per cent; I will say 2 per cent, so my figures will run even.. 2 per cent of 2,463,017,000 would be 49,260,340 bushels, at 70 cents a bushel would be $34,482,238. The saloon

advocates cried, "if you vote out the saloons there will be a panic, the farmer will get nothing for his corn." In the past three years we have voted out of business 24,000 booze joints and the farmer receives more for his corn than ever. I believe if every saloon were voted out, it would not effect the price of corn 2 cents a bushel; furthermore, the hungry women and children of the drunkards, who have not had a square meal for years would eat up in one week the 2 per cent of corn used by the brewers and distillers in manufacturing the double distilled liquid damnation.

The entire income to the Government, to all the States and cities and towns in revenue and license was about $350,000,000. You say, that's a big pile of money; so it is, but wait a minute! Last year the working men spent $2,290,500,000 for drink. It cost us to care for the products of the saloon, $1,200,000,000. In other words the output for the saloon, adding these amounts was $3,490,500,000. Subtract from that the income of $350,000,000; that leaves $3,140,500,000 that the saloons cost us, purely from the standpoint of cold money.

I could build 1,570,250 houses for the working people and pay $2,000 for each house with the money we spend for booze in one year. If made into $20 gold pieces and piled one on top of the other they would make a column 136 miles high. If made into silver dollars and laid side by side, they would reach 3,615 miles. If made into dimes it would be long enough to wrap a silver belt ten times around the world. In ten years I could build a silver automobile road to the moon.

The corn crop last year was $1,724,111,900; the wheat crop last year was $878,000,000; the cotton crop last year was, $520,000,000.

We spend each year more than four cotton crops, more than three wheat crops, more than one and one-half corn crops. We are all interested in good roads. The most beautiful and picturesque highway in the United States is the Columbia Highway, carved out of the sides of the Cascade Mountains, along the Columbia River, from Portland, Oregon to Hood River, a

distance of about one hundred miles, but that only cost a few hundred thousand dollars.

The office of public roads in the Department of Agriculture figures the cost at $6,500 per mile to macadamize a road 16 feet wide and 7 inches thick. I will be liberal and say $25,000 for every three miles. $2,290,500,000, the amount spent for booze in one year, will build 300,000 miles of highway. Figuring the distance from New York to San Francisco at 3,000 miles, that would build 100 macadam highways. If the width of the United States from Duluth to New Orleans is 1200 miles that would build a road every twelve miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The railroads are capitalized at $20,247,301,257. It would take just eight years to reproduce the railroads with the amount we spend for liquor each year.

The Treasury Department reports there are 7,581 National Banks in the United States.

Capital, $1,065,951,505.

Surplus, $726,935,755.

Total Capital and Surplus, $1,792,887,260.

Yet the money we spend for drink in the United States in one year yould duplicate all the National Banks' capital and surplus and leave a balance of $700,000,000.

There are 19,240 other banks than national—that is, State and private banks.

Capital, $1,073,881,738.

Surplus, $991,147,876.

Total Capital and Surplus, $2,065,029,614.

The amount spent for drink in one year would furnish the capital and surplus and leave $400,000,000. The amount spent for drink would, in two years duplicate the capital and surplus of all the banks in the United States and leave $1,000,000,000.

The Panama Canal, perhaps the greatest engineering feat of all time cost $400,000,000 yet we could build six Panama Canals each year with the money spent for drink. I think

to licence an institution that produces such misery is one of the darkest spots on our Government. I wish I could arouse every one to an uncompromising fight against the liquor traffic.

When cities get out boom editions, how many call attention to the fact that it is saloon dominated? There is no place outside the brothel, where the atmosphere is so saturated, there is no place where you can meet the filthiest characters. It is the stem around which clusters most of the infamies. The saloon unfits its owners, bartenders and patrons for the duties of citizenship. It is usually found in political alliance with keepers and supporters of gambling dives. Gambling houses and houses of prostitution are usually so closely allied with the saloon, that when the saloon is driven out they go.

The saloon is usually found in partnership with the foes of good government. It supports the boodle alderman, corrupt law maker, the political boss and machine. It only asks to be let alone in its law nullifying, vice and crime producing work. I have never known of a movement for good government that was not opposed by the saloon. If you believe in better civic conditions, if you believe in a greater and better city, if you believe in men going home sober, if you believe in men going to heaven instead of hell, then down with the saloon.

people are fit for liberty, the wrath of an outraged public will never be quenched until the putrid corpse of the saloon is hanging from the gibbet of shame; praise God from whom all blessings flow.

But, says the whiskey man, "if we haven't saloons, we will lose the trade of the farmers, they will not come to town to trade, if there are no saloons." I say you lie, and by that statement you insult one of the best class of men on earth—

The liquor interests are still fat—sleek—smug and powerful with many city, state, and national governments at their feet; and they are reaching out with their slimy hands to choke, throttle and assassinate the character of those whom it cannot debauch, and who dare attack their hellish business. But their doom is sealed. If the people are fit for self government, if the

and when you put up the howl that if there are no saloons in the town the farmer won't come there to trade, why do you dump money into politics and back legislatures into the corner to prevent the enactment of county local option. The argument is often used that if you close the saloons, you thereby close the breweries and distilleries and that will bring on a panic, for it will cut off the farmer's market for his corn, and that the brewer, who furnishes him a market for his corn is his benefactor. Let us see. A farmer brings to the brewer a bushel of corn. He finds a market for it. He gets fifty cents and goes his way, with the statement of the brewer ringing in his ears that the brewer is the benefactor. But you haven't got all the factors in the problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get a correct solution of a problem without all the factors in the problem. You take the farmer's bushel of corn, brewer or distiller, and you brew and distill from it four and one-half gallons of spirits. I don't know how much he dilutes them before he puts them on the market. Only the brewer, the distiller and God knows. The man who drinks it doesn't, but, if he doesn't dilute it at all, he puts on the market four and one-half gallons of intoxicating liquor—thirty-six pints. I am not going to trace the thirty six. It will take too long. But I want to trace three of them, and I will give you no imaginary stories plucked from the brain of an excited orator. I will take instances from the judicial pages of the supreme court and the circuit court judges reports in Indiana and in Illinois to make my case.

"A few years ago in the city of Chicago, a young man of good parents, good character, one Sunday crossed the street and entered a saloon, open against the law. He found there boon companions. There was laughter, song and jest and much drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drunk, his money gone, he was kicked into the street. He found his way across to his mother's home. He importuned her for money to buy more drink. She refused him. He seized from the sideboard a revolver and ran out into the street and with the expressed determination of entering the saloon and getting more drink, money

or no money. His little mother followed him into the street. His fond mother follows him into the street. She put her hand upon him in loving restraint. He struck it from him in anger and then his sister came and added her entreaty in vain. And then a neighbor, whom he knew, trusted and respected, came and put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness but in an insanity of drunken rage, he raised the revolver and shot his friend dead in his blood upon the street. There was a trial; he was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and when the little mother heard the verdict —a frail little bit of a woman—she threw up her hands and fell in a swoon. In three hours she was dead.

"In the streets of Freeport, Ill., a young man of good family became involved in a controversy with a lewd woman of the town. He went, in a drunken frenzy to his father's home, armed himself with a deadly weapon and set forth in the city in search of the woman with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met upon the public square in the city, in the daylight, in a place where she had a right to be, was one of the most refined and cultured women of Freeport. She carried in her arms her babe, motherhood and babyhood, upon the streets of Freeport in the day time where they had a right to be, but this young man in his drunken insanity mistook her for the woman he sought and shot her dead upon the streets with her babe in her arms. He was tried and Judge Ferand, in sentencing him to life imprisonment, said: 'You are the seventh man in two years to be sentenced for murder while intoxicated.'

"Last spring, in the city of Anderson, you remember the tragedy in the Blake home. A young man came home intoxicated, demanding money of his mother. She refused it. He seized from the wood box a hatchet and killed his mother, and then robbed her. You remember he fled. The officers of the law pursued him, brought him back. An indictment was read to him, charging him with the murder of the mother who had given him his birth, of her who had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death to give him life, of her who had looked

down into his blue eyes and thanked god for his life. And he said, 'I am guilty, I did it all.' And Judge McClure sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Now I have followed probably three of the thirty-six pints of the farmer's product of a bushel of corn and the three of them have struck down seven lives, the three boys who committed the murders, the three persons who were killed and the little mother who dies of a broken heart. And now, I want to know, my farmer friend, if this has been a good commercial transaction for you? You sold a bushel of corn; you found a market; you got fifty cents; but a fraction of this product struck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of your products for their life expectancy. And do you mean to say that is a good economic transaction to you? That disposes of the market question until it is answered, let no man argue further.

If ever there was a jubilee in hell it was when lager beer was invented.

I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people, for the people, and by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man, whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home—whatever degrades that man or woman—whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt. And if all the combined forces of Hell should assemble in conclave, and with them all the men on earth that hate and despise God, and purity, and virtue—if all the scum of the earth could mingle with the denizens of Hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to church and state, I tell you, sir, the combined hellish intelligence could not conceive of or bring forth an institution that could touch the hem of the garment of the open licensed

saloon to damn the home and manhood, and womanhood and business and every other good thing on God's earth.

In the Island of Jamaica, the rats increased so that they destroyed the crops, and they introduced the mongoose, which is a species of the coon. They have three breeding seasons a year and there are twelve to fifteen in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rats disappeared and there was nothing more for the mongoose to feed upon, so they attacked the snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards that fed upon the insects, with the result that the insects increased and they stripped the gardens, eating up the onions and the lettuce, and then the mongoose attacked the sheep, and the cats, and the puppies, and the calves, and the geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose.

The American mongoose is the open licensed saloon. It eats the carpets off the floor, and the clothes from off your back, your money out of the bank, and it eats up character, and it goes on until at last it leaves a stranded wreck in the home, a skeleton of what was once brightness and happiness.

Like a drummer on a railroad train. There were some men playing cards, and one fellow pulled out a whiskey flask and passed it about, and when it came to the drummer he said, "No." "What," they said, "have you got on the water wagon?" and they all laughed at him. He said, "You can laugh if you want to, but I was born with an appetite for drink, and for years I have taken from five to ten glasses per day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago, and I have a friend who has a pawn shop there. I was in there when in came a young fellow with ashen cheeks and a wild look on his face. He came up trembling, threw down a little package and said, "Give me ten cents." And what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes.

My friend said, "No, I cannot take them."

But he said, "Give me a dime, I must have a drink!"

"No, take them back home, your baby will need them."

And the poor fellow said, "My baby is dead, and I want a drink."

Boys, I don't blame you for the lump that comes up in your throat. There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." I say if the saloon, with its train of disease, crime and misery is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men—men that will fight—the church, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away, and thank God she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch.

Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

Who has the most money Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for a wage earner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and foul breath, and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character and you come out ruined. You go in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank, or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let your wife be buried in the potter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say that the saloon is a good institution, when it is the dirtiest thing on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man, not one thing.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what by high license? You might as well try and regulate a powder mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys or dirty money? A man that will sell out to that dirty business I have no use for. See how absurd their arguments are. If you drink Bourbon in a saloon that pays $1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays $500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you, whether the gang pays $500 or $1,000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter—it will have the same effect on you; it will damn you. So there is no use talking about it.

In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has recovered his reason, they have a room with a faucet in it, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor, they will parole him, but should he let the faucet run, they know that he is crazy.

Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jails, and Keeley cures, and reformatories. The only thing to do is to shut off the source of supply.

A man was delivering a temperance address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said, "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business, and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick. I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said, "By the way, I see there is a premium of so much offered for the best horse, and cow, and butter. What business are you in?"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business, and they ought to offer on the list $25 for the best wrecked home, $15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and $10 for the finest specimen of a broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give $5 for the finest specimen of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring

out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work and the canned fruit."

As Dr. Clinton Howard said: "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained glass doors, and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from the officers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills of lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food, so people won't know what is being sent to you. And so vile did that business get that the legislature of Indiana passed a law forbidding a saloon to ship goods without being properly labeled. And the United States Congress passed a law forbidding them to send whiskey through the mails."

I tell you it strikes in the night. It fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it cannot damn, and it lies about you. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief, it is not an ordinary court defender that steals your money, but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rags and takes away your friends, and it robs your family. It impoverishes your children and it brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and it will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children. It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed her infant. It will take the virtue from your daughter. It is the dirtiest, most low-down, damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of Hell. It is a sneak, and a thief and a coward.

It is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its

beer signs on the abandoned altars. It would close every public school. It respects the thief and it esteems the blasphemer. It fills the prisons and the penitentiaries. It despises Heaven, hates love, scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world and that to come. Its tables are full of the vilest literature. It is the moral clearing house for rot, and damnation, and poverty, and insanity, and it wrecks homes and blights lives today.

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. Yes, it sends the husband home with a lie on his lips to his wife; and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother; and it causes the employee to lie to his employer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. Seventy-five per cent of impurity comes from the grog-shop. It spares neither youth nor old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket for the baby to crawl into this world. It lies in wait for the unborn.

It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It puts the rope in the hands of the mob. It is the anarchist of the world and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children, and it sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln; it nerved the arm that sent the bullet through Garfield and William McKinley. Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against our flag and every anarchist plot against the government and law, was born and bred, and crawled out of the grog-shop to damn this country.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and the Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and the A. O. U. W., are closing their doors to the whiskey sellers. They don't want you wriggling your carcass in their

lodges. Yes, sir, I tell you, the curse of God is on it. It is on the down grade. It is headed for Hell, and by the grace of God, I am going to give it push, with a whoop, for all I know how.

We have in this country 218,000 saloons. Allowing 100 feet frontage for each saloon it would make a solid street from New York to Denver. 5,000,000 men, women and children go daily into the saloons for drink. Marching 20 miles a day, it would take them 30 days to pass a given point. Marching 5 abreast they would reach 590 miles. There they go, look at them! On the first day of January 500,000 of the young men of our nation enter the grog-shops and begin a public career hellward. I will let that frightful grist grind for one year and on December 31, I will ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloons, "On the first day of January I gave you 500,000 of the brain, brawn and young manhood of our land; you have had them one year. What have you to show for their 12 months in your keeping. I want them back and have come in the name of father, mother, sister, sweetheart, home, God and native land. Give me back what you have had. March out!

I count them and 165,000 have lost their appetites, and have become muttering, blear-eyed, blubbering drunkards.

What is that music I hear? A funeral dirge. Yonder goes a funeral procession 3,000 miles long. 600,000 men die from the effects of drink each year, 80 every hour, 2,000 each day. One man leaps from a train; another will plunge into a river; another will throw his hands to his head and cry mother, and his life will go out like a burnt match.

Do you know of any fellow, who died young because he did not drink? Do you know of any fellow who committed suicide because he drank too much water? Do you know of any fellow who killed his wife, because he drank too much coffee? The saloon is a murder mill and a poison factory. The only difference between a high-toned saloon and a low-down saloon is one smells bad and the other stinks.

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is at the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal

about what is called "personal liberty." These are fine, large, mouth-filling words and they certainly do sound first rate; but when you get right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse sense, you will discover that in their application to the present controversy they mean just about this: "Personal Liberty," is for the man who, if he has the inclination and the price, can stand up to a bar and fill his hide so full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time into an irresponsible, dangerous, evil-smelling brute. But "personal liberty" is not for his patient, long-suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children who, if they escape his insane rage are yet robbed of every known joy and privilege of childhood, and too often grow up neglected, uncared for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example before them; "personal liberty" is not for the sober, industrious citizen who, from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living, has to pay, willingly or not, the tax bills which pile up as the direct result of drunkeness, disorder, and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poorhouse in the land; nor is "personal liberty" for the good woman who goes abroad in the town only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crazed creature. This rant about "personal liberty" as an argument, has no leg to stand upon.

I stand in front of the jails and penitentiaries and count the whiskey-made criminals. One says, "Yes, Bill, I fired the gun." Another says, "Yes, I killed my wife." Another says, "Yes, I murdered my friend, I am waiting for the rope or the electrical chair." And it goes on, an endless procession. Let me summon the wifehood, and the motherhood, and the childhood and see the tears rain down the upturned faces. I tell you, tears are too weak for that hellish business; tears are only brackish tide water that well up at the bidding of some occult power.

There are 865,000 whiskey orphan children in the United

States; enough in the world to belt this globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

Like Hamilcar of old, who swore young Hannibal to eternal enmity against Rome, so I propose to perpetuate this feud against the liquor traffic, until the white-winged dove of temperance builds her nest on the dome of the Capital at Washington and spreads her wings of peace, sobriety and joy over our land and we can stand a free and sober nation and sing, "My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

As my friend Alex Cairns says, "We are getting wise to the con-game of the four-flushing rummies." It gives you bats in your belfry, floating giblets, and inflammation of the gizzard, and ingrowing coffin nails. The booze hates the trade union. Nobody ever heard of "Union made whiskey." Even a drinking bartender can't find a job. The railroads and steel mills and the manufacturers say, "No job for you, if you rush the growler."

"I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Come on, we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that dollar for a quart. It takes twenty cents to make a gallon of whiskey and a dollar to buy a quart. You say to the saloon-keeper, "Give me a quart." I will show you, if you wait a minute, how she is burned up. Here I am John, an old drunken bum with a wife and six kids. (Thank God, it's all a lie.) Come on, I will go down to a saloon and throw down my dollar. It costs twenty cents to make a gallon of whiskey. A nickel will make a quart. My dollar will buy a quart of booze. Who gets the nickel? The farmer, for corn or apples. Who gets the ninety-five cents? The United States Government, the big distillers, the big corporations. I am John, a drunken bum, and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grog-shop and throw down my dollar. The saloon-keeper gets my dollar and I get a quart of booze. Come home with me. I stagger, and reel, and spew into my wife's presence and she says:

"Hello, John, what did you bring home."

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home and fill my home with squalor and want. So there is the dollar. The saloon-keeper has it. Here is my quart. I have that. There you get the whiskey end of it. Here you get the workingman's home end of the saloon.

But come on; I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet, he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the traveling man, and the wholesale house gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the farmer that raised the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made worse for spending the money.

I join the Booster Club for business and prosperity. A man said: "I will tell you what it the matter with the country, it's over-production." You lie; it is under-consumption.

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger, is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on a shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whiskey gang has his money.

What is the matter with our country? I would like to do like this. I would like to see every booze-fighter get on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say: "Boys, let's cut her out and spend the money for flour, meat, and calico; what do you say?" Say!

Come on; I'm going to line up the drunkards. Everybody

fall in. Come on, ready, forward, march, right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of a butcher shop. The butcher says: "What do you want, a piece of neck?"

"No; how much do I owe you?" '$3.00.' Here's your dough. Now give me a porter house steak and a sirloin roast."

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon."

"Hello! What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

"What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. Hey, central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, pork, and mutton?"

They strip the slaughter house and then telephone to Swift, and Armour, and Nelson Morris, and Cudahy, to send down train loads of beefsteaks.

"What's the matter?"

"The whole bunch has gotten on the water wagon!"

And the big packers in Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton."

The farmers see the price of cattle and sheep jump up to three times their value. Let me take the money you dump into the whiskey hole and buy beefsteaks with it. I will show you what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side of Hell.

Come on; are you ready? Fall in! We line up in front of a grocery store.

"What do you want?"

"Why, I want flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"Pillsbury, Minneapolis, Sleepy Eye?"

"Yes; ship in train loads of flour; send on the fast mail schedule, with an engine in front, one behind and a Mogul in the middle."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze, and have begun to buy flour."

The big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over $2.00 per bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why, the whiskey gang has your money and you have an empty stomach, and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty business.

Come on, cut out the booze, boys. Get on the water wagon; get on for the sake of your wife and babies, and hit the booze a blow.

Come on, ready, forward, march! Right, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store.

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"Calico; all right, come on. The stores are stripped.

Hey, Marshall Field, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., J. V. Farwell, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for calico, we don't know what to do. And the big stores telegraph to Fall River to to ship calico, and the factories telegraph to buy cotton, and they tell their salesmen to buy cotton, and the cotton plantation man sees cotton jump up to $150 a bale.

What is the matter? Your children are going naked and the whiskey gang has your money. That's what's the matter with you. Don't listen to those old whiskey-soaked politicians who say "stand-pat for the saloon."

Come with me. Now, remember, we have the whole bunch of booze fighters on the water wagon, and I'm going home now.

Over here I was John, the drunken bum. The whiskey gang got my dollar and I got a quart. Over here I am John on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour, and calico, and I'm going home now. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home without booze."

Wife comes out and says: "Hello, John, what have you got?"

"Two porterhouse steaks, Sally."

"What's that bundle, Pa?"

"Cloth to make you a new dress, sis. Your mother had fixed your old one so often, it looks like a crazy quilt."

"And what have you there?"

"That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom; and here is some cloth to make you a pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often they look like the map of the United States."

What's the matter with the country? We have been dumping the money into the whiskey hole that ought to have been spent for flour, beef and calico, and we haven't that hole filled up yet.

A man comes along and says: "Are you a drunkard?"

"Yes, I'm a drunkard."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Hell!"

"Why?"

"Because the Good Book says: 'No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God,' so I am going to Hell."

Another man comes along and I say: "Are you a church member?"

"Yes, I am a church member."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Heaven."

"Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes!"

"Then you should go to Hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whiskey goes to Hell, the

man that votes for the saloon that sold the whiskey to him will go to Hell. If the man that drinks the whiskey goes to Hell, and the man that sold the whiskey to the men that drank it goes to Heaven, then that poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say, "Unjust! Unjust!" If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to Hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Some fellow says: "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

What is the matter with this grand old country of ours? I heard my friend, George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said:

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A saw mill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says:

"Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says:

"What kind of a mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says:

"Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill; what do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes, and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"American boys."

"Then I will pick the boys up and give them to you!"

A man says: "Hold on, not that boy; he is mine!"

Then I will say to you what a saloon-keeper said to me when I protested: "I am not interested in boys; to hell with your boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt, that have gone to the mat and taken the count."

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries, and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product of their dirty business. I tell you it is the worst business this side of Hell, and you know it."

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post of November 9th, 1907, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it: "It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return in dollars to your tills after the habit is formed."

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of Hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man, when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, pay taxes in money or in boys?

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattle snakes. He caught one with fourteen rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little five-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled out and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said: "The rattler has bit me."? The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jack-knife, he cut a chunk from the boys cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his normal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and his eyes roll, and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said: "Oh, God, I would not give little Jim for all the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge Mountains."

And I would not give one boy for every dirty dollar you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from every brewery and distillery this side of Hell.

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

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

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

You men now have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the pure, innocent children that climb up in your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men, who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and children and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in

the name of defenseless men and women and native land? No.

I want every man to say: "God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my home, my mother and my children and the manhood of America."

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, blear-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

If you knew that your boy with eyes so blue—
With manly tread and heart so true,
Should enter yonder bar-room bright
And stain his soul in one wild night.
What would you do then; what would you do?

If you knew that your girl with silken hair—
With winsome way and face so fair,
By felon drink at last were seen
To follow the steps of Magdalene,
What would you do then; what would you do?

If you knew that your wife through weary years,
Should drown her grief in bitter tears,
Because her boy of tender care
Was lured to death by liquor's share;
What would you do then; what would you do?

But you know, somebody's boy must lie,
In drunken stupor and must die;
Some girl go wrong in tender years—
Somebody's wife must sob in tears
What will you do then; what will you do?

—By Alex Cairns

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