IN VERMONT.

Farcical Enforcement of Prohibitory Laws in Green Mountain Towns.

(From the New York Sun.)

VERMONT has had Prohibition for over forty years, and from year to year the law has been tinkered and amended and made more stringent, until now, as the law reads and as facts show, it is really a bigger crime to sell rum in Vermont than to do murder.

There may, however, be a special fitness in this and a realization of a legislative effort to make the punishment fit the crime. This thought was aptly expressed one day in Rutland by a thirsty stranger who had been piloted to a drink dispensary. His guide had made the above remark about the relative risk run in selling a man drink and killing him, and the thirsty stranger, as he swallowed the fiery liquid set before him, remarked with hearty emphasis: "A man who sells stuff like that at twenty cents a drink ought to be hanged."

It is a fact that there is more vile liquor sold in Vermont than any where else on earth. Prohibition is responsible for this.

Of course, the authorities charged with enforcing the law know that liquor is sold, and they know where it is sold. But the places where it is sold are a source of revenue to the officers, and that is where the corruption comes in.

The law provides a punishment for "keeping" liquor and for "furnishing." A "first-offence" is punished by a fine of imprisonment, or both at discretion, while a "second offence" must be punished by imprisonment. The prosecuting officers are a "State Attorney" in each county, and a "grand juror," whose jurisdiction is confined to the town. Then there are the Sheriff of the county and his deputies, the local police force of the town, and a lot of special constables and Justices of the Peace. Some towns have an extra officer known as the "Special Prosecutor." In the town where liquor is sold all these officers make a good thing out of the fees.

The law is so worded that there is, if the prosecuting officers are so disposed, no limit to the number of times that a man can be arraigned for a first offence. Therein lies the gold mine which the officials work.

Suppose the Special Prosecutor, the State's Attorney, or the town grand juror, the policeman, the constable, or any one of the numerous army of officials feels in need of cash. He goes to a drug store or some other drink dispensary and has a talk with the proprietor. "I'll have to make a complaint against you, Tom," he says. "Suppose we make it twenty-five first offences."

Tom says that it is too high and proposes ten.

Then they "dicker" for a while, as if they were trading horses.

Finally a compromise is reached, perhaps on fifteen offences. The dealer goes into court, pleads guilty to fifteen "first offences," is fined $10 to each pays $150, and then goes back to his business. The officials connected with the prosecution and the court divide the $150 and then, probably, go over to their victim's place of business and take a drink.

Cases like these are of almost every day occurrence in Vermont towns. The dealers accept the situation as a matter of course and expect to be fined every now and then. They pay the fines as a license, and in the big towns many dealers pay as high as $1,500 to $2,500 a year each in fines.

Each sale, or rather each drink sold, constitutes an offence under the law, and the usual fine is $10. When business is good a prosperous dealer renders himself liable to fines of several thousand dollars every day. It is not surprising, therefore that he sells a poor quality of liquor and charges a big price for it.

AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

On the Prospects of Prohibition in Ontario.

THE Montreal *Trade Review* contains a very able article on "Prohibition Prospects in Ontario" as follows:

The large plebescite majority given in Ontario in favor of Prohibition naturally has made its advocates not only jubilant, but disposed to be imperative in their demanding legislation in its favor. A raid was made a few years ago, "a recognizance in force," as military men would say, upon and to awe the Ontario Government. Sir Oliver Mowat made a formal statement of his intentions to the deputation which they received as an assurance that Prohibition was in prospect.

We fear those excellent people are too excited to be critical of language used to them by ministers versed in the arts of diplomatic expression. Sir Oliver gave two alternative promises. If the decision of the Privy Council is that the local Government can enact a prohibitory law, then he will introduce one into the legislature, or, one which in the judgment of the Goverment is likely to be conducive to the interests of temperance. Sir Oliver Mowat is regarded as the highest authority on constitutional law, that is his great boast, as then he does not hold that his Government has the power to so far restrict trade and commerce as to stop the manufacture of liquors in Ontario, it may safely be concluded that he has no expectation of being called upon to keep either of his promises. Whether Prohibition is, or is not conducive to *temperance*, is a debated question, indeed it is difficult to see how people can show temperance in the use of an article which they cannot get! Temperance of use implies some use, therefore Prohibition utterly destroys temperance.

The universal experience in Scott Act counties was that the prohibited liquors could not be kept out, nor their sale stopped. How then can it be rational to suppose it possible to keep them out of all Ontario? It would be as effective to pass a law against the north wind. If one half the population of that Province were set to watch the other half, those who wished to refresh themselves by a favorite beverage would still secure it, as they do wherever Prohibition is supposed to be in force. The recent plebescite vote was regarded generally by politicians who know "the moves of the game," as a clever device to secure a vote which would be effective as an electioneering agent, and to draw attention away from certain movements that are threatening trouble to the powers that be in Ontario.

Hence the prodigious exertions made to draw out a full vote of all in favor of Prohibition. In rural districts the vote was large, but still only a little over one half the votes went to the polls. In cities, where the people are less under the control of professional "stumpers," and are independent of certain influences which make country people run in flocks, driven by emotional agitators, the vote was only 40 per cent. of the total. Had then the vote been unanimous it would have left an enormous number uncommitted to Prohibition, a number far too large to be coerced by legislation, which so many scores of thousands regard as unworthy of any respect, which therefore they would set at nought without scruple.

Sir Oliver's plebescite and its anticipated sequel of promises made to delight the Prohibitionist party, are highly interesting as exhibitions of political strategy —otherwise they have little practical value to those who are speaking of them as the dawning streaks of a Prohibition day. If those who make a handsome living—chiefly American agitators for cash—were out of the movement, the proposal to regulate the diet of the people by Act of Parliament would soon be laughed into oblivion.

WHAT PASSES FOR ARGUMENT WITH PROHIBITIONISTS.

DID you ever think how vicious, not to speak of the nonsensical side, are the average Prohibition arguments? Here is a sample. A cold water sheet gives this heading: "The unnatural act of a Minnesota father—Whiskey the only cause," —and follows with an account of a drunken man in Minnesota who shot and killed his twelve year old daughter.

What is its conclusion from this depraved act? It recommends the very simple, easy plan of depriving all men of their natural rights and thus preventing all unnatural fathers henceforth from shooting their twelve year old daughters while under the influence of liquor. Destroy the distilleries, breweries, and vineyards and make it a crime to produce any liquor or beer or wine, and such fiends will then have to be sober when they shoot their off-spring. And if they are sober these prohibs tell you they will never commit any crime, just as if fiends were angels except when drunk.

It does not matter that thousands of men in Minnesota that same day drank liquor, and did not shoot their daughters or do any other "unnatural" act. The cranks hold that the one fiendish act which they attribute to liquor ought to deprive all men of the right to regulate their personal habits and to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of properly using stimulants.—*The Champion.*

INVENTING A SUMMER DRINK.

"WHAT is the philosophy of the Rickey?" repeated Colonel Joe Rickey, of Missiouri, the other night in the lobby of the St. James, says the Herald. "I'll tell you.

"As you are aware, I have the doubtful honor of being the author of the 'Rickey,' a drink composed of cracked ice, lime juice, whisky and seltzer water. But I am not the author; I was merely its introducer to the East.

"My business takes me to Washington frequently, and Washington summers are as hot as Tophet. Cooling drinks are in demand during the heated term, and soon the merits of the combination I have described became generally known in Congressional circles.

"At first, after a round or two had been ordered at any bar and there was a demand to 'set 'em up again' the customer disliked to make the extended explanation of what he wanted and usually said 'That thing Rickey drinks.' As it happens I am known in one or two bars in Washington, and soon the order was contracted to 'Gimme a Joe Rickey.'

"In the course of several years this was abbreviated to 'Rickey.' As the bar trade in Washington is confined chiefly to periodical visitors from other parts of the country, the drink and the name it received in Washington was carried east, west, north and south.

"At least it went West," added Colonel Rickey.

"I was once in the bar of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, drinking ginger ale, when a gentleman came in and asked for a 'Rickey.' Yes, it was a proud moment for me.

"But you want the philosophy of the drink. Many years ago in St. Louis, which has a beer drinking population, I knew a doctor, and a German at that, who did not worship at the shrine of Gambrinus. His friends drank beer, but he would call for a glass of cracked ice, lime juice, whisky seltzer, and mix them for himself.

"He was always in splendid health, and when I asked him why he always drank that and nothing else, he entered into an analysis of the hygiene involved. He took the ice to cool, the whisky to stimulate, the lime juice to correct the acidity of the stomach, and the seltzer to prevent biliousness. His explanation made a profound impression upon me, and I have been a practitioner of this theory in a moderate way ever since."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

BEFORE the colonists threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, there had been rebellion in Charleston Harbor against the Stamp Act. Before the Declaration of Independence had been drawn up for signatures in Philadelphia, the Mechlenburg Declaration of Independence had been signed and promulgated in South Carolina. Before the Armies of the Potomac and the Missippi had decided to act, the sons of South Carolina had declared for secession against the union of the United States. They have always been a liberty loving people, coming as they do from a race who believe in individual freedom. They are hot-headed, but they are also honest-hearted, and to those who know them well, they are known as men who, while they may protect their faces from the sun's beams with a Palmetto leaf, they defend their liberty with more substantial weapons of offence and defence. The bottom rail is top there now, and, an Irby sits in mimic statesmanship, where a Calhoun sat in royal intellect; a Tillman rules where a Hampton guided. Demagogues cavil where diplomats instructed in the arts and excellencies of Statecraft. The grand old State has been made a monopoly barkeeper, the rights of private citizens have been wrested from them, the property of distillers and brewers has been confiscated, illegal whiskey points have succeeded legitimate saloons, blind tigers are where respectable *cafes* should be. The day is here when marshal law and the militia are required to enforce iniquitous law. The hour is near when such infamy will be overthrown by the sons of those who overthrew what we all condemn, and tried to overthrow that which was best left as it was. But the spirit of revolt is bred in the blood and shown in the bone of the South Carolinians.—*Ex.*

DANGERS OF THE TEA HABIT.

THE London *Hospital* has been sounding a note of alarm regarding the extent to which the habit of tea drinking is indulged, no less a quantity than 207,055,679 pounds having been consumed in Great Britain last year. This paper states that "not only are we yielding with all the weakness of an inebriate to the disease of nerve and stomach which excessive tea drinking brings in its train;" but, after instituting a comparison between teas of Chinese and Indian growth, it continues: "We drink more tea than our parents; we take it oftener, stronger and of coarser quality. The results are less obvious than those of alcoholic intoxication, but not less serious; and, in truth, the time may not be far distant when the earnest disciples of the new temperance will plead with us, with tears in their eyes, 'Give up this accursed tea and take to cocoa or even to beer.'"

Teacher—"What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder?"

Harry—"The end of a leather strap."