

3. *Because the Rumsellers like Moral Suasion alone.*

Joseph Cook says, "Tell me what the rumsellers want, and I will tell you what I, as a temperance man, do not want." The rumseller is yet to be found who does not dance to the piping of "moral suasion is sufficient." Why do they favour moral suasion? Because they *do not fear it*. They are quite willing for temperance people to pick up the *rubbish* they have made, and remove it out of their road; they are confident in their power to utilize the *new material*. They do not care so much for the custom of the toper; you may have him *if you can keep him*, so long as you give them a chance to get the custom of better and sounder victims. In fact they are rather glad to have you take the drunkard, who is a standing disgrace to their trade—clothe him—get him to work and earning something. They are sure of the less excessive drinkers, and by and by, when the drunkard has saved up a little, they are pretty certain that they will get it all.

Moral suasion doesn't punish them, but has the stripes laid on their victims; doesn't make them pay for the trouble they cause, but lays it on the taxpayers. So they love moral suasion as compared to legal suasion.

Now, when they make a man helpless, society takes care of him and foots the bills; when they turn an orderly person into a "drunk and disorderly," society sends its officers and removes the obstruction, and foots the bills; when they make a criminal out of a law-abiding citizen, society seizes, judges, hangs, or imprisons him, and foots the bills. So they love moral suasion.

But legal suasion they hate, for that punishes the *victimiser* instead of the *victim*; shuts up the *causer* of disorder and violence and crime, and protects the citizens from his wiles.

But society is beginning to see pretty clearly that it is more consistent and promising to prevent rumsellers from debauch-

ing citizens, than, after allowing this, to go to great trouble and expense, to patch up the ruins: from turning good material into rubbish, than to be all the time cleaning away the rubbish; more humane to put the padlock on the liquor than on the citizens who become filled with it; more statesmanlike to close up factories of idleness, disorder, crime and ruin, than to build poorhouses, jails, penitentiaries, and homes in which to store and tend the products. The rumsellers don't like legal suasion? Then the interests of the country demand it. Stop rumselling, and the ruin of manhood and womanhood largely ceases.

*Moral Suasion leaves the inciting cause untouched.*

Over and above all other things, the *drinking place* is the cause of *drinking*. Men meet on the street, and one says to the other, "Come and have a drink."

Come where? To the drinking place.

Young men go out after night—they meet each other, and they go to drink. Where? To the drinking place. Children grow up in our villages and cities—become accustomed to the associations, and learn to tittle. Where? At the drinking places.

Men who set their faces towards sobriety and fortify themselves with all of love's persuasion and religious warning—pass along our streets and are drawn in despite themselves. Whither? Into the drinking places.

Idleness congregates, vicious people gather—vile women make assignations—criminals herd and hide—vice becomes bold, and ruin stalks in horrid majesty.

Where? In our drinking places.

Paupers come to our poorhouses—disorderly persons to our jails—thieves, vagrants, criminals of every dye are brought to our prisons.

Whence come they? From our drinking places. Remove these, and treating, tipping, boozing, drunkenness, poverty, vagrancy, disorderly conduct, thieving, crime and murder would be deprived of this place of conception and birth, cradling and rear-