

and concert girls, and costly, vile pictures on the walls. One of these gorgeous kind of saloons is more enticing to young men, and more demoralizing every way, than a score of the little one-keg grog-shops. By personal investigation and diligent inquiry we have not been able to discover a single instance of High License having closed a gilded saloon palace.

But this is not all, nor the worst. The effect of the experiment in Chicago has been to drive the saloon business into the hands of a huge monopoly of villains—men of big brains and big purses and phenomenally small consciences, far more dangerous men than the keepers of the crowded-out saloons. What is the net result of two years' experience under the boasted High License Law in Chicago? Instead of 3,800 saloons (many of them obscure and small), Chicago had at the close of last year 3,760, every one of which did a business that enabled it to pay a \$500 license fee. Never before was the saloon business pushed with so much brain, and so little heart, and with so destructive effect. Never before were the worst evils of the saloon so terribly manifest, and never before were the liquor sellers' organization so compact and so dominant and corrupting in municipal politics. Look at the following official figures furnished by the Chicago Police Board:

Year.	License Fee.	Total Arrests.	Arrests for Drunkenness and Disorder.
1882-3	\$ 52 per year.	32,890	18,045
1883-4	103 "	37,189	21,416
1884-5	500 "	39,434	23,080
1885-6	500 "	40,998	25,407

Since the adoption of High License the arrests for drunkenness and disorder have increased in far greater ratio than has the population. In Omaha, the \$1,000 High License Law has worked no less disastrously: says the *Omaha Bee*, it has driven the saloon into politics as never before. The liquor men say, "if we pay the money to run the city government we are going to run it." It is natural for a man to follow his pocket-book. The *Omaha Christian Hour* says, the High License Law "has sent the saloon more than ever into politics, and

. . . it has corrupted our police force and lower courts, until it is a mockery to call them courts of justice; they are dens of thieves. Gambling hells are opened at \$25 a month, generally in connection with 'tony' saloons."

This is all natural. By High License we do not reduce the amount of the liquor consumed; we force the keepers of saloons to enlarge and make attractive their places, for the license fee is just the same for a large place as a small place, and to vastly increase the interest the saloon keeper has of keeping "solid" with the police.

But what can be done? Where is there a practical remedy? We believe that the only practical, effective remedy will be found in Constitutional Prohibition, State and National. It may be wise, however, in our large cities to approach this by gradual steps. We should like to see an experiment along lines like these:

1. The abrogation of all license laws.
2. The outlawing of all saloons in each Assembly District beyond one to 500 population.
3. That if in any Assembly District a majority of the voters shall make it manifest that they do not wish a saloon no saloon shall be permitted in that district.

4. That it be understood that a saloon permit shall in no way invalidate the Common law right of a citizen to proceed through the courts against the saloon as a common nuisance.

While a plan of this kind would not satisfy us, we should like to see it tried.

"A Young Pastor." By dividing your time, as you propose, so as to confine you five days out of six in your study and closet, you would make the gravest kind of a mistake; you will learn to preach to the people by being much with the people. Three hours with the sick, the poor, the tempted, will often help you more in the preparation of a sermon than double that time in your study. "Don't neglect your study," is a good maxim, but it is altogether possible to err on that side of duty.

"G. T." No man is so original that he can afford to ignore the results reached by others. It is only the truly original man who knows how to borrow.