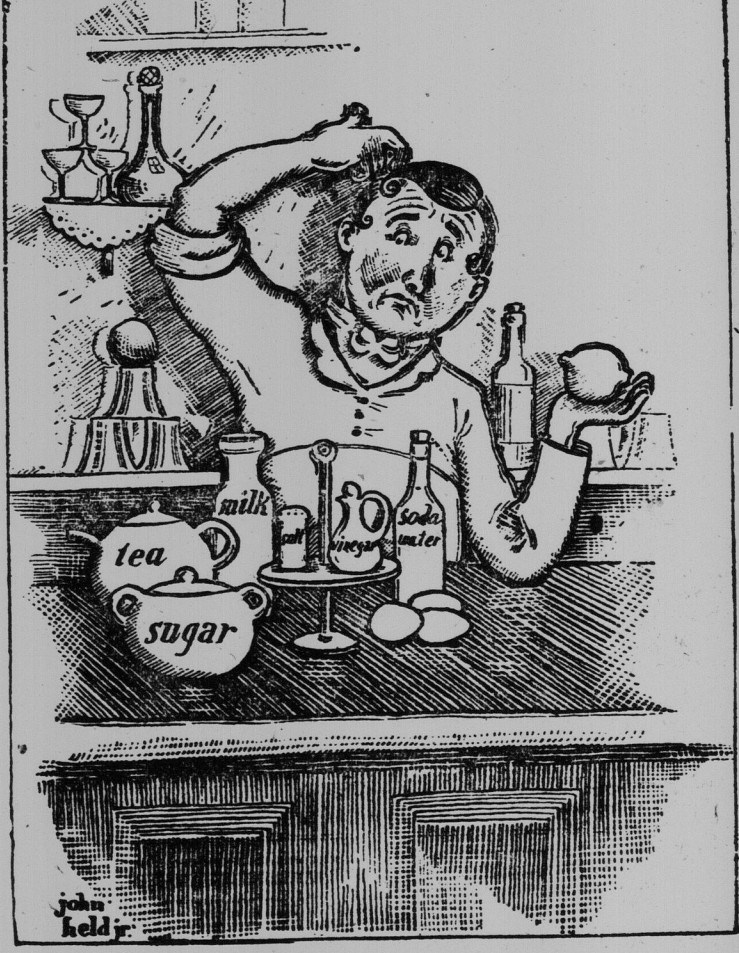


A BARTENDER OF THE FUTURE



The Great American Drought As Viewed By An Englishman

(By E. B. Osborn, in the London Morning Post) America has been dry for two months and some of the consequences of prohibition to be sober rather than free are now more or less clearly apparent. One has a distressing vision of 100,000,000 American citizens, all "naturally free born," according to the preamble of their written Constitution (which now has as many holes in it as a Gruyere cheese), living through the hottest season of the year with their tongues and even the tabs of their boots thirstily hanging out at full length. It is not altogether a true picture. America is not yet bone dry. The wealthy man can still drink as much "hard" stuff as he likes at home. There are plutocrats in New York and other cities both great and small, who have hundreds of barrels of whiskey and other staunch liquors stored up in the cellars of their brown stone residences. A New York journal gives a list as follows of the effect of prohibition in the metropolis: It is impossible to buy whiskey unless you have money. Scotch and cocktails are served in coffee cups. "Sherry" is the new trade name for brandy. The large hotels are keeping strictly to the law, but there is always a place nearby. One restaurant which made a specialty of wine is losing \$1,000 a day. At one restaurant cocktails may be had in the telephone booth. Free lunch has been re-established on an elaborate scale. The savings banks report business about normal. A leading pawnbroker notes a slight improvement. Domestic strife as revealed in the Domestic Relations Courts continues without abatement. Bellevue hospital reports an increase of cases of the psychopathic ward for July, 1919, over July, 1918. Other hospitals note little change. Generally speaking, then, the drought which has been imposed upon a population that was never directly consulted has the aspect of a Puritanical imposture. We are supposed to be a nation of hypocrites—but American can beat us at the game of hypocritical look-see as easily as a first-rate professional team from New York or Chicago could out-sprint and out-play a side of cricketers at baseball. In the course of a single year some 30,000 Acts, many of them enforcing dictates of a sky-high morality, are placed upon the statute-books of the various states of the Union. But barely 1 per cent of these acts will ever be carried out, or for that matter, were ever intended to be carried out. Prohibition if we judge it by the intentions of the men who intend to prohibit and the men who are prohibited, is the most sublime and the most ridiculous of all these legislative impostures. The "dry" journals are busy striving to prove that prohibition has already diminished the volume of American crime. There is of course a residue of truth in the statistics they submit. It is not as easy as it used to be for a criminal in the making, who cannot afford to pay two or three dollars for an illicit dram of spirits, to work through the table of wet measures: 2 drams or horns—1 jag. 3 jags—1 year. 2 years—1 arrest-cure. until his courage is keyed up to assault his mother-in-law, or sandbag a citizen for his wad of dollars. Drunkenness is the immediate cause (though not the cause causans) of many serious crimes and anything that prevents the drunkard from getting all the liquor he wants will have an effect which is promptly reflected in the statistics of crime. So it is not at all surprising to learn from the Boston Police Department that last July, as compared with July, 1918, arrests for drunkenness are fewer by five-sixths and that the prison population has diminished to some extent. But we shall not know what the diminution really amounts to until the ill-balanced persons who cannot get whiskey or rum have had time to become consumers of drugs. In New York the Health Commissioner notes an increase in the use of cocaine, and the police authorities say that the substitution of drugs for liquor makes criminals harder to catch. But, seeing that criminals form only an infinitesimal part of the total population, the case for prohibition is not strengthened by these small diminutions, which may be largely due to the fact that a criminal when sober has a much better chance of escaping than when he is tanked up as the saying is. William H. Anderson, who has been chiefly responsible for bringing about the great American drought has been interviewed by the Forum (New York) and some of his answers to leading questions should be seriously considered by those who, like myself, think freedom a better thing than enforced sobriety. He justifies the use of corrupt and undemocratic means for achieving his ends on the plea that he "thought Satan with his own fire." Mr. Anderson says it down that there is no such thing as personal liberty, which is a remarkable thing for an American citizen to say, and requires no comment. Asked if the churches thought that light wines and beer affected a man's religion, he gave a qualified affirmative, asserting "that it is wrong for a man to drink alcoholic liquor as a beverage, because he thereby defiles his body as a temple of the Holy Spirit." He promises to finance a world-wide campaign against the cup of kindness which you and I take at times, the whole planet to be governed by his pussy-footed antics. But I do not think he will find Englishmen as easily deprived of personal liberty as his American compatriots, and should he try to preach his Coca-Bolshevism over here I think he will get a kick from John Bull's sturdy booted leg which will land him back in the middle of his own thirsty continent. Prohibition has had some curious commercial effects. Picture theatres and ice-cream parlors are doing a vastly increased business. Enormous numbers of appliances for making liquor are being sold for ten dollars you can procure your own private still. Immigrants of wine-drinking races are flocking out of the United States; many, no doubt, will go to the Latin-American States and help to build them up into first-class powers. Vast stores of wine and spirits are being accumulated at strategic points outside United States territory—in readiness for the time when the drought breaks up and the average American is no longer compelled to drink 2 7/8 per cent, beer and a host of gaseous substitutes for the decent tittle he formerly consumed in moderation. A thunder of trundling kegs will echo round the world when the "wets" call the bluff of the "drys" and Mr. Anderson and his lieutenants ride out on fence-nails in tar and feathers. It is certain that these Coca-Bolsheviks will use their temporary victory with tyrannical insolence—their next step is to abolish tobacco, as has already been announced. Well, I lift my glass of nocturnal port (it has a fine ruby glow in the soft light of my shaded reading-lamp) and drink to the happy destiny which made me a free-born Englishman and not a poor, thirsty, cringing subject of King Anderson.

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Read Actresses' Letters to Wife

Woman Complains She Had to Listen to Spicy Epistles to Her Husband

Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 7.—Charging that her husband neglected his home and

spent money giving dinners to actresses in New York city, Mrs. Helen Diehl Murray, now living in Cincinnati, was granted a divorce from Victoria Eugenie Murray, proprietor of the Victor Murray Auto Company. Murray is a son of the late Samuel Murray, millionaire manufacturer and founder of the United States Playing Card Company. Mrs. Murray set forth that her husband is heir to a large estate left by his father. The Murrrays were married October 4,

1916. Mrs. Murray testified she was unhappy from the moment of her marriage. She alleged her husband would read to her spicy love letters he had received from actresses telling of dinners at roadhouses and hotels. When she objected, she said her husband complained she had spoiled his parties and dinners by her conduct. She testified her husband spent all his money on these parties and she was forced to obtain money from relatives.

Mrs. Murray in part blamed Murray's mother with having introduced Murray to many New York women who, knowing him to be a married man, entertained him and accepted his attentions. All money was agreed upon out of court.

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MUTT AND JEFF—FOR A MINUTE JEFF THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA TO PICK UP SOME EASY COIN



By "BUD" FISHER