

work. Last year while visiting a county fair, together with a friend, I was standing by one of the stock pens, looking at a calf. "Wonder who raised the calf?" said my friend. "I did," answered a farmer standing near by. As the farmer spoke, he straightened up as much as to say, "I am proud of my work." As you pass along the streets of our cities, you frequently see other work nearly finished sitting on the curb or wallowing in the gutter. Stop and ask, "Whose job is this?" Will the drunkard-maker run out of his factory and say: "I did that work?" Why will not the drunkard-makers defend their work? Can you separate a workman from his chips? If the liquor business is respectable, its products must be respectable. The liquor business has its own record and social crimes to meet and defend; this much, no more.

The advocates of the home will continue to press the charges against the traffic, and labor to perfect their plan of prosecution against such a wilful, malicious, cold-blooded, social criminal. The object of the prosecution is to protect the home, the wife, the baby against a traffic conducted by men who spare neither age, sect, or condition. If the people find a verdict of guilty it will save drunkards and prevent drunkenness.

The civilized people believe in reaching down into the depths of debauchery and getting hold of the victims of this traffic. Reaching with tears and prayers, and lifting and holding them up, but after they have helped them out, they believe in closing the drunkard-factory so other men will not be tempted to ruin. Save the drunkard and prevent drunkenness.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the indictment against the liquor traffic, and the methods of the prosecution and defence. Firm in the belief in the righteousness of their cause, the home advocates will move for a verdict of guilty, and demand that sentence be passed on this old hoary-headed criminal; and then, when the people have settled the question, and settled it right, we can say in reality, as we now say in theory, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"