

LIQUOR PROHIBITION IN PORTLAND, MAINE.

BY THE REV. S. W. POWELL.

The question whether "prohibition prohibits" in Portland, Maine, is one the answer to which depends upon the meaning given to the word "prohibit." Milton makes those confined in the infernal pit say:

"Gates of burning adamant
Barred over its proud aggress."

There it means, of course, positively to prevent or preclude, to make escape impossible. But Webster gives *prohibit* and *hinder* among the words defining *prohibit*.

In this use of the word no one who saw what I saw in the evening and learned by inquiry during the afternoon of Thursday, August 24th, in quarters occupied by the Sheriff of Cumberland Co., of which Portland is the county seat, can deny that, to a remarkable extent, prohibition does prohibit in that city, the largest in the state. What I saw and learned proved that an honest and fearless sheriff, even without the sympathy of the city marshal and the police, can make it very hard and unsafe to carry on the business of liquor-selling.

Politics being what they are in Maine, it is not to be expected that the city government of so large a town as Portland would be thoroughly hostile to the liquor trade. But sheriffs are elected by the votes of a whole county, farmers and all, and in the present incumbent, who is an active member of one of the Congregational churches in the city, the county has a tireless and fearless enemy of the wretched business of making drunkards.

During the last twelve months his deputies have made four thousand searches and two thousand seizures. This averages more than ten of the former and five of the latter every day of the year. Nowhere in this state is liquor sold unless it is carefully concealed in every place and by every method that avarice and fear can suggest.

The most filthy places imaginable are not too vile to serve as depositories of the liquor or even as the bars for sale. One of the deputy sheriffs told of finding a dirty woman standing over a wash tub of beer, in a malodorous outhouse, one of a row of such necessary buildings in the rear of a thickly crowded tenement block, leading it out with a filthy dipper to a row of men, who came up one by one. In the line were several stolidly arrayed ward politicians, wearing silk hats and kid gloves.

When the Rev. I. P. Warren, editor of the *Christian Messenger*, recently went with the officers on one of their raids, he saw what was evidently a system of signals, to give warning of their approach. Only by rapid driving and very prompt, and if need be, forcible entry of the suspected premises was there any hope of seizing the contraband. No large quantity of it is ever kept where anyone can see it. Any household utensil, not likely to arouse suspicion, serves as the receptacle, garden sprinklers appearing to be favorites. A single flat bottle carried in a woman's stocking, or under her skirts, is often literally a walking liquor shop.

During the last year there were seized and destroyed 22,494 gallons of ale, 7,247 of lager beer, 809 of rum, 1,195 of whiskey, 98 of gin, 36 of wine and 11 of brandy, besides a considerable quantity of cider. Much of this was intercepted between the wholesaler and the retailer, it being a common thing for the wholesale wagon to leave it in the bushes, or in the woods. I saw one ale-barrel thickly coated with stable manure, in a heap of which it had been hidden. Often these heavy barrels are concealed in the upper story of a tenement house, in which case the officers do not break their backs in carrying the 420 pounds down in such a way as not to injure the stairs.

In the basement of the City Hall there is a store-room, 36x17 feet, with a stone or cement floor. In one corner of this room is a hole, perhaps six inches in diameter, which opens into the sewer. On the evening of August 24, in company with the Rev. Drs. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and Warren of Portland, I saw poured upon that floor the proceeds of ten days' seizures, consisting of fifty-seven barrels and twelve half-barrels of ale and beer, besides a large amount of rum, whiskey, gin, etc., which was poured from the buckets, wash-tubs, garden sprinklers, and other receptacles in which it was captured. These various packages, big and little, sold for the benefit of the public

treasury, brought in over \$4,000 last year, the value of the liquors at wholesale being not less than \$10,000.

The Sheriff is provided with blank warrants, upon which he, his deputies, or any citizen can certify belief that liquor is kept for sale in or near any locality by any known person. The complete knowledge he and his men have of all the dens where, and the tricks by which, the sellers attempt to get around the law, enables them to fill these blanks with very few mistakes.

The prosecutions under the nineteen months of work by the present Sheriff have resulted in the collection of \$22,500 in fines and costs; and in other appealed cases, which are decided but the sentences are not yet pronounced, the fines are enough more to bring the total up to \$10,000. This, of course, is exclusive of attorney's fees.

It was worth going a long way to see Dr. Cuyler's glee as the ale and beer spouted from the prostrate barrel against the opposite wall, like a stream from a fire engine. It was hard to say which was the more irresponsible, the good doctor or the beer. He had to leave before the work—which lasted more than two hours—was done. Dr. Warren said he should see it through. I had to leave to catch my train a few minutes before the end of the good job.

But some one will say: "There must be a great deal of liquor sold to pay for these confiscations, costly suits and heavy fines. Well, this is a doubtless true; but it is probable that many keep on from obstinacy, or from hope that the machine will rotate in a less faithful sheriff. It would not be strange if the rich Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States were to help in such a case, since there seems to be a great anxiety lest the world should come to believe that the law is effective in Maine's largest city. This is shown by the fact that such a parade is made over the so-called open bar with which certain streets swarm. Bottles and other paraphernalia of the business are openly displayed in these places. The aforesaid bottles are labelled and colored so that it looks as if they contained brandy, gin, whiskey, etc. Just take one down and smell it, however, and you will discover that it is, as Dr. Warren says, nothing but "colored slop." A little aniline dye and water will go a long way in that sort of fraud.

No doubt there is a small quantity of liquor kept at these places to sell to those who will not "give them away," and if the Sheriff and his men are believed to be at a safe distance it is sold. Of the police there is probably not much fear. Another thing should not be forgotten. A first offence is punished by a fine of one hundred dollars or three months' imprisonment. A second by the same fine and six months' imprisonment. The appealed cases were carried up so as to gain time by those who meant to take the risk of continuing to sell. Until the first case is finally decided, subsequent cases are not, legally, second offences, and therefore, do not bring the six months' imprisonment. The law's delays, the chance of corrupting judges or juries, or of a change in the sheriff might come in to prevent the cases being carried through. Let the same sheriff be kept in, and sentence in this large number of appealed cases be carried out, and we shall very likely see that, even the present law, without the addition proposed by Dr. Warren of making the owner of premises in which liquor is found liable for the penalties, can almost, if not quite, stop the business.

It is no doubt true that the liquor dealers of the country at large would be very sorry to have the State of Maine vote "yes" at the next election, on the question of adding a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Their most favorite argument is that, even in Maine, "prohibition does not prohibit." Those who will study the matter in Portland, can learn how much truth there is in this assertion.—*N. Y. Independent*.

OUR POSITION as women is not so much in the front of the battle to face the foe, as to follow in the train, undermen the strongholds, and support and strengthen the weak and wounded. And though our efforts may seem feeble and fruitless in the struggle with this mighty evil, let us not weary but remember—

"Of broken shells He maketh, so He wills
The everlasting marble of this hills."

—*British Women's Temperance Journal*.

WHAT IT COST.

BY LOUTISA M. ALCOTT.

The two beds were side by side in the long ward, and on them lay two men, each with a gunshot wound through the right arm below the elbow. They were about the same age, each had a wife and children at home, and both hoped to save these useful right arms, for on their strength and skill the support of their families depended.

Clarke was a farmer, a pleasant, happy tempered fellow, bound to look on the bright side of things, and to get well as soon as possible, though his wound was the worst of the two. Morse had been a blacksmith and was proud of his strength, but said little and seemed to have something on his mind, being moody as well as taciturn.

The two were soon friendly, for neighbors in a hospital can hardly help being so, but Clarke did most of the talking, and Morse seemed contented to listen to his lively gossip without making any return. Therefore I knew very little about him, and when the surgeon one day asked me if Morse had been a drinking man I could not answer.

"Why do you want to know, doctor?" "He is not doing so well as Clarke though his wound is a safer sort, and ought to be nearly well by this time. It is in a bad way and I'm afraid he'll have to lose that arm of his," answered the surgeon, shaking his head over a particularly unhappy patient.

"I hope not, I thought he was doing well and that the one who might have to lose an arm," I said, rolling bandages for both as I talked.

"Not he, his blood is as healthy as a child's, he will be all right in a month, you may tell him so."

"I am very glad, for he is always talking about the happy time when he can go home to his wife and babies. Morse says nothing, but is as anxious to get well I think, though when you speak of his family it does not seem to cheer him up."

"I wish you'd find out if he has not been a drinker. I can't make him talk, and it is important to know, for if it is so the sooner the arm is off the better," and the doctor corked his bottle with a decisive rap.

When I saw the men again my feeling toward them was quite changed, for now anxiety about Clarke was all gone, and I pitied Morse so much I could not bear to ask that hard question. I soon learned the fact, however, without asking, and in this way:

As I went through my ward with a glass of wine-why for another patient, I stopped to wet Morse's arm, for I saw a lock of pain on his face and knew the comfort of cold water. He did not speak, and I went to refill the basin, leaving the glass on the little table near his bed. When I came back the glass was empty.

"Why Morse, that wasn't for you! Stimulants of all kinds are bad for your just now," I said, thinking how impatient poor Martin would be at having to wait for a second supply.

"I know it—I couldn't help taking it—the smell was too much for me," muttered Morse, looking red and ashamed, though the fierce, hungry expression of his eye betrayed that he longed for more.

"I'm afraid you like that sort of thing too much for your own good," I ventured to say.

"It has been the ruin of me, but I fight against it, indeed I do," he said so earnestly that I believed it, and longed to prepare him for what was to come, feeling that I could tell him more gently than the surgeon who had a somewhat startling way of saying to a patient, "Now, then, my man, I shall want this leg of yours in about an hour."

"Perhaps the pain you have suffered here may help you in your fight. Times like these do much to strengthen good resolutions if one is sincere," I said pleased at having won him to talk of himself.

"I know it, and I've made many since I've been lying here. But you see I couldn't resist even a small temptation like that. I wish I'd had a bullet through both arms before I did it!" he answered under his breath, with a remorseful look at the empty glass.

"Perhaps the loss of one arm will help you to resist," I began, finding it hard to soften the hard truth after all.

"You don't mean that?" and he looked up at me with a scared face, for the loss of

a right arm was more dreaded than the loss of any other limb.

"I am afraid I do. Dr. Otmen thinks it may be necessary, for it is not doing well." "But it is not so bad as Clarke's. They've saved his arm, why can't they mine?" he whispered, glancing at the great, brawny hand below the bandages, the hand that would never swing a sledge-hammer again.

"Ah, that's the pity of it, Morse. They saved his, though worse wounded than yours, because he was a temperate man. You must lose yours because you have poisoned your blood with bad liquor, and now must suffer for it.—*Laurel*."

THE STUDY AND CURE OF INEBRIETY.

We do our best work in England in a very strange way. We see some evil needing reform, and at once in the freshness of our enthusiasm, we throw ourselves into the task, often to learn from failure that we have started in the wrong way, and have to begin over again. So, Dr. Norman Kerr tells us, we have done in the case of inebriety. We have set ourselves to cure drunkards of their propensity, and to save men from becoming drunkards, and have had large success; but till now we have no society whose object it is to ascertain what drunkenness really is, and how it ought to be dealt with. Such a society Dr. Norman Kerr has helped to found, and his inaugural address, published by H. Lewis, 136 Gower street, is full of large-hearted, wise sympathy. Two points he urges with special force—that we should no longer look on drunkenness in all cases as a sin or vice, but wait till we know more about its real nature before we ticket it with a name which in some cases is certainly inappropriate; and also that we should not put a stumbling block in the way of those who long to cure themselves of this taint by attaching any slur to residence, whether voluntary or the reverse, in a Home for Inebriates, where cure is most easy and sure. We may hate and despise drunkenness, but we should pity and help the drunkard. Even in all his degradation he is still one of our brethren, possessing all the possibilities of greatness that are ours, and above all we should as a nation support the terrible evil to its sole rational and efficient cure.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What wicked man in the old Testament uttered true prophecies concerning Israel?
2. Which apostle was the son of a Pharisee, and was himself a Pharisee and a persecutor of the Christians, before he was converted?
3. Where is it said that great men are not always wise?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The portion of his goods which Zacharias gave to the poor.
 2. The tree whose leaf brought hope to the world.
 3. The country whose king was charged to rebuild the Lord's house.
 4. The portion of a man's body cut off by Peter's sword.
- The initials and finals give the two opposite feelings with which men look forward to the future.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 21.

1. Micah 6. 2.
2. Gen. 3. 15.
3. Gen. 4. 10.
4. Num. 21. 17.
5. Isaiah 49. 3. Malachi 3. 1.
6. Isaiah 54.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

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| 1. | M | Gen. xxxv. 18. |
| 2. | BEN | Josh. xv. 19. |
| 3. | CALEB | 1 Chron. vi. 67. |
| 4. | RAHAB | Is. xxxvi. 2. |
| 5. | MELCHIZEDEK | Gen. xiv. 18. |
| 6. | HEPHZIBAH | Is. lxi. 4. |
| 7. | ELIEZER | Gen. xv. 2. |
| 8. | LYDIA | Acts. xvi. 41. |
| 9. | R | Ex. xv. 22. |
| 10. | K | |
| 11. | | |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Agnes Hall, M. E. Mootie, M. S. Gilmore, Andrew Kirk, H. E. Greene and Maggie Whitehead.