

Hon. W. A. Johnston, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.—I think that prohibition grows stronger as time passes. It is correct in principle, practicable, and highly beneficial in its operation. It is reasonably well enforced in most of the counties of the state, and I believe that by an earnest, determined effort of the officers it could be enforced in every county. I regard it to be as firmly fixed in our political system as free schools and homestead exemptions.

Judge W. C. Webb (one of the ablest jurors in the state).—I voted in 1880 against the prohibitory amendment. For four or five years afterwards I thought my opinion, as to probable results, was likely to be vindicated. But it is not so now. Prohibition has driven out of Kansas the open saloon, and has accomplished a vast deal of good—a thousand-fold more than any license law ever did or ever could.

Senator Buchan, of Wyandotte.—I cannot recall a single person who voted for the amendment that would now vote against it, while, on the other hand, you can find hundreds who voted against it who would now vote to retain it in the constitution. I voted against the amendment and have never been a prohibitionist, but I prefer to cast my lot among respectable, law-abiding citizens as against law-breakers and nullifiers. I believe the state is better for prohibition. Crime has decreased, court expenses have been reduced, communities have been made more respectable, and individuals have been made happier by it.

Congressman Kelly.—No law ever passed has added so much to the comfort and happiness and contentment of the people as has the prohibitory law in Kansas, and the people of Kansas know it. Of all the legislation ever passed in Kansas—and much of it has been good—prohibition is the brightest jewel in her crown.

YOUR PART IN THE CRIME.—“Here is a saloon, gilded, glazed, embossed, polished, and fairly phosphorescent, in your eyes and mine, with hell-light. Whose is it? Let us enter and inquire? You hesitate? Come in. ‘Let the drink alone and it won’t hurt you,’ they say. It did not work so with my mother. She let it alone, but it whipped the last years of her life into one great wave of pain. My wife was an exception, too. She never touched it,



but in the very flush and pride of her young womanhood it crushed her to the very dust with everlasting heartaches. Whose is this saloon? We ask a bartender. He looks us over shrewdly—fine judges of human nature, these men—knows at a glance that we mean mischief, and his eyes wander, without a word, to the framed certificate on the wall. It is a diploma from the government, showing John Smith to have been graduated from the College of Restriction, and expressly authorizing him, for that reason, to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips.

“So it seems John Smith conducts the place. He actually, or by his agents, ‘puts the bottle.’ But why is this license so carefully provided? Why, do you not see? It is the theory of our wise government, that the only right to put the bottle to a citizen's lips inheres in the sovereignty, and the Province has delegated its alcoholic sovereignty, derived from the people, to John Smith; for without such leave of the people to do this thing, John Smith would be plain John Smith, and of no more consequence than a clergyman or a merchant of honest wares. He is knighted, as it were—Sir John Smith, dramseller to their sovereign majesties, the people. Are you in that? I want you to remember that a saloon is as national and as lawful as a public school. I seem to see upon the face or rags of every drunken man a



legend like you often see on packages of whiskey or tobacco. ‘Take notice, the manufacturer of this article has complied with all the requirements of the law, according to the statute in such case made and provided.’

“Now in this gross sum that men call sovereignty, what are you? A digit or a dot? You’ll say—a digit, by the grace of God, and a Christian man. Amen! But wait—

“Suppose you are remotely in this thing. What of it? Listen. If by your consent—express or tacit—your taxes are diminished by the shame-gold of license-laws, I say, that in the sight of God, there’s blood on every dollar you own.”

THE REVENUE OF DONKEYVILLE.—The Donkeys met in Council to devise ways and means of raising revenue for their Community. Many Schemes were proposed, but at length the Greatest Ass in the Assembly rose and propounded a Plan which was at once accepted as both Brilliant and Practical. Said he: “Brethren, it is well known that the taste for Thistles is innate in every Donkey, and there is no species of Food a Donkey will go further to Obtain. True, it was originally a Cultivated Taste, but the forces of Heredity have made it now as strong and general as if it had been a part of our Original Constitution. True, also, Thistles may be injurious as a Diet, but that point we need not discuss. My proposal is this: That we sow Thistles broadcast in our Town, and take all due care in the Cultivation of them. Then we will pass an edict making it a Criminal Offence for any Donkey to eat Thistles, punishing every such offence by Fine after trial at a Police Court to be established, which Court shall sit every morning.”

Moral: Men are but Donkeys of a biped growth. —Bengough.