

fruits of his industry, will these fruits be applied to putting better clothing on his children, providing more nourishing food, and better homes for those dependent on him, or will they be spent on the accursed drink? One of the best priests that Ireland has possessed assured him on a recent occasion that his heart was full of uneasiness that with the prosperity and better times which the country now enjoyed the consumption of whisky would increase; but, at the same time, he said there was one consolation, and it was that the people were better educated, and there was, therefore, greater hope of their becoming more temperate. He sincerely hoped that this anticipation would be happily realized, and if it were, he had but little fear of the future prosperity of the country. They were all aware that impaired health had reluctantly compelled him to retire somewhat from the political arena, but his heart was still with his own people, and with the gallant band who had struggled so bravely for them, and won for them, in the face of dire and determined opposition, not a few of the political rights and privileges they now enjoyed. At the same time he was more than ever convinced that it was no use speaking of political rights to the great mass of his countrymen, either at home or in Great Britain, unless they took seriously and practically to heart, and followed out in action the teachings of the great Irish priest, Father Mathew, whose memory they celebrated last night, and of his illustrious successor, Cardinal Manning.

Resolutions were passed, pledging the meeting to do all in its power to extend the cause of temperance among the Irish population of the metropolis; and after addresses by several of the priests who were present on the platform, the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, and enthusiastic cheers for Cardinal Manning, the president of the society.

—Selected.

#### THE MAINE LAW IS EFFECTIVE.

D. R. Locke, Esq., editor of the Toledo *Blade*, and better known to the world at large as Petroleum V. Nasby, visited Maine last fall for the purpose of making a personal investigation into the workings of the Maine Prohibitory statute, and gave his conclusions in a series of articles in the *Blade* last December. They are that the law is effective, and that Maine is really without a saloon system. It has been claimed that in the large cities liquor is openly sold, and Mr. Locke shows to what extent this is true. He says:

"The bars of the principal hotels in Portland are raided regularly. When the sheriff makes his appearance they conceal as much of the liquor as possible and submit to the seizure of the rest. The bar-keeper goes to the police station, he affirms that he rents the place and that the proprietor of the hotel is not the proprietor of the room; he pays his fine and is discharged. Then he goes back and continues selling until he has reason to expect another call from the sheriff, when he decamps. He can stand the fine of the first offense, for the proprietor of the hotel pays that, but he don't like the imprisonment. The sheriff comes and finds another hair-plastered apology for a man behind the bar, and he is arrested and pays his fine, or the proprietor does it for him, and so it goes on.

"Occasionally the sheriff manages to catch the fellow the second time, but they keep a sharp look out, and as a rule get away."

It will thus be seen that even in the hotels of the largest city in the state, liquor selling is a precarious business, and, like the violation of any other law, brings its penalty.

Outside the large cities, Mr. Locke shows conclusively that liquor is not sold publicly at all. That it is smuggled and sold to some extent no one cares to deny. Other crimes are also carried on in secret. *The Lever* has often described to its readers the desperate straits to which liquor-sellers and liquor drinkers are driven in Maine, but they may be interested also in Mr. Locke's description of the

#### MODUS OPERANDI.

"An Irish woman, known to her countrymen as a dealer in liquors, has a room in the rear of her miserable dwelling fitted up something like a bar. She has one bottle of whisky and a few bottles of rum in sight, but over them she has a weight suspended by a string, and under, a tub filled with water, in which kerosene oil has been poured. The beer is kept in a water sprinkler.

"She is ready for the officers. They can only approach by the front door, and when they appear she darts into the back room, cuts the string, the weight descends and smashes the bottles into the tub of watered kerosene, to destroy the smell of the whisky, the sprinkling can of beer is over-set on the floor, and the evidence is destroyed.

"They search the house for liquor, and sometimes find it. One man had dug through his cellar wall and made an opening sufficient to hold a

small stock. The door to this opening was a huge double affair, filled with sand, so that tapping the wall would not betray the fact that there was an opening, and the door itself was painted so close an imitation of stone as to make detection almost impossible. It would not have been discovered but for the man who painted it. He babbled in his drink. He took too much of the stuff which his genius had concealed, and betrayed the concealment. Thus evil is made to work good.

"Another woman had her cellar paved with flat stones, and under one particular stone the earth had been removed sufficiently to hold a large stock of the stuff.

"Other methods of concealment are employed. One woman has it hidden in privies, another under beds, others in stables, and in every place inaccessible to the lynx-eyed officers of the law.

"One woman carried a flat bottle in her stocking, from which she supplied her customers, and the officers who got upon her track had an amusing time of it to make the seizure. She professed her innocence of the charge and was anxious to accompany him to the station, but first she would retire into the next room to change her dress. To this the officer consented, only he would go with her. She wanted an opportunity to get rid of the fatal bottle—it was her second offense and the penalty this time would be six months in jail. That failing, she insisted upon several changes of location, the point being to get away from him till she could break the bottle. The officer was inflexible. Like Ruth, where she went he would go also. Finally she dropped the bottle and went.

"She languished six months in jail, and her business was closed up.

"Another woman carried two flat bottles under her skirts, and it required the services of two women employed in the department to bring the bottles to the light of day in the police station.

"When her customers called for their drinks she would hoist her dress and produce the bottles. Where twenty cents was involved she had no special delicacy. There isn't any delicacy in rum, either in buyer or seller. It is demoralizing all the way through."

It would seem that with such unequivocal and dispassionate testimony as this given by Mr. Locke, which, after all, is but corroboration of assertions long since made by Neal Dow and scores of others, the public would be convinced that *where prohibitory laws exist the saloon system is abolished.*

What is true in Maine is more eminently true in Kansas. The saloon system is dead, and the saloon exists only in cities in which the city governments are in the hands of the friends of the saloon. These are confined to less than a half dozen, and future elections will put an end to them. It is also true of hundreds of counties, towns and cities in other states. Prohibitory laws have been found the most effective, the most easily enforced and the most satisfactory temperance measures yet adopted. The testimony to the truthfulness of the assertion is conclusive and beyond question.—*Lever.*

#### THE WAY IT HAS GROWN.

Nothing in the history of the business of this country can compare with the fungus-like growth of the manufactories and selling places of the beverage which is becoming a cancer in our body politic, as it is a cancer in the bodies of those who consume it.

Thirty-five years ago lager beer was unknown to nine-tenths of our people. Nine out of every ten had not so much as heard the name. Twenty years ago four out of every five had never seen or tasted it.

In the year previous to 1850 there was a "beer wave." That is, the people generally became possessed of the idea that beer drinking was an immense improvement on whisky drinking, and the best way to promote the cause of temperance was to encourage the consumption of malt liquors. In response to this feeling, about 400 small breweries were established in different parts of the country, which, in 1850, produced about 250,000 barrels of beer, or about 120th of a barrel to every person in the country.

In the next ten years the number of breweries more than doubled, and their production trebled. The census of 1860 gives these figures of the malt liquor production in the country:

Number of establishments.....	970
" barrels made.....	3,239,555
Value of ".....	\$18,001,135

In the next ten years the number of breweries more than doubled again, while the value of the capital invested and the product was quadrupled, and even sextupled. The census of 1870 shows these figures:

Number of breweries.....	1,972
Steam engines (horse-power).....	12,863
Hands employed.....	12,442
Capital invested.....	\$48,779,435
Value of products.....	\$55,706,643