

be at once understood that prohibition is not based on the idea that the sale of liquors as a beverage can be absolutely prevented; but, as Ex-Gov. Dingley tersely puts it, "on the theory that a dram shop is so serious a danger to a community that law should set on it not a seal of approbation, but a seal of condemnation." Prohibition rests on precisely the same principles that laws prohibiting gambling places, brothels, etc., do, viz.: That such dens are public nuisances and should be prohibited by law. The fact that such laws do not extirpate dens of this character, does not stamp the laws as failures. Even the laws against murder and theft do not prevent altogether the crimes against which they are aimed. Anything that will shut up the rum-shops will lessen crime.

In 1883, according to reliable statistics, this State under license, had one dram-shop to every 225 inhabitants. Now, it is believed that there are not over 700 dram-shops, mostly secret, in the entire State. Towns that had a dozen or fifteen places in which liquor could be bought by the glass, are free from the traffic.

We might go on and multiply facts and figures, to show the success of prohibition. The prohibitory law is simple in its provisions to stop the sale of liquors, if it is enforced by faithful officers and courts, which keep up to its letter and spirit. Simply carrying out its provisions as the provisions of any other law are carried out, would accomplish the end for which it was passed.—*Belfast Record*.

TEMPERANCE IN GEORGIA.

The experiment of prohibition has been tried and found to work admirably. The law enacted a few years ago provided that the counties might vote upon the question as to whether the sale of liquor should be prohibited or licensed. The license law was very strict, but there was a demand for something more than license.

Whiskey was ruining Georgia, as it is all other States where it is given free course. The State was infested with little cross roads doggeries, each one a breeder of pauperism and crime. The laborer receiving his month's pay was sure to be enticed into one of these places and robbed of it. Drunkenness made labor unreliable, and, as the evil was increasing, something had to be done to check it. An attempt to prohibit the sale of liquor in the State was defeated, but the counties were given the power to prohibit it within their own borders by popular vote.

One by one they fell into line, and to-day ninety-five of the one hundred and thirty-seven counties are well nigh free from the curse. Every land-owner has an interest in the enforcement of the law, every laborer desires it, for his own protection, and everybody wants it but the liquor retailers in the State, whose business has been killed, and the wholesalers of the commercial centres, who find Georgia no longer a field on which to browse.

The effect in the prohibition counties has been startling. Labor has been improved one hundred per cent. Men who never worked but a part of a week now put in six good days, and those who spent their entire wages at the doggeries, leaving their wives and children to shift for themselves, are now saving money, and are looking forward hopefully to the time when they shall own land themselves—something very easy to accomplish in almost any part of Georgia.

In one little village in a county south of Atlanta, prohibition was most bitterly opposed. The village was at the junction of two railroads, and a very large force of men was employed by the companies. There were half a dozen grog shops in flourishing condition before prohibition, but the railroad managers, for their own protection, enforced the law and closed them.

Up to this time pay day was the beginning of the saturnalia that lasted about half the month, and such a thing as saving a dollar never occurred to but very few of the laborers.

After the grog shops were shut and the proprietors thereof compelled to seek pastures new, it was found that the business of the solitary dry goods and grocery store was more than doubled, and trade in legitimate goods became so brisk that another was added and still another. It will be observed in this connection that rum kills every business except those of jails and poor houses. Nothing legitimate can thrive where it reigns.

Another novelty developed itself. One by one the men employed by the railroads dropped into the stores, the proprietors of which they knew, and pulling out a portion of their wages, remarked:—

"Look here, I ain't got no use for this just now, and I don't want to cart it about—keep it for me."

"Certainly I will, as I can use it in my business I will pay you interest on it."

In six months from the commencement of prohibition the merchant had established a regular savings bank with a very handsome amount of deposits.

There was a wonderful change in the men, but a still more wonderful one in the women and children. What had been spent in the abominable whiskey shops appeared upon their backs and feet. Their homes took on another appearance altogether, and the village was transformed from one of the most shabby and disorderly into one of the most prosperous and orderly in the State.

It is the same thing all over the world. Whiskey and prosperity never get within the distance of shaking hands. They always shake hands once—when they bid each other good-bye.

Hogarth, in his pictorial temperance sermon, "Gin Lane," had only three good houses in the street, the workhouse, the pawnbroker's and the gin-shop. As it is in London so it is in the little villages of Georgia. Whiskey absorbs everything and leaves nothing for its victims.

The prohibition of the sale of liquor in these counties is the proudest thing Georgia has ever done. The remaining forty-two will follow their example ere long. The prohibition counties have demonstrated the possibility of driving out the stuff and the good that has followed will induce the others to follow suit.—*Petroleum V. Nasby*.

DRUNKENNESS AMONG WOMEN.

At the recent conference of the New York State W. C. T. U. held in this city, one of the ladies, referring to the use of alcoholic liquors by women, quoted a physician of her acquaintance as saying that he now has six cases of *delirium tremens* among women in his practice, and also made reference to a paragraph, which is given place in various papers, to the effect that many fashionable ladies of New York, supposed to be abroad for pleasure, are really in an inebriate asylum because of their overmastering appetite for strong drink. The very next day after we heard this public testimony, so painful to all, we read in the telegraph dispatches of a wealthy Boston widow, who, having taken board at a hotel in this city, was robbed of her diamonds and money, and accused the elevator attendant and a hall-boy of the theft. The dispatch further said: "Investigation showed that Mrs. Brenn, who in other respects is a very proper person, has an unfortunate liking for champagne. On Wednesday, after returning to the hotel from visiting friends, she drank ten bottles of beer and four quart and one pint bottle of Pommery champagne, and about 10 o'clock that night a hall boy named Phillips and the hotel barber named Frazier were found stupidly drunk in her room. Mrs. Brenn was also in a state of oblivion yesterday."

We have more than once seen well-dressed women in this city, evidently not of the *demi monde*, so intoxicated that they could not walk straight upon the street. It is a common thing here, and in the smaller provincial cities, for ladies to go unattended into restaurants and ice-cream parlors, call for beer, and there drink it quite as matter-of-course. It is thought one of the necessities of a grocer's business, in some of the smaller towns referred to, that beer be kept on tap and dealt out by the glass to certain fashionable women when they give their daily orders, and excuse is made that these women must be so "treated" or the grocer would lose their trade.

Whence do these awful facts lead? These women in many instances are mothers; and we saw one of them once, on the street of an inland town at early evening, staggering uncertainly homeward, but often stopping to turn back, her hesitating footsteps led by a pretty girl of seven or eight years, who wept bitterly as they went on, and who pleaded piteously that her mother would not go and drink again but would let her lead her home. Said a friend of ours once, with whom we spoke of these things: "There are scores of children less than one year old, in this very city where we live, who never drew a sober breath." It was an appalling declaration, because it implied so much. What made them drunken? How shall they be redeemed?—*American Reformer*.