

Would all the revenue that has come to us through the taxes on liquor pay one-tenth of the bills contracted through the jails, asylums, feeble-minded institutions, hospitals—made necessary through the use of alcoholic stimulants—to say nothing of the heart-broken women, children and relations left in the trail.

No—Personal Liberty League, you are sailing under false colors—you have adopted the wrong name—remember that your Personal Liberty stops just where society's Personal Liberty begins.

Sayings Clipped from Sunset Letters

"It has undoubted charm and burbles with delightful naivete in places. For you to burble with naivete—to be naive in your soul—is an astounding tribute to the ultimate hope."

"I like your Sunset and to criticize it would be like finding fault with a real sunset, because it had a patch of cloud too much here and not enough there. You have drawn a delightful picture and may it be framed with success."

"Your dream stuff is immense—how did you think it all out? Bon Echo—the Modern Olympus—the birthplace of L'Art Democratique. Good luck to you. Dream stuff has materialized before."

"You should have waited till after the war is over before launching an enterprise so problematical."

"Flora MacDonald—you must have had some pretty even breaks of luck in your wanderings through the ages, because you have the ungodly faith which only comes after having gone through many pretty black adventures and come out with the flag of victory nailed to the mast-heads of your Karmistic flagpoles.

"Your magazine should have been called the Sunrise—there are plenty of people just waiting to receive the inspiration in their lives that your Sunset gives."

"You scored some of your 'Short Story' folks pretty badly. This is very dangerous—you should be careful."

"The Sunset is too obviously an advertisement for Bon Echo. Still, if it is such a good thing, I suppose there is no harm in passing it along."