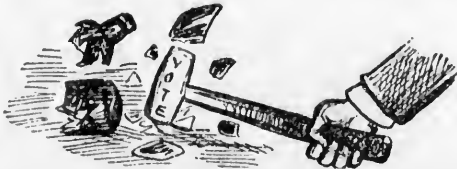


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MY BOTTLE.

SURPLUS to me. "What we need is a great revival of religion," but I tell you there will never be a great revival in this country, till you repent in sackcloth and ashes, for their part in the liquor traffic under license laws.

Break the public bottle? You can't? You've never, never tried. You have tried to keep it corked on Sundays and election days. You have tried to keep it from drunkards, and boys, and Indians—but the drunkard was drunk yesterday, is drunk to-day, and will be drunk to-morrow, and for every drunkard that drops down, a boy starts in to fill the gap. How do you break the people's bottle? You vote to break it. The ballot is the freeman's little blast set in the rock of error, honeycombing it by slow and often imperceptible degrees. But if it seems hopeless? What is your duty? Simply to wash your hands of the saloon.



Four words answer all arguments. "We must be politic," says one. Not with my bottle! "They will have it." Not from my bottle! "It will be sold on the sly." Not from my bottle. I am not bound to abolish the saloon, but only my interest in it. I'll vote my fraction of the Plebiscite right, and I'll carry my share of it for Prohibition. I am not bound to be successful, but I am bound to be true. A square man is never wrong side up. "My vote won't count." Listen, "Abraham believed God, and it was counted." The drink curse may go on piling up woe in this country, but

"Not from my bottle."