

The Saloon Must Go!

Progress Made.

Harper's Weekly finds that under a regime of local option applied to towns or counties, much more has been accomplished in the way of prohibition legislation than most people are aware of. The whole of Georgia is under state prohibition or local option laws, with the exception of four cities; South Dakota, with the exception of a few cities and towns; South Carolina, with the exception of ten cities; and Iowa, with the exception of twenty-five cities. In Montana only a few counties have adopted local option or prohibition in any form; but in most of the other states there is a goodly array of towns, counties and cities which have decided to reform themselves concerning strong drink. In New York State there are 700 cities and towns that have thus drawn the strict line of abolishing the sale of spirituous drink, and in Massachusetts, out of 353 towns and cities, 263 have fallen in line. Illinois has to her credit 650 cities and towns enjoying local option laws; Ohio, 500; Michigan, 400; Wisconsin, 300; Nebraska, 250; Minnesota, 400; New Jersey, 200.

Do Saloons Help a Town?

At a mass meeting of the citizens of Lebanon, Tenn., recently, the question of the financial effect of removing the saloons was carefully canvassed. At the time, Hon. Robinson McMillan, a prominent lawyer, declared that he had interviewed the merchants of the town, and that all classes of business reported an increase in trade of from 25 to 47 per cent, since the saloons were abolished. Real estate has gained in value 20 per cent., and fifty more new houses are being built this year. The mayor had been seen, and had said that the cases tried before him had been only one-third as many as before the closing of the saloons. Facts are stubborn things, as the saloonist, who declares that liquor selling makes trade for towns, is likely to discover.

Gambling and Drink.

Hearst's *Chicago American* is not a religious paper, but is generally regarded as a sensational journal. What it has to say on the liquor question is therefore worthy of special note. In a recent issue it had a double-headed article in large type, on the editorial page, on the evils of intemperance, from which we quote the following:

"Of suicides, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred result from excessive drinking. The hundredth case very often is that of some miserable woman driven to suicide by poverty and abuse—too much whiskey drinking by some man usually causes the poverty and abuse.

When you see a lot of young men gambling away their money, sleep, future and honor, you find that they are drinking.

If one of them is *not* drinking, he is a sharp-eyed, clear-headed swindler engaged in robbing the others.

That swindler among gamblers knows better than anybody else that his ablest ally, his most cunning assistant, is alcohol. In every prosperous gambling house in America the players get all they want to drink for nothing.

Champagne, whiskey, brandy, are offered freely to all who come, whether they play for big or little stakes.

Many a man ruined by gambling has been made a gambler and captured for life by the drink offered to him at the door just as he had made up his mind not to gamble, or to stop gambling and go home.

A young man made notorious through inherited money recently, squandered a large fortune at gambling in one night. His friends could only say for him by way of excuse, that he drank too much.

It will be admitted by the sober man and by the drunkard—especially by the drunkard—that whiskey adds strength to every vice, to every harmful inclination. At the same time it weakens every good resolution, every one of the forces that work within us for our betterment.

These editorials on whiskey drinking are not written especially for the man who by actual experience knows the results of excessive drinking. They are written in the hope that they may promote serious thinking among men whose habits are not yet formed, that they may awaken a keen sense of responsibility among those who have young men in charge."

The Moderate Drinker.

To-day let us briefly discuss the case of the so-called "moderate" whiskey drinkers.

Of "moderate" whiskey drinkers at least half are struggling against the temptation to drink excessively. Of the moderate whiskey drinkers, of those who pride themselves on their self-restraint, a great many do drink to excess occasionally, and every time they make this mistake their moderation diminishes and their self-control is weakened.

There is no sadder drinker than the miscalled "moderate" whiskey drinker.

He takes a drink, then takes another, then uses up his best energies and strength of will in the attempt to keep from taking a third. He was, technically a "moderate" drinker last year and considers himself a "moderate" drinker this year. But what he takes to-day he would have looked upon with horror a year or two ago.

The "moderate" drinker, gradually drifting towards excess, suffers more keenly even than the confirmed drunkard.

The drunkard takes his heavy dose of alcoholic poison. He wipes out utterly his self-respect, his strength of will, every desire to be a decent man. While the alcohol lasts his moral sufferings are over.

He suffers physically the next day, then drinks again, and so on until the end.

The "moderate" drinker struggles constantly with himself. If he is an intelligent man he constantly mistrusts himself and fears his growing inclination. If he has the power of self-examination he knows how much his success is hurt by his drinking; he knows how much harm it does to those who blindly rely upon his statements of his moderation. He knows what a lie the talk of moderation is.

The hard drinker goes to destruction; he travels quickly over his hideous journey.

The so-called "moderate" drinker struggles and deceives himself more or less. Sometimes, if he is fortunate and not overdriven by cares and failures, he gets through life in more or less respectable fashion. More often he fills up the place of some confirmed drunkard who has gone to his grave by one of the whiskey routes.

The drinker who foolishly talks, at home and abroad, of his "moderate" drinking and its harmless character, is among the most harmful of men. During his brief period of life he makes whiskey respectable. He is the recruiting sergeant who adds to the army of drunkards. —*Chicago American.*

An Effective Lesson.

A drunkard in New Orleans recently was saved from continuing his career of dissipation in a peculiar manner. The young man in question was of a fine family, and had splendid gifts, but was going down as fast as it was possible for a man to go through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, determined to try a new tack with him. He was sitting at a restaurant one evening when the young man in question came in with a companion, taking the table next to him, and sitting down with his back to him and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his note-book and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin folly of a young man with his brain numbed by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of the daily life—things which, when he was sober, he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire as of speaking about to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly and sent it round to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with: "What is this, anyhow?" "It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening," his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. "Did I really talk like that?" he asked, faintly. "I assure you it is an absolute verbatim report," was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop. There are many men who would cease, not only in the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as other people see them.