

THAT HALF-LOAF.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

"A half-loaf is better than none," (referring to high license) is the answer given by hundreds of people when asked to "toe the mark" for Prohibition on election-day.

In other times it was the answer of "dough face" politicians when asked to vote squarely for the abolition of slavery.

Reader, what is the price you are asked to pay for that "Half Loaf?"

1st, You must keep quiet, and stop talking about the formation of any new political organizations.

2nd, By accepting it you must be a party to giving the saloon interest the legal right to carry on their business of destruction.

3rd, Although saloon men meet together in political gatherings to make up their minds whom to vote for as a body, Half-Loaf Temperance men must not do so, as they have virtually sold themselves for the price offered.

4th, If your neighbor's wife should ask you to speak to a saloon-keeper about not selling her husband that which makes the whole family miserable, you can't consistently do it, for you have accepted your half of the loaf, and the liquor-dealer proposes to enjoy the benefit of his half.

5th, If a whisky-seller wants to join the church, you can't very well say no, for you both eat from the same loaf; the only difference being there is money in his half, but no nourishment or consolation in the part you own.

6th, It costs you your manhood. You can't say, I have "no lot in this matter."

7th, It is scarcely too much to say that it will cost the present and future happiness of some one you cherish more than all earthly possessions.

What kind of a Half-Loaf is it that temperance people are asked to take?

It is bought with blood, and mothers and fathers who have tasted it, and know all about it, say, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Poor food for a Christian to grow in grace on."

Don't accept any portion of the License Loaf, if you do the curse of intemperance will go on in the future as it has in the past.

Do right; and if your neighbor refuses to follow your good example so much the worse for him.

Mr. Cochrane (one of my employers) has just handed me a little clipping after reading which, I don't think you will be found training among the Half-Loaf Temperance men. Here it is:

"Last fall a professed Christian man said, when handed a Prohibition ticket; 'This is what I do with such a vote,' tearing it up. The man handing it to him said, 'That is just what that saloon-keeper over the way did.'"

You need not go to college to be educated to understand the fact that practically the two men were both doing the same thing—tearing up the ballots that should have been put into the box to protect mother's boy.

Think it over and tell me whether I am right or wrong. If right, stop tearing up Prohibition ballots.

I propose to vote for your boys. Will you return the kindness by voting for my boy?—*Witness*.

"PROTECTION AND RESPECT" FOR RUM SELLING.

A few days ago an organization of liquor dealers in this State formulated resolutions in which they declared that the business in which they are engaged is "legitimate" and "entitled to the protection and respect" of the community. Long habits doubtless blunts perception. The soap-boiler cannot smell the stench which pervades in his works. The dealer in hides comes to think his wares sweet and inoffensive; and so it is possible that those whose business is to sell poison to the public, and who witness hourly the disastrous effects of their trade, may think it deserving of respect. But the public can make no such mistake. A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters, which derives its revenue from the plunder of homes and from the defrauding of helpless childhood, from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards and thieves, and embezzlers, and gamblers, and wife-beaters, and murderers; which brutalizes and

degrades all who are brought in contact with it—cannot claim the respect and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.

It indeed indicates the extent of the prevalent demoralization that a business so inherently infamous, so unquestionably against public policy should have been permitted to establish itself so firmly that those who pursue it are convinced, not only that it is legitimate, but that it is "entitled to protection and respect." But upon what grounds do these bold claims rest? What constitutes a legitimate, respectable business? Is a business which debauches, impoverishes, injures the public either the one or the other? When such questions have to be asked it is time that they were settled definitely. At present rum-selling is technically legitimate. That is to say, it is not unlawful. But since its consequences are what we see, it would be an abuse of language to term it respectable.

But it does not stop at these insolent pretensions. It tells the people that it has great political power, that it is organized, and that it will fight reform and temperance with the votes of the unfortunates it has embruted. This then is what the community has to face. It must either submit to the political supremacy of the rum-sellers; it must either accept their government; it must either bow to their standard of morals and declare them to be entitled to "protection and respect," or it must make up its mind to a conflict, the aim and end of which shall be the overthrow of this abominable abuse, and the protection of the masses against the worst foe of civilization.

They will oppose any reform whatever. They deny the right of the people to protect themselves at all. They claim the right themselves to poison, and brutalize and degrade all whom they can reach. They think they will be supported in this by the public they fleece and injure, and upon the persistence of whose animal appetites they coarsely calculate. Hitherto they have unhappily been justified in this dependence. The men who had most cause to loathe the business have been among the first to uphold and fortify it. But a change is even now passing over public opinion. It is becoming more and more generally recognized that intemperance is at the bottom of two-thirds of the social, political and moral evils that retard progress and perplex and harass the legislator. It is being comprehended that an effective and safe franchise requires sobriety and intelligence in the voter. In fact it is being realized that the future of the country depends largely upon mastering the elements which have their origin and derive all their strength from Rum, and which militate at every turn against good government, pure social conditions, religion and progress.—*V. Y. Tribune*.

DRINK AND LITERATURE.

The connection between drinking habits and the literary profession, although not obvious to a superficial observer, is intimate and important. Either the very sensitive, scholarly man, or else the man of mere low tastes falls a victim to the destructive vice. In the former case, as a relief from possible misfortune (a relief which only intensifies the misfortune), or else for the sake of conversation and society, which soon develops into a taste for drink and drunkenness, in the latter instance, it is the low instinct of mere animalism. It is with the former alone that we here deal, concerning the latter the police reports furnish abundant material.

To begin: The Grecian and Roman poets are eloquent in their praises of wine. But what kind of wine was it? Much of it, as Dr. F. R. Lees has shown, was simply the unfermented juice of the grape. What in the Roman banquet was not strictly unfermented was certainly not "fortified" by brandy. That explains why men who drank too freely were rarely in a state of intoxication. Scholars who can read their classics, Horace especially, will bear out this statement. But turn to modern times and modern instances.

Gillray the caricaturist was an artist, and on occasion an author, of no mean celebrity. Every collector knows that good originals of his famous pictures, celebrating George III., Bonaparte, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan and the other men of his epoch, are of almost infinite value. His work commanded large prices, and he might have lived in circumstances of affluence. But being a genial man he took to indiscriminate companionship, thence to the bottle; then his "friends" deserted him (they always do so), and at length this gifted man fell, a victim to dissipation and want, and on the verge of insanity, superinduced by alcoholic excess.

Why mention Sheridan—orator, poet, dramatist and rhetorician? Everyone knows his sad history. He it was who, as Macaulay relates was