

"Here we have the highest of high license. All cities *must* levy a tax of one thousand dollars on each saloon. They may, and in some places do, go far beyond that modest (?) sum. In country towns and places the minimum is five hundred dollars per year.

"Omaha, two years ago last month, started off with some sixty-five licensed saloons paying one thousand dollars each. But the number of licensed places have steadily increased till we now have one hundred and one in full blast, besides twenty-two drug stores with permits.

"The total outlay for license, rents, help, etc., must reach nearly four hundred thousand dollars in this city, and this too for what directly brings no return; hence capital and profit must be added to this enormous sum to fully represent the magnitude of the wasteful traffic in Omaha.

"Houses of ill-fame are about as numerous as saloons—for they are twin sisters to them.

"Our city is free from street drunkenness, but the relief committee and the county commissioners know of indescribable want in thousands of instances—want in one of the most thrifty and prosperous cities of the world; yes, want where the commonest laborers get from one dollar and a half to two dollars a day, and can have work for about nine months in the year.

"There is a cloud like a man's hand rising; high license will be lost during the storm."—*N. T. Advocate.*

HELP IN THE STRUGGLE.

As an aid to men desiring to break away from their appetite for strong drink, the *Philadelphia Ledger* suggests the following: "For such let the house mother always have on hand something hot, or tonic, or refreshing to tide over for the hour the agonizing demand of the body for stimulation. Hot drinks—coffee, sometimes tea, cocoa, either ground or in the form of shells or cracked cocoa. This is nutritious as well as satisfying. Hot broth, beef tea, or beef essence can be bought, but are far better made at home; hot milk, and ginger tea, etc. Aerated drinks—lemon soda, zoedone, and lemonade, can be kept in the house, and are harmless, the tang being by fixed air. Refreshing drinks are cold milk, buttermilk, whey, drinks of lemon and other acid fruits, and what is just as effectual and cheaper, dilute phosphoric acid. A few drops in water, sweetened, makes a pleasant drink, and ten cents worth will last for months. Oatmeal water, just a handful in a pitcher of water. This is both refreshing and strengthening, especially in summer. In the Baldwin locomotive shops, where about 5,000 men are employed, this is kept on hand in large quantities, and strange to say, even drinking men grow fond of it. They say that when they drink it they don't seem to care for their beer. Juicy fruits—apples, oranges, melons, etc. The surest way to bring up children not to care for alcohol is to accustom them early to liking all sorts of fruit."—*Rescue.*

A NEW DANGER.

BY O. P. GIFFORD.

Again, the Prohibition movement is largely a clerical one. The clergy are among the principal advocates. Leading quiet, secluded lives, they have little chance to see and realize the physical and mutual necessities of their fellow men, and none at all to observe the workings of these laws. They only see a great evil, destructive to body and soul, and know of no other course but to march direct upon its work with the sword of Prohibition, regardless of all obstacles that lie in the way. Far be it from us to condemn the ministers of our souls when working in their true calling, but the tendency of such work is to unite Church and State, and we should never forget the teachings of history in this regard. To go no further back than the early days of the American colonies, when old and young women were burnt as witches in New England, and Quakers and Baptists were judicially murdered by its courts, we find the chief persecutors and prosecutors were a bigoted ministry, controlling the action of the State. There is danger to liberty when demagogism, charlatanism, and bigotry are combined in a crusade against the wine trade.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

The prayer of Burns, the poet, is answered. We can see ourselves as others see us. In the above clipping, the *New York Retailer*, a liquor organ, holds the mirror up to the Prohibition movement. It may be a "warped mirror to a gaping age," but it is the best we have, and although it may distort us, we can at least see ourselves as we appear to others.

Note the danger. "Far be it from us to condemn the ministers of our souls when working in their true calling, but the tendency of such work is to unite Church and State." The ministers of souls have a true calling, working in the liquor traffic cannot condemn them, but the tendency of such work is to unite Church and State. Then the liquor traffic does not condemn the ministers' true work, though it tend to unite Church and State. The curse of a united Church and State is one from which the governments of the Old World are slowly working free, and there is a mighty influence in this country that has gone far enough not to condemn the working of a great class of public men, when the tendency of such work is to repeat the blunders and perpetuate the crimes of the past.

To be sure we cannot see just how the ministry of souls tends to the union of Church and State, but that it does there can be no doubt after such a free and frank acknowledgement. Really here is a danger, Civil Service Reform and even Prohibition, sink into insignificance beside it. Christening children, baptizing adults, marrying lovers, preaching religion, leading to repentance, burying the dead, all these and other spiritual offices of the ministry are so many strands in the rope by which the Church and State are bound together.

But let us see again. "The clergy are among the principal advocates of Prohibition," therefore, "the Prohibition movement is largely a clerical one." Let this be preserved as the confession of one, who, feeling slightly unwell, would fasten the cause of his sorrow on some one else. A few years from now, when both political parties are reaching after the prohibitory principles as eagerly as the great fish reached after Jonah, to bear them on to the Nineveh of success, certain ones will be found to say, "the Church was asleep, the clergy slept; this movement was in spite of Christianity, not because of it." We hail with delight this would-be stigma; the saloon feels the power of the Church; it does not welcome it as a fellow-worker in its infamous traffic; it knows its enemy. As Michael the Archangel contended with the Devil, disputing about the body of Moses, so does the Christian Church contend with the Satanic Saloon for the home. The clergy are indeed among the principal advocates of Prohibition, and are glad to be recognized as such by the common enemy of the home and the church.

One of three attitudes is possible on the subject. First, to ignore the traffic altogether, go by on the other side as the Priest and the Levite went by the man who had fallen among the thieves. Second, join hands with the traffic and thus defend an infamy. Third, smite it on every possible occasion. He who refuses to use his eyes soon loses the use of them. He who refuses to use his powers aright soon perverts them. The clergy cannot pass the traffic by silently, cannot indorse it, must denounce it, or follow Samson to the Philistine prison pen, and blinded grind grain for heathen.

Just how quiet and secluded lives unfit men to pronounce judgment on political and moral questions is not clear. The engineer rides well forward on the locomotive, secluded from all cinders, the pilot rides in a house secluded from the chatter of the cabin and the dingy light of the engine room. In all walks of life quiet and seclusion tend to clear judgment. Cream never rises on the milk that is being churned, nor sound ser in the minds of men who are confused by contact with wrong.

"The physical and mental (?) necessities of their fellow-men" are quite as well known to the physician in the quiet of the sick-room, where a patient is suffering from a drunken debauch, or to the lawyer holding conversation with a criminal through prison bars, or to the pastor hearing a prodigal's confession, as to the man whose capital is invested in the cause of sickness, crime, or prodigality, or the man who ministers to those behind the bar.

A student of moral and political economy is quite as good a judge of the workings of the law as the average liquor dealer or his legislator.

Note the confession of this article. "They (the clergy) only see a great evil, destructive to body and soul, and know of no other course but to march direct upon its works with the sword of Prohibition, regardless of all obstacles that lie in the way."

A great evil, destructive of body and soul, is what they see. As ministers of souls it is their business to attack the evil, and if possible, lessen the misery. The physician fights diphtheria, but does not