## Sunday. Preaches Sermon on "Booze" pages of the supreme court and the circuit court judges' reports in Indiana and Illionis to make my case. or "Get on the Water Wagon" Now Kills Best Friend for Drink of Bum.

"Billy" Sunday's sermon entitled Booze; or Get On the Water Wagon, which he delivered at the tabernacie vesterday afternoon, follows:

I will take my text from the 5th chapter of Matthew, the 28th to the 23d verse, describing the casting out of the devis which entered into the awine.

Here we have one of the strangest scenes in all the gospels. Two men, possessed of devils, confront Jesus, and while the devils are crying out for Jesus to leave them. He commands the devils to come out, and the devils obey the command of Jesus.

The devils ask permission to enter into a herd of swine feeding on the hillside. This is the only record we have of Jesus ever granting the petition of devils, and He did it for the salvation of men.

Then the fellows that kept the hogs went back to town and told the peanutbrained, weasel-eyed, hog-jowled, beetle-browed, bull-necked lebsters that owned the hogs, that "A long-haired fanatic from Nazareth, named Jesus, has driven the devils out of some men and the devils have gone into the hogs, and the hogs into the sea, and the sea into the hogs, and the whole bunch is

And then the fat, pussy old fellows came out to see Jesus and said that He was hurting their business. A fellow says to me, "I don't think

Jesus Christ did a nice thing." You don't know what you are talking about.

Down in Nashville, Tenn., I saw four wagons going down the street, and they the sovereign people were loaded with stills, and kettles, and pipes. "What's this?" I said.

are taking them down to the government scrap heap."

Jeans Christ God's Revenue Officer. Jesus Christ was God's revenue officer. Now, the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, but Jesus Christ came and found that crowd buying and selling and dealfellows ran back to those who owned the hoge to tell what had befallen them, and those hog owners said to Jesus; Take your helpers and hike. You are

hurting our business." What is the matter?"

"Have you no interest in manhood?" 'We have no interest in that; just are hurting our business."

That is the attitude of the liquor traf-

sissippi, and Tennessee, all but three cit-And they have driven it out of 147 coun- has no leg to stand upon. ties in Texas, and out of North Caro-

form wave sweeping our land. and manhood, irrespective of politics. It will do that kind of business. is prosperity against poverty, sobriety against drunkenness, honesty against thieving, heaven against hell. Don't you want to see men sober? Brutal, staggering men transformed into respectable

we have no interest in humanity."

All Agree Saloons Degrading ing upon the individual, the family, pollthat you touch in this old world. Por the time has long gone by when there is any ground for arguments of its ill effects. All are agreed on that point.

There is just one prime reason why the saloon has not been knocked into hell, and that is the false statement, "That the Farmers Would Knock Whisky Into saloons are needed to help lighten the The saloon business has never

I challenge you to show me where the

pay the taxes, and if they pay \$500,000 in death of you farmers

lefy you to show me an instance.

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our all the factors in the problem. defy you to show me an instance. idiots come from intemperate parents; 80 You take, Mr. Brewer, the farmer

go to a family and it is broken up, and plucked from the brain of an excited I may, "What caused this?" Drink! I orator. step up to a young man on the scaffold. I will take instances from the judicial

and say, "What brought you here?"

a decent, respectable place.

Saloon the Sum of All Villatates. The saloon is the sum of all villainies. support that crime. And to license such atreet. an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest. this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it

Do away with the cursed business and keepers and the brewers and the distillers, while the whisky fills the land with misery and poverty and wretchedness and disease and death and damnation and it is being authorized by the will of

You say "that people will drink it anyway." Not by my vote. You say "men will murder their wives anyway." Not by "United States revenue officers, and my vote. "They will steal anyway." Not they have been in the moonshine district by my vote. You are the sovereign peoand confiscated the illicit stills, and they ple, and what are you going to do about

Women's Tears Will Not Stop Liquor Let me assemble before your minds the bodies of the drunken dead, who crawl away "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," and then, out of the valley of the shadow of the drink; let me ing in pork, and confiscated the whole call the appertaining motherhood, and business, and He kept within the limits wifehood, and childhood, and let their of the law when He did it. Then the tears rain down upon their purple faces. Do you think that would stop the curse of the liquor traffic? No! No!

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is at the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal' And they looked into the sea and the about what is called "personal liberty." hogs were bottom side up, but the men These are fine, large, mouth-filling words were right side up. And Jesus said, and they certainly do sound first rate; but when you get right down and analyze And they answered, "Leave our hogs them in the light of common old horse A fellow says it is rather a sense, you will discover that in their apstrange request for the devils to make, plication to the present controversy they to ask permission to enter into hogs. I mean just about this: "Personal liberty," don't know-if I was a devil I would is for the man, who, if he has the inclinarather live in a good, decent hog than tion and the price, can stand up to a bar in lots of men, and if you will drive the and fill his hide so full of red liquor that hogs out you wen't have to carry slop he is transformed for the time into an irto him, so I will try to help you get rid responsible, dangerous, evil smelling brute. But "personal liberty" is not for And they told Jesus to leave the coun- his patient, long-suffering wife, who has try. They said: "You are hurting our to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children who, if they escape his insane rage and are yet robbed of every known take your disciples and leave, for you joy and privilege of childhood, and too never had a dollar in the bank, but beoften grow up neglected, uncared for and victous as the result of their surfic toward the church and the state and roundings and the example before them;

I am a temperance republican down to unkenness, disorder and poverty, the vestment, and court expenses decreased my toes. Who is the man that fights items of which are written in the records \$25,000 in one year. the whisky business in the south? It of every police court and poorhouse in Who pays to feed business from Alabama; they have good woman who goes abroad in the town driven it from Georgia, and from Mis- only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crased creature. This rant ies; and out of 100 counties in Kentucky. about "personal liberty" as an argument

Now, the corn crop of 1913 was 2.563. lina. And it is the rock-ribbed demo- 732,000 bushels, and it was valued at cratic south that is fighting the saloon. \$1,350,000,000. Secretary Wilson said that They started this fight that is sweeping the breweries use less than 2 per cent. like fire over the United States. You I will say that they use 2 per cent. That might as well try and dam Niagara would make 51,000,000 bushels, and at 50 Falls with toothpicks as to stop the re- cents a bushel that would be about \$25,-000,000. How many people are there in The democratic party of Florida has the United States? Eighty million. Very put a temperance plank in its platform, well, then, that is 27 cents per capita. and the republican party of every state. Then we sold out to the whisky business would nail that slank in their platform for 27 bents apiece-the price of a dozen if they thought it would carry the elec- eggs or a pound of butter. We are the tion. It is simply a matter of decency cheapest gang this side of hell if we

Workingmen Spent \$2,200,000,000

for Boose. Now listen! Last year the income the United States government, and the cities and towns and counties from the whisky business, was \$350,000,000. That is "No," said a saloonkeeper, "to hell with putting it liberally. You say that's a lot men. We are interested in our business, of money. Well, last year the workingmen spent \$2,200,000,000 for drink, and 1 cost \$1,300,000,000 to care for the judicial After all is said that can be said upon machinery. In other words, the whisky the liquor traffic, its influence is degrad- business cost us last year \$3,400,000,000. will substract from that the dirty \$350, tics and business, and upon everything 000,000 which we got, and it leaves \$3,050, 600,000 in favor of knocking the whisky business out on purely a money basis. And

"But," says the whisky fellow, would lose trade; the farmer come to town to trade."

Hell.

You lie. I am a farmer. I was paid, and it has cost fifty times more and raised on a farm and I have the for the saloon than the revenue derived malodors of the barnyard on me today. Yes, sir. And when you say that, you insuit the best class of men on God's dirt. saloon has ever helped business, educa- Say, when you put up the howl that if tion, church morals or anything we hold you don't have the saloons the farmers won't trade-say, Mr. Whisky Man, why do you dump money into politics and You listen today, and if I can't peel the back the Legislatures into the corner and bark off that damnable fallacy. I will fight to the last ditch to prevent the enpack my trunk and leave. I say that is actment of county local option? You knew if the farmers were given a chance The wholesale and retail trade in Iowa they would knock the whisky business pays every year at least \$500,000 in licenses. into hell the first throw out of the box. Then if there were no drawback, it You are afraid. You have cold feet on ought to reduce the taxatilon 25 per cent the proposition. You are afraid to give per capits. If the saloon is necessary to the farmer a chance. They are scared to

taxes, it ought to reduce them 25 cents a A farmer brings to the brewer a bushe head. But no, the whisky business has of corn. He finds a market for it. He increased taxes \$1,900,000 instead of reduc- gets 50 cents and goes his way, with the ing them, and I defy any whisky man on statement of the brewer ringing in his God's dirt to show one town that has the ears that the brewer is the benefactor. saloon, where the taxes are lower than But you haven't got all the factors in the where they do not have the saloon. I problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get

per cent of the paupers: 82 per cent of bushel of corn, brewer or distiller, and the crime is committed by men under you brew and distil from it four and the influence of liquor; 80 per cent of the how much he dilutes them before he puts adult criminals are whisky made. The them on the market. Only the brewer, Chicago Tribune kept track for ten years the distiller and Ged knows. The man and found that 52,556 murders were com- who drinks it doesn't, but, if he doesn't mitted by men under the influence of dilute it at all, he puts on the market four and one-half gallons of intoxicating Archbishop Ireland, the famous Roman liquor, thirty-six pints. I am not going Catholic of St. Paul, said of social crime to trace the thirty-six. It will take too today, "That 75 per cent is caused by long. But I want to trace three of them drink, and 50 per cent of the poverty." and I will give you no imaginary stories

Two years ago in the city of Chicago a young man of good parents, good character, one Simday crossed the street Drink! Whence all the misery, and sor, and entered a saloon, open against the Drink! Whence all the misery, and sor-row, and corruption? Invaribly it is There was laughter, song and test and much drinking. After a while, drank, Five Points, in New York, was a spot as insapely drunk, his money gone, he was near like hell as any spot on earth. There kicked into the street. He found his way are five streets that run to this point, and across to his mother's home. He inright in the middle was an old brewery, portuned her for money to buy more and the streets on either side were lined drink. She refused him. He setzed with grog-shops. The newspapers turned from the sideboard a revolver and ran a search-light on the district, and before out into the street, and with the exthey could stop it, the first thing they pressed determination of entering the had to do was to buy the old brewery asloon and getting more drink, money and turn it into a mission, and today it is or no money. His little mother followed

him into the street. Ob, men of Omaha! His fond mother followed him into the street. She put It is worse than war or postilence. It is her hand upon him in loving restraint. the crime of crimes. It is the parent of He struck it from him in anger and then crimes and the mother of sins. It is his sister came and added her entreaty the appalling source of misery and crime in vain. And then a neighbor, whom he in the land, and the principal cause of knew, trusted and respected, came and crime. It is the source of three-fourths put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness, but in an insanity of of the crime, and, of course, it is the drunken race he raised the revolver and source of three-fourths of the taxes to shot his friend dead in his blood upon the

low-down, damnable business on top of murder "He was sentenced to life imprisonment, and when the little mother heard the verdict-a frail little bit of a woman-she threw up her hands and fell you will not have to put up to support in a swoon. In three hours she was dead, them. Who gets the money? The saloon-Gotham's Drink Bill Million a Day.

And say, my friends, New York City's annual drink bill is \$365,000,000 a year, \$1,000,000 a day. Listen a minute! That is four times the annual output of gold, and at him. it is at least one-third the value of all the coal mined in the United States. And in some sections of New York there is one saloon for every thirty families.

The money spent in New York by the York a beautiful home and allow \$3.500 for house and lot. New York's annual drink bill would buy 73,000,000 barrels of flour, nearly a barrel for every man and woman in the United States. It would take fifty people one year to count the noney in \$1 bills, and they would cover 19,000 acres of ground. That is what the people in New York dump into the whisky hole in one year. And then you wonder Why there is poverty and crime, and that the country is not more prosperous

This gang is circulating a circular about Kan as City, Kan. I defy you to prove a statement in it. Listen! Kansas City is a town of 1:0,000 population, and temperance went into effect July 1, 1908. They then had 25) saloons, 200 gambling helis and sixty houses of ill-fame. The population was largely foreign, and inquiries have come from Germany, Sweden and Norway, asking the influence of the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

Prohibition Increased One Bank's

Deposits \$1,700,000, At the end of one year, the president of one of the largest banks in that city, a man who had protested against the euforcement of the prohibitory inw on the ground that it would hurt business, found that at the end of one year his bank deposits had increased \$1,700,000, and 72 per cent, of the deposits were from men who had never saved a cent before and 42 per cent came from men who had cause the saloons were driven out they had a chance to save, and the people who objected on the grounds that it government, and the preacher that has "personal liberty" is not for the sober, would injure business, found an increase the backbone to fight the most damn- industrious citizen who, from the pro- of 100 per cent, in building operations; and able, corrupt institution that ever wrig- ceeds of honest toll and orderly living, furthermore, there were three times as gled out of hell and fastened itself on has to pay, willingly or not, the tax many people building homes as before bills which pile up as the direct result of and there were more people seeking in-

you have in jail? Why, you go down in your sock and pay for what the saloon has dumped in there. They don't do it. Mr. Whisky Man, why don't you go down and take a picture of wrecked and blighted homes and of insane asylume with gibbering idiots that it costs \$6,600,-000,0.0 to support? Why don't you take a picture of that?

Few Prisoners in Kansas City Julis. At Kansas City, Kan, before the saloons were closed, they were getting ready to build an addition to the jail. Now the doors swing idly on the hinges and there is nobody to lock in the jatis. And the commissioner of the poor farm says there is a wonderful falling off of old men and women coming to the poorspending it for drink. And they had to license? father support the family. And now they use talking about it. bank deposits increased \$3,950,000.

kill business-Ha! ha! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

I tell you, gentlemen, the American ple, for the people and by the people, is to shut off the source of supply. and when a man can go from his home in the morning with the kisses of wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man

whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home-whatever degrades that man or woman-whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the my business, and my business is a legal home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt.

And if all the combined forces of hell should assemble in conclave, and with them all the men on earth that hate and despise God, and spurity, and virtue-if all the soum of the earth could mingle with the demisens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to combined hellish intelligence could not ought to offer on the list \$25 for the best conceive of or bring forti an institution wrecked home, \$15 for the best bloated father, mother, sister, sweetheart, give that could touch the hem of the garment burn that you can show, and \$19 for the of the open licensed saloon to damn the finest specimen of a broken-hearted wife,

creased so that they destroyed the crops, thing that is good trot it out. You ought and they introduced the mongoose, which to come in competition with the farmer. is a species of the coon. They have three with his stock, and the fancy work, and breeding seasons a year, and there are the canned fruit." twelve to fifteen in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rate disappeared, and cheer and sends sorrow. It promises there was nothing more for the mon- health and causes disease. It promises goose to feed upon, so they attacked the prosperity and sends adversity. It prom- 300 a day and 110,000 a year. snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards less happiness and sends misery. Yes, it that fed upon the insects, with the re- sends the husband home with a lie on another will plunge into a river, ansuft that the insects increased and they his lips to his wife; and the boy home

## Heard at the Tab

"Billy" Sunday announced that or Wednesday evening he will preach his famous sermon on Dr. Jekyl and Dr.

Thursday afternoon and evening at the lt lies in wait for the unborn.

Tab" will be for women only. The only man to be present will be Rev. William puts the rope in the hands of the control of of the c

"Doubters and Skeptica" will be the

Collections will be taken on Tuesday and Thursday of this week for some local charities. For Tuesday the Union Gospel Mission and for Thursday the Child Saving Institute. onlons and the lettuce, and then the mongoose attacked the sheep, and the

the gress. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose,

Saloon.

There were some men playing cards, and costs 30 cents to make a gallon of whisky; one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and sold over the counter at 10 cents a glass passed it about, and when it came to the it will bring \$4. drummer he said:

"What," they said, "have you got on the water wagon?" and they all laughed and it will bring nearer \$8."

"You can laugh if you want to." he said, "but I was born with an appetite sider the licorice, and potash, and logfor drink and for years I have taken from five to ten glasses per day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago, working people for drink in ten years and I have a friend who has a pawn shop would buy every working man in New there. I was in there when in came a young fellow with ashen cheeks and a wild look on his face. He came up trembling, threw down a little package and said: "Give me 10 cents." And what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes. My friend said. " 'No, I cannot take them.'

" 'Give me a dime, I must have a drink.

will need them." 'My baby is dead, and I want a

drink,' answered the poor fellow. Boys, I don't blame you for the lump that comes up in your throat. There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong."

I say if the saloon, with its train of disease, crime and misery is not wrong. then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men-men that will fight-the chur, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away. and thank God she will will not run away, but fight to the last ditch. Who works the hardest for his money,

the saloon man or you? Who has the most money Sunday morn-

ng; the saloon man or you? Saloon Is Rat Hole for Wages. The saloon comes as near being a rat tole for a wage-earner to dump his wages n as anything you can find. The only nterest it pays is red eyes and foul breath, and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with haracter ou come out rulned. ... wo in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank, or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let your wife be buried go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say that the saloon is a good institution, when it is the dirtiest thing

on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man, not one thing. "But," you say, "we will regulate it by high licenses." Regulate what by high license? You might as well try and regulate a powder mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys or dirty money A man that will sell out to that dirty

business I have no use for. See how absurd their arguments are. If you drink Bourbon in a saloon that pays \$1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays \$500 Hoense? Is house, because their sons and daughters it going to have any different effect or are saving their money and have quit you, whether the gang pays \$500 or \$1,000

employ eighteen new school teachers for No. It will make no difference whether 600 boys and girls between the ages of 12 you drink it over a mahogany counter or and 18, that had never gone to school be- pine counter-it will have the same effect fore because they had to help a drunken on you; it will damn you. So there is no

In some insane asylums, do you know school house, and the bonded indebted- what they do? When they want to test ness was reduced \$24,000 last year without some patient to see whether he has rethe saloon revenue. And don't you know covered hi areason they have a room with another thing? In 1906, when they had a faucet in it and a cement floor, and the saloon, the population, according to they give the patient a mop and tell him the directory, was 83,655. According to to mop up the floor. And if he has sense the last census the population was 100,835, enough to turn off the faucet and mop up or an increase of 12 per cent in one year, the floor they will parole him, but should without the grog shop. In two years the he let the faucet run, they know that he is crazy.

You say drive out the saloon and you Trying to Mop with Water Running. Well, that is what you are trying to do You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jails, and cures home is the dearest heritage of the peo- and reformatories. The only thing to do A man was deliverng a temperance ad-

> dress at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said-"Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick. I would compremium list and said: "By the way, I see there is a permium of so much offered for the best horse, and cow, and butter. What business are you in?"

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business, and they me and manhood, and womanhood and and they ought to give 15 for the finest business and every other good thing on specimen of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the fin In the Island of Jamaica the rate in- est looking criminals. If you have some

Defines Saloon in Many Ways.

it causes the employe to lie to his em- head and life will end. Another will cry, egraph to buy cotton, and they tell their ployer. It degrades. It is God's worst "Mother!" and his life will go out like enemy and the devil's best friend, Seventy-five per cent of impurity comes from the grog shop. It spares neither youth not the whisky criminals. They say, "Yes, old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket Bill, I fired the bullet." Yes, I backed

It is the anarchist of the world and its the dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children, and it sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln; it nerved the arm that sent the bullet through kallon of whisky and a dollar to buy a Garfield and William McKinley. Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against our flag and every anarchist plot against the government and law, was born and bred and crawled out an old drunken burn with a wife and six of the grog shop to damn this country. I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are and throw down my dollar. It costs 20 cats, and the puppies and the calves, and legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knecking it out. The Masons and the America's Mongoose Is the Licensed Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and the Ancient Order of United Work-The American mongoose is the open men are closing their doors to the whisky licensed saloon. It eats the carpets off sellers. They don't want you wrigging the floor, and the clothes from off your your carcass in their lodges. Yes, sir, I back, your money out of the bank, and tell you, the curse of God is on it. It is It eats up character, and it goes on until on the down grade, it is headed for hell, at last it leaves a stranded wreck in the and by the grace of God I am going to home, a skeleton of what was once bright- give it a push, with a whoop, for all know how. Listen to me! I am going to Like a drummer on a railroad train, show you how we burn up our money. It

> "But." said the saloonkeeper, "Bill, you must figure in the strychnine and the cochineal, and other stuff they put in it.

Yes; it increases the heart beat thirty times more in a minute, when you conwood and other polsons that are put in. I believe one cause for the unprecedented increase of crime is due to the poison put in the stuff nowadays to make it go as far as they can. I am indebted to my friend, George R. Stuart, for some of the following points:

Who Gets Profit from Whisky? if you don't understand just keep still money. and nobody will ever knew the differ- I join the Booster club for business and

I say, "Hey, Colonel Politics, what is the matter with the country?" He swells up like a potsoned pup and says to me, "Bill, why, the silver bug-

the country. value of all the gold and silver was \$524.558,000, and we dumped three times that amount in the whisky hole and

What is the matter with the country, Colonel Politics? He swells up and says. 'Mr. Sunday, standpatterism, sir."

I say, "You are an old windbag." "Oh," says another, "revision of the tariff." Another man said, "Free trade; open the doors at the ports and let them pour the products in and we will put the trusts on the sidetrack." Say, you come with me to every port

value of all imports was and we dumped that much in the whisky hole in twelve months, and did not fill it. America and Europe to sell our products. That's what is the matter; we are not

exporting enough." Say, last year the total value of all the exports was \$1,000,000,000, and we dumped that amount in the whisky hole in one year, and did not fill it.

One time I was down in Washington and went to the United States treasury and said: "I wish you would let me go where you don't let the general public." And they took us around on the inside and we walked into a room about twenty feet long and fifteen wide and as many feet high, and I said: "What is this?" More Goes for Whisky Than Owns.

"This is the vault that contains all of the national bank stock in the United I said, "How much is here?"

They said, "\$578,000,000." And we dumped nearly four times the value of the national bank stock in the United States into the whisky hole last year, and we didn't fill the hole up at

What is the matter? Whenever the day comes that all the Catholic and Protestant churches-just when the day comes when you will say to that whisky business: "You go to heil," that day the whisky business will whisky-voting elder and deacon and ves- with America. I think the liquor busitryman, and you wouldn't strike your ness is the dirtiest, rottenest business hands together on the proposition. It would stamp you an old hypocrite and

100 Miles of Saloons. Say, hold on a little bit. Have you got a silver dollar? I am going to show you how it is burned up. We have in this country 250,000 saloons, and allowing fifty feet frontage for each saloon, t makes a street from New York to Chicago, and 5,000,000 men, women and children go daily into the saloons for drink. And marching twenty miles a day it would take thirty days to pass this building, and marching five abreast they would reach 500 miles. There they go, look at them!

On January 1 500,000 of the young men of our nation entered the grog-shop and hegan a public career hellward, and on December 31 I will come back here and summon you people, and ring the beli and raise the curtain and say to the saloons and breweries: "On January 1 I gave you 500,000 of

the brain and muscle of our land, and I want them back and have come in the name of home, and church and school; me back what I gave you. March out." Drunks' Funeral 3,000 Miles Long. I count, and 165,000 have lost their apetites and have become muttering, bleary-eyed drunkards, wallowing in their

"What is it I hear, a funeral dirge?" What is that procession? A funeral ession 3,000 miles long and 110,000 carses in the procession. One hundred and ten thousand men die drunkards in The saloon is a liar. It promises good this land of the free and the home of the In an hour twelve men died drunkards

own excrement, and I say:

One man will leap in front of a train. other will plunge from the dock into a

a burned match I stand in front of the jails and count \$150 a bale. for the baby to crawl into this world, my wife into a corner and beat her life out. I am waiting for the scaffold; I It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It am walting." "I am walting," says anputs the rope in the hands of the mob. other, 'to slip into hell," On, on it goes. I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Come we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that dollar for a quart. It takes 20 cents to make a quart. You say to the saloonkeeper:

> "Give me a quart." 1 will show you, if you wait a minute, and I got a quart. Over here I am John how she is burned up. Here I am John, kuis. (Thank God, it's all a lie.)

Come on, I will go down to the saloon cents to make a gallon of whisky. A nickel will make a quart. My dollar will buy a quart of boose. nickel? The farmer, for corn or applea. Who gets the 25 cents? The United States government, the hig distillers, the blg corporations.

am John, a drunken burn, and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grog shop and throw down my dollar. The saloon keeper gets my dollar and I get a quart of booze. Come home with me. I stagger, and reel, and spew into my wife's presence, and she says;

"Hello, John; what did you bring home?"

"A quart." What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home, and fill my home with squalor and want. So there is the dollar. The salconkeeper has it. Here is my quart, I have that. There you get the whisky end of it. Here you get the workingman's home end of the anluon.

What Dollar Pair of Shoes Will Do. But come on: I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver I will show you how your money is thread in the woof and warp of happiburned up. It costs 20 cents to make a ness and joy, and the man that owns gailon of whisky, sold over the counter the building gets some, and the clerk at 10 cents a glass, which brings \$4. Lis- that sold the shoes gets some, and the ten, where does it go? Who gets the merchant and the traveling man ,and 2) cents? The farmer for his corn and the wholesale house gets some, and the "No, take them back home, your baby rye. Who gets the rest? The United factory, and the man that made the States government for collecting rev- shoes, and the man that tanned the hide. enue, and the big corporations, and part and the butcher that bought the calf, and is used to pave our streets and pay our the farmer that raised the calf, and police. I'll show you. I'm going to the little colored fellow that shined the show you how it is burned up, and you shoes, and my dollar spread itself and don't need half sense to catch on, and nobody is made worse for spending the

prosperity. A man said

"I will tell you what is the matter with the country; It's overproduction." "You lie; it is underconsumption." Say, wife, the bread that ought to be

bear. That's what is the matter with in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger, is down yonder in the grocers Say! The total value of the silver store, and your husband hasn't money coined in this country in 1977 was \$37,598,- enough to carry it home. The meat that 000. Hear me! In 1907 the total value of ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the gold produced in this country was the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't \$94,722,000, and we dumped ten times that money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is much in the whisky hole and didn't fill lying on a shelf in the store, but your that sell it? Look at them painted on the What is the matter? In 1904 the total husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whisky gang has the money.

What is the matter with our country' would like to do this: I would like to see every booze fighter get on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say:

"Boys let's cut her out and spend the money for flour, meat and calico; what

Say! \$500,000,000 will buy all the flour in the United States; \$500,0000,000 will buy all the beef cattle, and \$500,000,000 will buy all the cotton at \$50 a bale. But we dumped more money than that of entry. Listen! Last year the total in the whisky hole last year, and didn't the drunkards. Come on, ready, forward, march, right "Oh," says a man, "let us court South left, there I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of butcher shop. The butcher says: "What

do you want, a piece of neck?" "No; how much do I owe you? \$3, Here's your dough. Now give me a por-

terhouse steak and a sirloin roast. Where did you get all that money?

"Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon. "Hello! What do you want?"

"Beefsteak."

What do you want? "Beefsteak." We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. "Hey, central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, any pork, and mutton?" They strip the slaughter houses and

then telephone to Swift, and Armour, and Nelson Morris and Cudahy, to send down train loads of beefsteaks,

Getting on Water Wagon Menus. "What's the matter?" "The whole bunch has gotten on the water wagon.' And Swift and the other big packers in

Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton. The farmer see the price of cattle and sheep jump three times their value. Let me take the money you dump into the whisky hole and buy beefsteaks with go to hell, but you alt there, you old it. I will show you what is the matter

> this side of hell. Come on, are you ready? Fall in! We

line up in front of a grocery store. "What do you want?" "Why, I want flour."

"What do you want?" "Pfour." "What do you want?

"Flour," "Pilisbury, Minneapolis, 'Sleepy Eye?" "Yes; ship in train loads of flour; send on the fast mail schedule, with an engine men and the seum of God's dirt, that in front, one behind and a Mogul in the have gone to the mat and taken the

"What's the matter?" "Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze and have begun to buy flour.

whisky Men Have Your Money. The big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over \$2 per bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why, the whisky gang has your money and you have an empty stomach, and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty business. Come on, cut out the booze, boys. Get like that. What do you want to do on the water wagon; get on for the sake pay taxes in money or in boys? of your wife and bables, and hit the

booze a blow. Come on, ready, forward, march! Right, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store

"What do you want?" "Calleo."

"What do you want?" "Calleo.

"What do you want?"

calice we don't know what to do.

"Calico; all right, come on "The stores are stripped

Hey, Wanamaker, Strawbridge lothier, Gimbels', Lit's, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for

on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour and calico, and I'm going home now, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place likt home without booze." Wife comes out and says:

"Hello, John, what have you got? "I'wo porterhouse steaks, Sally,"

salesmen to buy cotton, and

Stand-pat on the saloen.

His Home.

Come with me.

plantation man sees cotton jump up to

What is the matter? Your children are

going naked and the whisky gang has

with you. Don't listen to those old

whisky-soaked politicians who say,

Once a Drunkard, He Now Buys for

have the whole bunch of booze fighters

on the water wagon, and I'm going home

now. Over here I was John, the drunken

The whisky sang got my dollar

money. That's what's the matter

What's that bundle, pa? "Cloth to make you a new dress, sis Your mother has fixed your old one so often it looks like a crasy quilt."

"And what have you there?" "That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom. and here is some cloth to make you s pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often they look like a

map of the United States." What's the matter with the country We have been dumping the money into the whisky hole that ought to have been spent for flour, beef and calleo, and we haven't that hole filled up yet.

A man comes along and says: "Are

you a drunkard?" 'Yes, I'm a drunkard." Where are you going?" "I am going to hell."

Why?"

"Because the Good Book says: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,' so I am going to hell." Another man comes along and I say:

Are you a church member?" "Yes, I am a church member." "Where are you going?" "I am going to heaven." 'Did you vote for the saleon?'

"Yes. "Then you should go to hell." Say, if the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon that sold the whisky to him wil

go to hell. If the man that drinks the whisky goe to hell, and the man that sold the whisky to the man that drank it goes to heaven then that poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eterns. damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say: "Unjust! Unjust!" If you vote for the dirty business you ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the fur nace while you are there. Some fellow

BRYB: Drive Out Saloon, Empty the Jalla "Drive the saloon out and the build ings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings, or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and yet

canvas of your recollection. What is the matter with this grand old ountry of ours? I heard my friend George Stuart, tell how he imagined that he walked up to a mill and said:

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are "And what do you make?"

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?" "Yes." "We will make laws for you. We mus-

'We make boards out of logs."

have lumber for houses." "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?" 'A grist mill."

What do you make?" "Flour and meal out of wheat an "Is the finished product worth

than the raw material?" "Yea." Then come on We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says: "What kind of a mill are you?" "A paper mill." "What do you make paper out of?" "Straw and rags."

must have paper on which to write note: and mortgages. Boys Are Grist of the Rum Mill, He goes up to another mill and says:

"Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

'Well, we will make laws for you. We

"I don't like the looks nor the smel of you. A gin mill; what do you make What kind of a mill are you?" "A gin mill."

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?" "The boys of America." The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, wall down your streets, count the homes, and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished

yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

What is your raw material? "American boys." "Then I will pick the boys up and giv them to you."

A man says: "Hold on, not that boy he is mine." Then I will say to you what a saloon keeper said to me when I protested: am not interested in boys; to hell with your boys.'

"Say, saloon gin mill, what is you inished product?" "Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering

count. Go to the jalia, go to the insane asy lums and the penitentiaries, and the homes for feeble-minded. There you will find the finished product for their dirty ners this side of hell, and you know it What is your raw material, saloons American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and sa loons this side of hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution

The Lesson of the Rattlesnakes. I feel like an old fellow in Tenness who made his living by catching rattle snakes. He caught one with fourteer rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little 5-year-old boy, Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled out and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said: ,"The rattler has blu me." The father ran and chopped the rattier to pieces, and with his jack knife, he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked a the wound to draw out the poison. He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his normal size

"And the big stores telegraph to Fall River to ship calleo, and the factories tel- (Continued on Page Seven, Col. Foun.