

THE CURSE AND THE CURE.

The Rev. Charles M. Savidge Champions the Prohibition Cause.

HIS VIEWS OF THE SALOON.

The Ballot Box the Weapon With Which to Overcome the Evil—Total Extermination of the Traffic Advocated.

Dr. Savidge's Sermon.

The Rev. Charles M. Savidge preached yesterday on the subject of "Our City's Curse and its Cure." There was a large attendance of interested people, and the sermon was listened to with great interest. The subject is a continuation of the practice subjects which the reverend gentleman has been delivering for the last few weeks. Following is the sermon: Proverbs, xviii.—31 and 32: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when he giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I take as my subject to-night "Our City's Curse and its Cure." I preach this sermon by request, to "The Metropolitan Prohibition Club." You number one hundred strong. You represent the different lines of professional business and mechanical life. I understand that you are men of ideas, of pluck and of push. As I look into your faces I see the young men with everything before them. I see the strong men in the world's work. I see the old man with gray hair, but with fire in his soul.

If anyone should ask me who you are I would point to you and say, "These men are the sworn enemies of ruin." I am told that Hamblet, the great, only one passion—hated to Rome, and all the glowing enthusiasm of his soul, all the great virtues of his character, all the noblest thoughts of his mind were concentrated in this hatred. You are growing this hatred for rum.

When we consider the present make-up of the city it is very natural that you should be called radicals and fanatics, and you are called by these names. But as I look up your history I do not find a radical. You are called by these names because you have suffered in a business way from strong drink. Others of your number have been satisfied with the custom, and still others of your body have seen those under their power who were as dear to you as life itself.

You have a purpose in your organization. It is refreshing to see a man or body of men with an object—an object worthy of themselves. It is your conviction that the rum traffic should go. That the drink custom should not be regulated but annihilated—wiped from the face of God's earth. You believe that the drink custom is a national evil which has bitten many, and now, in our city, there are literally hundreds of these raging curs foaming at the mouth and hilling at every corner ready to spring out upon the passer by.

Through the officers and license board of the city you will give your \$1,000 toward the education of your children, for everyone of these mad does you permit in the city you raise your voice to a scream of terror and shriek, "A wholesale murder in our streets!" You believe the proper place to curtail a bad business is just back of the main door. It is not only to hold this belief but to advocate it. You say, "The truth we have found is worthy the telling."

A man you propose the ballot as the all-mighty missile against the rum traffic. You believe that the "ballot box" is "the ark of the covenant" for the American citizen. You believe that these little pieces of white paper, dropped by clean and honest hands are more potent than the prayers of saints or the tramp of armies. The greatest act of freedom is the freeman's vote.

When Napoleon moved southward on his noted but disastrous march from Moscow, a single snowflake descended through the cold still air. Alone, it might not have been the thing that quivered on the soldier's helmet. But a second snowflake comes adobelessly as the first, then a third, a fourth, until emperor and common soldier alike knew that the fate of the world was in the hands of the white flakes that yet strike terror to the hearts of the lovers of rum; for thousands of men in this country have made up their minds that they will die in the way.

whisky. Americans are never very particular what they drink, so it is not water.

The Frechman takes wine, the German takes beer, the Scotchman takes whisky, the Irishman takes whisky, but the American takes anything he can lay his hands on. That is the way the people of Omaha do in the beer gardens.

At one of the gardens on South Thirteenth street they told me that on Sabbath night there were as many as eleven kegs of beer and other drinks in proportion. And the tired waiter, long after midnight, sinks down on his knees and prays, "God, give me strength at 5 next morning, when the drinking begins again."

We have saloons for the working-men for the sun-browned toilers, for the men of the middle class, and here let me say these are the most valuable men in the city. And yet, these men whose faces are kissed with the sunshine and whose clothes are soiled with brick dust and mortar, I only pray that they may be honest and make their feet! In these saloons you will see the tables for billiards and cards, and a musical instrument with a value of \$2,000. The pictures are not fine, but they impress the men who see them.

The low-down saloon is often a single small room. A tall or short man and the men are full. Everybody talks loud and would give all his old clothes to get into a fight. Even the tall men are not here. There is one of these saloons in our city that take a man and finishes him on the grounds. It is prepared to give him a diploma in vice and to finish him in addition. It is one of the best arranged places in the city in this line. The man is first taken into the saloon and made heavily drunk, then he is shown upstairs into the gambling hell where he is robbed, and then the officer throws the poor wretch into the jail, which is situated in the rear of the establishment, have always thought that house was well managed.

The effects of dram drinking brand the custom as our city's curse. I have always known a man who gets dead drunk. His wife, a delicate woman, supports him by taking in sewing and washing, and he pays for drink and other expenses out of the money she earns. He has lost his little son by the hardest and most slavish toil.

I was acquainted with another man who was a fine salesman a few months ago, but he took to drink. His employer told him that he would give him \$100 a month if he would give up drinking. He refused, and for one month and draws the promise money, but he falls again and goes down lower and lower until he is given bread to the drunkard and his wife.

The other day I met a friend on the street. He was hungry and was clothed in rags, and he had the look of despair on his face. I asked him what had brought him to such a state of wretchedness. He replied: "The drink." "Brethren, I can't tell you all I know—you would stop your ears and not listen to me. This drink is our city's curse."

Again, I endorse you with all my heart because you are the advocates of the great remedy. You believe in the enforcement of law. No man or set of men would be more rejoiced to see the present laws rigidly enforced upon yourselves. But you say, "We have in mind and heart a better remedy." Talk about regulating the saloon business, when the drinker has lost his will and his reason, and he has lost his conscience. You might as well try to regulate a volcano belching out the scream of red-hot death upon your home.

You might as well try to regulate the regions of the damned as to regulate the drink custom. Your remedy is the one God sanctions. God says: "Don't look at it, don't touch it, it is an adder that will sting you to death."

Your remedy has worked practically and will do so. The prohibition movement is growing all over our land. Prohibition has already wrought wonders. Daily it is conquering enemies and winning hosts of friends. Voices from Maine and Georgia, Kansas and Iowa, testify with columns of figures and scores of examples. This is a city of 60,000 people. Prohibition proposed mightily changed. Over 100 business houses have closed. The men were to be forced to give up a chosen employment. The city treasury was to be left with \$100,000 less. The trade, amounting annually to millions, was to be turned away from the city. Many large business houses were to be abandoned. The most spirited and determined opposition was brought to bear against the movement.

A reliable writer says: "It is twelve months since the law went into effect and look at the results: Prohibition in this city does prohibit. The city has not increased in value. According to the assessor's books property in the city has increased in value over two millions. Taxes have not increased. Five new banks have been organized. Four new railroads have come to us, and manufacturing establishments have received new life. Store rooms in the city are empty. The city is not vacant but is now occupied by other lines of trade. Working men, who formerly spent a great part of their pay for liquor, now spend it in food and clothes for their families. More people ride on the street cars. More children go to school. More people attend church, and there is very little dinging in the city."

These are the words of the Atlanta Constitution, a paper that you oppose prohibition. The principles you advocate are right and they are practical. Go on and make no apologies to men.

In conclusion I would say: See to it that you men all over our city are inspired and urged to do in your various work. May "the little one become a thousand," is my prayer.

Do you can for the enforcement of the present laws. Fight the devil at short range, but keep the abolition of the traffic ever in view. Right forever on the throne. Wrong forever on the throne. But the scaffold awaits the future. Mr. Ulig and Mrs. Baureis in the very amusing sketch "His Old Kommt." Mr. Kock sustained the principal role. It was that of a young man who, after having been a harem-scarem soldier for eight years, returns to a home which he finds deserted and becomes his own master. This gentleman has not often essayed light comedy characters here, but his Peter Leuz of last night may be enumerated among the most successful pieces of acting which he has done this season. He was admirably sustained by Mrs. James Baureis and Puls-Ahl and Mr. Ulig. The singing of Mrs. Puls-Ahl was unusually fine and that of Mr. Ulig was appreciated.

HIT THE WRONG MAN. An Enraged Base Ball Enthusiast Vents His Anger Discreetly. John C. Farris, familiarly known as "Spud," a truckman of the hook and ladder company, is a great lover of the national game and has most decided views in regard to it. Yesterday found him at the base ball park witnessing his favorite sport. Among the spectators was a brawny stonemason who might pose for a Hercules. He, too, had most decided views in regard to the game, and particularly to the one in progress, and was not backward in candidly expressing them. The playing of Krehmeyer, the catcher, happened to meet with his displeasure and he remarked contemptuously that "Krehmeyer couldn't catch a ball."

"This remark, unfortunately, was radically taken with that subject on Farris, on that subject and he turned wrathfully around doubled up his fists and glared angrily at the speaker. But he took in the full proportions of the young Samson, and he suddenly turned pale, softened in expression and directed his attention to a little weazen-faced fellow near the speaker.

"What that you say, sir," says Farris fiercely, shaking his fists in the astonished little fellow's face. "What that you say? What do you know about baseball anyway? What would you call that—a foul strike?" At this juncture the fellow the Lilliputian overbating the head of the scurrilousage that followed. Of the reports are conflicting, but the altercation created great excitement. The crowd pushed through the front of the grandstand, and the game was delayed for fully a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile the patrol wagon came rumbling up, but the participants in the melee were lost in the great sea of excited humanity, and no arrests were made.

A DAY OF SPORT.

The Picnic and Athletic Sports of the J. M. Thurston Hose Company.

The picnic at Hascall's park yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the J. M. Thurston hose company was a complete success.

A large crowd, numbering several hundred, greeted the "champions of the world" and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent sport provided for their entertainment. The first event upon the programme was the 100 yards amateur race for a gold medal given by the turners of the city, and after a struggle was won by E. S. Washburn by three inches. J. J. Gromme second and J. S. Mitchell third by a yard. Time 1:03, which was excellent for amateurs. Gromme led by six inches till ten yards of the finish when Washburn by almost superhuman efforts succeeded in wresting the lead from him and won on the most exciting amateur contest ever held in this city by a bare scratch. Mitchell ran a game race and made the two leaders exert themselves to their utmost to beat him.

Next came the fifty yards professional handicap, the first heat of which brought out Leon Lozier, C. F. Anderson scratch and Fred Cunningham 4 yards. After a contest Lozier, with his many friends, second and Anderson third.

In the second heat Ed Campbell, scratch, defeated W. J. Fletcher, 2 yards start, with ease by 3 yards.

The final heat brought together Leon Lozier and Ed Campbell, both scratch. After several false starts the men got away well together and after displaying some of the prettiest and speediest running ever witnessed in this city Campbell won by a yard. In the second heat Lozier also displayed good speed and won many friends by his powers.

Will Bryan was on the grounds, but for some unknown reasons did not compete much to the chagrin of the Turner society, and detriment of his reputation in this city.

D. P. Baldwin won the sixteen pound foot contest by a put of twenty-nine feet eight inches, with Ed O'Connor, twenty-seven feet, second. The other competitors were H. Kummeron, John Turner, Will Webb, Jim Flynn, L. C. Dale, John Hickey and Ed Coster.

D. Prosser won the running high jump with five feet four inches to his credit, with Ed Campbell second. The other competitors were John Nicholas, Ed O'Connor, D. P. Baldwin, Fred Cunningham, W. J. Fletcher and Leon Lozier.

For the long jump were entered Leon Lozier, Ed Campbell, D. P. Baldwin, Ed O'Connor and C. F. Anderson. Campbell had an easy victory, his best jump measuring eighteen feet, eight inches, with O'Connor second.

The 120 yards amateur hurdle race proved one of the most interesting events of the day. The prize was a gold medal given by the Turner society, and the first heat was won by E. S. Washburn defeating J. J. Gromme two inches after a "neck-and-neck" contest the entire distance. In the second trial beat C. F. Gromme had an easy victory over Otto Nielsmeyer, winning by three yards.

In the final heat Washburn got two yards the best of the start, and although Gromme ran a very nice race he was defeated a yard by Washburn, which proved his second victory for the day. The Thursons will leave Saturday for Leadville.

A Private Quarrel in Public. Yesterday morning at Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Vandervort were driving on Davenport between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, they fell into a dispute as to who should drive, Vandervort being too drunk even to steer the horses properly. Mrs. Vandervort secured the reins, but her husband snatched them from her, and, seizing the whip, commenced beating her over the head with the butt of it in a most merciless manner. Officer Lang witnessed the fracas, and interfered in time to save the woman from being brained by the furious husband. She was immediately arrested and locked up.

Married at the Synagogue. At 8 o'clock yesterday afternoon Charles M. Fein and Miss Nettie Meyer were united in marriage at the synagogue by Rabbi Benson. The wedding was private and only witnessed by a few of the immediate relatives.

AN HONEST ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Mrs. Opler—General, that was a dazzling parade yesterday. The Government must be very liberal with new uniforms and bright arms? General—Really, ladies, the Government is unreasonably close in these matters, and if we had not learned to use your well known household aid, Sapollo, our parades would lose much of their brilliancy.

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. Sapollo always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house. No. 18. [Copyright, March, 1887.]

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The busy season being over and things not so rushing any more we have now time to look after the stock that is left, and find that we have accumulated during the season quite a few odds and ends. These consist of some single suits, one or two of a kind, and quite a lot of suit pants. Very frequently we sell the coat and vest from a suit and then the pants are left. We have placed them on a counter by themselves, and though the price was formerly very low we have marked them down still further. There are some very fine goods among them. We will sell them only as they are. That is, make no alterations as the price is so extremely low that we cannot afford to have the expense of altering them, but those who will find a fit in this lot will get the goods at about one third their value.

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