The Legislature of Illinois appropriated \$0,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the State, and the whisky busi-Pess produces 75 per cent, of the insane, That is what you go down in your pocket for to help support. If I remember rightly, the Legislature appropriated nearly E.to take care of the State institu Do away with the saloon and you lose these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the peniten-tiaries. Who has to pay the bills? The landford who doesn't get the rent because The money goes for whisky; the butcher, the grocer, and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunk-ards, and the taxpayer who supports the iname asylums and other institutions, that the whisky business keeps full of

Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to put up to support them. Who gets the money? The saloon-keepers and the brewers, and the distillers, while the whisky fills the land with misery and poverty and wretchedness and discase and death and damnation, and it is being substitution. and it is being authorized by the

will of the savereign people.
"You say that 'people will drink anyway.' Not by my vote. You say, 'Men
will murder their wives anyway.' Not
by my vote. They will steal anyway.'
Not by my vote. You are the sovereign
people, and what are you going to do
about it?

After I am dead I want Neil (Mr. Sunday's wife; to call the butcher and cut my hide up into drum strings, so the sa-loons will know I'm alive and still going up and down this land.

FEARS WON'T STOP IT.

"Let me assemble before your minds he bodies of the drunken dead, who the bodies of the drunken dead, who crawl away 'into the jawn of death, into the mouth of hell,' and then, out of the yalley of the shadow of the drink, let me call the appertaining motherhood, and wifehood, and childhood, and let their

wirehood, and childhood, and let their 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 about what is called 'personal liberty.' These are fine, large, mouth-filling se are fine, large, mouth-filling that certainly do sound first rate words, that certainly do sound first rate; but when you get right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse sense you will discover that in their application to the present controversy they mean just about this: 'Personal liberty' is for the man who, if he has the inclination and the price, can stand up to a har tion and the price, can stand up to a lar tion and the price, can stand up to a bar and fill his hide so full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time into an irresponsible, dangerous, evil-smelling brute. But 'personal liberty' is not for his patient, long-suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children, who, if they escape his insure rage, are yet robbed of every known joy and privilege of childhood, and too offered grow up neglected, uncared-for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example hefore they ings and the example before them. aonal liberty is not for the sober, indus-trious citizen, who from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living has to pay, or not, the tax bills which up as a direct result of drunker order and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poorhouse in the land; nor is 'personal liberty' for the good woman who goes abrond in the town only at the rais of being shot down risk of being shot down by some drink-crasted creature. This rant about 'peral liberty' as an argument has no leg

No man can tolerate the dirty, rotten business and keep his manhood for five (Noises of persons crawling on the roof of the tabernacle interrupted Mr. Sunday, and he said:) "People are so crazy to hear this sermon I want then to hear it. Let them climb on the roof if they like. The saloons take \$30,000 out of the pockets of the people of Philadelphia every day." Voices: "Go to it!"

of the pockets of the people of Philadelphia every day." Voices: "Go to it!"
"Give them another shot."
"Now, last year the corn crop was 2.551,732,000 bushels, and it was valued at \$1,250,000,000. Secretary Wilson says that the breweries use less than 2 per cent. I will say that they use 2 per cent. This would make \$1,000,000 bushels, and at 50 cents a bushel that would be about \$25-000,000. How many people are there in conts a bushel that would be about \$25,-000,000. How many people are there in the United States? Eighty millious, Very well, then, that is 27 cents per capita. Then we sold out to the whisky business for 27 cents apiece, the price of a dozen eggs or a pound of butter. We are the

cheapest gang this side of hell if we will do that kind of business. "Now listen! In 1912 the income of the "Now listen! In 1912 the income of the United States Government and the cities and towns and counties from the whisky business was \$134,000,000. That is putting if liberally. You say that's a lot of money. Well, last year the workingmen apent \$2,200,000,000 for drink, and it cost to 200,000,000 to care for the judicial ma-And listen! Last year we spent \$100,000,coo for our paupers and criminals, insans, orphans, feeble-minded, etc., in the
United States and 32 per cent. of our
criminals are whisky made and 75 per
cent. of the paupers are whisky made.
Our national increase in wealth was only
\$5,000,000,000, ao you can figure out how
long it will take us to go into bankrupicy with that cussed business on our
backs. The average factory hand earns
\$500 a year, and it costs us \$1200 a year
to support each of our whisky criminals.
There are 25,000 enrolled criminals in the
United States and \$5,000 in jails and penstentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there
because of drink, and then they have the
audacity to say the saloon is needed for
money revenue. Never was there a haser
is of a heart so vile or lips black enough
to utter such a lie. to utter such a lie.

CALLS IT A LIE.

""But," says the whisky fellow, 'we would loss trade, the farmer would not come to town to trade.' You lie. I am a farmer. I was born and raised on a farm and I have the malodors of the barnyard on me today. Yes, sir. And when you say that you insult the best class of men on God's dirt. Say, when you put up the how that if you don't have the saloons the farmer won't trade-say, Mr. Whisky Men, why do you damp money into politica and back the Legislatures into the corner and fight is the last ditch to prevent the constituent of county local option? You know if the farmers were given a chance they would knock the whisky business into held the first throw out of the box. You are afraid. You have cold feet on the respection. You are afraid to give the namer a chance. They are scared to death of you farmers.

I need my triend Governor Hanley, you have any the following filmingtons: You but they say. "Governor, there a maker of may the following filmingtons: You but they say." Governor, there a maker of mage to the local option because it means a loss of market to be former. We are consumers of large qualities of grale in the manufacture of stale in the manufacture. farm and I have the maledors of the

projects. It you drive us out of a you girthe down that market will create a money panio in this show as you have never sent, so that I might answe it by that seem that I might answe it by that seem that I have control in used a proposed to the country in used to propose the proposed to the country in used to propose the proposed to the country in used to propose the proposed to the country in used to propose the proposed to t

ment ifself, and I think I can demon strate in 10 minutes to any thoushifu man, to any farmer, that the brewer who furnishes him a market for a bushe bl corn is not his benefactor, or the bene-tactor of any man, from an economic standpoint. Let us see. A farmer brinks to the brewer a bushel of corn. He finds a market for it. He gets 10 cents and goes his way, with the statement of the brower ringing in his ears that the brower is the benefactor.

"You old rumsoaks of Philadelphia you're up against the toughest proposition you ever saw. I think when I die the brewers will run an excursion to my

in the problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get a correct solution of a problem without all the factors in the prob You take the farmer's bushel of orn, brewer or distiller, and you brew and distil from it four and one-half gal-ons of spirits. I don't know how much ne dilutes them before he puts them on drinks it doesn't but if he doesn't dilute pints. I am not going to trace the 36. It maginary stories plucked from the of an excited orator. I will take in stances from the judicial pages of the Supreme Court and the Circuit Court Judges' reports in Indiana and in Illinois

DRUNK ON SUNDAY.

Two years ago in the city of Chicago a young man of good parents, good character, one Sunday crossed the street and He found there boon companions. was laughter, song and lest and much drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drunk, his money gone, he was kicked her for money to buy more drink. She refused him. He seized from the side-board a revolver and ran out into the street and with the expressed determination of entering the saloon and getting more drink, money or no money. His little mother followed him into the street. She put her hand upon him in a loving restraint. He struck it from him in anger and then his sister came and added her entreaty in vain. And then a neigh-bor, whom he knew, trusted and re-spected, came and put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness, but the revolver and shot his friend dead in his blood upon the street. There was trial; he was found guilty of murder He was sentenced to life imprisonmen and when the little mother heard the verdict-a frall little bit of a woman-"In the strests of Freeners, Ill

volved in a controversy with a lewd woman of the town. He went in a drunken frenzy to his father's home, armed himself with a deadly weapon and set forth to the city in search of the wom-an with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met upon the public square in in the daylight, in a place where she had a right to be, was c ood and babyhood, upon the streets o Freeport in the daytime, where they had a right to be, but this young man in ts drunken insanity mistook her for th voman he sought and shot her dead said: You are the seventh man under 23 years of age in two years to be s tenced for murder while intoxicated.

KILLED HIS MOTHER.

"In the city of Anderson, you remen ber the tragedy in the Blake home. A young man came home intoxicated, demanding money of his mother. She refused it. He seized from the woodbox a hatchet and killed his mother, and then robbed her. You remember he fled. The officers of the law pursued him, brought him back. An indictment was read to him, charging him with the murthe valley of the shadow of death to the valley of the shadow of death to give him life, of her who had looked down into his blue eyes and thanked God for his life. And he said. 'I am guilty. I did it all.' And Judge McClure

"Now I have followed probably three of the 35 pints of the farmers' product of a bushel of corn and the three of said, "My baby is dead and I want a of a bushel of corn and the three or them have struck down seven lives, the that comes up in your throat. There is three boys who committed the murders, no law, divine or human, that the saloon the three persons who were killed and the little mother who dies of a broken the little mother wh heart, And now, I want to know, my farmer friend, if this has been a good commercial transaction for you? You sold a bushel of corn; you found a mar-let; you got M cents; but a fraction of this product atruck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of your products for their life expectancy. And do you mean to say that is a good economic transaction to you? That disposes of the market question until it is

answered, let no man argue further.
"And say, my friends, New York city's unnual drink bill ta \$385,000,000 a yea annual drink bill is \$385,000,000 a year, \$1,000,000 a day. Listen a minute! That is four times the annual output of gold, and 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 30 families. The money spent in New York by the working people for drink in 10 years would buy every workingman in New York a beautiful home and allow \$3500 for house and lot. New York's annual drink bill would. tiful home and allow \$3500 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 50 people one year to count the money in \$1 bills, and they would cover 10,000 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.

SAYS CIRCULAR IS FALSE. "This gang is circulating a circular about Kansas City, Kan. I defy you to prove a statement in it. Listen* Kansas City is a town of 100,000 population, and City is a town or 100,000 population, and temperance went into effect July 1, 1906. They then had 250 saloons, 200 sambling hells and 60 disorderly houses. The popu-lation was largely foreign, and inquiries have come from Germany, Sweden and Norway, asking the influence of the en-forespent of the prohibitory law.

Norway, asking the influence of the en-forcement of the prohibitory law.

"At the end of one year the president of one of the largest banks in that city, a man who had protested against the en-forcement of the prohibitory law on the ground that it would hurt business, found that at the end of one year his bank de-posits had increased \$1,70,600 and 72 per cent of the deposits were from men who posits 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 never had a deliar in the bank, but because the saloons were driven out they had a chance to save, and the people who objected on the grounds that it would injure business found an increase of 200 per cent. In building operations: and, furthermore, there were three times as many more people seeking investment, and court

more, there were three times as many more people seeking investment, and court expenses decreased \$15,000 in one year.

"Who pays to feed and keep the gang 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 end take a picture of wrecked and blighted homes and of insure saylums, with gibbering idlots that it costs \$5,000,000 to suppost? Why don't you take a picture of that?

support; were the state of the

is nobody to lock in the jails. And the commissioner of the poor farm says there is a wonderful falling off of old men and women coming to the poorhouse, because their sons and daughters are saving their and have quit spending it for And they had to employ 18 new school teachers for 600 boys and girls, between the ages of 12 and 15, that had never gone to school before because they ad to help a drunken father support the family. And they have just set saide \$200,000 to build a new schoolhouse, and the bonded Indebtedness was reduced the bonded indebtedness was reduced \$245,000 last year without the saloon ravenue. And don't you know another thing. In 1906 when they had the saloon the population, according to the directory, was \$9,655. According to the last census the population was 100,835, or an increase of 13 per cent, without the grogshep. In two years the banks' deposits increased \$5,900.000.

You say, drive out the saloon and you kill business - Ha! ha! 'Blessed are dead that die in the Lord.' EXPORTS OF A BILLION,

"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 didn't fill it.

HOME BEST HERITAGE "I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people, for the people, by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of his 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 de grades that man or woman-whatever in vades the sanctity of the home, is the deadlest foe to the home, to church, to State and school, and the saloon is deadlest 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 lespise God and purity and virtue-if all scum of the earth could mingle with the denizens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to church and State, I tell you, sir, the combined hellish intelligence could not conceiv of or bring an institution that could to censed saloon to damn the home and manhood and womanhood and bus

"In the island of Jamaica the rats inand they introduced the mongoose, which is a species of the coon. They have three breeding seasons a year and there are 12 to 15 in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that ne rats disappeared and there was not ing more for the mongoose to feed upon, so they attacked the snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards that fed upon the insects, with the result that the insects increased and they stripped the gardens, eating up the onions and the lettuce, and then the mongoose attacked the sheep, and the cats, and the pupples, and the alves, and the geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars o get rid of the mongoose,

SALOON EATS IT ALL.

The American mongoose is the open decised saloon. It eats the carpets off the floor and the clothes from off your back, your money out of the bank, and it ats up character, and it goes on until at ast it leaves a stranded wreck in the a skeleton of what was once

"Like a drummer on a railroad train. There were some men playing cards, and one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and passed it about, and when it came to the drummer he said. 'No.' 'What?' they said 'have you got on the water wagon?' and they all laughed at him. He said: 'You can laugh if you want to, but I was born with an appetite for drink, and for years I have taken from five to 10 glasses. a day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago, and I have a friend who has a pawnshop 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. what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes.

'My friend said, "No, I cannot take them," But he said, "Give me a dime; I No, take them back home; your baby

"Boys, I don't blame you for the lump if the saloon, with its train of diseases, crine and misery, is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men-men who will fight—the church, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away, and, thank God, she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch. fight to the last ditch.

WHO WORKS HARDEST? "Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

"Who has the most money Sunday

who has the most money Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?
"Do you know of anybody that died young because he didn't hit the booze?
"The saloon comes as near being a rathole for a wage-carner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and four breath and the loss of your health. You go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character and you come out ruined. You go 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 heli. And then it will let your wife be buried in the botter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say 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

"But,' you say, 'we will regulate it by high license.' Regulate what by high ilcense? You might as well try and regu-late 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 \$1000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than icense? You might as well try and regubourbon in a saloon that pays \$1000 a year license, will it ear your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays \$500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you, whether the gang pays \$500 or \$1000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter—it will have the same effect on you; it will damn you. So there is no use talking about it.

APPLY THE MOP TEST. "In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has re-covered his reason they have a room with

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w stores have originated large here you can
are the one slep, healtation and for twe, and
less them with any me also—a pany Brail
of granefit and me and me and me and any
line the Time To the New Machine.

"At Kaneas City, Kan., before the sa-cons were closed they were getting ready they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And if he has sense to mop up the floor. And if he has sense to mop up the floor. And if he has sense ten, where does it go? Who gets the 20 center. The farmer for his corn and rye. a faucet in it, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop up the floor. And if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor thay will parole him, but should he let the faucet run they know that he is 'bughouse.

"Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes, and insane asylums, and jalis, and Keeley cures, and reformatories, A fellow was delivering a temperance

address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said, 'Are you the ellow 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 bust my business, and my business is a legal

'You are right there,' said the les emplain to the officers.' And he tack up premium list and said. by the way, a premium of so much of-se best horse, and cow, and

What business are you in "'I'm in the liquor business."
"'Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a pre-mium for your business, and they ought offer on the list \$25 for the wrecked home, \$15 for the best bloated burn that you can show, and \$10 for the threst specimen of broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give \$5 for the finest looking criminals. If you have somelooking criminals. If you have some-thing that is good, trot it out. You ought come in competition with the farm with his stock, and the fancy work, and the canned fruit.'

SALOON IS A COWARD.

'As Doctor Howard said: 'I tell you hat the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind statued glass doors, and opaque windows, and sneaks its customsentine; to grard the door from the om-cers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills of lading, and offers to ship false green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome arti-cles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you. And so vite did that business get that the Legislature of Indiana passed a law forbidding a saloon o ship goods without being properly la-cled. And the United (Sates Congress assed a law forbidding them to send passed a law forbidding whisky through the mails, whisky through the mails.

"I tell you it strikes in the night. It fights under cover of darkness and assausinates the characters that it cannot damn, and it lies about you. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief, it is not an ordinary court defender that steads your money, but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rans and takes away your friends, and it robs your family, it impoverishes your child and it brings insanity and suicide. will take the shirt off your back and it will take the shirt off your back and it will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home blearyyed and staggering to your wife and It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed her infant? I' will take the virtue from your daugh-It is the dirtlest, most lov It is a sneak, and ; uef and a coward.

"It is an infidel. It has no faith in God: has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the abandoned altars.
It would close every public school. It respects the thief and it esteems the blasphemer; it fills the prisons and the penitentlaries. It despises heaven, hates love, scorns virtue. It tempts the pas sions. Its music is the song of a siren, its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world and that to come, its tables are full of the vilest litera-It is the moral clearing house for rot, and damnation, and poverty, and insanity, and it wrecks homes and blights lives today.

SALOON IS A LIAR.

"The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promses happiness and sends misery, it sends the husband home with a ite on his lips to his wife; and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother; and causes the employe to lie to his em-loyer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. It spares neither youth nor old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket for the baby crawl into this world. It lies in wait

iks the highwayman's pistol. It buts the rope in the lands of the mob.
It is the anarchist of the world and its
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 bullets through Garfield and William McKinley Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against the Government and law was born and bred and crawled out of the grog-shop to damn this country.
"I tell you that the curse of God Al-

mighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brother-hoods are knocking it out. The Masons and Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias, and the A. O. U. W. are clos-ling their doors to the whisky sellers. They don't want you wriggling your car-cass in their lodges. Yes, air; I tell you, the curse of God is on to It is on the the curse of God is on it. It is on the down grade. It is headed for hell, and by the grace of God, I am going to give It a push, with a whoop, for all I know how. Listen to me! I am going to show you how we burn up our money. It costs 30 cents to make a gallon of whisy; sold over the counter at 10 cents a glass, it will bring \$4.00. "But," said a saloo "'But,' said a saloonkeeper, '"Bil!,"
you must figure in the strychnine and the
cochineal, and other stuff they put in it,

and it will bring nearer \$8." and it will bring nearer so.

"Yes: it increases the heart beat 30
times more in a minute, when you consider the licorice, and potash, and logwood and other poisons 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 H. Stuart, for some of the following points:

"I will show you how your money is burned up. It costs 20 cents to make

Unitarian Christianity Salvation by Character

There can be no salvation save that wrought by good life. Whatever may be the theory of supernatural intervention and the acceptance of a proferred pardon, it is plainly manifest to all that it is only the kind deed and the pure thought and the love-life that impart to us power and peace. The only salvation that saves is that which is based upon the development of character by the wise choice of the right action. Salvation is not a celestial elevator; it is a ladder up which a man must climb rung by rung. There is no other way to reach the top.

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Who gets the rest? The United States Government for collecting revenue, and the big corporations, and part is used to pave our streets and pay our police. show you. I'm going to show you it is burned up, and you don't need half sense to catch on, and if you don't under-stand just keep still and nobody will ever know the difference.

ever know the difference.
"I say, 'Hey, Colonel Politics, what is
the matter with the country?"
"He swells up like a poisoned pup and
says to me. 'Hill, why, the silver hughear. hat's what is the matter with the cour

Say! The total value of the silver coined in this country in 1907 was \$37, 589,590. Hear me! In 1907 the total value of the gold produced in this country was \$34,722,690, and we dumped 10 times that much in the whisky hole and didn't fill it. What is the matter? In 1994 the total value of all the gold and silver was \$524,558,000, and we dumped three imes that amount in the whisky hole and

Mr. Sunday, standpatism, si say, you are an old windbag.'
'Oh,' says another, 'revision of the ff.' Another man said, 'free trade; pen the doors at the ports and let them our the products in and we will put the rusts on the sidetrack."

"Say, you come with me to every port of entry. Listen! Last year the total value of all the imports was \$1,425,000,000, and we dumped that much in the whisky hole in 12 months, and did not fill it "'Oh,' says a man, let us court South America and Europe to sell our prod-ucts. That's what is the matter, we are

not exporting enough,'
'One fime I was down in Washington and went to the United States Treas-nry 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 30 feet long and 15 feet wide and as many feet high, and I said: 'What is "This is the vault that contains all

"I naked, 'How much is here?' They

unid. \$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 that. What is the matter? Say, whenever the day comes that all the Catholic and Protestant churches—just hell, that day the whisky business will tryman, and you wouldn't strike your hands together on the proposition. It would stamp you an old hypocrite, and you know it.

Say, hold on a bit. Have you got a silver dollar? I am going to show you how it is burned up. We have in this country 218,000 saloons, and allowing 50 feet front age for each saloon it makes a street from New York to Chicago, and 5,000,000 niles a day it would take 20 days to pass

"On the first day of January 500,000 af the younger men of our nation entered the grogshop and began a public career, hellward, and on December 21 I will come back here and summon you people and ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloon and breweries: On the first day of January I gave you land, and I want them back and have come in the name of home and church and school; father, mother, sister, sweet heart; give me back what I gave you. March out."

THOUSANDS OF VICTIMS.

"I count, and 165,000 have lost their appetites and have become muttering bleary-eyed drunkards, and I say: 'What is it I hear, a funeral dirge?" What is that procession? A funeral procession 2000 miles long and 110,000 hearses in the procession. One hundred and ten thou sand men die drunkards in this land of the free and home of the brave. Listen In an hour 12 men die drunkards, 200 day and 110,600 a year. One man will leap in front of a train, another will blunge into a river, another will plung from the dock into a lake, another will throw his hands to his head and life will end. Another will cry 'Mother!' and his life will go out like a burnt match

I stand in front of the falls and count the whisky criminals. They say, 'Yes, 'Bill.' I fired the bullet.' 'Yes, I backed my wife into a corner and beat her life out. I am wairing for the scaffold; I an waiting." 'I am waiting,' says another

to slip into hell.' On, on, it goes. Bay, I would like to do this. I would like to let me summon the wifehood and the motherhood and the childhood and see wagon. I would like to do this. I would like to a w motherhood and the childhood and see the tears rain down the upturned faces. People, tears are too weak for that helish husiness. Tears are only saity backwater and well up at the bidding of an occult power, and I will tell you there are \$55,000 whisky orphan children in the Linited States, enough in the world to belt the globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

Like Hamiltar of old, who swore young Hannibal eternal enmity against Rome, so I propose to perpetuate the feud against the liquor traffic until the whitewinged dove of temperance builds her nest on the dome of the capitol at Wash-ington and spreads her wings of peace. sobriety and joy over our land, which love with all my heart.

WHAT DOLLAR WILL DO.

"I hold a sliver dollar in my hand Come on, we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that do lar for a quart. It takes 20 cents to make a gallon of whisky and a dollar to buy a quart. You say to the saloon keeper, 'Give me a quart.' I will show you, if you wait a minute, how she is burned up. Here I am John, an old drunken bum with a wife and six kids. (Thank God, it's all a lle.) Come on, will go down to a salonn and throw down my dollar. It costs 20 cents to make a gallon of whisky. A nickel will make a quart. My dollar will buy a quart of booze. Who gets the nickel? The farmer, for corn and apples. Who gets the % cents? The United States Government, the big distillers, the big corporations. I am John, a drunken burn, and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grogshop and throw down my dollar. The saloonkeeper gets my dollar and I get a quart of booze. Come nome with me. I stagger, and reel. in my wife's presence, and she says: 'Helio. what did you bring home."

What will a quart do? It will burn up ny happiness and my home and fill my my happiness and my home and my home with squalor and want. So here is the dollar. The salconkeeper has it. Here is my quart. There you get the whisky end of it. Here you get the workingman's end of the salcon.

"But come on; I will go to a store and apend 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 carns an happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the traveling man, ind the wholesale house gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide. and the butcher that bought the calf und the farmer that raised the calf, and he little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and sobody is made the worse for spending the money.
"I join the Booster Club for business

and prosperity. A man said: 'I will tell you what is the matter with the country, it's overproduction.' You lie; it is under-

WHISKY GETS IT ALL.

"Say, wife, the bread that ought to be n your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger is down youder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat that light to satisfy your hunger hangs it the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't any money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on the shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to The whisky gang has his money "What is the matter with our country?

RESORTS

it. Come on; I'm going to line up the ready, forward, march, right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We all ne up in front of a butcher shop. butcher says: 'What do you piece of neck"

dollars.' 'Here's your dough. Now give me a porterhouse steak and a siriola

"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"

"We empty the shop and the butcher " Hey, Central, uns to the telephone. give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, any pork, any mutton? They strip the slaughter house and en telephone to Swift, and Armour, and then telephone to Swift, and Armour, and Nelson Morris, and Cudahy, to send downrainloads of beefsteaks.

ALL ON WATER WAGON. "The whole bunch has gotten on the

water wagon. "And Swift and the other big packers." Chicago say to their salesmen: 'Bur

beef, pork and mutton." "The farmer sees the price of cattle and theen jump up to three times their value, Let me take the money you dump into the whisky hole and buy becfateak with it. I will show what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side

Come on, are you ready? Fall in! We ine up in front of a grocery store,

"'What do you want?" "'Why. I want flour."

" 'What do you want?

'Flour,' 'What do you want?'

" 'Pillsbury, Minneapolis, 'Sleepy Eye";
" 'Yes, ship in trainloads of flour; send on fast mail schedule, with an engine

"What's the matter?" "Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze and have

begun to buy flour. big mills tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over \$3 a bushel. What's the matter Why, the whisky gang has your money and you have an empty

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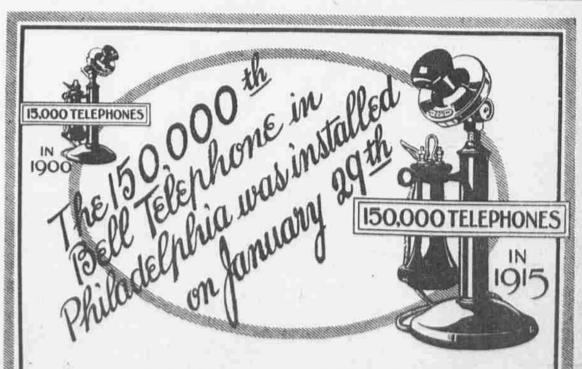
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