

THE
BAR ROOM,
AS A
BUSINESS
AND
SOCIAL RESORT,

BY G. A. LOFTON, D. D.

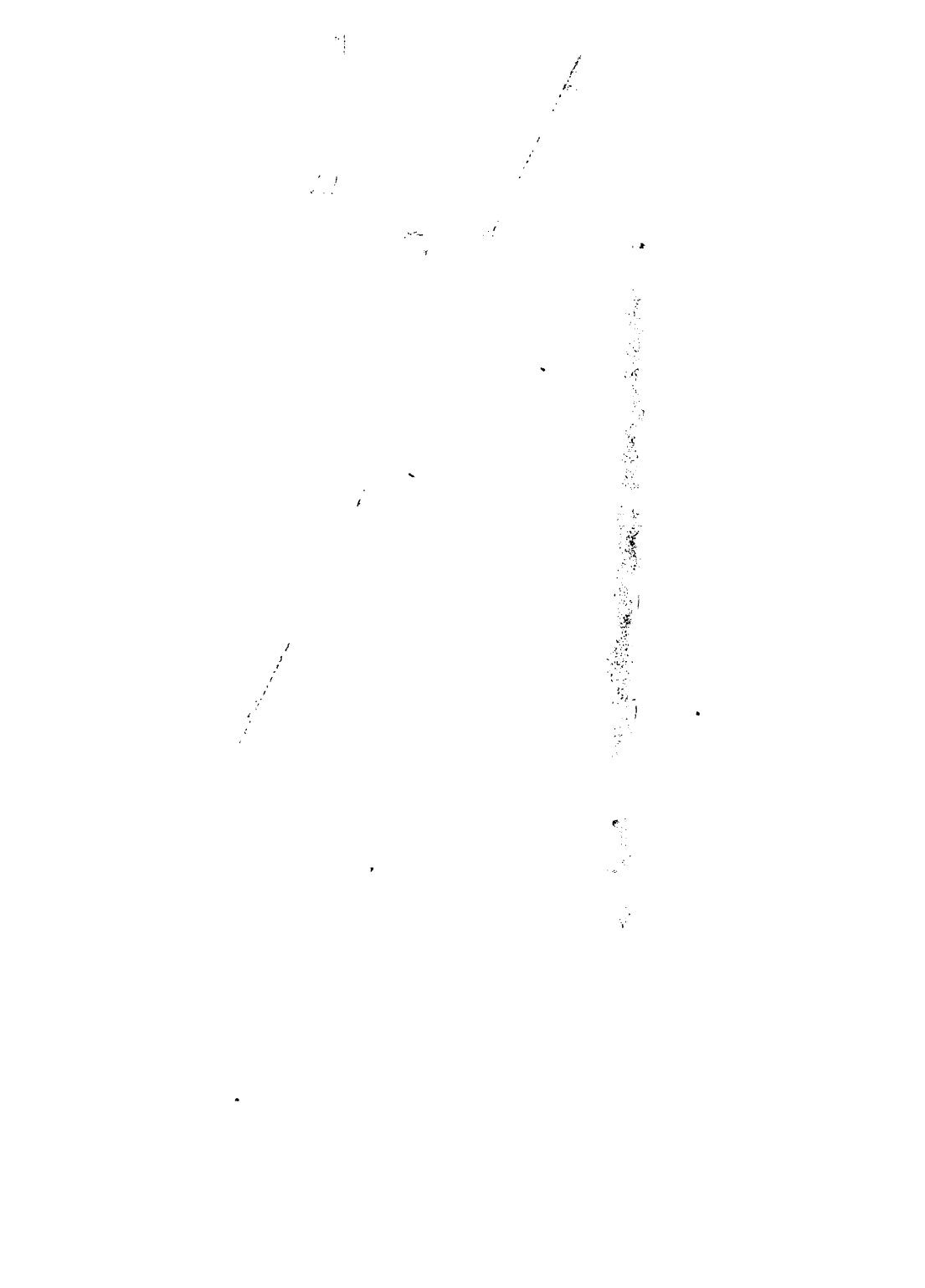
DELIVERED AT

TALLADEGA, ALABAMA,

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1887.

TALLADEGA, ALA.:
OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

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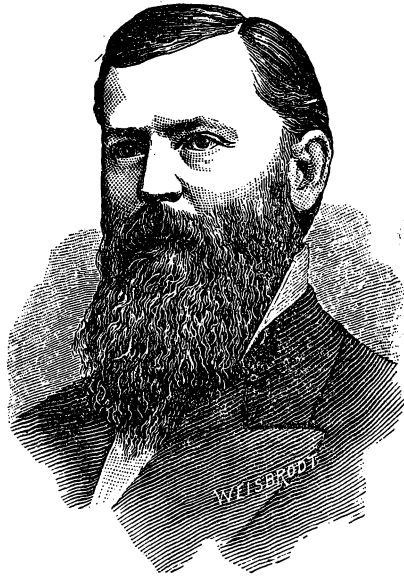
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 HAVE chosen what seems a thing easy to discuss; but the difficulty consists in not being able to do the subject justice. Temperance orators and writers are accused of intemperance; whenever they touch this theme; and yet there is nothing in the vocabulary of language, nor in the art of expression, by which to justly characterize and condemn the Bar Room. The tongue of an angel might speak as the subject demands; but even then his dialect would have to be supernal, not natural. Can a man paint hell? Can you picture the enormity of vice and crime, of misfortune and misery, entailed upon the history and heart of man by the bar room? Can the artist pencil, or chisel, the *delirium tremens* into living form? It would pave the earth in books, if all the evils of alcohol could be written out in detail. Alabama would not hold the volumes. A million of men are hurled into hell, every ten years, in the United States, who fill the drunkard's grave; and millions more are, directly or indirectly, involved in the curse. The bar room is the worst form of hell on earth—a hell of sin and shame and sorrow and strife and misfortune and poverty and misery untold and unutterable. Think you, my friends, that tongue can tell, or pen write, the truth of this awful subject? No! and let me repeat that I have before me a most difficult task, however familiar and oft-repeated the discussion of the theme.

The bar room! What an appropriate name to begin with! It is the bar to everything *good*. Health and wealth, peace and happiness, hope and heaven, honor and fame,

character and position—all are barred by the infernal statute of limitations, fixed by the bar room upon every thing *good*. It is a bar which disbars every victim of the bar from every promise and prospect which God and Nature vouchsafe to virtue and intelligence. Within the pale and dominion of its influence, it is the bar which fastens the door of mercy against the soul; and which unbars the gate of hell to man's nobility and immortality—consigning, often, the triumphs of genius and the grandeur of human nature to the shame and oblivion of everlasting despair. No being is so barred, as the subject of the bar room, by the slavery of inveterate habit, the abandon of a seared conscience, the force of a repulsive character, the distrust of abused confidence, the degradation of a ruined home. The bar room bars from all that makes life worth living, or hope worth having. It is the enthroned seat of King Alcohol—a prince who gloats in the ruinous pomp of the gilded saloon, or revels in the vile dirt of the brothel den, that he may, without distinction, destroy the rich and the poor, the great and the small, the virtuous and the vicious, by that law of universal adaptation and association which makes all men equal at the bar of depraved appetite. It is here that Satan sits, proudest and loftiest, clothed in darkness and surrounded by a host of devils who aid and abet the debauchery and villainy of Hell's most perfect counterpart on earth. The bar room is the devil's most fit abode, indeed, this side of hell. It is the devil's cabinet where he makes devils in human form, in the manufacture of drunkards and criminals; and the best colaborer that he has upon earth, in his fiendish trade, is the bar-keeper—the rum-seller.

Let us now turn to a more analytical and logical discussion of the subject; and in some feeble way, demonstrate the awful proposition I have stated. Let us notice,

1.—The bar room as a *business*. I assert that it is the vilest and most nefarious vocation beneath the sun. There may be exceptionable cases to the charge; but the exception arises from the force of circumstances, or the power of re-

striction. There may be other vocations, per se, worse in their nature, as the brothel and the gambling-hell; but these are not now licensed; and, however permitted, they have ever gone, hand in hand, with the bar room. Obliterate the bar room, and these institutions of vice would naturally die. Drunkenness, Lewdness and Gambling go together, when allowed. They are tripple monsters of fury and shame; and the three institutions that foster and house them, are always under the same roof, or in close conjunction, when suffered. They would never be apart, but for the law and the force of public opinion. Licentiousness is a trinity of vice—appetite, lust and avarice; and wine, women, and lucre, degraded and subsidized to evil, are the inseparable impersonations of crime, ever domiciled in the same or kindred institutions. In our great cities, often, the gambling-hell is found in the basement, the bar room on the first floor and the bagnio up stairs of the same building. The bar room usually is the inseparable and essential complement of the other two. The others could not live without it. Whiskey draws the crowd, fires up the blood and renders the heart reckless. The victim of the bar-keeper becomes the victim of the gambler and the cyprian; and the bar-keeper, the gambler and the cyprian, *ordinarily*, are three of the coldest blooded fiends in human form, generally in co-operation and collusion for the ruin of virtue and the happiness and peace of mankind. Any exception to the rule arises, not in the nature of things, but in the condition of things. No wonder modern civilization has determined to exterminate, by law, these three kindred institutions. The great wonder is that any respectable, or sane, man should oppose their prohibition. Hon. Jefferson Davis failed to discriminate between true personal liberty and the rights of a destructive evil, in the form of an institution of vice.

Taken as a business, the bar room is possessed of every element of corruption to mind and heart. It cannot be pursued with a sense of honor and conscientious scruple. A thing evil in itself, and which produces evil only, cannot

but be a degraded and degrading vocation. You cannot invoke the favor of God or man upon it. No bar keeper ever supplicated a throne of grace for blessings upon his business—except in delusion. No prayer meeting was ever held in a bar room, except in mockery, or without being accidental or incidental to the horrible institution. You never hear of an anti-prohibition meeting being accompanied by song and prayer, or attended by pure women. The bar room is under the frown and the ban of all good society. It is an outlawed and accursed thing that lives only by license. The white vote of the South would prohibit it, to-day, but for the vote of the negro, the low rabble and a few designing politicians and business men in position. So of the North, but for its foreign and low element. The great American people, as such—representing the noblest civilization in history—would overwhelmingly exterminate the bar room, if their voice could prevail. It is the voice of many waters, and it shall yet be heard.

The very consciousness of preying upon the morals and the happiness of your fellow-beings, for a living, creates villainy in any business, or calling. Once at sea in principle, a man is soon lost in moral chaos. Almost every dollar made in a bar room, is wrung from the horny hand of toil, or from the needy pocket of poverty. Millions of gold is dug by pennies, every year, from the soil of bleeding hearts—from the hearthstones of wretched mothers and ragged children—*robbed* from the hand of misfortune and misery. The bar room does not scruple to take the last nickle from the ruined sot—and then to kick him into the gutter when the last nickle is gone. It does not scruple to close the door against the tears of the wife pleading for her husband, or of the mother pleading for her boy. Without a touch of pity, or remorse, ordinarily, the rum-seller will drench with damnation still the very victim for whom the plea of mercy is raised. To make money out of the ruin of souls, out of the sorrows and misfortunes of society, implies a theory of business ethics which alone becomes the bandit and the burglar

—abhorrent to conscience—loathsome to God, whose pure Spirit cannot strive with man under such conditions. The bar room has no God, nor conscience. It can but make bad men, both in and through its business; and hence every other crime originates and associates with it. It, essentially, hates every virtue and principle of good. No wonder it joins with the gambling den and the brothel; and no wonder it has so often proved, itself, the den of thievery and murder. It is, naturally, the resort of the libertine, the gambler, the robber, the murderer. The very principles upon which its business is horsed, essentially runs it into the excess of every vice and crime. It is, *par excellence*, a law-breaker, a man-hater, a God-defier. It desecrates the Sabbath; it murders the sleep and the rest of nights; it blights the glory of the day; it makes widows and orphans; it destroys homes; it ruins souls; it creates misfortune and misery—it has no God nor *conscience*. It can have no God nor conscience.

As a business the bar room is in conflict with every legitimate business and calling of the land. It is the corrupter of every business, or profession, with which it comes in contact. Instead of being an aid to any other vocation, or to the general business of the community, it is a bane and a curse to everything which gives healthy prosperity to morality, religion, education, commerce, or manufacture. Every nickle which goes into a bar room is taken from the accumulation of means by the masses, prevents the growth and prosperity of thousands of happy homes, and robs the dry goods and the grocer's store, depletes the doctor's bill and the lawyer's fee, decreases the basis of taxation, lessens the means of education and religion, defeats the spirit of enterprise and development, increases the expense of government—besides adding millions to the list of pauperism, insanity and crime. The more prosperous the business of the bar room, the worse it is for all other business and callings. To be sure, the bar room creates patients for the doctor, clients for the lawyer, victims for the undertaker; but the pauper,

or the government, has to pay the bill, or else it goes for charity. To be sure, the bar room pays considerable revenue to defray its expenses of crime and immortality; but the compensation is infinitely counterbalanced by the evil consequences upon society. To be sure, the whiskey business employs immense capital and labor; but its production is a non-productive consumption of resources, material, mental and moral, the value of which cannot be estimated as a loss to the nation. Turned into legitimate channels of development, and the desert spots of our sunny land would blossom with the rose of a fairer civilization. The whiskey business, sometimes, builds houses and contributes to trade and enterprise; but every brick, dug from the red clay of suffering and poverty, is a nickel contribution to a monument of guilt. Whiskey rapidly produces wealth in the hands of the vicious and the criminal; but it, usually, turns, like the apples of Sodom, into ashes in their grasp. Oftenest, the whiskey man is his best customer at the bar of appetite and lust; and what is not expended, generally, upon vice, at home, is spent abroad for the continued importation of the beer keg and the whiskey barrel among us.

It may be said, further, that the bar room business affords revenue for various other purposes than the expense of its own vice and crime. For instance, it is said, our public schools, in some places, are largely supported by the whiskey license. Let me say that it is doing evil that good may come. "God forbid," as Paul would say. The very idea is a slanderous travesty upon God and religion, intelligence and morality. Education, sustained by bar room license—encouraged and created for the purpose—inculcates a false and fatal theory of itself. It is a fatal stroke of moral and political economy, as it teaches the rising generation the damnable doctrine of "necessary evil," and the doctrine of "doing evil that good may come," promoted and used for that end. Whiskey revenue, for school, or other legitimate, purposes is taking "blood money" from the hands of the devil—a paltry bribe to license an infernal machine. It

is better for this generation to perish than to teach another generation to do wrong. It is better to do nothing than to do evil. A community, or a business, which cannot exist, without whiskey, does not deserve to live; and we had as well tax any other institution of vice, for revenue, to support our legitimate institutions. The principle, under any consideration, is diabolical and destructive. It is the villainous education of the people to a villainous idea. Law is an educator, for good or evil; and no law, to-day, produces a more fatal effect upon the public mind than that law which, as the expression of public sentiment, licenses a public evil to accomplish a public good. It is bad enough, when you can do no more, to license an evil in order to police and regulate it, until you can get rid of it; but that legislation which encourages an evil, by license for revenue, is an educating curse. It is the wisdom of the serpent. It is born and bred of perdition; and, without repentance, it will land in perdition where it belongs.

Another plea in behalf of the bar room business is, that it draws trade! It brings people to trade centers! People will come where there is whiskey; and if you do not keep it, the people will go elsewhere. It deposits money. The products of the country flow to whiskey towns; and the grass will grow in the streets of "dry" places. Whiskey creates "lively business" and perpetuates a "lively civilization," is the theory of the whiskey progressionist. Give us whiskey and we will keep up a "lively" time. No matter about drunkenness and strife and wounds and murder—the jail, the court house and the county's expense. Bar room revenue should pay for all that! Let peace and good order, morals and religion, women and children, all suffer. We must have business—"lively" business! "Business is business!" "The millennium," they say, "has not come yet;" and it is clear that this class does not want it to come, if it is to interfere with business and whiskey. They want a different kind of "*lively*"—the devil's millennium!

Now this is not simply the argument of the saloonist. It

comes often from the respectable merchant, the distinguished lawyer, the eminent physician—the politician, the legislator, the jurist, the editor and, sometimes, the *preacher!* These pleaders for whiskey, as a business, are often members of the church—not unfrequently in high and official position. They constitute the cold-blooded, sober, calculating—selfish element of society who are willing, at the expense of social and moral good, to ride into wealth and position upon the back of the bar room devil. They hold, practically, to the doctrine of the “survival of the fittest”—“let every man take care of himself, and let the devil catch the hindmost.” Like Cain who slew his brother, they cry, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Under the specious villainy of the “high-license” theory, this respectable element joins with the low negro and the base foreigner, with the vicious and criminal classes, to prevent prohibition and to perpetuate upon society the hideous bar room business. It is this element, more than all others, which constitutes the clog in the wheel of American reform. It wants lively business! lively civilization! all for position and gain! Whiskey makes its victim trade better and oftener, vote early and late, come to the town where the bar room is sustained! What he does not spend in the drinking-hell is improvidently spent elsewhere; and when the cash gives out, credit extends her long columns to the witless, the “*lively*” trader. Sometimes the lively merchant keeps the bottle to stimulate the lively customer; and the banquet of wine, when all else fails, in bigger jobs, is the inspiration to lively enterprises—so often fatally reckless. The bills, however, must be paid, by and by, even if the mortgage takes the farm; and when the lively customer has nothing left, he will cease to be lively. What mistaken economy, even to the scoundrel who makes money out of the whiskey victim! He is killing the hen, daily, that lays him the golden egg.

Now what shall I say of this respectable element by way of characterization? Can I say too much? I pity the vic-

tim of the bar room ; for generally he falls when he is young, or inherits his disease from drunken ancestors. I pity and sympathize with the rum-seller ; for, perhaps, he has grown up with his calling, and he cannot see the light of civilization through the black cloud which shrouds his infamous business. But think of that respectable element which upholds the business, for selfish gain ! It acknowledges the moral turpitude of the bar-room trade. It confesses the vicious and criminal character of the vender and the drinker. It admits, in the language of the old English brewer, that "alcohol has wrought more ruin to the human race than war, pestilence, or famine." And yet this element fights prohibition and signs petitions for bar room license—for what ? Lively business ! lively civilization ! The highway robber is to be respected for his boldness in taking his chances. The rattle-snake sounds the alarm before he strikes his deadly blow. The savage—the wild Comanche—would not prey upon the property and life of his friends. But what of the respectable and powerful bar room supporter who wields his influence, and uses his money, to license an open door to hell, in order to create wealth ? He traffics in souls for filthy lucre ! perhaps the souls of his own children ! In spite of the ruin and wreck of thousands, in spite of business and political corruption, in spite of social and moral degradation, in spite of disorder and crime, in spite of the wails of widows and orphans, in spite of every appeal to the covetous and avaricious conscience, he colludes with the rabble at the polls, and plows with the trickster in the councils, to keep back the tide of civilization and reform. Alas ! what is there strong and bad enough to say in condemnation of that responsible element which, indirectly, puts the bottle to its neighbor's mouth, for sordid gain ? The "woe" of Almighty God is pronounced against it as against the rum-seller himself ; and it is not hard to record the ultimate doom and write the epitaph of such men. Upon their tombstones may be well inscribed : **THEY LIVED AND DIED THE FRIENDS OF WHISKEY ; AND THEY LIVED AND**

DIED THE ENEMIES OF MANKIND. PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH AND OF SOCIETY, THEY "WORE THE LIVERY OF HEAVEN TO SERVE THE DEVIL IN;" AND THEY HAVE GONE TO REAP THE REWARD OF THE MOST INFERNAL BUSINESS THAT EVER CURSED THE WORLD. THEY LIVED FOR GOLD DUG FROM UNDER THE HEARTHSTONES OF RUINED HOMES AND WRETCHED FAMILIES; AND THEY DIED WITH THE CURSES OF WEEPING WIVES AND BEGGARD CHILDREN UPON THEIR HEADS. EARTH GAVE THEM NO FAREWELL BLESSINGS; AND THE MEMORY OF PLEADING WOMEN AT THE POLLS OF THE GREAT PROHIBITION CONFLICT WILL BE THE TORTURE OF EVERLASTING MISERY TO THEIR ONCE HARDENED CONSCIENCES. God deliver us all from the fate of the prominent and powerful supporter of the bar room business.

What should be done with the bar room business? I assert that it should be prohibited by law. It is a nuisance and a crime. The subject involves no question of personal liberty, whatever—except the liberty, which is the license, to do evil. Alcohol, especially, in its distilled and concentrated forms—more especially, in its adulterated mixtures—is a deadly poison. It is a narcotic of the most fatal character. A half pint of ordinary whiskey, or brandy, will kill any man unaccustomed to drink—as surely as arsenic or prussic acid. It has no food qualities; nor has it a single hygienic property, except as judiciously and skillfully used in the treatment of disease, or in the compounding of medicines. In most cases, where needed, it can be wholly dispensed with; and there are many much more valuable substitutes in a multitude of cases where used, or needed. A well man can make no excuse, whatever, for its use; and a sick man hazards a thousand ills, worse than the disease he would remedy, by this most dangerous of all intoxicants. The world can get along without whiskey; and it would be a thousand times better off, if there was not one drop of it in existence. Its manufacture and traffic, at least, should be prohibited, as a beverage; and its production and use should be stringently restricted to the scientist and the druggist in

medicines. It is but a medicine, at best, just as all poisons are; and no druggist, even, should be allowed to sell any poison, of any character, except under the prescription of a responsible physician—made so by *law*.

Think of a novice, behind a counter, indiscriminately selling poisons, and licensed to do so by the government which is pledged to protect society! Think of such a person—not only a novice, but unscrupulous and reckless as to consequences—vending arsenic, strychnine, nitric acid, corrosive sublimate and Paris-green to men, women and children who choose to buy and use them at pleasure! We revolt at the idea; and yet the bar-keeper pours out the alcoholic poison adulterated still by other poisons, to millions with infinitely worse results, than if he sold simply every other poison catalogued in the druggist's dispensatory. The drinker, often irresponsible and besotted, often young and unskilled, often seduced and overcome, measures out his own deadly dose; and disease and insanity and death and misery and shame and misfortune and ruin are, daily and everywhere, following in the wake of the poison-vender's infernal trade. Think you, my friends, that the government should not prohibit this business and restrict it to its proper sphere, if alcoholic poisons must be manufactured, sold and used, at all? What do reason and common sense teach? What do humanity and religion dictate? What does the advanced civilization of well nigh the twentieth century say? Ah! fifty years from to-day, the generations which follow us, will rise up and look back in wonder upon the barbarism of the bar room business, in our day. Let us make a history which will be worthy of the light we now enjoy. Let us seize the honor and the glory of suppressing a hideous traffic which will be a surprise to even the next generation. Let us seek to verify the prophecy that 1896 will vote this traffic of poison and death from the face of the American continent—if need be by a national and permanent enactment. Let us relegate alcohol to the realm of poisons; and let us forbid its manufacture and sale at the

hands of the rotten quack and the reckless novice. Let us turn it over to the medical scientist; and let the government hold him responsible for the dispensation of this deadly poison. How wise and easy it would seem for the state to thus legislate upon the subject, in the light of science, morality and religion—in the light of our common humanity and civilization!

2.—I would like to say a word upon the bar room as a *social resort*. Time and space are brief; but a word may suffice. I know of no association so rotten, foul and filthy. Hell itself cannot gather a worse crowd than the bar room—bating the few “respectable” who consort occasionally in these vile lurking places of deviltry. Here the bawd and the libertine, the thief and the gambler, the profane and the vulgar—the wicked of every character, assemble. Ordinarily, the very atmosphere is contagious with oaths and profanity and obscenity and scandal and slander and lies and all manner of vile conversation. The wine-cup, the gaming-table and the concourse of spirits congenial only in evil, fill up the measure of debased gratification and of licentious enjoyment. The bacchanalian song, the maudlin laugh, the degrading jest, the convulsive hiccough, the wrangling brawl—this is the music of the saloon; and the crack of the pistol, the gleam of the dagger, the crash of tumblers, the cry of murder, the whistle of the police—this is often the accompaniment. There is not one good thing, at the very best, in the evil communications of the bar room. Manhood and honor blush to go there; and virtue and piety never return untainted. Holiness and righteousness never assemble there to devise good and work happiness; and there, of all other places, originate the schemes and devices of iniquity. It is the resort of the idle brain, the inflamed heart, the restive spirit—the appropriate gathering place of the blackguard and the black-leg, the ruffian and the bully, the thief and the gambler, the law-breaker and the peace-disturber, the violent and the man-slayer. Red noses, fiery eyes, swollen cheeks, trembling limbs, staggering forms,

delirious glances, maddened faces—this makes up the dark background of the saloon's awful picture; and the clank of goblets, the ring of decanters, the glow of liquors, the blaze of chandeliers, the clink of lost dollars, the gurgling of drink—drink—drink—this makes up the foreground in the orgies of the horrible scene. No smile of woman, no prattle of childhood, no fireside converse is there. Wife and mother and sister and children cannot go with you there. There is a screen at the bar room entrance; and the door of this accursed hole is the line of separation between bar room intercourse and the innocent and pure relationships of good society. The saloon is socially outlawed; and how strange it is—how inconsistent—that a man should be caught, perpetually or occasionally, where he would be ashamed for his wife and children, or the good of any class, to see him! How fearful it is when a man reaches the point where he is not ashamed to be seen in a bar room! It argues either the low grade of society in the community where he lives, or it proves that he is far gone in vice and lost to all shame of himself.

Now, what a place of social resort is a bar room! How a young man shudders the first time he stands before a bar room counter! How conscience smites and pleads against him! How guilty felt the boy the first time he stole through the back door, to peep into a bar room! How sleepless his little aching head as he rolled upon the pillow that night! How does an honorable and virtuous man blush as he sometimes yields to the solicitation of a less exemplary friend, to take an occasional drink in a bar room! How must a church member feel who watches the corners and slips into these sinks of sin to drink and run from the sight of the debauched mob that mocks at his profession! How the devils laugh at him! How they console themselves in their iniquity! How they brag upon the distinguished acquisition to their ranks! How the bar tender winks and smiles ascant—glances—at the delighted crowd! How he would like to have your minister come; or to know even that he drinks wine

at his own table, or banquets at the wine-dinner of his friends. How he glories in getting a member of the church to sign a petition for license at the end of the year! I want to say, right here, that when a member of this church signs such a petition, he goes out of this body, or I go out—one or the other. I had as soon sell whiskey as to have it done. There is no difference between a rum seller and a petitioner for bar room license. I will preach to no church that retains a liquor dealer in its membership; and I had as soon they would have a bar keeper in the flock as a petitioner for license to sell whiskey.

But occasional tipping and timid beginnings soon end in frequent drinking and bold association with the company of the bar room. In spite of conscience—in spite of warning and entreaty—the blush of original shame will soon fade from the manly cheek. Walking in the counsel of the ungodly will soon leave us standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the bold scoffer. Nothing corrupts so rapidly, hardens the heart so soon, obliterates the conscience so suddenly and surely, as the bar room and its association. What was once hideous and horrible will soon become agreeable and pleasant to the vitiated sense and natural inclination of our sinful being. The inmate of the penitentiary soon loses the sense of that repugnant odor that fills the crowded prison. The hog is not conscious of the stench of his sty; and the once pure boy, the once honorable and virtuous man, will, by association, soon become dead to the loathsome horror of his iniquitous surroundings, especially in the fascinating bar room. But few ever recover from the effects of bar room association. It is the society of death. The saloon is the deadly Upas around and beneath which man socially circles and centers to die—to die to every ennobling sentiment, ideal and relationship. It is truly the open door to hell; and through it a man's company is his gravitating companionship to everlasting despair. Reckless, thoughtless, godless, the motley multitude thronging through this gate of death, is madly, but merrily, rushing

down the Broadway to eternal destruction—actuated and inspired by its very association.

Now it is this very association which sustains the bar-room. Break it up, and the saloon would be no more. It cannot be broken up, however, until you have destroyed the bar, the very power of which lies in its association. Social drinking is chiefly the ruin of the bar room; and the social feature of this deadly institution is one of the profoundest considerations which moves civilization to prohibitory measures. The saloon is not called *the* social evil; but it is in a sense *a* social evil, not inferior in destructive power to that which is definitely characterized as such. It is upon a broader and a more desolating scale; and it leads to every other social vice known to the institutions of crime. Rob the bar room of its association, and prohibition would soon be unheard of. The bar room would prohibit itself; but the associations of the bar can never be destroyed until the bar itself is demolished. For the protection of society it is the duty of the State to prohibit all evil association and the causes which lead to it. The robber clan, the anarchist assembly, the gambling circle, any association, organic or casual, which gathers for evil, or which would produce evil effects upon society, is legislated against by the government. It is prohibited. The saloon association is constantly policed—more closely watched than the brothel, or the banding of thieves, or the conclave of gamblers. It is a constant menace to society, by violence; and in its widespread effects, it is the greatest social curse upon morality, religion and happiness. If there is an evil of a social nature, upon earth, which, essentially, requires prohibitory legislation above another, it is the social evil of the bar room.

I have done. There may be exceptions to the propositions I have laid down; but all I have said is true of the characteristic bar room, and of the characteristic rum-seller, and of characteristic associations. Police regulations, legal restrictions and modern sentiment, in many places, have modified the accursed evil; but the nature of the institutions

and their associations are all the same. Give the tiger, blind or seeing, a chance, and he will show his teeth. Rub his paw backward, and he will display his claws. Just give the bar room a chance, anywhere and by whomsoever run, and all the evils I have portrayed will characterize it, sooner or later; and there is not a bar room in America, however kept or regulated, that does not produce evil—not one that does a particle of good. A tiger caged is a tiger still; and however tamed, he is an animal which no one would turn loose upon the community. I don't believe in the caged tiger, except for show; and not even then, if he must put his paw through the *bars*. What an appropriate name is "TIGER"—given by common usage and consent to the bar room business? Tiger!

I have but incidentally touched the widespread effects of the bar room upon society—upon the home, upon the church, upon the morals, upon the happiness and prosperity of individuals, upon politics and business in general. This would be a theme for a volume; and its discussion is so familiar that every one is acquainted with it. The whiskey ring—black as Erebus and encircling the world—does the biggest business upon earth; and its consequences in evil, multitudinous and multiform, absorb and swallow up all other evils in proportion. Billions of money are squandered in the drink bill and investment of this country; and millions of men, women and children suffer in every conceivable way by the liquor traffic. It is hell's biggest business; and all heaven stands aghast at it. The reformer is at work, however; and noble men and women are battling at the polls, in the legislature, in the pulpit, in the press, on the stump and upon their knees with God. The high tide of revolution is rolling up on the beach of this century. Civilization is triumphing over darkness; and the victory of Prohibition will come.

I have said nothing of that small and decreasing element of men, honest in their mistaken convictions about "liberty" and "manhood"—opposition to "sumptuary legislation

which vexes the citizen," and the like. This is a threadbare sophistry in the face of a stupendous evil; and it is time thrown away to combat this platitudinous old chestnut. However, I want to say that I respect the honest convictions of good men, though their arguments would land them in the lunatic asylum. Every error has had its honest and able defenders—even to polygamy, slavery, anarchy, communism and the like; and so whiskey finds a few advocates of the same order. I can only say of such, at last, I honor their honesty and acknowledge their ability; but I must say, from my standpoint, that their ability and honor are worthy of a better cause. Alas! alas!