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THE REASON.

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— BY —

A. J. JUTKINS.

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A. J. JUTKINS,

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THE REASON.

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"Is there not a Cause?"—David to his elder brother.

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A WORD TO WORKERS.

In the States where nominations are made, and where the battle against Alcoholism and its allies is set in order, it is a grave question how to get the truth in contact with the citizen. We have not the means to furnish speakers except in a few places. The people who of all others are most likely to weigh the evidence presented to them and decide fairly—the farmers—are shut away from the chance of hearing the speakers who visit only a few of the larger towns.

Of course the secular Press can be depended on to retail the fictions, the coarse jokes, the belittling statements set afloat by our enemies, with occasional serious opposition. But as a rule it may be expected that the party Press will affect to see in the Prohibition party a mere epidemic of crankiness, which must run its course like the measles.

The religious Press is very prudent. It does not regard it as any part of its mission to sell its garment to buy a sword. It don't believe in swords. It wants the liquor traffic removed and expects God to do it, or at any rate it does not give any sign that it expects man to do it. If the people are to have nothing but what they learn from the religious Press about the Prohibition contention, they will know little more about it than they do about the progress of the civil-service examinations in China.

How get the truth and the citizen together? We answer, Send him the documents containing our ablest discussions by our most eminent leaders, printed in the most attractive form. We are now able to offer such documents as meet the demand.

At the Lake Bluff Conference, Aug. 25, 1885, a strong committee of experienced leaders in their report on "Plan of Work" say the following, viz:

While the best literature for each State, and the wisest methods for its distribution, can best be determined by the State committee in each State, the necessity for general information, and the exigencies of our National Prohibition party, in our judgment, call for the frequent publication by our National committee of able leaflets, meeting the arguments and objections made against political action, and serving to establish more widely our political faith.

We recommend that these leaflets should be secured from our ablest thinkers and writers, so as to be most timely in their utterances and most influential in their effects; and that their dissemination should be as widespread as the funds at command therefor may allow.

The Corresponding Secretary as the executive officer of the National Committee is now glad to say he is in a position to carry out this recommendation. He has "able leaflets." "Our Appeal to Caesar," the document issued in December, 1884, by the National Committee, is exactly what is wanted in this campaign in every part of the country to put into the hands of men who know nothing of the Prohibition party. Twelve million copies of this tract ought to be circulated within two years; one for each voter in the land. It is respectful, candid, unanswer-

REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.

Although great events have transpired during the month in various States, conventions of far-reaching significance have been held, it is doubtful if any event of the month demands to be estimated any higher than the death of the minister whose name appears at the head of this article.

George C. Haddock was one of the men who seemed incapable of fear. When he was appointed to Sioux City less than a year ago, he found such a condition of things as was calculated to rouse even a sluggish soul; and his was not sluggish. He was in a Prohibition State. The law was explicit. But in Sioux City he found open, defiant, insulting rebellion. All his Christian and patriotic manhood was roused. To him it seemed a mockery to ask for God's hand to be stretched out to save sinners, and leave the illegal dramshops to go on with their work, when the State had provided for their closing. Like Paul he appealed to Caesar. Once in earlier days he had been beaten and left for dead by the minions of the dramshop. He was familiar with threatening and danger, and as the sworn and paid guardians of the majesty of law were recreant, and secular citizens timid, he stepped forward as the responsible representative of outraged law and justice.

On Tuesday, August 3d, about ten o'clock at night, while on his way to his home, he was shot from behind by an assassin accompanied by two others. Other persons were noticed in the shadows hurrying away when the fatal shot was believed to have done its work. He fell, and died in a few moments. He was buried in Racine, Wis., on Saturday, August 7th.

On the 7th of November, 1837, in Alton, Ill., the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy was shot to death by a more bold and determined mob than the group of sneaking assassins who dealt foully with George C. Haddock. It was Murder defending Crime in both cases. Have we really reached on the dial of Reform the Lovejoy hour?

THE REASON EXTRA.

HIGH LICENSE, THE MONOPOLY OF ABOMINATION.

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

"It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."—MATT. xxvii. 6.

For fifteen dollars Judas Iscariot had sold Christ. Under a thrust of conscience or in disgust that he had not made a more lucrative thing out of it, he pitches the rattling shekels on the pavement. What to do with the conscience-money, is the question. Some say, "Put it into the treasury." Others say, "It isn't right to do that, because we have always had an understanding that blood-money or a revenue obtained by the sale of human life must not be used for governmental or religious purposes." So they decide to take the money and purchase a place to bury paupers; picking out a rough and useless piece of ground all covered over with the broken ware of an adjoining pottery, they set apart

THE FIRST POTTER'S FIELD.

So you see the relations of my text when it says, "It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."

We are at a point in reformatory movements in this country where it is proposed to restrain or control or stop the traffic of ardent spirits by compelling the merchant thereof to pay a large sum, say \$500 to \$1,000, as a license. It is said that this will have a tendency to close up all the small drinkeries which curse our cities, and only a few men can afford to sell intoxicating drink. This money raised by a high license will help support the poor-houses, where there are widows and orphans, sent there by the dissipations of husbands and fathers. Don't you see? This high tax will help support the prisons in which men are incarcerated for committing crimes while drunk. Don't you see? This high tax will help support the Court of Oyer and Terminer, whose judges, and attorneys, and constables, and juries, and police stations, and court rooms find their chief employment in the arraignment, trial and condemnation of those who offend the law while in a state of insobriety. Don't you see? How any man or woman in favor of the great temperance reform can be so hoodwinked as not to understand that this high-license movement is the surrender of all the temperance reformation for which good men and women have been struggling for the last sixty years, is to me an amazement that eclipses everything.

My subject is, "High License, the Monopoly of Abomination." Do you not realize, as by mathematical demonstration, that the one result of this high-license movement, and the one result of the closing of small establishments—if that were the result—and the opening of a few large establishments, will be to make rum-selling and rum-drinking highly respectable? These drinkeries in Brooklyn and New York are so disgusting that a man will not risk his reputation by going into them; and if a young man should be found coming out from one of those low establishments he would lose his place in the store. Now, suppose all these small establishments are closed up and that then you open the palaces of inebriation down on the avenues. It is not the rookeries of alcoholism that do the worst work; they are only the last stopping-places on the road to death. Where did that bloated, ulcerous, wheezing wretch that staggers out of a rum-hole get his habits started? At glittering restaurant or bar-room of first-class hotel, where it was fashionable to go. Ah! my friends, it seems to me the disposition is to stop these small establishments, which are only the rash on the skin of the body politic, and then to gather all the poison and the pus and the matteration into a few great carbuncles which mean death. I say, give us the rash rather than the carbuncles.

Here you will have a *splendid liquor establishment*. Masterpieces of painting on the wall. Cut glass on silver platter. Upholstery like a Turkish harem. Uniformed servants to open the door, uniformed servants to take your hat and cane. Adjoining rooms with luxuriant divan on which you can recline when taken mysteriously ill after too much champagne, cognac, or old Otard. All the phantasmagoria and bewitchment of art thrown around this Herod of massacre, this Moloch of consumed worshipers, this Juggernaut of crushed millions.

Do you not see that this high-license movement strikes at the heart of the best homes in America? that it proposes the fattest lambs for its sacrifice? that it is at war with the most beautiful domestic circles in America? Tell it to all the philanthropists who are trying to make the world better, and let journalists tell it by pen and by type that this day, in the presence of my

Maker and my Judge, I stamp on this high-license movement as the monopoly of abomination. It proposes to pave with honor, to pillar with splendor, and guard with monopolistic advantage a business which has made the ground hollow under England, Ireland, Scotland, and America with the catacombs of slaughtered drunkards.

I am opposed to this high license because it is anti-American. It is anti-commonsense, it is anti-demonstrated facts, and it is anti-Christian. Our revolutionary fathers wrote first with pen and then with sword, first in black ink and then in red ink, that all men are equal before the law. Impartiality written on the Declaration of Independence, on the Constitution of the United States, and over the door of our State and National capitols. Now, how then dare you propose for \$500 or \$1,000 to let one man sell *sweetened dynamite*, while you deny to his fellow the right because he can not raise more than \$100, or more than \$50, or can not raise anything? Are the small dealers in this festive liquid to have no rights? I plead for equal rights, the first American doctrine. I plead for the rights of these men who are doing a small, prudent, economical business in selling extract of logwood, strychnine, and blue vitriol! What right have you to say to these wealthy men standing beside their great conflagration of temptation, "Go ahead," while you deny the poor fellows in the traffic the right so much as to strike a lucifer match?

Now, this high-license movement is the property qualification in the most offensive shape. Why do you not carry it out in other things? Why do you not stop all these bakers until the bakers can pay a \$1,000 license? Why do you not shut up all the butchers' shops until the butchers can pay \$1,000 or \$500? Why do you not stop these thread-and-needle stores and the small dry-goods establishments, except that a man pay \$500 or \$1,000? "Oh," you say, "that is different." How is it different? "Well," you say, "the sale of bread and meat and clothes does no damage, while the sale of whisky does damage." Ah, my brother, you have surrendered the whole subject! If rum-selling is right, let all have the right; and if it is wrong, \$500 or \$1,000 are only a bribe to Government to give to a few men a privilege which it denies to the great masses of the people. Why do you not carry out this idea of licensing only those who can pay a large license?—give them all the privilege.

"Oh," say some people, "you can not execute a prohibitory law, and therefore you had better take this high license as a compromise." And there are people who say, "Half a loaf of bread is better than no bread

at all." Well, that depends entirely upon whether the half loaf is poisoned or not. You say half a pound of butter is better than no butter. That depends upon whether it is oleomargarine or not! Here is a bridge over a roaring stream. A freshet in the night-time sweeps away half the railroad bridge. The first half of the bridge stands solidly. It is half-past eleven o'clock at night, and the express train is coming. The watchman stands there with a lantern. He sees the bridge sound at that end, and he waves the lantern, "All is well," and at forty miles the hour the midnight express train sweeps on, and having passed the first half of the bridge—crash, crash, crash! Two hundred souls gone into eternity. Better have had no bridge at all; then the watchman would have swung his lantern of warning. Is half a bridge better than no bridge?

So they propose to compromise this matter. They say a prohibitory law can not be executed, and, therefore, we had better not have any such law on the statute book. Will you tell me, my friends, which one of our laws is fully executed? We have a law against Sabbath-breaking. Millions of people break that law every Sunday. We have laws against blasphemy. Sometimes the air is lurid with imprecation. We have laws against theft, but you have highwaymen and burglars filling your jails and penitentiaries, and thousands of people outside of jail who ought to be inside. You have law against murder, yet we have three men in our Raymond Street jail for murder, and there are scores of them in the United States, and Cincinnati has her full share. Now, why not throw overboard these laws, if they are not executed fully, and let us give for a high license to a few men all the privilege of swearing and stealing and murder? Now, let us have a high license for theft. Get ready your excise commissioners. We will have \$5,000 or \$10,000 high license for theft. We must somehow put down these small criminals that are stealing door-mats and postage-stamps and chocolate drops. For high license will give to a few men the privilege of running off with \$50,000 of the Newark Bank, of watering the stock in a railroad company, taking \$250,000 at one clip. Now, I shall have this license very high, say \$10,000 for theft, and in that way we shall put to an end all these sneak-thieves and tuppenny scoundrels and wharf-rats, and all hail to the million-dollar rascals. You will never put down theft in this country until you give a few people for a high license all the privilege of stealing.

Then there is *the evil of blasphemy*. Let us for a high license, say \$10,000, gather a hundred men in these cities, men of the

hottest tempers and the fieriest tongue and the most spiteful against God and decency. Having gathered this precious group to do all the blasphemy of the country at high license, give them full sweep, and then just let us extinguish all these small swearers, who never have any genius at swearing, and who always swear on a small scale, and who never get beyond "by George!" or "my stars!" or "darn it!" Extirpation for all small swearers. You will never put down blasphemy in this country except by high license.

And the *sin of murder*. Why, your law against it is a failure. Murder on Long Island, murder in Illinois, murder in Pennsylvania, murder all over. It is almost impossible to convict one of the desperadoes. He proves an *alibi* right away. Or he did it under emotional insanity. Court-house full of sympathizers, and when he is cleared the crowd follow him down the street thinking he ought to be sent to Congress! Your law against murder is a failure. Now, we have got to stop these clumsy assassins who kill people with car-hooks, and paris-green, and dull knives, and having a high license, say \$10,000 or \$20,000, give to a few men the privilege of genteelly and skilfully and gracefully putting their victims out of their worldly misfortunes. You will never stop murder in this country until you put a high license upon it, and let a few men do all the killing. But, my friends, all irony aside, you see that if rum-selling is right we all ought to have the right; and if it is wrong, five million dollars paid down in hard cash for one license ought to purchase no immunity.

High license is anti-common-sense.

You know very well one business has no right to despoil other businesses. A manufacturer—I have the authority for this from a gentleman who sits in this audience—a manufacturer went down South and established himself in Georgia. Somebody asked him why he built his establishment there. He said, "Because they voted to have no license here." That honest manufacturer knew what you and I ought to know, that the liquor-traffic is in antagonism with every other business. If the millions of dollars which go into that business went for lawful and healthful styles of business there would come to the agricultural and manufacturing and commercial interests of this country a boom of prosperity a hundred and fifty per cent. greater than we have ever had.

Oh that the working-people of America understood that it is time for them by their votes to keep at home the driveling pot-house politicians in Albany and Harrisburg, who vote down prohibition. Do you not

know that if you have \$2 as wages now a day, you would have \$4; if you have \$1,000 salary you would have \$2,000; if you have \$10,000 income now you would have \$20,000? The rum-traffic puts its clutch this moment upon the neck of every merchant, mechanic, artist, and farmer in America. You pay for its destructive work by your honest sweat and by the deprivation of your households of many comforts. Oh for an hour of the magnificent courage of Iowa, whose Legislature a few weeks ago passed an out-and-out prohibition law, and whose Governor had grace and greatness enough to sign it. Lead on, O Western State, in this glorious reform! Our own beloved New York State may be the last to fall into line, but come she will. After a few more thousand of our homes are despoiled by the rum-traffic, after a few more thousand broken hearts, after a few more thousand of the noblest intellects of this age are sacrificed, after a few more years the distilleries shall have insulted the heavens with their uprolling stench, the tide will turn, and all good people rising up will lay hold of the strength of Almighty God and hurl into the perdition from which it smoked up this sweltering and putrefying curse of nations.

Yes, I have to tell you that this high-license movement is antagonized by all the demonstrated facts in the case. I am amazed to hear intelligent men of Brooklyn and New York talk as though this were a new plan that we are to try just once. It is an old carcass. It first died in Missouri; then it died in Kansas, the second death, and it has been tried over and over and over again, and has always been a flat and disgusting failure. Men of America, hear that! It was tried in Iowa, a thousand-dollar license. A prominent paper of Iowa says:

"Experiments being made with high license in Iowa as a temperance method are fast proving *what a cheat it is*. Des Moines has tried a thousand-dollar license only to find it has increased the number of its saloons and the daily cases of drunkenness. Other cities in Iowa have tried it with similar result."

It was *tried in Nebraska*, a \$1,000 license, under what was called the Slocum Law. A prominent citizen was asked as to what he thought had been the effect of that high license. His reply was: "You ask, has a high license diminished drunkenness? Not in the slightest degree. Drunkenness is steadily on the increase. This vice, as all other vices which Government fosters, grows continuously. High license, as far as diminishing drunkenness is concerned, does nothing of the kind. Mark this well. I would repeat in thunderous tones, if I could,

does nothing of the kind. Gambling, consequent upon high license, has fearfully increased. The saloon-keeper must have, in many cases, a gambling annex in order to make his business pay a profit under the high-license system. This vice is making rapid progress throughout the State, and much of this increase is directly traceable to high license."

High license tried again and again and again, and yet here we, in the State of New York, are so stultifying ourselves as to propose that the farce be re-enacted. The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century has been in the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of this high-license movement. You know what it is. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition, to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce, or I will fire on it. Between these two armies there can be no truce.

On the one side are God and sobriety and the best interests of the world, and on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness, and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. What are you trying to compromise with? Oh, this black, destroying archangel of all diabolism, putting one wing to the Pacific, putting the other wing to the Atlantic coast, its filthy claws clutching into the torn and bleeding heart-strings of the nation, as it cries out: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Compromise with it! You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight, with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire, with Apollon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander-in-chief.

Oh, my friends, let us fight this battle out on the old line, for victory is coming as surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and falsehood is false, and truth is truth, and God is God. Can it be that you are so deaf that you can not hear in the distance the rumbling of the oncoming chariots of victory? Three hundred and twenty thousand votes at the last election in Ohio for prohibition. Kansas on the right side. Iowa on the right side. Alabama and Georgia soon to be on the right side. Fifteen Legislatures of the United States now, or this last winter, discussing the temperance question. Two hundred and forty-six of the townships of Massachusetts out of 256 proclaimed for no license. In all the State of Maine not one sign-board out announcing the sale of strong drink, so that if in any place it is sold it is a pronounced crime. In our own monopoly-ridden New York Legislature a few weeks ago we came

within three votes of having the choice of prohibition given to the people. The liquor-traffic so panic-struck that it is now at Washington trying to get the Constitution altered, so that prohibitory laws, if passed, as they will be passed all over the land, can be pronounced unconstitutional. A few days ago the Congress of the United States demolished the bonded whisky bill by 186 votes to 83, although the liquor-traffic had expended \$700,000 to buy spectacles through which our rulers might see things in the right light.

Oh, I tell the politicians of America—I tell the leaders of our beautiful Republican party and of our glorious Democracy, that the temperance movement is going to hold the balance of power in this country, and decide who shall be the Mayors, and the Governors, and the Congressmen, and the Presidents. I expect to live to see a President of the United States elected on a prohibition platform. Better get off the track before the morning express train comes down with the women's temperance societies and the Sons of Temperance, and the Good Samaritans, and the Good Templars, and the long train of Christians and philanthropists and reformers. Clear the track! The cowcatcher will be all piled up with smashed decanters, and the staves of beer-barrels, and the splinters of high-license platforms, and the rails with people who sat on the fence, and all the machinations and briberies and outrages of all Christendom. The time will come when there will be only ten decanters left, and they will be set up at the end of an alley like ten-pins, and some reformer will take the round ball of prohibition, and he will give one roll, but it will be a ten-strike.

My friends, this subject, looked at from the side of worldly reform, is so bright; but looked at from the side of Christian reform is *absolutely certain*.

God is going to destroy drunkenness. Is there a man sitting or standing in this assembly who doubts that God is stronger than the devil?

Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Picton fallen. Sabres broken, flags surrendered, Scotch Greys annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together, and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. That name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension; that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the contest.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!"