



# Who Pays?

When the boy, the pride of his mother and the hope of his father, is brought home drunk, Who Pays?

When the little ones run for the frail shelter of their mother's skirts at the drunken father's approach, Who Pays?

When the final wreck, that was once a man is laid in the potter's field. Who Pays? And the one that is left without home or hope toils for a crust of bread, Who Pays?

Can any one Pay?

Can cries, or groans, or tears, or money pay?

Can they bring back the dead?

Can they bind up broken hearts?

Can they bring again the long lost youth?

And what shall be done with that which is responsible for this trail of dishonor and death—the liquor traffic? Shall it be permitted to continue to waste our heritage, make drunken our boys and blast our homes?

Compensation for the crimes committed is not asked, for in a measure we are all to blame.

We have been thoughtless, careless, criminal.

We have allowed this scourge to live and grow and envelope us, and we have not made it a matter of our personal concern.

But now the scales have fallen from our eyes.

The danger of the liquor traffic to us as individuals and as a State is revealed in all its hideous nakedness.

If we are to successfully withstand an outside foe, we must be rid of a terribly destructive inside one, we must clean house.

We must cut off every drain upon our resources and efficiency.

We must have no drunken watchmen at the gates.

No befuddled brains to attempt to direct us.

We must be sober and have the efficiency that is only possible with sobriety.

Prohibition in Ohio will give us all this. Let us vote for it.

## Vote Dry

THE OHIO DRY FEDERATION

J. A. WHITE, Manager