

BOTTLE O, BOTTLE O!!

"What's In a Name?"

The New Sale of Liquor Regime in Ontario, Canada

(By Graccio Leggo Houlder, Australian Visiting Lecturer on returning from Canada, July 27, 1927)

"What's in a name?" — IN ONTARIO, CANADA, "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Respectable access to intoxicating liquor! Respectable ACCESSIBILITY to alcoholic beverages. This is "What's in the NAME of the 'BOTTLE O' business in ONTARIO, CANADA: RESPECTABLE ACCESSIBILITY TO DRINK!"

Up and down the streets you see the Government liquor stores operating at full speed. The drink business being carried on under a new name! NO! NOT SALOONS any longer or even BARS—but STORES—

"GOVERNMENT LIQUOR DISPENSING STORES."

(Liquor dispensed in bottles only)

A nice new RESPECTABLE NAME! The Entrance to the 'STORES' is "respectable!"

The Exit is "respectable."

The "Printed Permits" are "respectable."

The whole liquor business is now made "respectable" in Ontario, Canada.

Reads well. Looks well. Sounds well. Doesn't it?

There's no popping of corks in these "stores;" No spluttering and splashing of froth all over the place! No nasty gulping and guzzling of beer! NO! None of these things—its "bottled" respectability now! "Bottled accessibility," "bottled" liquor reform—until you take the cork out of the bottle!

You pass these places—you stop, you look within, you walk inside, you look around a bit: "BOTTLES"—Bottles to the right of you, bottles to the left of you, bottles to the roof and bottles to the floor, rows and rows of them, stacks and stacks of them in different formations—pyramids, steeples, temples, domes—all done up in gold and silver and bronze, and bottles are short and bottles are tall, and bottles are fat and bottles are thin, and some are large and some are small, and bottles are old and bottles are young and beautifully labeled and magnificently branded and from many parts of the world they have come—and—

Men stand behind counters and men stand before counters and "What can I do for you Sir?" enquires the man behind the counter of the man who stands before the counter, and the man whose turn has come to be waited upon presents his "respectable permit"—his badge of citizenship—certificate of partnership with his Government—in the "BOTTLE O" business, and the man behind the counter accepts it as his customer's "respectable credentials" and transactions begin!

It's a "bottle" of this, and a "bottle" of that, and a "bottle" of that other—and the bottles are all wrapped up in a nice brown paper parcel and tied with a piece of Government string and the man with his parcel of "bottles" moves away to make room for the next "bottle O" customers who slips into the place left vacant—only—it's a woman this time;—but—it's all so nice and "respectable" to get a drink this way! and it's going to do away with "bootlegging" and eliminate those nasty "bootleggers" and the Revenue will pay the Government taxes—and it's so nice for everybody to feel they are in partnership with the Government liquor business, as, of course—all "eligible residents of the province automatically be-

come—pastors and clergymen, educators and teachers, mothers and fathers and babies—business people, and doctors and nurses and all!"

And Youth is educated to drink "respectably" and taught that drinking really is "respectable"—and YOUTH is shown by the example of parents and other most respectable people that the Government "Bottle O" shops are really quite nice places to be seen buying liquor, and they all learn that these places are really quite indispensable to the Community and its ALCOHOLIC SUSTENANCE and WELFARE.

And the boys and girls are trained young so that when they are old they will not depart from the Government liquor way; and babies drain the glasses on the kitchen table that nothing be lost; and children are taught to eliminate waste and families are familiarized with drinking and intoxication and drunkenness in the home that they learn to despise it not. And the "liquor home fires" are kept burning and the injunction given to add fuel to the alcoholic appetite flame that it might never be extinguished—and the Government suffer a loss in its business in consequence—and YOUTH is encouraged to keep on the long, long trail of "booze," Government "BOOZE" being highly "respectable BOOZE!"

WAYNE B. WHEELER

(Editorial, Chicago Evening Post, Sept. 7, 1927.)

A man of fine character and high courage passed when Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League died. Single-minded devotion to a cause has been seldom better exemplified than in his career—a devotion as unselfish as it was sincere. Even those who think that he was mistaken in the aims to which he gave himself utterly cannot, if they are honest, fail in respect for the resolutions and integrity with which he pursued them.

We have not always been in accord with the methods of the Anti-Saloon League. We have had occasion to criticize sharply its judgment in specific instances. We do not agree that the one particular reform it has sought is the supreme reform for which all else must be sacrificed. This is the narrow view which has both strengthened and weakened the work of the League. But we are not so prejudiced that we cannot appreciate the greatness of its service, and the great part which this brave and able man played in promoting it.

We are interested to note that those who covertly rejoice in the death of Wayne B. Wheeler attempt to discredit his work and his memory by stressing the fact that he thought politically and was practical in the adjustment of mean ends.

We can remember the time when the jeer of the scofflaw was almost invariably based upon the impracticality of all reformers. They were held in contempt because they were visionary, sentimental, idealistic. They ran around in circles and got nowhere. They went to prayer meetings and sang hymns and did a lot of ridiculous and futile things. They knew nothing about politics. They were not dangerous—they were just tiresome or laughable, according to the humor of the scoffer.

How changed all that is. Now the discreditable thing charged against Wayne B. Wheeler is that he was politically effective. He linked the ideals of the prayer meeting to the practical work at the polls. He ceased to be ridiculous and futile, tiresome and laughable. He became dangerous to the selfish interests of a powerful traffic and to all its satellite interests. And he taught multitudes of others how they could convert their dreams into deeds.

What was once amusement at the antics of reformers became astonishment and then alarm with the advent of the Anti-Saloon League. Jeers turned to fears; good natured ridicule gave place to ill-natured abuse. These people who, by all the rules and according to all precedent ought to have been harmlessly passing resolutions were actually playing politics, and—unpardonable sin—beating the professional politicians at their own game.

That is why the Anti-Saloon League is the most hated reform organization in the country, and that is why Wayne B. Wheeler, as its general counsel, earned the bitter animosity of every man who was interested in perpetuating the American saloon and its trail of evils.

Whenever decency and idealism become practical the pack snarls and yelps—and bites, if it can.

Wayne B. Wheeler lived his life under observation. If he had ever made a misstep from the straight path of consistent devotion which he charted for himself his enemies would have heralded the fact gleefully far and wide. The worst thing they had to say about him was to call him a fanatic with a practical mind. Translated into honest English that is a compliment—he was a man with an idea who both knew how and had the courage to fight for it.

And already the Government has declared that business is fine—but hopes it will be finer—that more and more places are being prepared to accommodate the "Bottles" and the Bottle clientele; and the papers say that already there's a decrease in arrests for drunkenness—for its no longer "respectable" for a man to be arrested in the streets and go to jail—he's home instead and goes to bed—and it's so respectable having no OFFICIAL records to show the drinking and drunkenness or even to approximate its effects:—

And, the Brewers and Distillers and wets of Ontario—and the WORLD—meet in conference and unanimously agree that—

BARNUM WAS RIGHT!

POST-SCRIPT:—The Government of Canada has pandered to the "ALCOHOL CRY BABIES" in the Province of Ontario and right here shows itself to be a foolish, unfit, Bad Parent!

Sensible parents do not give babies snakes to play with nor do they yield to their infantile demands.

Neither does a sensible parent give a baby brandy, whisky, or gin lollipops to suck nor a bottle of beer to drink.

The Canadian government "in the Province of Ontario" needs to attend an up-to-date, scientific clinic and learn what to do and how to treat its ALCOHOL CRY BABIES.

But then, IS THE GOVERNMENT really interested in these "ALCOHOL CRY BABIES" future welfare—"its expedient to give them what they want to stop their wailing and their howling—give them what they want and as strong as they want and as much as they want"

only make it "respectable!" This is the policy demonstrated by the present situation in the Province of Ontario. Some of the ALCOHOL CRY BABIES have quit crying, too, they say, but a few and quite a few have fallen out of their cradles—for you see them in a dazed stupor in the streets—leaning against the curbstones and in blind alleys. Really the Government will have to strap its Alcohol babies to their cradles, for it isn't respectable—really it isn't to have the "babies" falling out of their cradles into the street—drunk!

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

In view of the recent death of J. Ogden Armour, president of the great Armour Packing Company, the following letter from our old friend and co-worker Rev. Duncan C. Milner, is of more than passing interest.

Dr. Milner was for years the pastor of the famous Armour Mission founded by Philip D. Armour, who was also the founder of the great house of Armour & Company.

Mr. Armour took a keen interest in Sunday school work for the neglected children of the city, managed and financed the celebrated Armour Mission and also founded the great Armour Institute which was the first of the trade schools in the city of Chicago.

Dr. Milner's letter follows:

No one would think of Philip D. Armour, the founder of Armour & Co., as a temperance reformer. As pastor of the Armour Mission in its great days I learned some things that showed his interest in the liquor question.

He was not a total abstainer, but during his later years his only drinking, as he told me, was a glass of champagne at the monthly dinner of the Merchants Club. He abhorred drunkenness and was quite disturbed to find a drunken employe. He paid the expenses of more men to the Keeley Cure than any other person.

I gave the pledge of total abstinence to the members of the Armour Mission Sunday School with his approval. We had three companies of the Boys' Brigade finely organized and the pledge of total abstinence was required. A number of the members of the Brigade made fine records in the World War.

The Armours purchased a soap factory. Mr. Armour visited the new place of business about the middle of the forenoon. As he was talking to the Superintendent a number of men went by loaded with buckets. He said "What are those men carrying?" He was told it was their regular supply of beer. Mr. Armour said "Don't you know there is a law of our firm forbidding liquor to be brought into our buildings?" The Supt. said the men were mostly Germans, and they would not be willing to give up their beer. Mr. Armour said: "Do you mean to say the men will not obey the rules of the company, then close the doors and dismiss the men." It is needless to say the factory was not closed and the beer was kept out.

Mr. Armour hated the saloon. He said to me "some people put on airs over me as if I was a kind of a rough neck, but I'll be ——— if I ever rented any of my property for a saloon or house of ill repute."

It was my privilege to see the tender side of Mr. Armour and he gave me large liberty in spending money to help the wives of drunken men and help care for their children. The list of his beneficent gifts to people in misfortune was a very large one.

(Signed) Duncan C. Milner.