

## Pay Your Taxes With Money

O men, come around me and listen,  
 I've only a few words to say,  
 And that you will not only hear them,  
 But that you will heed them, I pray.

I once was so young and so happy,  
 Only one small trouble I had;  
 I had considerable money,  
 A wife and a beautiful lad.

But my taxes I thought were too heavy  
 To keep up the city of A,  
 So I voted that spring for a license,  
 That others might have it to pay.

My taxes to me then seemed smaller,  
 I thought it the very thing.  
 I kept on voting for license,  
 Again and again the next spring.

But now then, the rest of my story,  
 Oh! listen! and I will tell all.  
 I never once thought that my own boy  
 Would ever be one who would fall.

But oh! when I first found it out, sir,  
 He had gone too far to come back,  
 And only to lessen my taxes,  
 I had started him on the wrong track.

From bad he has gone on to worse, sir,  
 How little I thought of it then;  
 But now I'd give all of my money,  
 If I could but save him again.

When some of these hell-holes you vote for,  
 When into your city they come,  
 They may seem to lessen your taxes,  
 But they surely will ruin your home.

Don't make the mistake then, that I have,  
 If you would know life's greatest joys;  
 But pay your taxes with money,  
 And pay them no more with your boys.

—Orrie Gannon.

## Do You Smash the Home?

Mrs. Nation has an idea that she smashed things which deserved that kind of treatment, while others, who condemn her, are smashing the home with their ballots. She says:

"You call me crazy because I smashed a few saloons that were smashing hearts, homes and souls. Well, every time you cast a ballot you either smash the saloon or you smash the home. A vote which licenses and protects the saloon smashes the home in the most effective way the devil has devised. Which of us is crazy?"—Backbone.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.—Alexander Pope.

## Known By Their Fruits

### Comparison of Wet and Dry Towns in Southern California

Some of our cities and towns in Southern California are trying the experiment of dispensing with the saloon. And the result already is most gratifying. The Searchlight of Los Angeles has prepared a table contrasting the condition of a city of 11,000 inhabitants, which has twenty-five licensed saloons, with one near by, of the same population, which has none. In the former there were last year 892 arrests, while in the latter there were only 338—a diminution in crime of nearly 200 per cent. Though the former received from

saloon licenses \$7,500, its city rate of taxes was \$1.30, as against \$1.10 in the latter, showing that licensing saloons does not relieve the taxpayers, but added to their burden. The deposits in savings banks during the year were \$78,926 greater in the dry city than in that with twenty-five saloons. From which fact the inference is that the most, if not all of that \$78,926 was spent in whisky. In the saloon city there are nine Protestant churches, while in the anti-saloon city there are twenty-one, which means that more than twice as many people go to church in the latter place than in the former. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." —"Senex" in Herald and Presbyterian.

## The Reason for Prohibition

### Noted Author Falls in with Eager Christians to Fight Saloon

Rudyard Kipling a Prohibitionist! Something must have happened! And something did. It was this: While in Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Kipling found himself in a concert hall and was confronted with the spectacle of two young men getting two young girls drunk, then piloting them into the darkness alike of night and of shame. Kipling as a typical Englishman had, up to this time, no prejudices against the drink habit. Like most men of his type and training he thought the whole question one of personal and private import only. He left the concert hall a converted man; and to his American Notes he contributes this bit of characteristic testimony:

Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a Prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: "There is no harm in it, taken moderately;" and yet my own demand for the beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.

Just so. How apt the right to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. Every open saloon is a threat at the virtue and happiness of the race. Away with it! —Epworth Herald.

Neither a putty man nor a wax figure ever made any enemies, nor did they make any real friends. The men who have made the bitterest enemies are also those who have made the staunchest, warmest friends.