

Misplaced Sympathy for Chicago Rumshops

Much sympathy has been aroused—perhaps!—for the poor proprietor of the humble dram-shop in Chicago—upon whom a license fee of \$1,000 per annum would lie as a prohibitive burden. But investigation shows—what has been shown elsewhere—that the “little” dram-shop keeper is only an agent of breweries. In Chicago, forty-two breweries control 6,066 licenses, holding themselves liable under bond of \$21,000,000 for good behavior to their “customers.” A very effective centralization—for the “little” saloon keeper becomes member of a large and influential body—acquiring importance and influence otherwise impossible.

—New Voice, March 29.

Sermon in a Dinner Pail

Jones was with four of his comrades drinking in a saloon one night. Suddenly his wife came in. She went quietly to the table and left a dinner pail in the hands of the surprised husband, explaining:

“I thought you were too busy to come home for your supper and thought I had better bring it here.”

She left quietly as she had come. Jones laughed mechanically. To relieve the situation he invited his friends to join him in eating.

The cover was removed, but the pail was empty. In it was only a piece of paper, on which was written:

“I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same as we have at home, the children and I.”—Chicago Blade.

The Saloon in Action for One Week

Pugilistic Encounters End in Misery and Death to All Who Come Inside the Rope

On May 1st six saloons were licensed in a beautiful little city in southern Illinois and, speaking after the manner of pugilists, counting by rounds, we have this result:

Round One: A knock-out blow was delivered to a public school being held in a hall in the city over the property in which the saloon is located. This school was knocked out because the parents would not permit their children to attend, neither would the school board sanction to have the school in such close proximity to the saloon.

Round Two: A knock-out blow was delivered to the city marshal. A man drunk on licensed whisky, clevis in hand, walked up behind him and delivered a knock-out blow and then proceeded to carve him in the face with a knife. His hand being a little unsteady, he missed the throat of the marshal and struck him just below the eye. The man who delivered this knock-out blow was put in the calaboose, a file was furnished him and he cut his way out that night.

Round Three: The next attack was made on a millinery store where they demolished a plate glass. Not satisfied with wreaking vengeance upon innocent womanhood, they then next attacked a grocery store where they demolished another plate glass for which there were no arrests made so far as we know.

Round Four: This attack was made on some printers in one of the newspaper offices in the town. Full of bad whisky, they got on a jag and finally landed in a calaboose. Result, paper out two or three days late.

Round Five: The next attack was on a saddlery, an institution in the town that does from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars worth of business a year, manufacturing saddles, harness and collars, etc. About one-half of the hands decided to celebrate, got gloriously drunk, couldn't work, factory had to stop and of course,

it is a good thing for business in the town, so they say.

Round Six: After the regular marshal had been disabled by his knock-out blow, another man was found to act as marshal. Two country lads came to town and decided that they would try some of the city's whisky, got full, whereupon the city marshal horse-whipped them out of town and, yet, a great many people say that these boys' father living out in the country on a farm ought not to have the right to say whether the saloon shall exist in the town or not. It is all right for the boys to spend their money and get horse-whipped out of town to be disgraced but it isn't right for the father to have the right to protect his boys.

Round Seven: An inoffensive party was walking along the street with his wife, tending to his own business, molesting no one. Some rowdies who had been in the saloon and who were full to the collar, decided that they would try this party and see what could be done for him, rushed out on the innocent man, knocked him out in the street, battered him up considerably and then chased him for two blocks and were finally stopped by a mob of about one hundred people or murder might have been committed.

This comes from a town that sells whisky under a license of \$1,000 for each saloon. This all occurred in a town that was dry last year and was noted for its bootleggers and I suppose in the entire year not as much devilment was done in the town as has been done under the license from Tuesday to Saturday night. This statement of facts comes from one of the leading pastors of that town; it is no scare-crow but actual occurrences and the name of the town and the pastor can be given if need be. The name of the town is held because of the decent element of the town and for the sake of the town, but should it occur again and we get in possession of the facts, then the name of the town will be given even if it depreciates the value of property in the town by making it public.