

The Political Club

Every saloon is a political club with from four to forty parched throats that can be delivered to the polls, to vote as needed, in consideration of "irrigation," who are kept in line for all emergencies.—Alderman L. W. Rowley, Madison, Wis.

Make the Army Respectable

Earl Grey, opening the Soldiers' Home at Newcastle-on-Tyne, declared that the liquor canteen in barracks turned recruits from great eaters into great drinkers. The wants of growing young soldiers were not properly met. The life of soldiers should be made such as to cause respectable people to send their sons into the army as the best possible school.—Alliance School.

The Big Fire and How It Was Put Out

A big house was on fire. The department kept and supported by the people for putting out fires and protecting the city from ruin responded quickly to the alarm.

The chief directed the work admirably, and many engines and ladders and hooks and hose were put into use. The men hurried to the top of the building hauling with them the long and heavy hose. Then the water was turned on and the fierce conflict between the elements was on in earnest.

Many people came out to help in rescuing victims in the building and in aiding to put out the fire, or at least keep it from spreading. But the wind fanned the flames and many houses in the neighborhood were in danger and some had already little fires started on the roof.

Men worked hard and women had a hand in extinguishing the flames wherever possible. Most of the people did something to lessen the conflagration, and all would have been harmony except for a few grouchers.

"What's the use?" cried a bystander to the firemen. "You haven't big enough hose. Your engines don't work fast enough. Then you have to climb the ladders. You ought to be at the top now with a big stream of water that would choke the fire at once. There you have to crawl on the ladder—you should leap to the top in one step. What's the use? It will never go."

"But we have to do something or the whole city will burn up," replied the workers.

"Yes," said the groucher, "the whole city will be laid in ashes unless you go at it in a different way."

"Well how would you do it?" asked the busy fire-fighter.

"Send all your men to the lake. Construct a water main from the lake up to the big building and make the engines and water main so big that the first great volume of water that comes out will simply deluge the building and quench the fire in one short jiffy. This fire is a bad thing and should be put out all at once. Don't compromise with it."

In the meantime the flames spread and the danger increased. The people worked.

Then came a big hearted, large minded man and began to send messages to all the neighbors, for the calamity was becoming great. "Get out your buckets and connect your small hose and make all your premises wet to prevent the fire from catching in your neighborhood. Connect with all the water lines and use every means at hand. Improve the service by your effort. Get busy."

But the groucher was angry and would not speak to the leader of the people.

The fire had raged long and some members of the "department" grew tired and sluggish. Some were lazy and others simply stood in the way. Upon these the hose from garden and lawn were turned and many were washed away to give room for active men.

It was also discovered that "firebugs" were abroad and the people pursued them and put them in jail, where they had to remain for life.

Many hours passed and brave men and heroic women kept on their fight against the flames. The entire city had become dampened, and new streams had been turned on, till hope sprung up in every heart as the fires were smothered and only here and there a blaze was seen. Finally all was over, and while much of the city had been burned, the people had conquered and would not again be caught in a firetrap. For houses were built of stone and better water mains and engines and hose and men were put in readiness for further emergency.

When all was over the old groucher was found near the lake with a handful of quarreling men who had scarce begun the construction of the big main through which the water of the whole lake could flow in a few minutes after it was all completed.

And the groucher opened his mouth and said: "It wasn't done right."

Moral: Local option may not put out the saloon all at once, but it will do it as fast as is possible.—Job.

The Fruitful Sources of Crime

Evidence constantly accumulates, showing that the saloons are the most fruitful of all the sources of crime. That this is recognized by those accustomed to dealing with crime is evidenced by their closing all saloons whenever any disorder threatens. After the San Francisco earthquake the authorities at once closed all saloons and they have not been permitted to open since.

Commenting on the orderly condition of affairs in the stricken city, the Oakland Tribune says:

"Since the closing of the saloons in the city the police are getting a practical demonstration of the amount of work entailed by the sale of liquor. With a force of nearly seven hundred men on duty, hardly any arrests are necessary. Chief of Police Deneen stated this morning that nothing happened last night to warrant a complaint. A few

reports of attempted burglaries have been received, but as a whole both the detective and patrolling departments of the force are getting a rest unknown in the history of the city.

"While it is admitted that the population of the city has been depleted and the usual number are not present, the fact that practically no arrests are being made shows conclusively the system of police, courts and jails are entailed by the sale of liquors."