

I am unqualifiedly and irrevocably in favor of closing the doors of every saloon within the borders of this fair state of ours—Governor Brady of Idaho.

Negro in the Woodpile

Much ado has been made about the closing of the electric light plant in Mattoon on account of the loss of saloon revenue through voting the town dry.

This move is so well understood by most people that comment is almost unnecessary, but there may be those who imagine the thing was done of necessity and in good faith.

Mr. C. F. Gilliland of Hillsboro, Ill., a former resident and property owner of Mattoon, writes in regard to the closing of the lighting plant:

"I do not believe it was done because the city could not maintain it on account of the saloons being out, but because some political grafter wants them back in power again, and this is the way to try to get it before the voters of Mattoon.

"Here is Hillsboro without saloons, and the city maintains an electric light plant and is also putting up new lights, and still intends to do so. The street and sidewalk improvements are still going on here, and we have no saloons, and I hope we never will have again.

"Politics were rotten enough when I resided in Mattoon, but from accounts that I read they are worse now than ever. Think how rotten they must be when the citizens have to form a 'good order league' in order to enforce the laws. I hope the voters of Mattoon will fool these old political soaks in Coles County at the next county and city election and cut their heads off. If they do not, Coles County will go into bankruptcy.

"There is no parent who thinks anything of the welfare of his son or daughter that wants these damnable saloons around them, much less the element of trade that favors them."

It is Waking Up

Harper's Weekly, which has treated the anti-saloon movement with more or less contempt, is beginning to treat it seriously. In its issue of August 14 it says:

"That current prohibitory laws do prohibit appreciably appears in the falling off of six million dollars in the internal revenue receipts last year from whisky, and of two millions from beer. As we see it, the stable temperance reform which this and every country needs is likely to come in the age of wisdom by the diffusion and wide use of beverages of very low alcoholic intensity. But it is much easier to pass laws forbidding folks to drink at all than to provide that they shall drink wisely. It seems to take a fairly wise and civilized being to drink with sense, even when proper drinks are handy."

It sometimes takes a fairly wise and civilized editor a surprisingly long time to wake up.

The expense of the drink habit is a selfish waste of money; the poor can not afford it, and the rich have a hundred better ways for spending their surplus.

Didn't Get His Buttons

There is an old German saloonkeeper in this city who takes pride in his record as an obedient child of the law, says the Indianapolis News. He boasts of driving the human braces away from his bar promptly on the stroke of 11 and a Sunday drink at his place is as unknown as base ball at the north pole.

Just the same, he got in bad with the police department a few years ago. It was said that he was not selling the right brewer's beer, so a policeman was ordered to keep an eye on his place for violations of the law. He was to be jugged instantly.

The old man discovered that his place was under surveillance. It made him rabid. He blew the foam to the clouds every time he slaked his thirst. He couldn't breathe easily, so great was his anger. He got sore at the poor policeman who was detailed to watch him.

"Watch me if you like," he said to the policeman, who could only smile. "Watch me if you like, I'm an obedient obeyer of the law. Sometimes I will get your buttons, you sneak watcher. See if I don't get your job away from you."

The policeman did not "lose his buttons," however, although the irate saloonkeeper made a good, strong campaign against him. At every turn he knocked the policeman, but without avail.

One day, not long ago, the saloonkeeper discovered that his war against the policeman was ineffective. The blue clothes man was too strong for him. He might as well give in, he thought. So he sought the policeman and, in his most affable tone, unbosomed himself.

"Otto," he said, "I have been trying to get your buttons for three years. I can't do it. Shall we not now be friends?"

Get Cunneen to Speak

Cities and towns where there will be local option contests should arrange to have John F. Cunneen speak for them at an early date.

Mr. Cunneen has a record as a splendid campaign speaker and it will be difficult to secure his services just before election on account of the demand for him. During the past year he has campaigned in eight states.

He is a good outdoor as well as indoor speaker and it would be a good plan to have him address the people upon the street or in the public square and let them hear the message that he has for them. His services may be secured by addressing the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, 1200 Security Building, Chicago.

The sense of rest which comes from the use of liquors is really a deadly deception, the actual result being loss rather than increase of strength.

The liquor traffic is in America because it pays the millionaire brewer.