

grated on Sam. Sam plucked his lawyer by the sleeve: "Look here, Mr. King, hadn't we better compromise?" "I'll try."

#### It Prohibited.

Mr. King spoke a few words with Judge Bowman, who whispered to Mr. Wharton. The three stepped out into the hall. Presently Mr. King came to the door and beckoned for Charlie Kent.

Charlie and Sam held an earnest consultation. "My lawyer says they'll convict me just as fast as they can try these cases—and that's pretty d—n fast. I'm up against seventeen thousand dollars in fines—besides ten years in jail—and destroy my stock. Mr. Wharton agrees to let me

off with a thousand-dollar fine, suspend sentence in the other cases, destroy my stock, and accept your resignation as chief of police."

"My resignation?" Charlie looked almighty glum. Then he broke into a broad smile.

"That's allowing us nine thousand dollars for my job, ain't it? My job ain't worth nine cents; the board will have to fire me. Take it and take it quick."

"See here, Charlie," remarked Sam, when they had settled themselves comfortably on an outgoing train, "prohibition won't prohibit by itself, but if anybody tells you that the man behind the gun can't make it prohibit you jes refer 'em to me."

## That "Dry" Exposition

It is hardly necessary to tell anybody who Horton is—Lewis Ray Horton, formerly District Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, for the Peoria District.

Horton is now Superintendent of the Spokane district in Washington. Writing of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle he says:

"It has been my good fortune to attend our four leading expositions, and this one is, in my judgment, the most unique. It has the finished effect of the Chicago Exposition; the rolling landscape of St. Louis, and the charm of the salt water of Jamestown. True, it is not so large as some of the others, but it is all any one person cares to see, and what more could you wish? It is the biggest little show this country has ever produced.

"The promoters of the enterprise have undertaken to exploit the glories of the Northwest, and that is just what the Exposition has done. Although it is a gigantic advertising scheme, it is replete with interest, wonder, surprise and information. When you look at the marvelous exhibits from Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines you are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that not all of Uncle Sam's valuable property lies along the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Not every state was allowed an exhibit, but California, Oregon, Idaho and Washington have set forth their resources in fascinating array.

"The Agricultural Building is given over to Washington alone and here each county has a display. Here you will be shown samples of oats from a field that yielded 170 bushels per acre, and some wheat that thrashed out 62 bushels per acre. The profusion of peaches, apples, plums, potatoes, cherries and pears makes you think that if a high wall were built around Washington you 'would rather be on the inside a lookin' out, than on the outside a lookin' in.'

"Before you wonder how a single county can send an exhibit worthy of notice, let me remind you that two of our counties each have an area of over 5,000 square miles.

"Mining, forestry and fisheries are leading industries of our state. At this show you will see the famous Columbia River red salmon in every stage of its career from the newly laid egg to the sealed can with the label on it. The Forestry Building is made of trees so big that the first thing I did was to rap on those great pillars to see if they were solid. I saw a gold brick worth \$14,178 and I wished somebody would hand it to me.

"All summer long, while you have been mopping

perspiration and sticking to your clothes, the visitors at the Exposition have been seeking a sunny spot to sit in, and every evening men listen to the band concert in their overcoats. There are no 'keep off the grass' signs on these grounds. The beautiful lawns and profuse flower beds were made for the public and not for the committee. But not until you have seen The Shadow of the Cross, taken a ride through the pneumatic tube, talked into or over a wireless telephone, and shaken hands with an Igorrote, do you begin to enjoy the mysteries of this place.

"In strict keeping with the march of progress, this is the first exposition that has prohibited the sale of beer. The queer thing is that nobody seems to miss it, no one asks for it. Perhaps the sober truth is that most men who spend their money for beer have none left with which to take a high class pleasure trip.

"I happened to be at the Exhibition on Illinois Day and I never realized before that there were so many people in that state whom I did not know."

It is not often that anything is printed in this paper which does not relate wholly to the drink question, but an exception is made in this case for the reason that it shows what a fine exposition can be held without permitting the sale of intoxicants on the grounds.

## Saloons and Insanity

Dr. Menas S. Gregory, chief of the psychopathic ward at Bellevue insane hospital, New York, says if the saloons were driven out of business the number of insane would decrease one half, crime would decrease almost as much, and the saving in asylum, poorhouse, and charity expense would more than repay the loss of revenue now derived from the liquor trade.

Dr. Gregory bases his theory on the experiences he has had in eight years' service in Bellevue and the facts he learned in a recent automobile trip through the "prohibition" parts of New England.

Dr. Gregory, who treats 3,500 cases in the psychopathic ward at Bellevue each year, is an authority on lunacy. He recognizes the man whom "rum" has set insane temporarily; he restores his patient's senses and turns him loose, if possible. If not, the patient goes to Matteawan.

"The fewer saloons," says Dr. Gregory, "the fewer are the opportunities to drink for a man who unluckily seeks drink, and on the number of saloons depends exactly the number of jails and hospitals. If there were no saloons in New York there would be only half as many patients in the psychopathic ward."