

HE GOT MAD.

Then He Came to Himself and Was a Wiser Man and a Better Prohibitionist.

"You see, I believe as much as you do in Prohibition."

He was a preacher. We were seated in the editorial den of this paper.

"Pardon me, I do not believe you!"

It was the editor who said that.

"Sir!"

Oh, the holy look of indignation! You just ought to have seen it!

"That's what I mean," again replied the editor.

"I didn't come here to be insulted. I repeat, sir, that I am just as much a Prohibitionist as you are."

"So? Let us see if you are. Do you see that building across the street?"

"Certainly. It's a saloon."

"Correct. Now, that saloon keeper is an intelligent man. He votes so as to protect his business first, last and all the time. He believes in license, talks it, pays for it and votes for it. He is a Republican—votes the same ticket as you do. Now, sir, will you tell me just the difference between your vote and that rumrunner's after they are in the box?"

"I am not responsible for the fact that saloon keepers vote the same ticket as I do."

"You can't crawl through that hole. You are responsible for the fact that you are voting the same ticket as that saloon keeper, when you know that the success of your ticket means, absolutely certain, the continuation of his infernal traffic."

"You speak pretty plainly."

"Yes, sir, I mean to, for it is high time for some one to speak plainly to your class of men, who preach against the saloon, pray for the drunkard, but who vote with the saloon keeper for a political party which you know to be for license. No man is better politically than his ballot. No amount of talk, of preaching, of protestation, will discount your ballot. In the eyes of the government, in the eyes of man and before God you are no better Prohibitionist than that saloon keeper across the way."

"Now, look here, my brother, let us not quarrel over this. We are both striving for the same end, but we do not agree as to method."

"In talking as I do I am not in the least bit angry. I am simply telling you the cold truth, which you cannot deny. You talk about 'method.' How soon do you expect to secure prohibition by voting the same ticket as the saloon keeper? Your 'method' has been in practice for 100 years, and the saloon, consumption of liquor, crime and pauperism have increased three times faster than the population. Either quit voting for license, or stop repeating the false statement that you believe in prohibition."

"Well, upon my word, that is the plainest talk I ever heard!"

"All right. But tell me this, is it the truth?"

The preacher paused a moment, then very slowly, quietly and firmly said, "Yes it is!"

"God bless you for your candor! Then what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? I can do but one thing—vote as you do, for the Prohibition Party."

"Give us your hand! Now you are as good a Prohibitionist as I am."

Since we have mentioned no names, we know our ministerial friend will pardon us for printing our conversation as it actually occurred.—The Editor.

The Saloon and Labor.

If we work fewer hours we must make the hours of leisure fraught with less danger.—Frances E. Willard.

When you go home tired after a hard day's work, just remember that you are working one day out of every nine to keep the gin-mills running. One day out of every nine the productive power of this nation, abstainers and drinkers alike, is devoted to sustaining the liquor traffic. Doesn't that rest you?—Voice.

Two of a Kind.

"We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality."—National Republican Platform.

"We are opposed to all forms of drunkenness and we favor sound morality."—National Liquor Sellers' Association.

Rum Keeps Down Wages.

A drunkard will sleep anywhere—on a bundle of rags thrown in the corner of an unfurnished room. He will be content with any sort of food, will allow his family to go about in rags and will be reduced to such an abject state that he will work on any terms, will accept less than the market rate, will undersell his fellow workers and supplies the cheapest labor that is to be got.—Philadelphia Telegram.

A Call to Battle.

The church is, for reasons incomprehensible to us, well-nigh asleep. How tardy in her protestations! How weak in her efforts to extirpate vice is she everywhere! Why cannot the church hear Christ's voice, "Up! up! O Zion—pinning, fainting away in spiritual poverty? Cast the net on this side." Here, in these caverns of despair, the wretched multitude wait for a helping hand. The venders of alcohol should not be allowed to perpetuate this infamy without the rebuke of the church. The awful pestilence sweeps through every street and sits upon almost every hearthstone like a spectral form of death. Shall we be silent?—Epworth Herald.

THE PRESS.

What It Thinks of Backbone.

Minneapolis Item:

"Interesting."

Northwestern Chronicle:

"Its principles are prohibition to the center of its unbendable spine."

Gatling Gun:

"A genuine Backbone. The Prohibitionists of Minnesota have wisely decided that money spent in literature will bring greater results than if spent in any other way."

Progress, Minneapolis:

"Pithy and pointed and calculated to stiffen the vertebral column of the patient, persevering political party which it represents."

Herald, Portland, Me.:

"May it give the courage and stability so much needed in our cause."

The Voice, New York:

"Bright and full of ideas."

N. W. Temp Review. Duluth:

"Lively."

"News," Chatfield:

"Displays careful editorial work."

"Reform," Eau Claire, Wis.:

"Will prove to be a vote maker, judging by the first copy."

Help for 1897.

Miss Willard has taken as her motto for the New Year the following from the poems of the

lamented Edward R. Sill. We earnestly commend it to the thoughtful attention of our readers:

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,
Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquerer and thy crown is won.

—Union Signal.

The March number of BACKBONE, which will be issued Feb. 25, will be a local no-license number, intended as an aid in carrying local elections against license. It will contain no partisan matter which would prejudice the thinnest skinned voter of any party. We purpose to make it a vote maker. Price, mailed separately, \$1 per hundred.—Those whose elections are held in April and May as those who vote in March, should order now or they are likely to be too late.

We can't devote much space to stirring up Prohibitionists to work for BACKBONE. If their spinal columns are in good order, they will not need it. This is the first step in the most systematic effort to reach the voters of Minnesota which has yet been made. Do you see the point and are you "at it?"

We fear we did not make it clear enough in the January number that BACKBONE is small, and a monthly, not from necessity, but so that our friends can afford to give away a number of copies to "hopefuls" as well as so that every one who wants the paper can afford to take it. Don't imagine by this that we scorn single subscriptions. Bless you! If each person who received a copy of the January number had sent us his subscription and 25 cents, it would pay for 10,000 copies for a year, and for the entire time and office and field expenses of the manager, and this would have meant at least 10,000 copies more! Single subscriptions may be sent in one and two cent stamps.

Home Pick-ups.

Marshall voted no-license by one majority, Excelsior license by 5 majority.

Theodore Hamm, the brewer, is among the bondsmen of F. E. Elmund, the Republican treasurer of Ramsey county.

The Norwegian Total Abstinence Society of Minneapolis, denounces the city officers for not enforcing the laws and ordinances, to enforce which they are elected and "are drawing handsome salaries from the honest toil of the rest of the people of our city."

Tom Lally, of Minneapolis, is vice president of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association of America. This is the Lally at whose saloon Harry Hayward bought the flask of whiskey which nerved Blixt's arm to murder Kittle Ging. He is highly honored by the Christian municipality in which he chooses to do business. Why should he not be by his pals?

The News Elsewhere.

Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas and Utah are now the only states which are without laws requiring instruction in temperance and hygiene in their public schools.

England has \$91,000,000 invested in breweries in the United States, and last year she took out of the country as beer receipts over \$8,100,000 in gold.

Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass., who has been appointed rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., to succeed Bishop Keane, is a radical opponent of the saloon.

Of the twelve presidents which the United States Brewers' Association has had, eight were foreigners, and three of the remaining four were of foreign descent. Most of our beer barons, like the saloon keepers who are their distributing agents, are among our imported evils.—Prohibition News.

Chairman Dickie, of the National Prohibition Committee, recently said: "The last 60 days, following the campaign of '96, have witnessed more prohibition activity than ever before following our most successful campaigns. There have been held, and now are arranged for, more than three times as many meetings and conferences as ever before in a like period of our party's history."

Chicago Prohibitionists are making a great campaign. H. L. Parmelee is their candidate for mayor.

The national committee of the Prohibition party asks for \$25,000 for its work this year.

Levering's vote was 130,553. Bidwell received 270,710.—The number of voters represented by the difference between these two figures tried to settle the money question, one-half of them voting for silver and the other half for gold.

Bentley, the presidential candidate of the National party which bolted the Prohibition party at Pittsburg, received 18,743 votes.