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WM. H. STEWART, EDITOR.

"The 450-Mile Road to Hell."

A LECTURE BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

Rev. J. G. Adams, a noted prohibition speaker from the West and one who is known in all parts of the country, delivered his lecture, "The 450-Mile Road to Hell," at the Grand opera house last afternoon before an audience that filled the theatre.

Rev. Adams is an enthusiastic prohibitionist and believes the time is fast coming when the sale of liquor whether by the state or the "blind tiger" shall be a thing of the past. He has been a prohibition lecturer for seventeen years, lecturing in all parts of the country. He will speak at the court house tonight on "The Deadly Parallel."

Rev. Adams spoke as follows: STREET OF SALOONS.

The licensed saloons of the United States, if formed into a street allowing twenty feet space to each saloon, would make a street four hundred and fifty miles long, solid on either side without a break or cross street in it—solid from end to end. Let us imagine them brought together and formed into a street, and let us suppose that the moderate dram drinkers and their families are marching in at the upper end.

Come, go with me, and let us stand at the lower end and see what it turns out in one year. Did I say at the lower end? Yes. For this street is on an incline plain, and I take willingly and knowingly enters and travels this street, is traveling down, down to a devil's hell. And unless they repent and forsake this way they will land in hell.

The liquor traffic and saloons are to the devil what the church is to God. The church is a great power in lifting up and saving humanity, while the saloon is a great power in dragging down and destroying human beings—mind, body and soul. The success of the saloon is the overthrowing of the schools, colleges and churches. They are antagonistic—one to the other. The kind of training and support that would build up the saloon would prove detrimental to schools, colleges and churches, and vice versa. So you can see at once that there is no good thing to be derived from the liquor traffic. Yet it is being sustained by our government. No other reason was ever assigned save revenue.

No christian nation can hope to be prosperous when she absolutely refuses to put a stop to this great curse, but continues to permit men to engage in a crime producing business, under the high license system. As a christian I cannot afford to give my consent to the liquor traffic—simply for revenue. This is why the saloon keeper is in the business, for the money he can get out of it, and he will tell you so.

The saloon is as "national" as a national bank, and as lawful as a public school, made so by the license system. It could not exist otherwise. The saloon could not stand on its own merits but hides its deformed face behind the plea of expediency—"business for revenue."

SUPREME COURT'S DECISION.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that no man has a natural or inherited right to sell liquor, therefore the privilege can only be granted to him by the people. This being the case, the legislature of the various states have enacted for the people of the several states what is known as the high license system—selling to any man who may be able to pay the price—the privilege to deal out death and destruction. If it was not for the protection and support of the government to this great evil it could not stand twelve months.

Everybody knows it to be a great curse, but whatever a state or nation licenses it must protect. So the liquor traffic hides behind whatever political party may be in power, for the saloon, the power behind the throne, put the party there; and the saloon can and does have protection.

Should I engage with a band of robbers I would expect to stand by them in all their troubles afterwards, as I had shared my part of the booty. So, we as a nation, as long as we derive a profit out of the troubles from the whiskey course.

May the Lord help every christian voter who reads these lines to think prayerfully as to his individual responsibility relative to this great question; yes, his responsibility to God, as a christian. Remember, brothers that the license law was made for us by our legislature, that we might grant to men the privilege to sell that which the courts have said no man has a right to sell, until it is granted to him by the people through their representatives.

So all are responsible. And we, the people, seeing the evils resulting from the traffic, have appealed to the legislature for relief; but they fail to give us any, but say we can have local control, and we have what is known as the local option law. We have the opportunity of abolishing our interests in this traffic, and with every opportunity there is responsibility. I appeal to everyone who loves God and humanity to do what he can for local prohibition.

Some say that local opinion will not stop selling and drinking. Well, it may not, but when you have prayed, worked, voted, and done all you can, you will have abolished your interest in the traffic that was fastened upon you by the legislature, which has shifted the responsibility directly upon the voter. You say local option will not prohibit. Neither will the law against theft, murder, robbery and such things prohibit, yet I never find anyone wanting to repeal these laws because crime continues. We might as well say we will not have a law against selling liquors just because it will not prohibit, absolutely.

There are penalties attached to these laws for the violators. You say you can't catch them. But put forth the same effort to catch the local option law breakers as we do the thief and we will be just as successful, yea, more, as there are not so many of them. On the same line of reasoning you would not have a law against theft, murder, or any other crime.

Another says, we cannot carry local option in our town, or precinct, as the case may be. You can carry your part of interest, and this is what God demands of you as a christian and nothing short of this will be pleasing to Him. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin."

DANGER NOT IN "BLIND TIGERS."

Another says there will be blind tigers. Well, I had rather have one blind tiger than three or four or a dozen tigers that can see. Furthermore, if you are a true prohibitionist, and do all you can you are not responsible for the blind tiger, but you are responsible for the "tiger" with eyes—the open saloon.

Another says he does not believe in interfering with other people's liberties. In the first place you do not interfere with another's liberty. They have no "liberty" to sell liquor, only such as was given to them by you, and if you have the right to grant, you have the right to take back.

The proposed law is not against the drinker, but the seller, and no man has any right to sell a thing or do a thing that does but destroy both soul and body.

Another says it will kill the town. This is false, for saloons produce nothing but drunkards, widows, orphans, insanity, pauperism, misery, woe, death and destruction, and these things do not build up a town, but to the contrary, the money spent for liquor would be spent for dry goods, groceries, beef steak, etc. Did you ever hear one say, "I want property at such and such a town because they sell whiskey there?" There is hardly a county in any

state that cannot get a sufficient number of signers to a petition to secure an election on the subject, and I would have it, and place the responsibility where it belongs—on those who vote for the saloon—for it is either saloon or no saloon. As a christian you don't have to succeed, thank the Lord, but you do have to be true and do what you can for the right and against the wrong and you can't be true and remain quiet and see hell grow fat on drunkards—the natural product of the saloon.

HOT-BED OF CRIME.

The saloon is the hot-bed of at least seventy-five per cent of the crime committed in the United States. Are we in favor of the suppression of crime? Then remove one of the great causes. The licensed liquor traffic. How can we honestly pray: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," and then remain silent on this great question? Let us come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mightiest power for evil on earth.

You say we can never abolish the whiskey business. This may be true, and would be should everybody be like yourself, saying you can't, you can't, but as I have previously said, we don't have to succeed, we have only to be true. The thing we have to decide is whether the saloon is right or is enough for any christian to know about it. I have by study, observation and experience, decided that the saloon is evil, and only evil, continuously, and I have determined to pursue the course of the woodchuck, and not of the jay bird. One cold, stormy eve the woodchuck lit on the window pane and began to "hit-a-lick, hit-a-lick, hit-a-lick," trying to get in to warm himself, but a jay lit on a limb near by and began to say, "you can't, you can't, you can't." So, next morning when the landlord went out he found the jay lying on the ground frozen stiff, but the woodchuck was still on the window pane, "hit-a-lick, hit-a-lick." So, whether I ever succeed or not, I have decided with the woodchuck, to continue to "hit-a-lick" and keep hitting.

Remember, we are at the lower end of this street, considering it for one year. What great army is this we see coming in at the upper end of the street? It is the army of six million (6,000,000) people who are in the habit of going to the saloon and getting liquor and drinking it as a beverage. You say this is alright if they do not make hogs of themselves. This is casting a reflection on the hog race, for hogs do not get drunk, and when men get drunk they are below the brute creation. Poor, miserable drunkards! I am sorry for them; so are you if you have any sympathy for humanity. Yet if there were no dram-drinkers there would be no drunkards. No little piggies—no big hoggies. No dram-drinkers—no hog drunkards, as you call them.

God made man a free moral agent. Man made the legislature. The legislature made the law. The law made the saloon. The saloon made the dram-drinker. The dram-drinker makes the drunkard. The drunkard makes a demon in hell. Read 1 Cor. 6:10. DRUNKARD HAS BAD INFLUENCE. Dram-drinking is wrong, because it leads to drunkenness. The devil can use one moderate dram-drinker more effectually than he can a cow pen full of drunkards. No boy wishes to follow or imitate a "common" drunkard; but if you have any Colonels, Majors, Captains or other prominent men who are dram-drinkers, they are the ones that your boys apt to imitate, especially if you voted for him for some high office. I teach my boys that drinking is degrading, but it doesn't look so to the boy, if I, by an act franchise, promote some dram-drinker to the highest office

in the gift of the people, I then teach my boys one thing by precept, and another by example.

There is not a saloon-keeper in all the land who will not say that it is wrong to get drunk, but all right to take a drink. Oh, how sick and tired I get when I hear a so-called christian talking the same way. There is not a set in all the land who will not tell you that he is against drunkenness. Every saloon-keeper believes in "temperance," but he has one meaning for the word while we have another. Mark this, reader, no man is a temperance man, per se, who does not vote it. It is your vote that demonstrates your position that proves you are a prohibitionist, nothing else. The christian should oppose dram-drinking, dram-selling and dram-voting.

Whose gang are you in? Are you with the school teachers, christians and preachers of the land, or are you with the saloon-keepers, who are in the business for money only, and who vote the anti-ticket to a man; not because they think it helps or makes one better, but purely from a monetary consideration.

In the rear of this army of 6,000,000 moderate dram-drinkers we see another army coming. What is it? 'Tis the army of 600,000 drunkards, the natural spawn of the saloons—first a dram drinker, but at last a drunkard! Many women are in this vast army of human derelicts. They have fallen quite low, oh, low down, to death and hell.

"Fell like the snow flakes, from heaven to hell, Fell to be trampled as the filth of the street; Fell to be scoffed at, to be spit on and beat, Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, Selling her soul to whoever may buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread. Hating the living, fearing the dead, Merciful God, has she fallen so low? Yet once she was as pure as the beautiful snow.

The drunkard has no place, no home, save the refuge of the asylum, the jail, and the penitentiary. LICENSED TO MAKE DRUNKARDS. The saloon is licensed to sell that which makes drunkards, and we take the product, the poor drunkards, and punish him for that which the license purports he shall do—wrong. Alas, our shame! "But shame is a small matter as long as the business pays—the revenue."

The saloon-keeper, after he has completed his job, in making the drunkard, is ashamed of his production, and often kicks him into the street. 6,000,000 people, most of whom are wage-earners, are spending their money in these dens of iniquity, and letting their families suffer for the common comforts of life. Many of these men abuse the poor defenseless wife and her innocent brood. None can ever know the sorrows of this poor mother's heart. God can only know, who sees the sparrow when it falls. And this same God, whose eye is over all His works that he has made, will surely bring thee, O man, unto judgment, for this, thy devilish work.

Many of these drunken wretches murder their wives and children while in this condition. O, where is my boy! Is he a drunkard? If so, am I excusable? I have known of men being brought from wealth, honor, fame and high christian character down to the lowest degradation. I have heard people say if you would let liquor alone it would let you alone. This is a lie and I will say so. If it were true I don't know that I would ever spend any more time in the temperance field. But I know of many mothers and children, who are suffering today for the needs of life and having to toil in many ways to sustain life on account of drunken hands and feet the mother and children never

drank liquor. I know a man who got drunk and went home at a very late hour. In a little while his house was wrapped in flames, burning one member of the family to death. He, himself died from being burned and the mother took sick and died very soon after. I know of a good lady who is having to work hard to support the children of a man who got drunk and froze to death by the roadside—too drunk to reach his home.

SALOONS BREED CRIMINALS. In the rear of these 600,000 drunkards we see another great crowd coming. Who are they? They are the 100,000 criminals from the jails and prisons. In the front ranks we see men whose hands are crimson with human blood. Some have ropes around their necks; others on their way to prison for life. Every crime known to the law has been committed by the persons while under the influence of strong drink. Statistics show that at least seventy-five per cent of the crime committed in the United States grow, directly or indirectly out of the liquor traffic. By observation I find that not less than ninety per cent of the murders committed are traceable in some way to liquor. It is hard to call to mind a single murder where neither party drank or went about saloons. Go to the prison cell, and you will find nearly every prisoner will admit to drinking more or less.

I am in favor of suppressing crime as far as I can, and as the open saloon is a breeder of crime, I am in favor of stopping the saloon. You say this is interfering with personal and inherited rights. That is not true. The supreme court of the United States has said that no man has a natural or inherited right to sell liquor or do anything else that would be detrimental to his fellowman, and I know, and you know, that there have been some, yea a good many, good men who got drunk and committed deeds that would drive them to commit suicide.

A man woke up one morning and asked the jail-keeper "Where am I?" and when he was told that he was in jail, he asked, "For what am I in jail?" "For killing your wife," said the keeper. "What! My Lord! Have I killed my wife, the best woman on earth? How, how did I kill my wife?" "You shot her last night while you were drunk." "My Lord! Take me out and hang me at once."

Stop the saloon and you stop seventy-five per cent of the crime. Then the schools, colleges and churches will have a better chance to prosper; there will be a saving of nine or ten hundred million dollars to the people, for the money spent in saloons is worse than wasted. If there are any old bear-eyed devils in town they make it convenient to sit out in front of the saloon on beer kegs or chairs and make remarks about every woman that passes his way. The saloon dethrones reason, influences passion and inspires crime of every sort and degree. You will find connected with houses of ill fame, the liquor traffic, as a feeder. No person develops into a criminal at once but the seed is sown and it finally produces fruit. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap: for he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:7-8. Sow whiskey and reap drunkards, widows, orphans, insanity, pauperism, robbery, murders and all other crimes.

A GLANCE UP THE STREET. My brother in Christ, how can you be neutral on so great a question? Don't forget where we are—at the lower end of a legalized street of hell. What is that long line of black we see coming slowly down the street just in the rear of these one hundred thousand criminals? It is a funeral procession; 100,000 dead drunkards are being carted to the grave. They do not

have many friends to mourn their loss, hence we can put thirty such processions in a mile. We thus have a procession 8,333 miles long. It will take them a good part of the year to go by, we see depicted upon their countenance a horror that hung over them in death. Some of them died with delirium tremens, some froze to death by the roadside, others stumbled from the wharf and were drowned, while still others were mangled under cars, others burned in buildings set on fire by themselves. They died in various ways, but strong drink killed them all, and their tombstones, should they have any, may be fitly inscribed, "He died the death of a drunkard."

Close in the rear of this army we see another long line of funeral processions. They are the ones who met death through the carelessness and cruelty of drunken comrades. Many die of broken hearts, some were murdered, and still others were horribly mangled on the railroads because of drunken engineers or conductors, many were drowned at sea on account of drunken captains.

Now we wish to consider the army of orphan children who have been left by the dead drunkards. Though they be innocent of the iniquities of their fathers that have been visited upon them. Two hundred thousand in number; each of these must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary.

They live in ignorance and vice; they are suffering with hunger and cold. Many of these children are idiots, made so by brutal, drunken fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the army of drunkards that ever move toward death.

Remember we have been considering this street for one year, and in the rear comes the next year's supply. If this is what liquor does for us in one year, what must be the result through the long centuries?

Thus far we have listened to the stories that the figures tell, but they cannot tell it all. They give only the outline of this terrible tragedy that is going on round about us.

MUCH IS NOT KNOWN.

They cannot tell us the uprightness of the drunkard's home; they cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has spoken to poor wife and children.

They cannot tell us the many blows that have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it is his duty to love and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes have been blasted.

They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunkard father has left destitute.

They cannot tell us of the forlorn and broken hearts of the bride while the horizon of life is radiant with life's first hope. They cannot tell us how many gray haired mothers have gone to the grave mourning her drunken sons.

They cannot tell us how many hard battles the drunkard has fought with the terrible appetite. We cannot begin to tell any thing about, nor can we search the records of the other world and tell how many souls have been forever shut out of heaven and forever cast into hell, by the demon strong drink. Who, then, would not vote to have that street of hell with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curses of the universe. Finally, my fellow traveler to the bar of God, are you not sorry for these and ten thousand more? Alas, how sad their case. What awful plight. What woe is theirs! And they appeal to you, not for money, but for your vote to cast away this curse.—Asheville Citizen April 14th.

ALBEMARLE AND STANLY COUNTY. Contract Let for New Lutheran Church. Working for Prohibition. Stanley Enterprise, April 23rd. Raise home supplies. Let this be the farmers slogan before the season's crops are all provided for. The North State, the republican paper at Lexington recently taken in charge by J. M. Vanhog, suspended last week. A large Danville, Va., distiller is on trial before the United States courts upon the charge of defrauding the government out of between \$100,000 and \$150,000 taxes on whiskey. It seems to be a hard matter to find a real honest man in that sort of business. The contract for the brick work on the new Lutheran church has been let to Robert L. McAllister, of Mt. Pleasant, a brick contractor well-known to and liked by our people. S. H. Hearne left Tuesday morning for Charlotte, carrying with him the plans and specifications. While there Mr. Hearne will get bids from parties on much of the material that will enter into the construction. Work will begin as soon as material is laid down. A little band of Christian women have been meeting at the Methodist church every Friday afternoon and lifting their voices to Him who rules over all, in earnest petitions for the prohibition cause. Prayers without works would avail naught; but these, with God and right on the side of temperance, verily, the cause is one wherein those who are enlisted in its favor are mightier than those against. In this way the women have a work to perform.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by James Plummer and all druggists.

Peanut Politics and Prohibition. It is encouraging to the good cause of temperance to publish letters like the one from Hon. J. S. Holbrook in this issue. With such prominent republicans as former representatives of Wilkes, J. S. Holbrook, William Lee, William A. Tharpe and other prominent Wilkes republicans, and such prominent republicans as Judge Pritchard, Lusk, Hicks, Gus Price, Judge Robinson, Isaac Meekins, Col. Henry C. Dockery, and hundreds of others of the best element of the republican party, and about all of the prominent democrats, strongly favoring the temperance cause, it is less than "peanut politics" to try to drag the question into partisan politics. As Preacher A. T. Pardue remarked in his sermon in the court house yard the other day, "it is the 15c politician who would like to ride into office on a boat swimming in the tears and blood of innocent of women and children that tries to drag this great question into partisan politics.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

The enormous increase in the use of Snowdrift Hogless Lard, not only in the South, but in the North as well, although little effort has been made to introduce it north of the Carolina, is an other striking example of Southern enterprise and Northern appreciation of Southern products. The registration books will, according to ruling, opened on last Friday, the 24th, and will close on the 18th of May, giving the 20 day ordered by law, exclusive of Sundays. There will be no new registration, but all citizens who have changed their place of residence, and all who have become of age since last registration, must get their names on the books—and pay their poll tax—else they won't be allowed to vote.