

THE PROHIBITION BANNER.

Our God, Our Country and Our Homes.

VOL. I.

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VICTORY.

TUNE.—"Scots wha' hae won' Wallace led."

Friends of Freedom swell the song,
Old and young the strain prolong,
Make the Temperance army strong,
And on to Victory!

Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Total Abstinence" the cry,
Let the echo reach the sky,
And the earth keep jubilee.

Who would be a slave,
Who would go to run a slave,
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
Or bear his infamy?

Will ye rally, every one,
Father, mother, daughter, son,
Teach the weak the cup to shun,
And end this slavery?

God of mercy hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede;
See how many hearts still bleed,
And heal them speedily?

Let the Spirit's fruits be these,
Temperance, and love, and peace;
Then this withering curse will cease.

THE MODERN PRODIGAL.

How He Was Fed On Husks.

In a short time the beauty of Americus Junior became like Pharaoh's seven ears of corn blasted with an east wind. The joyous vigor of life in his heart became a cup of death; he was stricken, and he was yet not sick; his portion was wounds, bruises, and purifying sores; he had wasted all his substance, and began to be in want. He had sat among kings of men, and he had gone down to dwell among swine, and fed at their troughs. But he remembered whence he had fallen; he recalled ancient opportunities, and the burning dregs of remorse were wrung out to him to drink. His mother, as full of anguish and despair as her son, bestirred herself to find helpers and remedies. "There must," she said, "be some means of rescue, and some cure for this awful state of moral and physical disease."

The shameless extortions of the Liquor Party, the devastations wrought by them, had roused up many enemies. People who had suffered by them in their kindred or estates banded against them; philanthropists and political economists felt that it was high time to restrict their operations and moderate the miseries occasioned by them. Learned and benevolent people had shut themselves up to a vigorous study of the Liquor Question, and hundreds had formulated a whole code of laws, which should reach the entire case, and assure to the family of Columbia a reasonable amount of comfort and safety. Other hundreds had particularly devoted themselves to considering what would heal the woes and wounds of the victims of the Liquor interest—of Americus Junior.

Therefore, when from the public highway, where Columbia sat watching and waiting over her fallen child, arose a mighty cry, "Help me! help me! O my people!" a hundred doors opened, and an imposing throng of Pundits and Philanthropists came to the rescue of Columbia and her son.

"Columbia, take heart," said one Pundit, "your strength shall be in law. We will enact laws that shall deliver you from the chief part of your uneasiness. Your son is young, and his youth has been taken advantage of. Habits are formed in youth. Had he been preserved from this drunk habit till he reached man's estate, he

would have been safe. We will enact a law against selling to minors; if we have no drunken boys, we shall have no drunken men.

Do you not see that clearly, Columbia?"

She did not see it very clearly, but the Pundit spoke like a judge on the bench, and she yielded assent.

"And, Columbia," said the second Pundit, "I have yet a better law to propose to you. We will enact that no one sells to drunkards. If your son is drunk, he shall not get drunker. Once let him get drunk, and he cannot buy."

"But," said Columbia, "I don't want him drunk at all. Is it not a pity and a sin to allow him to get drunk?"

"We must not too much interfere with the liberty of the subject," said the Pundit. "I am certain that this law is the very essence of all wisdom."

"It does not look so to me," said Columbia, "but we will have it if it will do my dear boy any good."

"I have yet a better law," cried a third, "Columbia, if your son went to church on Sunday and said his prayers, and had a respectable day of it, he would get moral force to put him through the week. I propose a Sunday-closing law. That will solve all difficulties. Give Americus a day of sobriety and decency, and he will see how good it is, and desire other days of the kind. Let us save him the first day of the week, and he will save himself the other six."

"I hope so," said Columbia, as a fourth Pundit rushed up.

"What we want is the early closing of these liquor dens. It would save young Americus to go home and go to bed. Then he would wake sober, and be able to do a day's work. Columbia, if you have any desire to save your son, you will pass my law for early closing, say 11 o'clock."

So Columbia passed the early closing law.

Then a whole throng of Pundits, wise and rich, came to her, carrying banners and wreaths of victory, and blowing trumpets. They were the "High License Men," and they made sure that the hope of Mrs. Columbia, and the safety of her son. Such confidence always imposes itself on others; and Columbia's eye brightened, and her sorrowful face cleared a little, and her hand lay with less agonized clasp on the head of her son resting on her lap, as she looked at this imposing array of helpers.

"What we want," said this delegation, "is high license. We must tax these liquor men, Columbia; if you really want them out of existence, there is but one way—tax them out. If you make license high enough, the liquor can not be sold to Americus poor, only to Americus when he is rich and can stand it. If you tax high enough, only rich men can pay for license, and there is a certain dignity and respectability about the rich. If only rich men are makers and sellers, then the places of sales will be costly, elegant, refined. If Americus will get drunk, he shall get drunk on a plush sofa with a Brussels carpet under his feet, and a silver salver at his side for his glass."

"That won't help me!" cried the amazed Columbia, "drunk is drunk, and it is the drunkenness that maddens me. The style of it, O Pundits, will not better it!"

"Indeed it will," said the delegation. "You must look at the matter on all sides, dear Columbia. If you have high license, only a few can pay for it, and so places of liquor selling will decrease, and if there are only half as many places Americus will be only half as likely to get drunk. Besides, by high license the business will be made less profitable, and in time far less will follow it and it will die out by degrees. Our friends, the League men, will not want to keep up a profitless trade; they will invest in something else. We grant you drunkenness and drunkard making are crimes. Under the present constitution of things crimes are inevitable; we must limit them by statute."

At this point a strange man passed to the front of the throng and spoke earnestly: "Columbia there can be no statute of limitations for crimes. If you limit crime by law you legalize it within the limit, and if law frames mischief where is our resort? The seat of justice and judgement, Columbia, must not be made a throne of iniquity. "We want something better than all this," said another group; "we can not get all that we want, but we must get the best we can and near our goal by degrees. Give us local option. Where people don't want the liquor let them banish the liquor. Let us have some safe places."

"Columbia," protested the High License men, look at this matter fairly. Do you see, that added to the advantages we have suggested, there is the other vast advantage of your increased revenue? Americus has been very expensive to you—he wasted your fortunes—the liquor men have been expensive; your treasuries need replenishing; let the liquor which has ruined you, repay you—repay your son.

"Now, Columbia was vulnerable on this point, and she said she would have high license, and the higher the better, and she hoped good would come of it. "But local option! We want local option!" cried some.

"That is tyrannical, and restrains individual liberty," said the friends and beneficiaries of the Liquor men. "It is the will of the people ruling, the choice of the multitude, which underlies all our policy!" cried others. "It is unjust coercion and restriction," said the Interest. "It is no more restriction, or coercion, than Sunday closing, early closing, high license, and all the rest!" shouted the Option men.

"Local option sounds well to me," said Columbia. "Let us have it where we can get it; and now with all these laws, I am sure my boy is safe."

Thereupon Columbia aroused Americus and rose up. She anointed her head and washed her face and clothed herself in splendor; she illuminated all her windows in the joy of her new hope. She took Americus Junior out of the gutter; she washed him, and curled and perfumed his hair; she put on his Sabbath apparel, a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and made a great feast, and sent him forth in gladness, as a young king going to his espousals, for now his steps were enviered with the safeguards of law, and he was support-

ed by statutes of limitation.

What was then Columbia's horror to find that the Liquor Party to a large extent, blinded or bribed her police, and that the numerous laws was a dead letter. The law against selling to minors was evaded; also men could become drunkards after they were twenty-one. If the front doors of saloons were shut on Sunday, the back doors were open; bar-keepers had different opinions as to when a man was too drunk to sell to; the early closing was mocked at; on high license the Liquor traffic flourished, for they got the license money all back, in no time, by raising the price of drinks while their patrons never grumbled at the price of rum, though they tore their hair and blasphemed over the price of flour. If the law forbade a liquor den, near a school house, the school-house just the den was moved; and when Local Option would have consecrated a locality, the Interest stuffed the ballot boxes.

So Americus went down into the depths again, and reeled to, and fro and drew nigh to the gates of perdition. Once more the mourning of his mother filled the universe, and as Law had so far failed to help her, Love came in its place. But love is often efficacious without its measure of severity.

The new helpers of Columbia opened reformatories and inebriate asylums, but if they cured Americus within their walls, he fell a prey as soon as he came out. They made Sunday breakfasts for Americus; the little children formed "Bands of hope," and the women "Bands for prayer." They reasoned with Americus, they comforted him, they encouraged him; a thousand times with patient zeal they raised him up as he lay fallen, filthily wounded bleeding, and they healed him, and sent him out only to fall again. The trouble was, not that the means were not very good but they needed to be reinforced with stronger and more fundamental measures. To Americus always presented themselves Temptation and opportunity. A pledge was devised for Americus; he found that even from that pledge he could fall; that a whirlwind of passion and appetite could sweep him away, and his pledge was as the seven green withes, or the new ropes upon Sampson. They told Americus Junior in his falling and his woe, of Divine Power that rescues a man from himself and his sins, and they told him truly. But yet, there is a logic in events, and God demands that men should use proper means and not rush of course into temptation and cry then to be kept. God had a controversy with Columbia because her son had fallen by her advice and her sin, and as long as that accursed trophy, her bribe of gold was in her treasure, the curse lay upon her house.

And thus it was that this poor prodigal of the West had been fed on husks, and his mother, in her despair, put on garments of widowhood, and lifted up her voice and wept, for they had been miserable comforters, and healed slightly the hurt of her son, and had said "peace, peace, when there was no peace."

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

The young man who imprinted a respectful kiss on the fair forehead of his best girl, told his friend the next day that he had been having bangup time.

What Will They Do?

The rapid progress of the cause of temperance in the Southern States is giving the liquor-men not a little anxiety. The Champion, a liquor organ of the Northwest, sounds an emphatic note of warning, in addition to the scores it has given before, "that just so sure as the sun shall again fulfil its winter solstice will the South be revolutionized on the prohibition question within a few years, unless the proper counteracting influences are most speedily set in motion." The Democratic party has been the reliance of the liquor-men hitherto, but now the Champion declares: "The Democrats have tried to stand up against the rising and rushing and swelling tide, but there is a limit to their resistance." And it frantically proclaims that "the time for talking will soon be past—nay, it is past already, and the time for action is now at hand." What kind of action it does not define, but obviously it must henceforth be chiefly rebellious and revolutionary. Constitutional prohibition is destined to make, by the voice of the people, liquor making and vending for drinking purposes unlawful at no distant day throughout the land. Will the Champion and its distilling, brewing, and liquor selling allies submit or rebel? —Nat. Temd. Ad.

Only A Pensive Little Mule.

A sad-eyed mule; with pathos written in every line of its drooping body, was being towed along by a man on a furniture van yesterday. It trotted reflectively along until it reached Police Headquarters, where without the least warning it stopped short, apparently, like grandfather's clock, never to go again. The connected man and van were naturally forced to stop likewise. The mule appeared to find its standing position uncomfortable. It drooped more and more, until with a plaintively mulish cry it sank upon the ground, dragged its limbs luxuriously and tried to sleep. The man on the van had no desire for slumber, and was not sufficiently unselfish to give up to the mule. He coaxed it. He petted it. He scolded it. He tearfully besought it to rise, if not for his sake, for that of appearances. It was no use. A policeman came out of the Central Office, and was about to shoot the animal, when the owner interposed and said it was an old trick. The mule was on strike. When it got ready it would arise and trot off as it had done a short time ago at Gowanus. So the policeman refrained from bloodshed after a brief siesta the mule was himself again. —Weekly Star.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. —Spanish Maxim.

No wonder we can't get weather to suit us. The signal service is undergoing investigation for elaborate but unlawful expenditures of public money. The G. I. is our only resource until the clouds roll by. —Democrat.

A correspondent says: "What are the American fishery rites in Canadian waters we hear so much about? We never fished much in Canadian waters, and don't know just what the rites are, but if the ritual is the same as in the American waters, a jug of whiskey and a column of lies will be found necessary to the landing of every fish. —Burdette.