

BEING INTERVIEWED BY AN ANGEL.

A PARABLE.

(Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in "The Advance.")

Once on a time there was a business man in a certain town, who believed that the only way to handle the liquor traffic was to license it. He said it was too great and powerful to kill entirely, and the city ought to get some revenue from a necessary evil.

One evening, just as he was getting ready to leave his office, he had an unexpected visitor.

"You will excuse me for coming at this time," said the visitor, "but I will not trouble you long and I may not come again."

"Who are you?" asked the business man, in astonishment, for he had never seen in all his life, a person so beautiful and at the same time so sad.

"I am an angel from heaven," said the visitor. "I have been sent down here to see how the sons of men live in their cities, and to ask a few questions. Will you answer some of them?"

"If I am able," faltered the business man, as he gazed in awe at his heavenly visitor.

"Tell me, then, the exact truth. I do not want you to tell me what you have been brought up to believe, but the real facts. You have a thing in this city called the saloon. What is a saloon?"

"A place where intoxicating liquor is sold."

"What is that?"

"A drink from alcohol."

"What is alcohol?"

"A chemical made from various grains and plants."

"Is it good for the body?"

"No, it is a poisonous drug."

"What effect does it have on a human being?"

"It makes him drunk."

"What is that?"

"When a man is drunk he loses his reason."

"What does he do in that condition?"

"Sometimes he commits murder. He has even been known to kill his own wife and babies while drunk."

"What other things does alcohol do?"

"It makes thousands of people insane, and causes thousands more to

be born defective. It creates pauperism, crime and lust. It beggars families, destroys health, robs men and women of natural affections, fills the ranks of those who have to be cared for at public expense, and breaks the hearts of fathers and mothers. It is mankind's most terrible enemy, destroying his mind, body and soul."

"Why then is such a thing as a saloon allowed to exist in this city?"

"Because it is licensed."

"Who does that?"

"The people."

"What people?"

"The citizens."

"Do business men license a saloon?"

"Yes."

"Do they license any other institutions to commit crimes against humanity?"

"No."

"Is it called a crime by law?"

"Yes, the highest court we have has repeatedly so declared."

"Why do you license a saloon to commit the crimes?"

"To get the revenue."

"What is that?"

"The license."

"How much is it?"

"One thousand dollars a year."

"How many saloons have you in this town?"

"One hundred."

"How much money is spent in them for alcohol?"

"Two million dollars a year."

"Does your license fee come out of that?"

"Yes."

"Does the saloon pay for the expense of taking care of the public charges caused by drink?"

"Oh, no."

"Who does?"

"We do."

"What does it cost to take care of the wrecks in this town caused by alcohol?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year."

"Do business men call that good business?"

"Many of them do."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Would you license a gang of burglars to break into so many banks in this town every year for a license, in order to get a revenue from their business?"

"Of course not."

"Does professional burglary do as much harm to society as a saloon?"

"Not a hundredth part as much."

"Why, then, do you license, one and not the other?"

"I don't know."

"Can you name any good thing about a saloon?"

"No, only the revenue we get out of it."

"What revenue do you get?"

"One hundred thousand a year."

"But you said you pay two million a year into the saloon?"

"Yes."

"And you said it cost you 250,000 dols. a year to take care of the defectives caused by the alcohol sold by the saloons?"

"Yes."

"Where, then, do you get any revenue?"

Then the business man was silent, and the angel's face grew as sad as the face of God when a father walks into the door of a saloon, takes a drink and then goes out and stumbles into the door of his own home to beat into pulp the most beautiful thing on earth. And the business man is still silent. He has not been able to answer the angel's question.

ALCOHOL AND ATHLETICS.

Harold "Red" Grange, the football idol, speaking over the radio, on Golden Rule Sunday, emphasized the fact that fair play and clean living are essential to success in all lines of endeavor.

"Football is like life," said he. "One fellow carries the ball and gets most of the credit. Yet ten men have helped him to push through, and without them he would not have gained an inch."

"There is only one way I know of to become an athlete: Get lots of sleep and live a normal, regular, healthy life. Don't smoke. Don't drink liquor. Don't be a loafer on the street. Think, dream, and believe that you will come to the top and you'll get there."

"Several things have helped me in football. I have never smoked in my life. My father saw to it that I kept good until I got my growth."

Football is one of the best games ever played. It demands more from