

# LISTEN FOR THE WAR WHOOP

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## BUSINESS SENSE IN POLITICS

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### FACTS AND FIGURES FOR FRIENDS OR FOES

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BY THE OLDEST WHITE NATIVE SON OF OREGON

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As a "text," I give the following statements, lately taken from the newspapers, and if you want to know what I mean by the head line, "Listen for the War-whoop," you will need to read this article through:

Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, who has had long experience in the management of institutions for the inebriate and insane, says that "inebriety is the active cause of from fifteen to fifty per cent. of all insanity; from thirty to eighty per cent. of all idiocy; from sixty to ninety per cent. of all pauperism, and from fifty to eighty-five per cent. of all crime," and then asks the question, "Who can estimate the relief of the taxpayers by the removal of the perils to both property and life from drunkenness?"

Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, says: "I have looked into a thousand homes of the working people of Europe; I do not know how many in this country. I have tried to find the best and the worst. And, while as I say, I am aware that the worst exist, and as bad as under any system or as bad as in any age, I have never had to look beyond the inmates to find cause; the and in every case, so far as my own observation goes, drunkenness was at the bottom of the misery, and not the industrial system or the industrial conditions surrounding the men and their families."

Now what is the active agency that produces all this insanity, idiocy, pauperism, crime and misery? Answer: **The Saloons.** Taking the generally accepted statistics as my authority in all figures given below, there were in the United States 240,000 saloons in 1860. During the year 1894, there was consumed over one billion gallons of intoxicating liquors, and there was paid for the same over one billion dollars. You can't grasp the immense sum, can you? Let me give it to you as the *Rural New Yorker* gave it in one of its issues last summer: The estimated value of the potato crop of the United States is \$100,000,000.00 per annum. Then it would take the potato crop for ten years to pay the drink bill for one year. This immense sum of money, if spent for the necessaries of life, would advance merchants' sales of these, nearly one-fifth. Their manufacture would give employment to more than 1,000,000 additional workmen. Of money in circulation in the United States, one party claims it to be \$24.00 per capita, another \$16.00 and another \$8.00. Take \$16 as the average sum. In 1894 our drink bill was over \$16 per capita. The amount spent for alcoholic liquors and tobacco is greater than that spent for missions, education, tea, coffee, milk and bread, all put together. One

noted lecturer says that the one billion, six hundred million dollars spent annually for liquors and tobacco has much to do with the industrial depression in the United States. No wonder times are hard.

More than 60,000 persons annually go down to drunkards' graves in the United States. This means in the next 33 years, with our increasing population, more than 2,000,000 of our boys will be required to keep up the "tramp, tramp, tramp," of the army marching down to a drunkard's doom. It will take one boy out of every five families. Shall it be your boy or mine, and which one?

It is a well known fact that nearly all, if not all, the leading breweries, if not distilleries, in the United States, are owned by English syndicates; hence the millions of dollars from profits that are sent across the Atlantic cut no small figure in the shipments of gold. What England could not do by force of arms in 1776 and 1812, she will do through the "Ginmills" if we do not put them down. You may talk about tariff, or no tariff, currency, or no currency, free silver or gold standard—all these questions are as nothing in comparison to the "dominant issue" in American politics—the liquor business. Settle this and the other questions will either settle themselves, or be the more easily settled. How are we going to do it? There are 4,000,000 Christian voters in the United States. No doubt as many if not more of moral temperance men. Bring all these together in one grand army of voters and the issue would not long be doubtful. We would wipe the accursed traffic from the face of fair America.

In the *Rural New Yorker* for May 11, 1895, is given a picture showing two farmers quarrelling over a ham labeled "Tariff," while a short distance from them are two dogs, the larger labeled, "Whiskey, the other "Beer," getting away with the rest of the hog labeled, "Home and Market." Below are the significant words, "Stop your tariff quarrel, farmers, and look behind you." Below this are the figures: "Total customs revenue for 1894, \$129,558.892! Total consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United States in 1894, 1,148,153,555 gallons!" To this scene might now be added another picture representing the two dogs as they are tearing away the flesh, growling out alternately, "Gold standard," "Free silver," hoping thus to prolong the quarrel, and draw attention away from their thievish work. You see the "Fanatical Prohibition Journals" are not the only papers who are forging this issue to a white heat.

Last winter I spent nearly two months at the Warm Spring Agency. While there I was much interested in the work of the First Indian Branch in Oregon of the W. C. T. U. They had over 100 members, of which over 60 were active. They met every Thursday afternoon in the Mission Church. Their influence was going out to other reservations, and inquiries were being received regarding their work and its objects. At one of the meetings I was instructed to bear their fraternal greetings, or "hand shake," as one expressed it, to the Albany W. C. T. U. This I did by a letter after my return home. The night before I left the Agency, one of the interpreters, named Beech-kan, an Indian blind from his boyhood, called upon me and sent a special message to the last named society which in substance was as follows: "That he never thought in the past years the time would ever come when the white man and the Indian would work together to put down the whiskey business. He was glad that time had come. He hoped to see the day when we would gain the victory." God grant he may.



The ballot, in the hands of our dusky allies, joined with the thousands of the rank and file of the W. C. T. U. army and still other thousands of loyal temperance women in other armies, will help to settle this matter; and perhaps not till then will it be settled.

The advent of the Warm's Spring scouts into the midst of the Modoc war enabled the Government forces to speedily end that war, when four Warm Spring braves captured Captain Jack in the "Lava beds." The advent of the Warm Spring's braves and the braves of other tribes into the field of politics will yet help us to capture Captain Whiskey entrenched in the lava beds of "infamy and shame." The war whoop will sound all along the lines. There will be no tomahawk or scalping knife, but the sword of the spirit, and white-winged messengers in the ball or box, will be the arrows that will fly.

In the olden time there stood upon the top of Carmel a prophet, a man of one idea. Hear his ringing cry: "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal, then follow him." The fire of God came down and there went up a mighty shout from the assembled thousands: "The Lord he is the God. The Lord he is the God."

Poor Elijah, after a day's journey into the wilderness, stood up to be counted, and there was but one; then he sat down under a juniper tree and wished he might die. But the assurance came to him that there were "Seven thousand in Israel all the knees which have not bowed to Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." We may be men of one idea. We stand up to be counted, so they tell us. Many are discouraged and ready to say "die," but remember at the last Presidential election there were two hundred and seventy thousand that did not bow the knee to Baal (the liquor traffic) nor kiss him.

Grand Elijah! he went to heaven, but not in the way he had wished for. His prayer was answered, but with the whirlwind and chariot of fire. We may not triumph in the way we are longing and and praying for, but in a grander way than we even dream of. There has never been a better time than now for us to rise to the needs of the hour, and strike telling blows for God and humanity. One way is to bring business sense into politics.

Look at nearly all, if not all, the railroad companies in the United States. They prohibit their employes from drinking liquor while on duty, and many will not employ a man that drinks at all. Denounce the railroads as we may, we cannot but commend their business sense. Yet we, through our influence and votes, place men in official positions that the railroads would not accept at all.

We denounce the liquor dealers in unmeasured terms, yet we cannot but admire their business sense, in banding together to protect their interests. Catch them voting for a man opposed to their business. Party politics is nothing now to them. They are growing bolder and more domineering every day. They often send out pledges for candidates to sign. Unless they promise not to work against their business, they scratch them. How with us? Do we scratch men we know are whiskey drinkers? Rather, do we not often vote for them just because they are on our ticket? This is not to be much longer. The "irrepressible conflict" is "on." Some day the signal gun will be fired that will startle a nation. The liquor men will commit the overt act that will rouse the moral and Christian hearts of our land, but this time the ballots will take the place of

bullets. Gentlemen of the Republican, Democratic and Populist parties, to use a homely but somewhat common expression, "you are barking up the wrong tree." Twenty or more years ago it was no uncommon thing to see a temperance plank put in the platforms of the then respective parties in this State. Why don't you do it now?

In the Republican district convention held in Albany a short time ago, I heard the lofty eulogies pronounced upon the four aspirants for congressional honors. Not once to my recollection did I hear it asserted that they were temperance men—not even temperate men. To my personal knowledge, at least, two of these men were workers in the temperance ranks over twenty years ago. Have they "fallen from grace?" Perhaps, but that isn't what's the matter. Gentlemen, you dare not place a temperance plank in your platforms. You dare not say your candidates are temperance men in your conventions. You dare not offend the liquor men. You bow the knee to the whiskey vote, but you expect to whip in the temperance vote with the party lash.

Look at the platforms adopted by the two state conventions held in Portland the other day. What's the difference between them? Simply this, one wants more salmon hatched, the other wants them protected from the fish traps. Wonderful solicitude! for a thing that makes its living through water straight, but none for the thousands going down to perdition through whiskey straight. Nothing about hatching out royal ideas, that shall grow into a wholesome public sentiment demanding the destruction of the "gin traps" ready to catch our boys wherever they go. Why, your platforms have planks enough, had they then been at hand, to nearly completed the "plank road" they started to build from Portland to Tualatin plains, over forty years ago, yet you say nothing in them about the moral principles of the men you expect to stand upon them. The Prohibition Party of the State of Oregon dares to go before the people, with but one plank, that of the "dominant issue," and it were better thus everywhere.

Soldiers of the Temperance army, the bugle call is sounding. Too long have we lain upon our arms. Forward! march! On to victory! Let Oregon be the first to wheel into line, since she is the first to cast the ballots for 1896. When finally Prohibition rules, a brighter day will dawn upon our state, and also upon the nation, when all the other states fall into line. The sun of prosperity will never shine in the full blaze of its glory, until this national sin, the rum traffic, shall be blotted out forever.

Respectfully submitted,

Albany, Oregon,  
May 6th, 1896.

CYRUS H. WALKER.