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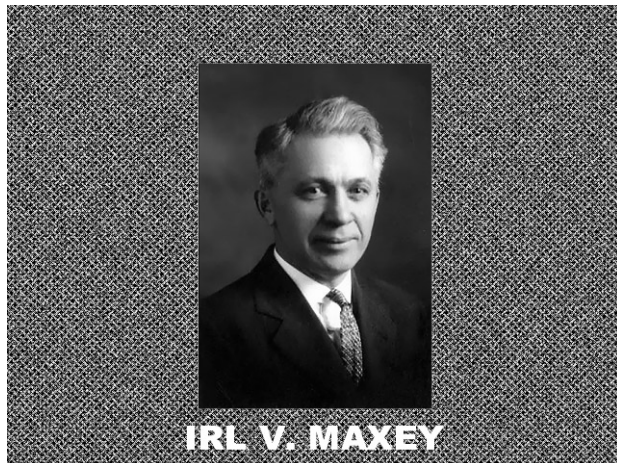
**AN INDUSTRY GOD DID NOT CREATE
A Sermon By Irl V. Maxey**

**Digitized and Edited
By Duane V. Maxey**

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INTRODUCTION TO THIS FILE

This sermon was written in Imbler, Oregon. However, in the same notebook, it is followed by sermons on November 13, November 22, and November 29, 1913. The final sermon in another notebook was dated November 6, 1913. Therefore, it seems likely that this sermon was written on, or near November 6th and November 13, 1913.

Papa had no title for the sermon. I have titled it with a name relative to his subject. -- Duane V. Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, January 27, 2006.

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The text for our remarks tonight will be found in the 7th verse of the 28th chapter of Isaiah.

SERMON TEXT: -- "But THEY ALSO HAVE ERRED THROUGH WINE, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment" (Isaiah 28:7).

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Some have asked me the question: Did not God create everything?

I say, Yes, surely.

Did He not pronounce everything good?

I say, Yes, what of that?

Then, surely he made wine and all other manner of fermentations and liquors and pronounced them good.

Yes, God made all things, even the devil, but the devil was not bad then, nor anything else He made. Man himself was as pure as heaven. The earth was not cursed nor the animals ferocious and flesh-eating. But the devil entered an evil channel. Likewise, man and he carried many pure things in channels of bad use, or wrong channels, and so they have turned grapes, corn, rye, and barley, into abuse.

The reason it has such strong power in wrong channels is because the plans of wicked men today are to make as much profit out of the stuff as possible. It is the same harm that any trust has, but it is the most gigantic and harmful of all trusts today -- the great liquor trust.

'Tis the same old story -- the small cost, the large sale value -- hence the enormous profit -- this awful profit because a so-called Christian government enrobes a system of profit and allows liquor to be manufactured and sold, even if it costs the fortunes of men or the bodies and souls of 100,000 of its subjects every year.

A quart of whiskey costs just 5 cents, and the selling price is \$1.00, and often \$2.50. Five cents of the profit goes back into the real line of trade for apple-peelings, wheat, corn, barley, and the labor. Do you know that liquor dealers often make their boasts of the amount of money brought into circulation by the buying of corn, wheat, barley, etc., for making liquor?

A careful statistician has shown that the mice and rats eat more every year than the saloon interests -- and we let them have the grain -- poor rodents -- and

never miss it. But 95 cents profit goes to buy diamond shirt-studs for the bartenders and to build fine houses, buy fast horses and automobiles, and to subsidize the American ballot.

I have here a silver dollar. I'll imagine I have a family of six children and they are in need of food and clothing. I will take the dollar and go down to the saloon. I go up to the bar and say I want a quart of whiskey for my wife and children. I pay him the dollar. Now watch the dollar. Five cents goes back into the legitimate line of trade as I said before. But, 95 cents goes to bribe legislators to pass laws to protect the saloon, and to pay the extravagant bills of men in the traffic.

Now I have the whiskey and I am going home to a family of needy ones. They need shoes, clothing, but worst of all -- something to eat. Wife says, What have you brought home? What have you to show for your dollar? I say, I have a quart of whiskey. She says, Oh Irl! That will not satisfy hungry mouths. It will only make you less fit to be a husband.

Listen friend, Can you not see the home gets the worst of it -- 'tis burnt up.

Now spend another dollar for something to eat -- say meat. Watch the dollar. Some of it goes to pay the butcher for his labor and the rest to pay the man who raised the hogs or cattle. Now that is good, isn't it? Now go with me home. Wife says, What have you this time? I say proudly, I have a whole dollar's worth of meat for you and the children. See the smile on wife's face, and will you see the smiles on the faces of the hungry children.

Oh, that is the way to spend honest money.

Now let us spend the one billion five-hundred million dollars driving the liquor industry versus the total equal amount of five-hundred million each for meat, flour, and clothes. See the men going to buy clothes -- one after the other. Every man, woman, and child in America would have 95 cents to spend for each product. I want clothes, they say.

Finally, the local dealer must order more clothes. The wholesale house then demands more clothes from the manufacturers. In turn the manufacturers appeal to the cotton raisers: More cotton! More cotton! -- and to the sheep-raisers: More wool! More wool! Raise more sheep. We must have the wool!

We see the men buying flour. We want flour, till the local dealer appeals to the wholesaler, and they in turn appeal to the mills. Then, at every mill door you can hear the miller saying, Farmers, you must raise more wheat. We can't supply the demand of people who are eating now.

We see the millions of men buying meat. They say, we want meat, till more shops arise to supply their demands. In turn, the meat-shops appeal to stock-raisers every day: We must have more cattle, hogs, and sheep. Raise more stock!

Ah listen! Turn the one billion five-hundred million dollars misspent every year for whiskey back into legitimate lines of trade and, tariff or no tariff, prosperity is on hand.

Ah, America! how you corner your wealth of all kinds! Turn them, instead, into channels of blessing!

Now let me illustrate the power of product. I shall call all these mills before me and imagine I can talk to the, and they to me.

Hello, little mill. What are you?

I am a saw-mill.

Indeed. Well, what is your power?

Steam.

What is your raw material?

Logs.

What is your finished product?

Lumber.

Is lumber better than logs? Surely it is, and we will throw our government arms about and say, Grind on, saw-mill. We need your lumber to build houses, etc.

What are you, little mill?

I am a grist mill.

What is your power?

Steam or electricity.

What is your raw material?

Wheat, corn, rye, and oats.

What is your finished product?

Flour, corn-meal, rye-flour, and oatmeal.

Is your finished product better than your raw material? Is flour, oatmeal, corn-meal, or rye-flour better than wheat, oats, corn, or rye? Surely we will throw our government hands about you and say, Grind on. We need your products for food.

What are you, little mill?

I am a paper-mill.

What is your power?

Steam.

What is your raw material?

Old rags.

What is your finished product?

Linen paper.

Is linen paper better than old rags? Yes, your finished product is best. Grind on, little mill, for we need your paper. We will throw our hands of power about you and protect you.

What are you, little mill?

I am a gin-mill.

What is your power?

The ballot-box.

What did you say?

I said I could not run if the church people of the U.S. would not want me to.

What is your raw material?

Boys, pure boys.

What is your finished product?

Blur-eyed, red-nosed, drunkards who are unfit for any position in life.

Oh, in place of our pure boys you grind out worthless men.

What shall we do with the gin-mill? Throw our government arms about it, as we have done?

I raise this question here before your hearts -- hearts touched with a love for all humanity -- hearts enlightened up to today's knowledge -- What shall I do with the saloon?

Ah, yes -- DESTROY IT! (SMASH!)

If you take fast hold on hell, "your agreement with hell shall not stand!" (Isaiah 28:18).

Ah, no -- you shall not sell our boys body and soul for profit.

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HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN

**It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.**

**'Twas the death in the tempting wine-cup
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.**

**Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.**

**For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.**

**'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness
Like the tones of a funeral bell.**

But I never once thought when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?

Can nothing destroy this great evil,
No bar in its pathway be thrown.
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

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I read of a man in the Hills of Tennessee who caught rattlesnakes to sell. He put them in a glass covered box to let folks see them. One morning, while he was around the house chopping wood, his little 4-year-old boy, Jim, pulled back the glass cover and pulled at a snake. It fastened its fangs in his plump little hand. He cried. His father heard his cries and ran to him, pulled the snake away and killed it. But soon little Jim was dead.

"Oh! Oh!" wailed the man, "I would not have given my boy Jim for all the profit of all the snakes in the hills of Tennessee!"

Oh, hear me! Do not sell 100,000 boys every year for 1 billion, five-hundred million dollars! Oh, such traffic in human life must cease!

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THE END OF THIS SERMON