

mechanic, the barber, the tailor, the blacksmith, all contribute to the general growth, development and success of business life, but the rum-seller and rum manufacturer stand opposed to every branch of business success. Now, as a matter of fact, we are all our brother's keepers. If we should pass by our neighbor's house and find it on fire and not give the alarm, we would be guilty of inhuman conduct. We might say, "It is not my house, and it was none of my business." We are responsible before God for the way we help or hinder our brother to or from destruction. Many men help their brothers down to hell by moderate drinking. Perhaps one man in a thousand can drink moderately and not get drunk, and do so all his life. This man's example is most pernicious. Others try to follow his footsteps and never realize that they are unable to drink moderately until they find themselves carrying a tomato can and draining a beer keg. Well does the writer remember how often he has stifled his conscience by saying, "Why, there is old Uncle——, takes eight or ten drinks a day and never gets drunk, why can't I?" Ah, me! the moderate drinkers have all this to answer for. Then, the moderate drinker does not always remain moderate. We know many men who ten years ago were moderate drinkers that to-day are hopeless drunkards. Their "moderation" increased every day, and in doing so silenced the voice of warning, until they find themselves securely bound in the coils of the greatest foe to mankind that ever existed in our free land. There is no safety in tampering with whisky, and no necessity for its sale, and we warn those of our readers who have been bitten by this scorpion to look upon any man or woman as your mortal enemy who would ask you to touch one drop of this essence of death.—*The Perpetual Revival.*

THE DRINK CURSE.

There is but one side to the temperance question. Rum drinking is a curse to humanity, and therefore a curse to our order; and in the term "rum drinking," we insist upon beer guzzling. Dr. T. E. Holland, State Medical Examiner of Missouri, says in his last annual report to the Grand Lodge of that State:

"Liquor has killed more Knights of Honor, twice over, than ever consumption did; and the history of an applicant's past and present habits of drink is equally as valuable to the honest and intelligent examiner as the full knowledge of his hereditary predispositions; hence the importance of having pointed questions calling forth unequivocal answers."

The writer of the above undoubtedly underrated rather than overrated the truth. An examination of our assessment notices would more than bear out his statement, were it possible to discover the primary cause of death in each instance. Take, for illustration, the call of June 30. It contains but two deaths which we may certainly ascribe to rum drinking. One of these is "strangulation while intoxicated," while the story of the other victim's taking off is contained in the single word, "whisky." Against these deaths, fifteen are credited to lung consumption under different names, assuming, of course, where the word "consumption" occurs, "of the lungs" is understood. But, besides the two deaths already given, there are considerably more than a score that might have been, and probably were, brought about by the fatal cup. We refer especially to the diseases of the brain, stomach, liver, and kidneys, not counting three suicides, one case of drowning, and other accidental deaths, which might also, did we know the facts, be traced to the same cause. Then it is well known that drinking so weakens the system that the drinker is especially susceptible to many contagious diseases, and that he is unable to rally from sickness or accident nearly so readily as the teetotaler. Further, it is more than probable that many of the consumptive deaths were primarily the work of alcohol, either by the direct effects of the poison or by neglect and exposure growing out of intemperance. So it may be set down at least as probable that more than half of these seventy deaths were more or less remotely the effect of liquor. But, say you, "I never drink anything but beer." Just as bad, say we; sometimes we incline to believe that its effects upon the system are more deadly than hard liquor. The beer drinker pours down much

more of the stuff than is possible for the drinker of whisky, drunkenness preventing the latter from competing with the imbiber of alcohol in a more diluted form. But it is clearly shown by statistics that certain diseases have increased with startling rapidity in America since the introduction of lager, and in the casualty wards of the British hospital the brewery men, who are large consumers of beer, are notably the most obstinate cases, their flesh being very slow to heal. In the words of a recent writer, "Whisky makes a man kill others, beer makes him kill himself." It not only makes him kill himself, but he is killing himself slowly but surely when he drinks it habitually and to excess—which he is very apt to do if he drinks it at all.

Come, brethren, let us work together and with a will to remove this mortgage upon our prosperity, this curse to our Order. The Supreme Lodge will do well to legislate against suicide, but it would have done better had it taken energetic measures against inordinate drinking, which in a large proportion of suicides is the accessory before the fact.—*K. of H. Reporter.*

IT MUST BE DESTROYED.

The liquor business of our country is apparently the strongest power now in existence that is inimical to the public weal. It is so strong and vigorous, so entrenched in the prejudices and passions of its devotees that it almost seems ridiculous to speak of it as doomed, yet such it doubtless is. Its doom was sealed with the re-opening of the public agitation of the question a few years since, for it has since that time stood before the people as a monster. It is a mighty monster yet, but it is dying. It tramples men beneath its feet, and ruins families remorselessly, but men and families are arraying against it. Public opinion is forming and the monster must die. Not now, perhaps, but from this time forward the power wanes. It bribes law-makers and executives, and its withering grasp is even upon the judge on the bench; it openly boycotts tradesmen, and secretly threatens men everywhere if they dare oppose it, or even attempt further to regulate it. All right! Let it go on. The rum traffic is making prohibitionists, faster than prohibition orators or temperance papers, or both combined. The public is saying in very emphatic tones: the liquor makes more trouble than all other evils combined; let it bear its share of the public burdens. And yet the traffic refuses to yield to public opinion. It will find in time that the public will destroy any evil that it cannot regulate.—*Waukegan Gazette.*

TO LIQUOR DEALERS.

You try to make us believe that your business is an honourable one. If it is honorable, why do you seek to cover it up and screen it from the public gaze? Why those screens upon the windows, and extra doors in front of the place of business? Why not leave your place of business open as the grocer and the butcher and the baker and the druggist and the dry goods dealer do? When my baker makes fine bread he puts it into the window in the most conspicuous place; when my butcher gets a piece of beef that makes the mouth water to look at it, he exposes it to public view; the grocer has his door open and his goods exposed. Why does the liquor dealer not do the same, if his business is honorable? When you make a successful work, why not exhibit it? When you have a man fixed up as only your business can fix him, why not lay him out where he can be seen? Why not put a pile of beer kegs on the sidewalk and lay the man on it, and say, I have been all day fixing him! For it takes all day in this lager beer business. Just look at the bloot! to-morrow morning he may have a tremendous headache! Then put out another man and say, It did not take so long with him; I fixed him up with brandy—it is more expensive at first, but the work is done more quickly. Then here is another; this poor fellow had not much money, so I gave him Jersey lightning, and I have to turn him over every fifteen minutes, for if I left him longer in one position the liquor would burn through him and escape. Why not put these men out and say, These are the results of my business—noble, honorable business! Will you answer now? Will you answer in the public papers?—*Lieut. C. S. Woodruff.*