

Selected Articles.

SALVATION ARMY vs. STARVATION ARMY.

There are two armies waging a relentless war against each other, in this country—the Salvation Army and the Starvation Army. Their names tell what they are; the first tries to save men from vice and crime, and saving them it aims to save their households from want, and woe, and sorrow, to make them joyous, innocent, thrifty, prosperous, happy, as the early primitive Christians tried to do.

The other, the army of the dramshop and brothel, is engaged in a struggle to destroy men and decoy them into sin, vice, crime, and death. And the office of this army, many thousands strong, is to bring misery, suffering and starvation into the families and homes of all its customers.

One army preaches in the streets, alleys, by-ways, to the poor and halt and blind in sin, the gospel of purity, peace, honesty, gratitude to God, the giver of all good, and compassionate, affectionate love to all our fellowmen. It holds out a promise of better life here and better life hereafter; it harms, assaults, insults, accuses no man; seeks ill to none, but the highest good of all here, and invites all to partake of the wondrous gift, the priceless boon of eternal life.

And for this, the people whom this army tries to serve—revile, insult, assault and stone their would-be benefactors. The Priest and Levite and the Temperance man pass by on the other side; the Scribes and Pharisees stand aloof and jealously warn their followers against the fanaticism of these trespassers upon the patented domain of sanctity.

Verily, these intruders bear many of the marks which distinguished the founders of the Christian system. It is quite likely that John the Baptist's costume was an outrage upon the Oscar Wildism of his day; that Peter did not know how to spell; that none of the apostles had ever been to college. And so the Salvation Army is by no means a Nob Hill or a Fifth Avenue or a N.Y. Trinity Church outfit.

The Starvation Army holds out to its victims the poison cup of sin and Satan. Its promise, a constant, fiery torment of agonizing thirst; a delirium of frequent madness; a consuming inward fire of lust and disordered passion, malice, hate, crime and self-loathing; life a constant fleeing from hell present towards hell to come; the poorhouse, the police court, the gutter, the prison, the gallows, the morgue and the potter's field, are the stations, inns, hotels, waiting rooms, restaurants, resting places all along the route of the Starvation Army from the ticket office at the counter of the first beer shop or corner whiskey doggery to the final plunge of the ruined soul into the realms of perdition.

We don't stone this army; we honor it with all the distinction and homage that were lavished upon the idols of brass and gold and silver of ancient days. We let it name our legislators, and help to frame the laws for its own protection. We feed out to it our annual contribution of thousands of human sacrifices, human souls sent to perdition—our sons and daughters—and under the fostering hand of our license laws it seduces annually thousands of new victims from among our innocent boys and girls to take the place of its depraved and ruined victims.—*Patriot*.

BEER, BOYS AND BLUFF.

The man must be mad who cannot see, and will not confess, that public attention is concentrated upon the Liquor Traffic now as never before; that people are pondering its effects with serious and searching care; and that what shall be done with said traffic, in State and Nation, is everywhere admitted, with more or less frankness or hesitation, to be the greatest problem in American politics. Candidates may ignore it, a party press may belittle it, partisans may strive as they will to localize it and keep it out of the national contest, but this problem will not down. It rises continually, in the sight of honest men and a just God, as the great inevitable, unyielding, ever-assertive question which must be solved, and solved right.

And Beer, the alleged Temperance drink of our time, has had as much to do with compelling this sure solution as whiskey has. Our friends the brewers have helped on the inevitable immensely. It has been, and is, the great social and political demoralizer. Writing in a recent issue of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—not by any means a temperance journal—about the

liquor business, Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the well-known special correspondent, very truly said of lager, the great Cincinnati beverage:

"This cheap and enlivening drink has probably done more to change the morals of the American people than anything, except the cotton gin. The Chief of Police of Baltimore, a very conservative and Democratic city, told me some ten years ago that he regarded lager beer as having done more harm to the boys of the United States than anything he had ever heard of. Said he, 'Boys were never seen in drinking places as long as whiskey was the standard. But after lager beer was introduced the boys would go to saloons, where games were prepared for them, such as bagatelle and pool, and in a little while you found drunken boys.'"

And to his recognition of the bad effect of beer on the boys of to-day, Mr. Townsend adds another important recognition, viz.: that drinking habits are not cured by a revenue tariff on the drink. He says:

"Drunkness, however, has not been affected by any public tax. I can remember the day when whiskey was five or six cents a glass, and ought to have been pure, and it was as fiery and intoxicating as it has been since, and played havoc in working families. The small towns where I spent my childhood all had the drunkards, their tavern loafers, their bar-room paupers, their spendthrifts, who, coming in possession of some farm or farms, began to drink up the property."

How well this keen-eyed newspaper writer sees the drift of public sentiment is shown in his concluding words: "As slavery bluffed too long, whiskey [meaning beer also, of course,] may bluff too late." And he might have added, with equal sagacity, that as the people tired of fooling with slavery, so they are now tired of party compromises and cohabitation with beer. Mr. Townsend once wrote of a new political force which he called "the Party of the Weary." It has grown marvellously since then. It will assert itself soon to the dumbfounding of politicians.—*American Reformer*.

DRINKING HABITS OF BUSINESS MEN.

No one at all familiar with New York life needs to be told that a vast amount of liquor drinking is done in nearly every rank of society. From the lowest den in the Five Points up to the first-class hotel and the fashionable club-house the stream of alcohol in some form flows in steady volume day by day from one end of the year to the other. Hardly a restaurant in the city but has its bar, while, as every one knows, the liquor-shops of all grades are numbered by thousands. The supply of liquor is illimitable; but so, apparently, is the demand for it.

Many men who but a few years ago, if they drank at all, would have been content with a glass of light wine at lunch or dinner, now freely take not only their claret and sherry, but their pony of brandy and glass of absinthe as a regular accompaniment of their mid-day meal. At the social, literary and political clubs the bar is ever an important and flourishing institution. And the men who patronise it are not the "fast" and free-living sort alone, but solid business men, leading citizens, the kind of men who give tone to society, and to whom the "rising generation" are accustomed to look for an example worthy to be followed.

All this has become so common as scarcely to excite remark. But, notwithstanding the growth of the drinking habit of late years, we experienced a sense of surprise and of deepened concern when reading some revelations of its shocking prevalence among the young business men of this city.

The habit of drinking frequently during the day, and of the strongest liquors, has become common among that great army of well-dressed and well-behaved people who live up town, and come down below Canal street to their work—brokers, merchants, clerks, editors, lawyers, reporters, and so on. Two reasons impel them to this course. The first is a supposed need of a stimulant to sustain the flagging energies under the hard brain and body taxing labors of the day; the second is the pernicious habit of "treating", which makes it imperative upon every man who drinks at all to drink with his friends whenever they meet. Thousands of men are compelled to drink wine or brandy when they do not want it, and would rather let it alone, simply out of a foolish deference to this absurd custom of treating, or, as they persuade themselves, on account of the fatigue resulting from overwork. They are not drunkards—perhaps never become so in the ordinary sense of the term; but every day of their lives they drink enough, not always to intoxicate, but certainly to make serious inroads upon their bodily and mental vigor, and to pave the way to permanent ill-health, if not a drunkard's grave.—*Steuben Signal*.