

## THE ORIGINAL OF THE PRETZEL.

Once on a mountain, drier and drier,  
Where spirits and elves play hide and  
seek,  
There dwelt a dwarf, both old and wise,  
With snow-white locks and gleaming  
eyes.

Dwelt there with all his merry crew  
Like the dwarfs Rip Van Winkle knew.

And oft they played ten-pins all night,  
And frolicked in the bright moonlight;  
Then played odd tricks on travellers lost,  
Where'er a stranger's path they crossed;  
But when daylight streaked the sky,  
They vanished quite from human eyes.

Now in a cavern wide and deep  
They never thought of rest or sleep,  
But worked and toiled the livelong day  
While their Dwarf King kept watch  
always;

They mixed and brewed their beer and  
ale,  
For in a dark mysterious room,  
Piles of black casks did dimly loom.

For pale ale and foaming beer  
Was stored for many ages here,  
And messengers from far and near  
Were sent to buy this wondrous beer.

Old kings, and rulers of great lands,  
Both old and young, came here in bands,  
Some were both feeble, sick and old,  
But all brought with them precious gold.  
"Tis nectar for the gods," they said,  
Here the Dwarf King winded and looked his  
head.

Now coffers filled with gold had he,  
But never satisfied was he,  
Yet more and more he wanted still,  
That his vast store-house he might fill.  
"Oh, that the power were mine," he cried,  
"To make thrust that's not yet satisfied!"

Then shut up in his secret cell  
He labored on, so long and well,  
Until at last he felt his need  
And to his jolly crew he said:  
"Now swear to keep my secret first—  
I can create undying thirst!"

They gathered 'round with great applause,  
And swore their faith in loud huzzas!  
Then to each one a curious thing  
He gave—a "twas a Twisted ring,  
Silly and hard, and glossy and bright,  
He called it his PRETZEL, with delight.

"Now, taste!" he cried, and all obeyed;  
"What say?" he asked, not undismayed;  
But hark!—"Beer, beer, we must have  
beer!"

Was all the thought that he could bear,  
And then he clapped his hands  
And felt him monarch of all lands.

And so when casks of bright beer rolled  
Down mountain side, to clink of gold,  
He slyly sent his Pretzels, too,  
To wind him very well, he knew,  
For more and more they still would drink,  
Though heads would nod and eyes would  
blink.

All kings and Pretzels with their beer,  
Their praises rung from far and near;  
Their queets, with nuts, their Pretzels  
ate—

Could eat them though the hour was late;  
For health and happiness they brought,  
And eagerly by all were sought.

Now, though the Dwarf-King rolled in  
gold,

He waxed feeble—was growing old,  
And to his trusty dwarfs he said:  
"Ere many days I will be dead—  
Before I die I wish to leave  
My secret where it still shall live."

And thus to his old servants said:  
"When I in my old grave am laid,  
Go forth into all countries far,  
And teach all men what Pretzels are;  
That all may my discovery know,  
And may blessings on me bestow."

And this is how the Pretzel came—  
And to each one who loves good beer—  
Came to be known throughout the land,  
Made known by the Dwarf-King's own  
command.  
Long may it live its praise resound  
Through every land the world around!

THE FALLACY  
OF PROHIBITION.A Student of Sociology in Bonfort's  
Circular.

THE temperance movement is more than fifty years old. What has it accomplished in that time? Again and again during this half century it has swept over this continent like a prairie fire, but also, like the prairie fires, quickly died out. It has been computed by excellent authorities that if only one-tenth of those who during this time took the abstinence vow had kept it, the whole country would be abstinent to-day. But so far from this being the fact, it is patent to all impartial observers that both the abstinence and prohibitive movements are at present weaker and at a lower ebb than at any time since they became movements of national extent and importance.

What is the cause of this? "Sinner is fighting against the stars." Alcoholic liquors are necessary in the evolution of the human race problem. That is the reason, and the sooner we accept this fact and employ our forces to understand and observe the laws that govern the use of alcoholic liquors, the better for us and the better for all true temperance.

In this article we will merely hint at some of the fundamental facts in the use of intoxicants which the heat and passion of the strife between the alcoholists and anti-alcoholists have been almost ignored.

First, then, the fact that in all known ages and in almost all lands alcoholism is some shape or other has been used, is strong presumptive evidence that they are generally necessary for the progress of the race. And none of the various more or less ingenious explanations which have been furnished can be held to supply satisfactory evidence for the impartial inquirer. It is absurd to compare the use of alcoholic liquors with the abuse of our desires and passions, for the very reason that the abstinent and prohibitionist is a generalist, and for if there is use for our passions and desires—and that seems to be admitted by even the rabidst Prohib with a big P—then there must also be some legitimate use for alcoholic liquors in the human economy; otherwise, the comparison is not at all fours.

But, furthermore, granting that it is held by those who hold that such comparison is just, and that the only use to which alcoholic liquors can legitimately be put is external and purely medicinal, the concession surrenders the very principle involved, viz., of use. Granting that there is legitimate use for alcohol, it becomes a question of investigation, and less investigation, and personal discretion as to how it shall be used. We can no more lay down laws for how alcohol shall be used than we can for how electricity shall be used. It is only ignorance and superstition that try to dictate in such matters, and the spirit of the age is becoming more and more opposed to such dictation, hence the decline of both the prohibition and the abstinence movements.

The other point which we propose to consider at length in subsequent issues is that of nature and science in relation to the use of alcoholic liquors.

The desire for stimulants in some shape or other is almost universal. Nature seems to demand their use. This point, however, is both historic and ably confirmed by hosts of eminent physicians, physiologists, histologists, etc. They say that alcohol is a poison. But our bodies are composed of poisons and antidotes, and our foods in the same way contain poisons and antidotes. All the life process consists of delicate balances between life and death.

Now, whenever we view the materialistic or the spiritualistic view of life, we see the use of alcoholic liquors is a natural need.

Considered from a materialistic point, for instance, the chief aim and object of life is to have as much happiness and as little unhappiness as possible. Happiness or unhappiness is a purely individual condition, and no general laws can be laid down for its attainment. Our moral dictators have tried to regulate our channels of happiness, the happiness of goodness devoid of the fun. The materialistic trend of belief, of course, repudiates such restrictions, and the spiritualistic is also chafing under it more and more, so that practically only moral slaves are opposing the use of alcoholic liquors under all circumstances.

In order to be happy most people require healthy and suitable surroundings, both for rest and work, wholesome love relations, and freedom from harassing worriment. How many possess these general requirements of happiness? It is here that alcohol comes in and plays a most alleviating part. It dulls the senses, and makes life easy and worry, lifting the burdens of the mind; it assuages the aches of the weary body; it dulls the pangs of cold and hunger, and makes disagreeable environments less hideous. Were it not for the ameliorating influence of alcohol, the sufferings of the great masses of humanity would soon become unendurable. Whether such discontent and rebellion would result in some relief, I do not know, gratifying guesswork. Still, to judge of the effects "apparent to everybody" of abstinence, the probabilities are that a worse state would ensue.

It is a general fact that abstainers and prohibitionists are hard, tyrannical, selfish and bigoted. One of the richest prohibitionists in the country is noted for his avariciousness, exacting hardness to his tenants and employees, vanity of person and lack of intellect. And the leaders generally of the prohibition party are notorious fortune and place hunters. We do not impugn the motive or earnestness of the rank and file of abstainers and prohibitionists. We give unstintingly our need of recognition to every person who abstains because he believes it is his duty. At the same time we believe that unless he suffers from some drink disease he would enjoy life more and be a better citizen and family man if he took a little wine than if he abstained entirely.

## NEW BLOW-OUT-THE-GAS JOKE.

The night clerk at Ocean View Hotel, Block Island, was dozing in his chair a few nights ago, and was startled by what he afterwards remarked seemed to him to be a regiment of soldiers coming downstairs.

"I'll be galdurned if this ain't the worst I ever struck."

"What's the matter now?" asked the clerk, who, by the way, has had considerable experience with the same kind of people.

"Well, by gosh, there's the durndest smell up in that room of mine that beats any old sewer I ever smelled, I've been trying to sleep for some time, but it seems to be getting worse."

After several suggestions as to what might be the cause, the clerk informed that the gas might possibly be coming from the boiler.

"Not by a darn sight," replied the granger; "that can't be the cause, for I blew that out an hour ago."

## WAS JUST PROSPECTING.

"Got any bridal chambers here?" asked a tall, awkward young man, with an ancient carpet sack in one hand, a frightened look on his face, a hilt of steel on his back, and wearing a land-suit down suit of faded brown. He was from some interior town of Missouri.

"Yes, sir; we have some very fine bridal chambers here," said Chief Gage Cunningham.

"Waal, I want ter look 'em over, fer I got to engage one uv 'em," said the stranger.

"All right; just step this way, please," said Mr. Cunningham, who called an assistant and gave the order: "Show this gentleman the bridal chambers."

The stranger investigated the bridal chambers for half an hour, and then returned to Chief Cunningham and said: "The stranger investigated the bridal chambers for half an hour, and then returned to Chief Cunningham and said: 'Golly! these rooms are lovely! Now, they air the finest I've ever seen, air they?'"

"Yes, sir; they air the finest in this city, and are good enough for a million dollars and his bride."

"Waal, I'm now obliged for all the trouble you've gone to; I'll be in next week, I s'pose, and take one uv 'em," the stranger said, moving off.

"Oh, yes, you did not wish to engage a bridal chamber to-day," said Mr. Cunningham.

The young stranger almost jumped at his brusqueness.

"I ain't got the gal yet. I'm just in this to get my nerve up so's I can go home an' pop 'er," said the stranger.

## GLADSTONE TAKES HIS DRINK.

The English teetotalers allege that the Grand Old Man is one of those who are unfortunately accustomed to take intoxicating drinks and have been brought to believe in their necessity and utility. And now the wicked organs of the lying and liquor interests are quoting and circulating the remark everywhere, that the not unnoted comment that Gladstone at the age of 84 is an vigorous hale as any young man. Boston Herald.

## DRINK OPENED HIS EYES.

HERE is a man, Keating by name, who has flown in the face of all the teetotalers and prohibitionists on the subject of strong drink. Usually they point to strong drink as the source of all evil, but heretofore they will have to be except in the case of Keating. The man was in the employ of James R. Keating of 445 Canal street several months ago, and managed to steal and sell \$2000 worth of piano covers without being detected or even suspected. All along he had been hard and unscrupulous. He was a very scholarly, and it does not appear that he had a single quality of conscience. Wednesday evening he got drunk and immediately his eyes were opened to the evil of his ways. Instead of the verbal sermons and prayers he had heard and learned, and he was now a new man. He hurried away to the Bowdoin street station, confessed to the sergeant, was locked up, and yesterday was in his kicking him. He told:—New York World.