

Selected Articles.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* thus describes how prohibition does not prohibit in Kansas:—

It is very common to hear the remark used in Missouri.

"O, they are drinking just as much whiskey over in Kansas as they were before the prohibition law was passed."

The wholesale liquor dealers in Kansas City insist that they are shipping more whiskey into Kansas than ever. At the same time wholesale dealers are willing to pay any amount of money to have the prohibitory law repealed.

I have made close examinations all over Kansas and I say without hesitation that the new law is a success. Whiskey is not being sold in Kansas. It is not being drank here, at least publicly.

The other day as the Union Pacific ran into Rossville the conductor said:—

"You can get all the whiskey you want in this town."

"Yes," said the brakeman, "there's more whiskey drank here than ever before."

Well I staid in Rossville over night. I found every saloon locked up. Money couldn't buy a drink in the town. The week before a lame man who had been hobbling around on an artificial leg was convicted of selling whiskey and fined \$20. But the fine was remitted on account of his being a cripple. Still the "roughs" all said, "there's plenty of whiskey to be had."

"Where?" I asked.

"O, we had some yesterday," they said

"Now I'm not a resident and won't tell, so please let me know where you got it," I pleaded.

"Well," said one man, "Lame John sold it to us."

"Where?"

Why we went with him over behind the meeting house shed, into the graveyard, and there Lame John unstrapped that artificial leg of his and took out a bottle of whiskey."

"Out of his leg?"

"Yes, out of his hollow leg."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Thirty cents a drink."

"Well, boys," I said, "you may not have prohibition in Rossville, but when you have got to go off into the darkness with a cripple, following him behind the meeting house shed into the lonely graveyard, and he has to sit down on some mother's grave and unstrap an artificial leg for you to drink out of—why, I think you've got the next thing to it. You have got near enough to it for all practical purposes."—*The Rescue*.

ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.

BY NORMAN KERR, M.D., F.L.S.

In these days of high-pressure existence, food is bolted, not properly eaten, the good old German proverb being quite forgotten—"Food well masticated is half digested." Meals are not eaten, deliberately, as health demands. The consequences are severe attacks of indigestion, with all its irritating and annoying flatulence, nausea, distaste for food, and other disagreeable feelings. The remedy is to select judiciously the diet, and to eat as slowly as possible. Instead of following this rational course, many fly to intoxicating drinks to aid their digestion.

So far from aiding in digestion, intoxicating liquors actually hinder this vital process. Again and again, on examining after death the bodies of persons who have died suddenly, I have found large quantities of food which had been hindered from being digested by strong drink taken a few hours before. The presence of an intoxicant in the stomach markedly interferes with the digestive act.

True, if you take half a glass of brandy after eating too hearty a meal, you may feel temporary relief, but you have not digested the food. You have only made the nerves of sensation—God's messengers in the living body—drunk, so that they cannot do their duty; they cannot deliver their message to the brain that the stomach has been oppressed by excess in eating. The more any one is troubled with indigestion, the more need is there to avoid using agents which arrest and retard digestion. Hence the most frequent cause of the terrible amount of that scourge of life—dyspepsia—in our country at the present time, is the use of intoxicating drinks. There must be moderation in eating solid food, as there must be in the drinking of water and other wholesome non-intoxicants; but the general abandonment of the habit of drinking inebriating beverages would cause the greater part of the indigestion and its attendant miseries to cease from the land.—*The National Philanthropist*.

SATAN'S FIVE DEGREES.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

One of the most numerous of the great classes of civilized society is the D.O.O.D., which may be otherwise expressed as the Dependent Order of Drunkards. It comprehends persons of all grades and classes of society. It draws its membership from bar and pulpit, from forum and senate, but, differ as they may in position, in education, in social surroundings, ability, or culture, they are brought into one fellowship and reduced to one common level. We lay before the readers the five principal degrees of the D.O.O.D.

First, we see the young man, intelligent, courteous and polite, accepting the cup at the hand of some young lady, and drinking her health in liquor that ruins his own. Well-dressed, respectable, with fair promise and bright prospects before him, we see nothing that should hinder him from rising to the highest stations and occupying the most influential positions were it not for that cup which contains within itself the promise and power of all sorrow, degradation, shame and death.

The scene shifts and another degree is taken, and he who learned his first lesson in the parlor of the gay and refined, has taken another in the gilded saloon, where jovial visitors accompany and vulgar jokes and nameless vices wait to drag the unwary victim of intemperance down to the tomb. A little later we see him again; a third degree is taken, he drinks deeply, and his battered hat, buttonless vest, patched garments, and look of general seediness tells us the effect of the maddening poison upon him.

A short journey brings him to another degree. The relics of his old gentility are gone; coatless and ragged, his shaking hand and gross and reddened countenance show that he has drank up everything that made life joyous or this world a place of peace and blessing.

One more degree shows us what strong drink will do for the strongest man. No man was ever mighty enough to wrestle with the bottle. He is always thrown at last. His body a mass of bloated disease, his heart a den of foul and beastly passions, his countenance marred and sensualized beyond all power of description, in rags and tatters, homeless and friendless, he travels his short journey to the darkness of the tomb. Some day the tidings come that he is found dead—dead by the wayside, with the bottle in his pocket; dead in the snowdrift, coming home from a drunken debauch; dead in his wretched hovel, with no one to smooth his dying pillow or minister to him in his closing hours. The end has come; the warnings of God and man have been in vain; he has passed through the varying degrees of evil habit; he has been initiated into the mysteries of Satan's lodge, and at last his existence is wrecked, his life is lost, and he awaits the sentence of the mighty Judge who has taught us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.—*Royal Templar's Advocate*.

AUNT BECKY'S ADVICE.

ALBERT MILTON BRUNNER.

Jediah, put your slippers on
And cease your needless clatter,
I want to have a word with you
About a little matter.

I heard you, on your knees last night,
Ask help to keep from strayin',
And now I want to know if you
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

Jediah, look me in the face;
You know this world's condition,
Yet you have NEVER cast a vote
Right out for Prohibition.

You've prayed as loud as any man,
While with the tide a floatin';
Jediah, you must stop sich work,
AND DO A LITTLE VOTIN'!

There now, I've said my say, and you
Just save your ammunition,
And vote the way you've always prayed,
FOR TOTAL PROHIBITION.—*Laer*.