



Temperance Department.

## BREAD VERSUS BEER.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I wish you would go over to the Silver Springs mill block, and distribute this package of leaflets," said Parson Crane, meeting his co-worker in the temperance cause, Mrs. Hawse, just around the corner from the post-office one early autumn afternoon.

The stoutly-built, rosy-cheeked young woman took the leaflet and looked it over.

"Can it be true," she said, "that there is really so little that is nourishing to the blood in a glass of beer, and yet to hear Carl Strasbrad talk to the new emigrants as they come in here, you would think it was beer first, and bread if you had the means to get it."

"But few understand these things as they really are," said the minister. I wish Carl Strasbrad was obliged to read this leaflet aloud to every customer who presented himself at his brewery door for the next quarter. Do not forget Carl when you go over to the block."

"Would not some one else do better for him than I can?" asked Mrs. Hawse hesitatingly.

"Why?" asked Mr. Crane in surprise. "I have never before known you to be backward in taking up any duty that came in your way."

"Very true, sir, but you see this thing is different. I came over in the same ship with Carl, and then I drank the beer myself. I knew no better until I was so fortunate as to fall in with kind Christian people, who took an interest in helping me by God's grace to become a useful citizen of this beautiful country. And then I was converted, and the Holy Spirit came and took His abode in my heart, and has ever since been clamoring me to keep to the right, and to take up any work for Him that came to me and try to do it, not in my own strength, but in His. And now if I go to Carl's, he may say to me some things that it will not be pleasant for me to hear. Yet, if you think it best, I will go at once."

In answer to her pastor's kindly nod and smile, she took the little package of leaflets and turned down a side street.

Two or three hours later she entered Parson Crane's study a good deal excited.

"That terrible Carl!" she said. "He was as sour as his sourest kraut. He said I ought to be heartily ashamed of myself, scattering those printed lies as thick as leaves from the Black Forest, around among the Germans in this borough, and me German! He took me by my shoulder and set me out of his shop, and indeed, sir, I had to go quick to keep the door from swinging against me as he slammed it in my face, and, sir, he said some very wicked words, as he declared that neither you nor I should again set foot on his premises."

"But he read the leaflet?"

"Oh yes, sir, and the truth in it made him angry."

"That is one good point gained. I will not fail for one day, of sending him through the post-office, some bit of temperance literature."

The parson was as good as his word, not a day was allowed to pass that some attractive book, card, paper or leaflet treating upon the evil of intemperance did not reach the counter of the brewery, and the brewer himself being fond of reading could not, as he said to some of his customers, resist seeing what new form they found in which to present their lying nonsense from day to day.

The teachers in the public schools of the borough were all temperance workers and united in carrying on a Band of Hope to which many of the scholars belonged, and in which most were interested; for among young people such interest is always contagious.

Some of the scholars were learning pieces to speak at the Band, and soon the young Strasbrads became interested and began to entreat their parents for permission to join.

"You may go, just once, to hear your classmates speak," said Carl reluctantly. "It is natural enough that you should wish to hear them. If you were to speak I am

sure now I should like to hear you myself."

To Carl's surprise the boy and girl came home in great excitement, each with a poem that they were desired to commit to memory and to recite at the next Band meeting.

They set about learning them at once, and the parents became so interested and so anxious that the children should acquit themselves with credit, that when the evening came around Mr. and Mrs. Strasbrad were fain to go to see and hear for themselves that their own Carl and Jennie were as smart as other children.

They spoke so well that a temperance dialogue was given them to learn. Carl was so flattered that he made no opposition, although he had said he would have no more such nonsense. After drilling the children he must go to hear the dialogue recited, of course, and by that time he was interested in all of the Band exercises; he allowed the children to become members, and it came to be a regular thing for him to sit just within the door an attentive listener to all that was said at the meetings.

"A body learns a good many little things here, after all," he would say as if in excuse for being present, and sometimes he would add, "Then, too, it is amusing to see what fools the temperance folk do make of themselves when all they are doing is not carrying a feather's weight in any direction, only perhaps to amuse some such fellows as I am. The town voted for license, don't you see, in the face of all this opposition."

"We do not expect to convert such hard customers as you are, Carl," said the minister, one night, catching the words, "but we want to start the young people in the right way."

"The old way is good enough for Carl," said Mrs. Hawse, who was passing, distributing leaflets as usual. "Carl wishes for nothing better than he has known. There is where he is not like me. I came to the new country to get all the good I could, in all the different ways I could. I am not one of those who want America just Germany over again. If we want all the ways of the dear old 'faderland' we had better go back, but, prithee, let us go back better, and not worse than we came. I know right well that I and my children are better off here than we have been elsewhere, but Carl will not admit even that; all he wants is to just go on brewing beer and making drunkards as long as he lives, and he wants his children and grandchildren to follow the business after him, and he forgets what is said about 'he that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips.'"

Now Carl, with all his faults, was a sensible fellow, who believed his Bible and wanted his children brought up properly, and as for not appreciating that he was better off in America than he had been in Germany that was all nonsense, and he went away muttering:

"I should think that woman wanted to advertise me as one pig fool peer makes."

The next evening as the pastor was busy at his study table little Carl was ushered into the room.

"Father wants you to come to him quick," he said, "as quickly as you can."

"Is he ill?"

"No sir, only in his mind he is sore distressed, and indeed, sir, I do think he is wishing to make his life a better one."

Very soon the pastor stood beside the suffering man.

"My heart burns me!" he said. "I know and feel that I am in the wrong way, but how can I ask Jesus to take my burden—and still go on with the brewery? And my family I must support."

"A bakery is greatly needed," said parson Crane, and a bakery Carl's brewery immediately became.

Carl and his family are all happy, prosperous working Christians to-day. They have a good influence over the German families who come to the borough.

"It is a war between bread and beer," says Carl, "but bread triumphs for no matter I used to tell them, it is bread and not beer that is the staff of life, and as I make the bread and keep it for sale I get hold of them first. And this has all come about because the temperance people here were all fearless workers, persistent in doing their duty in a kindly Christian spirit."

At the next annual borough meeting, greatly through the influence of Carl and his followers, the vote was for "no license," as the Christian temperance workers accomplished what money and political influence had altogether failed in.—*Church and Home.*

## TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

## CHAPTER III.—DISTILLATION.

When a liquid is changed to a vapor by heat, and that vapor is turned again to a liquid by cold, the process is called distillation.

Cold surfaces condense the moisture in the night air, and we say: "The dew is falling." By the heat of the sun, these drops of water are turned again to vapor that rises and spreads itself in the air; this is again changed to water by cold, and falls in the form of dew or rain. Thus, with her own heat and cold, "Nature is ever distilling." Unless sugar is dissolved in water, it will not turn to alcohol; therefore, when first formed, alcohol is always mixed with water.

Alcohol and water could not be separated until men, in imitation of nature, learned to distill.

Every child who has watched the steam puffing from a tea-kettle, knows that heat will turn a liquid to vapor. Some liquids require less heat than others for this change. When two such liquids are mixed, one can be made to pass off in vapor, leaving the other. Thus alcohol and water may be separated.

Put a fermented liquor into a kettle over the fire, with a pipe in its closely fitting cover to carry off the steam. Nearly all the alcohol will pass off in vapor before the water comes to the boiling point.

If this pipe is of the right length, and is cooled by ice or cold water, the vapor, while passing through it, will turn to a liquid and drip from the end of the pipe. If you apply a lighted match to this new liquid, it will burn with a pale blue flame, giving out intense heat.

It is mainly alcohol which has been separated—distilled—from the fermented mixture. What remains in the kettle is principally water. The alcohol is unchanged in its nature; but is stronger, because not so much diluted with water.

## DISTILLED LIQUORS.

In the manner just described, brandy is distilled from wine or cider; rum from fermented molasses; whiskey from fermented corn, barley, or potatoes; gin from fermented barley, or rye, afterward distilled with juniper berries. Ordinarily these distilled liquors are about one-half pure alcohol.

Some of the water passes over with the alcohol, so that these liquors are often distilled a second, and even a third time, to make them stronger alcohol.

The alcohol usually sold is distilled from fermented molasses; but it can be made from any fermented liquor. It is so greedy for water that entirely pure alcohol can be produced only by distilling it with some substance such as lime, that is still more eager for water, and will take it from the alcohol.

## DRUGGED LIQUORS.

Wine in its many forms was probably the first, and for many centuries, the only known intoxicating drink.

The ancients supposed that each of the various fruit juices made a different kind of liquor; but you see all of them are mainly alcohol and water. The different taste of each, if it is really what it claims to be, is due to its own peculiar fruit, grain, or plant flavor.

Poisonous drugs and coloring matter are often added to alcohol and water to imitate the various liquors. So much of this is done that many of the fermented and distilled liquors now sold and used, contain other poisons added to their own ever-present one—alcohol—the most dangerous of all; therefore, the idea that "unadulterated whiskey," or that the "pure, fermented juice of the grape" can be "good," is a mistake.

## HOW ALCOHOL WAS DISCOVERED.

The people who lived about 700 years ago thought that somewhere, if they could only find them, were two things that would greatly bless the world. First, something that would turn iron and all common metals into gold, and thus easily and greatly enrich the finder; second, an "elixir of life," which would prevent sickness and death, and keep those who drank it forever young.

The men who tried many curious experiments in search of these two wonders, were called alchemists. It is supposed an Arab

named Albucaasis was thus led to discover alcohol by distilling it from wine.

He thought it was the long sought "elixir of life." He drank heavily of it, urging others to do the same. His career of intoxication and violence was short. He had found not the "elixir of life" but the "water of death."

(To be Continued.)

## WHAT KEPT THEM ALIVE.

"Why did the survivors survive?" This question was addressed by a friend of the *Companion* to Sergeant Fredericks, one of the six men of the Greely expedition who lived to return home. He had just been to visit his family and friends in Ohio, and looked the ideal survivor; ruddy and robust, packed full of muscle.

He looked puzzled at the question, and so our friend explained a little.

"What I mean," said the questioner, "is this. There were twenty-five of you, all picked men, and you were all subjected to the same hardships. You had about an equal chance for your lives. Why were you six the survivors?"

The sergeant sat silent, as if thinking the matter over. Then he said, "It was our minds that did it. We kept up our spirits. We wouldn't give in, but kept talking and telling cheerful stories, and making believe that we had no doubt about our rescue."

That was a very good account of the matter so far as it went, but it did not explain why those six were better able than the rest to keep up their spirits. A few days later, the same friend had the great pleasure of conversing with Major Greely himself, to whom he proposed a similar question.

"What kept you up, Major Greely?" (He is major by brevet, and army etiquette requires that he should be called by his brevet title.) "You are not stronger than the other men, and you had already seen a good deal of hard service. Why did you pull through, when stronger men gave out?"

The answer of Major Greely in substance was this: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I had to live, anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men and fulfil the object of the expedition. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, so acute were my sufferings, but in fact I had too many things to attend to."

This was Major Greely's view of the matter. Some days later, our friend read in the *Boston Journal* another explanation, much more simple if less romantic. "Of the nineteen men who perished," said the *Journal*, "all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The survivors were non-smoking men."

Upon referring to Major Greely, we find that the paragraph, though not exactly true, yet contains a great deal of truth.

Of the six who lived to see their country again, all were men of the most strictly temperate habits in every particular. Four of them never used tobacco. The two others would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige friends, smoke a cigarette or a part of a cigar. They took no tobacco with them among their private stores, and cared nothing for it.

Of the nineteen who perished, the large majority were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who had been in former years a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by previous habits of excess.

We do not doubt that the non-smokers and non-chewers on this expedition had a positive and very great advantage over their comrades, because tobacco acts as a stimulant upon the digestive powers and it is the nature of stimulants first to excite, and then to weaken. The excitement is temporary; the weakening is permanent.

Every one must have noticed how uncomfortable a smoker is after dinner until he begins to smoke. The reason is that the languid digestive powers (made languid by frequent stimulation) are waiting to be roused to exertion by the accustomed stimulant. We have not the slightest doubt that men subjected to just such a trial, having to subsist upon shrimps and seal-skin, would die about in the order of the strength of their digestive organs.

The sum of the matter is that all the virtues, mental and moral, tend to strengthen our hold upon life, and all the vices to lessen it.—*Youth's Companion.*