



Temperance Department.

WHY A DIRECTOR OF A BREWERY GAVE UP BEER.

BY JACOB SPAHN.

These, then, are the circumstances:

In 1877, having some money to invest, I became a stockholder in one of the large breweries of the city of Rochester. This city is noted, among drinkers, for both the supposed and alleged purity and excellence of its beer. A number of men had grown rich from the sale of the article there, and various companies for its fabrication were making money fast; so the outlook for myself and my investment appeared very prosperous. And during all this period I labored under the impression that what was put in the market by these lucky people and flourishing concerns, for general consumption, came up to the extraordinary claims made in its well patronized behalf, and was in all respects whatever it was alleged to be by the industrious venders and the affluent producers.

When the brewing company in which I invested was organized, my colleagues among the stockholders thought well enough of me to elect me into the board of directors, and these in turn thought so highly of me as to make me the secretary of the corporation, which, at that time, was looked upon as a flattering promotion. I had, prior to this, officiated for years as the attorney for several other breweries in the same beer-noted locality. My acquaintance with certain branches of the business was therefore extensive. My acquaintance with the personnel of the beer industry at Rochester was indeed complete. I had access to various of the breweries at all hours. But I never improved the opportunity thus obtained for rigid inspection or scrutiny of anything in or about the manufacture of beer, and what information has since come into my possession concerning American breweries, their products and their methods, fell to my lot in a manner most casual and accidental. But, nevertheless, it fell to my lot, and now I control it as absolutely as anything else that ever came under the purview of a man's five senses.

I might state that up to six weeks ago I was what is generally understood to be, in convivial circles "a moderate beer drinker." I am a moderate beer drinker no longer. In fact, I do not touch the beverage at all. And this after a daily indulgence in the same stretching over a period of several years. While possessed of no affinity for total abstinence and even while on record as a partisan of the liquor traffic, I stand today in the anomalous position of a man assailed for his convictions by that very traffic because he has raised his voice against the dishonest methods by which the brewers of his own locality impose a spurious, harmful and dangerous beverage upon the confiding consumer.

Let me detail how the singular revolution occurred. About the month of June, last year, I was unaccountably taken down with nervous prostration, coupled with an asthmatic difficulty—a trouble in breathing that rendered my nights sleepless and alarmed me to the extent of consulting a physician. I had had spells of the same kind before; none, however, so protracted and alarming. I did not know to what to attribute the same. They were apparently unaccountable. The man of medicine, when called in on the last occasion, sounded me, found all vital organs in good health, and learning that I was neither a smoker nor a drinker of distilled liquors, but knowing I took beer daily, startled me by holding that the mild and seemingly innocuous refreshment was alone responsible for my then serious physical plight, and had been the cause of every previous attack. He advised me to give beer up instantly! Did I obey? No. I was certain he erred. Besides, I had the firm assurance of brewers whom I informed of the cautious doctor's advice, that there was nothing in beer conducive to sickness, even when beer was partaken of in excess—mark, dear reader, that! So I threw the in-

junctions of physic to the winds, though I reduced the amount of beer I took daily to nearly half of what I had been accustomed to take. But my symptoms persisted. Indeed, it would appear that in proportion as I reduced my daily allowance of beer, the horrible asthmatic difficulties increased. I grew less capable of mental and physical exertion, until one evening, during the present winter there was an attack, apparently superinduced by an effort to drink a cup of beef tea, that so nearly approached strangulation that a domestic was hurriedly dispatched for a physician. The symptoms of this attack were convulsive, a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial tubes, a disturbance of the function of swallowing, with a blanching of the complexion, of profuse perspiration, and a trembling of the limbs, much akin to that making the awful paroxysms of tetanus and hydrophobia. The doctor soon came, made what seemed to me a perfunctory examination, addressed some questions, advised—what?

Total abstinence from beer. He was not the physician whom I had consulted for the first attack.

"Why total abstinence from beer?" I straightway asked him.

You see, dear reader, the pleasantly consolatory assurance as to the purity and harmlessness of beer made to me by the brewers were still fresh in my memory, still rang in my ears, and still owned my belief and confidence, and I avowed as much. But the doctor, with a quiet smile, dispelled these agreeable fictions.

"My dear Major," said he "the beer brewed nowadays is bad. Strange stuff is put in it. It's no longer water, hops and malt. Avoid it as you would a noxious drug. It is, in the main, drugs, as bad as any poison, and you'd better not have recourse to it for adipose or stimulation. If you want to live long in this world, if you want to enjoy good health, you must cut beer out of the list of things you eat and drink. It is, as now fabricated, the deadliest foe to the resisting powers of nature against disease that human ingenuity has ever devised."

"Is this actually your conviction on the subject?" I exclaimed.

"Emphatically," he answered. "You are suffering from nothing but bad beer, spurious beer; and to prove it I will prescribe, not medicine but abstinence from the deleterious mixture. You must wean yourself entirely from it and you will grow well again. A little exercise of will power is all the prescription you need; exert that, and speedy restoration to health follows."

He departed. I was thunderstruck. Then I became thoughtful. Finally I grew puzzled, for the physician himself had often partaken of the beverage in my presence. At this juncture packages of strange goods came into my mind—packages I had observed in various Rochester brewery shipping offices during cursory business visits—bales, boxes, barrels of stuff seen time and again. The vision of one particular brewery office whose aspect was more like a chemist's laboratory than the sanctum of a functionary who superintends the simple operation of steeping a mixture of hops and malt and pure water, arose before my mind's eye. There suddenly flashed upon me the solution of all that puzzled me. Everything strange was accounted for. The otherwise inexplicable bales of quassia wood, the big parcels of hemlock bark, the bundles of tannin, the barrels of grape sugar, the packages of bi-carbonate of soda, which was fashioned forth in molded morsels shaped each like a candy lozenge—one per barrel of beer, to make it froth—the quarts upon quarts of salicylic acid and glycerine, the hundred-weights of isinglass to render the stuff translucent, and the strange recommendation of head brewers whenever hops and malt rose in price, that substitutes for these must be used till their price again fell to a figure commensurate with the market rate of beer by the barrel—all this I vividly recalled. It dawned upon me with a significance never possessed before.

I understood the doctor now. I saw stretched out before me a gigantic traffic from which a dozen men of my own good city of Rochester were rising into ill-gotten affluence—a traffic that ramified over the national domain and was alike dangerous to health and to life—a traffic founded upon the same species of vulgar fraud, in position and false pretence as that on which is raised the vending of such nostrums by itinerant charlatans. Then I sold my stocks in the brewery firm and

raised my voice in public against the consumption of beer.—Rochester N.Y., Jan. 15, 1884.

GEORGE STEPHENSON,

THE INVENTOR.

We often wonder when we hear of some new invention—sewing machines, telegraphs, electric lights—and they are multiplying very fast these latter days. Did it ever occur to you that the temperance movement may have something to do with that? Certainly a man needs his wits about him; he needs the very best use of his brains, when he devises witty or wise inventions; and he cannot have the best use of his brains when they are steeped in alcohol. Until the temperance movement commenced almost everybody drank, and a great many, especially of the workingmen, cared more about the drink than about their work. It takes a man who loves his work to make any improvements in it or in the manner of doing it.

George Stephenson was an engineer, and loved his work. He did not care for the drink, and he soon found that it did not help him about his work. He saw, too, that it led men into idleness. At an age when most boys go in for pure play and a holiday whenever they can get it, George, who was then fireman for an engine in the coal mines, found himself with fellow-workmen who took a holiday for drinking and dog-fighting once a fortnight. Their stopping work stopped his engine, so that he could earn no wages that day (so the idlers often injure the industrious), but he took the spare time to take his engine to pieces and see how it was made, or try experiments with it. The result was that he learned all about engines as they were made at that time, over eighty years ago. Engines had not then been made to draw cars nor run steamboats, though experiments had been made in both directions. George Stephenson, a poor lad, a fireman to an engine in a coal-pit, on less than five dollars a week, had little idea of all this, nor of the wonderful inventions he should yet "find out"; but he loved his work and he kept himself pure from the drink, and so he did not block his own path to success, as many another young lad had done.

One of the uses to which engines had been put was pumping water out of the coal mines, and at Killingworth, where George removed, he found an engine that had been at work for months trying in vain to pump out the water. George said he could improve the engine and make it draw out the water, so that the men could go to the bottom of the pit. He did it, and in less than five days the water was pumped out. This he could not have done but for the studies he had made while his companions were drinking and dog-fighting, nor if he had muddled his brains with alcohol. He got \$50 for the job, and won the esteem of his employers so much that they made him engine-wright at \$500 a year.

But do not imagine for a minute that people praised him for his temperance, for that reform had not then commenced. Probably he got many a slight and sneer from his companions who preferred drinking and dog-fighting, and even his employers might have thought him "queer," if not pretentious. Mr. Dodd, the superintendent of this very colliery at Killingworth, invited him into a public house one day to take a drink. This was intended as a compliment to the young workman, and George might easily have reasoned that it would be good policy for him not to refuse. But, instead, he modestly replied: "No, sir, you must excuse me. I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." We know how to do still better than that now, but at that date people had not even heard of a total abstinence pledge. Perhaps it was religious principle that kept him; for one Sunday, when Mr. Dodd went to see him on some business, he found him dressed in his best, and on his way to the Methodist chapel.

About this time there were many experiments in the way of engines to draw carriages, but the inventors met with great difficulties. George Stephenson set himself to make an engine for this purpose, and on the 14th of July, 1814, it was completed and placed on the Killingworth Railway. It succeeded in drawing eight carriages of thirty tons weight at four miles an hour.

This was a great triumph for Stephenson, and he determined to make railways popular and common, though he was yet only an engine-wright in a colliery. But he succeeded grandly, working with and for others but carrying out his own ideas mostly. His first great undertaking was a railway between London and Manchester. When a bill for it was first proposed in Parliament, with the proposition to have an engine to go twelve miles an hour, it was contemptuously thrown out with exclamation, "As well trust yourself on the back of a Congreve rocket." But the road was completed at last (in 1825), and the first train ran thirty-five miles an hour, drawn by Stephenson's locomotive, which he wittily named the "Rocket." After this Stephenson had all he could do in the line of building railways, both at home and abroad, and even kings sent for him to consult with him. He died in 1848.

His eldest son, Robert, to whom he gave a fine education, honored his father greatly and worked with him in many of his enterprises, and at last became a member of Parliament. When the latter died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.—Julia Colman in *Leaflets for Young People*.

AT A RECENT meeting of the Reform Club, of Topeka, Kansas, a reformed man who had stood unshaken in his total abstinence principles for ten years, made this confession: "I was in Topeka last week in attendance upon the G. A. R. meeting, and in an evil hour I forgot God. My old appetite for drink came upon me with such force that had I been able to find a place where liquor could have been gotten, I should have fallen. I would have given my right arm almost for a drink." Praise God that the saloons in Topeka are closed, and that this tried and tempted man was thus saved to himself and his family.—*Union Signal*.

A DRAM SHOP reduces "loafing" to a fine art. It is a convenient place to "drop into." Some of the "boys" are always on hand. There is constantly something to hear or see. Games for the idle hour are ever ready. Drinks are forthcoming at any moment, and stories and songs fill in the intervals. All are invited and welcome to stay. And thus the dram shop is continually turning the active and industrious into the idle and shiftless. Thus it is a standing peril to the children in its neighborhood.—*Prof. Foster*.

ONE OF THE LEADING PROFESSORS of chemistry in a leading medical college in Chicago, stated before his class in a recent lecture: "Alcohol is a poison just as much as anything else is a poison." Another prominent physician said to his class last week, "Lager beer contains twelve percent of alcohol." He also said, "Men drink lager for the alcohol that is in it." You are asked now to put these three facts together and reflect a moment on what you are doing for yourself when you drink a glass of beer!

THE CHURCH SHOULD BANISH from her communion table all intoxicating wines. She should never put a temptation in the path of one struggling for victory over a terrible appetite and still chafing in its chains. She should never deprive such, knowing their weakness and danger, of the enjoyment and benefits of the Lord's Supper by using the ordinary wine of commerce. She should not substitute the product of the vat for the appointed "fruit of the vine."—*Union Signal*.

A BOY MURDERER suffered the extreme penalty of the law, in Ohio not long since. As he stood upon the scaffold, his pitiful appeal to the men of Ohio was this: "That rope means first a glass of poisoned lemonade, at last a bottle of rum, and over in that saloon now filled with boys and men, my ruin was wrought, Oh! let me implore you with my dying breath, close the saloons as you love your boys; close them for their protection!"

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON the eminent scientist, in addressing a recent meeting in London, said that "the temperance cause will never win its way, until all the women in the kingdom, and throughout the civilized world are embarked in the enterprise of temperance."