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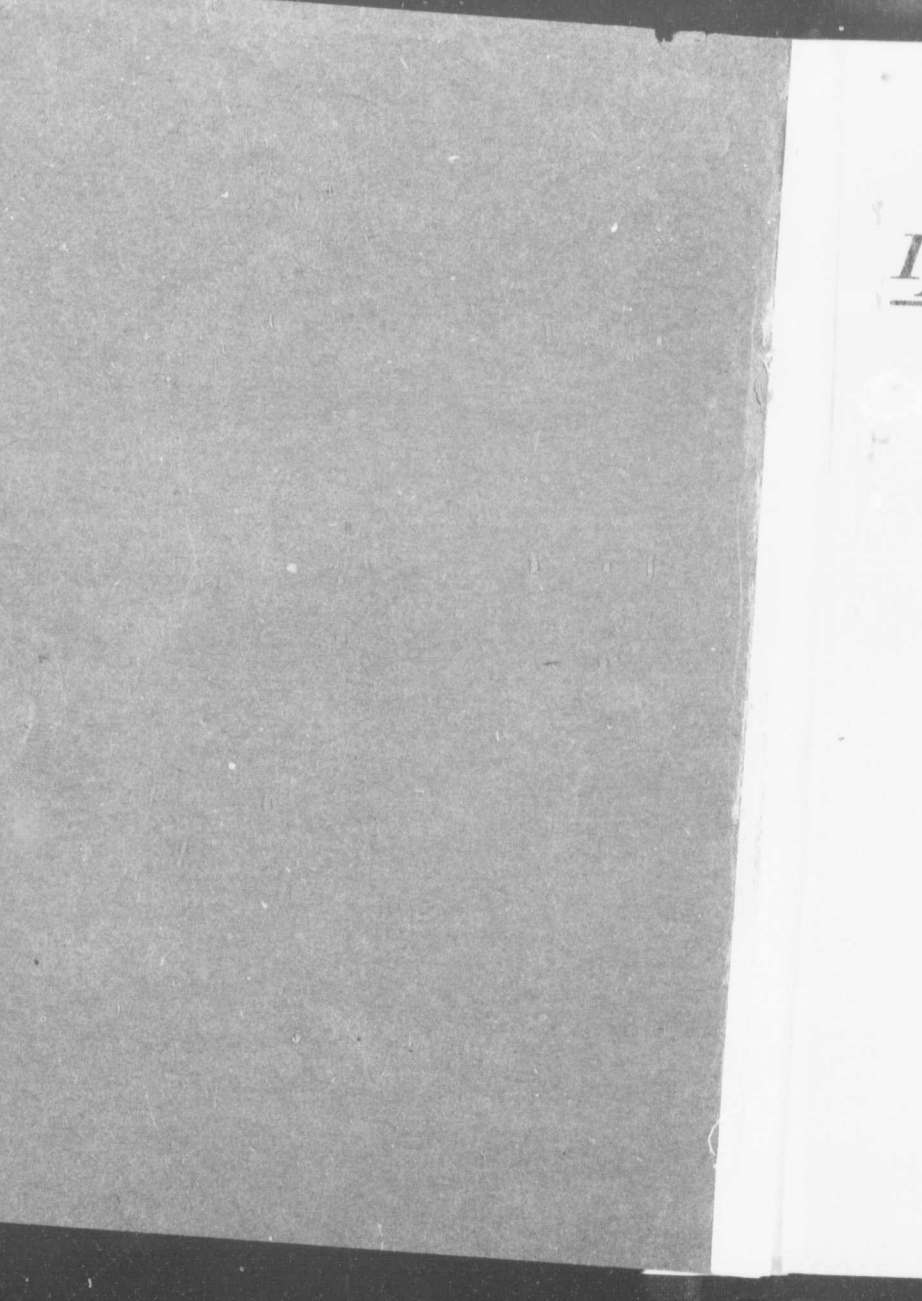
R. F. HUGOLIN, O. F. M.

If Woman Knew!

If Woman Cared!

Woman Against Intemperance.

MONTREAL
1909.



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BY

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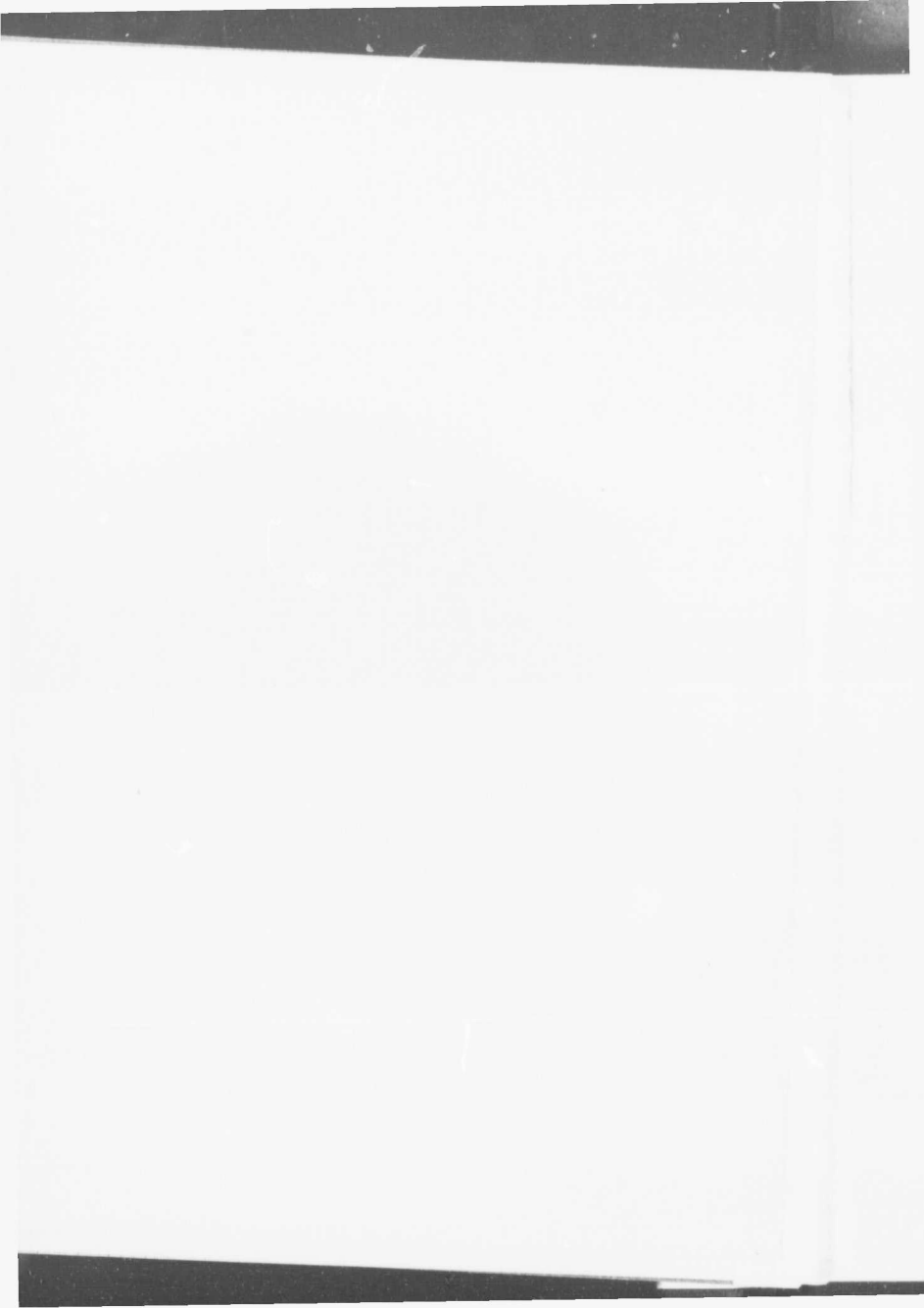
✠ PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.

PREFACE.

Wives, mothers, young ladies, these are a few pages expressly written for you. You will find herein some considerations evoked by this idea : Woman and Drink.

What was it that gave me the thought of writing this booklet ? Your troubles and my wish to lighten them ; your condition, which necessitates in you the virtue of sobriety ; but above all the conviction, which has gathered strength with my experience as a temperance preacher, conviction I may express as follows : the success depends on three elements, two of which are : the work of the priest, and the work of the woman. The priest's help is assured, but that of the woman as yet is to be obtained... When you will have read these pages you will, I hope, agree with me in saying that you are necessary in the work of temperance, and then you will be animated with the one desire : to battle side by side with the priest to make our people a temperate nation.

F. HUGOLIN, O. F. M.



WOMEN DRUNKARDS.

WHAT an ugly subject, — the least important however of those I shall have to treat, — so let us get rid of it immediately, if you are willing.

“Are there women drunkards?” — “Yes,” — I am forced to answer, while I blush with you, “there are women drunkards.” One proof only, but an unanswerable one. During the year 1903, the last for which I have the official statistics, there were 16,532 condemnations for drunkenness in Canada, out of which, would you believe it, 1,777 were pronounced against women, 1,777! 1,777 women picked up drunk in the streets! For here public drunkenness only is in question. But of secret drunkenness known to God alone!... We should no longer write 1,777, but thousands and thousands! For indeed woman's bashfulness and a certain instinct which tells woman that in her, intemperance is a monstrosity, cause her to hide, in order to give way to this degrading passion.

How it does degrade woman!

It is repugnant to me to insist upon this sad subject. Listen, pray, to a physician and moralist, who will tell you all that needs be told of the woman drunkard.

"The greedy woman is a disgrace; the woman addicted to drink is vile. We do not wish to contemplate for long the degradation into which a few women sink. As Christians, we shall stretch a helping hand to raise them up, while we turn our eyes away; as men and artists, we should tread them under foot or take flight. "

Never did we feel so sad as at the sight of a woman in the state of intoxication, disgustingly obscene, and followed by the jeers of the mob and the shouts of children.

We can very well account for the tears of a maiden, as she drew near to us, at the sight of this miserable wretch. No, dear child there was nothing womanly in that hideous creature. Fear not, nothing like you could be found in her...

Women always go to extremes. When they give way to drink, they fall into the most awful degradation. This degradation is all the more apparent as their nature was the more antagonistic to this vice which debases them. They drink brandy, and give themselves up to the most deplorable excesses. In the state of intoxication, they manifest much more promptly than man, all that they feel, all that they think. Fallen from a higher position, that is, from all the charms of modesty, and the mysterious beauties of the heart God has given them, they are revoltingly obscene.

When a woman falls into that vice there is nothing left. If she has a husband and children, she is for them a living plague; if she is alone, so much the better, but



WOMEN DRUNKARDS.

she will never be forgiven but by God alone, never will friendship or love return to honor a brow thus defiled.

We shall have many opportunities in the following pages to shed tears over the falls and the miseries of woman. Here, we cannot even feel pity; we feel but disgust. It seems that when a woman is a drunkard, she becomes so degraded, so vile that she has no right to anything, not even to contempt. There is nothing left in her, neither soul nor heart (1)."

A priest who has written a book on drunkenness, quotes the above, and then adds the following example: — "I remember, that when still a young priest I was summoned to attend a sick person. As I entered the house, I shrank back terrified. I saw, lying on the floor, a wretched woman covered with filthy rags, her hair was in disorder, and her oppressed breathing was fearful to hear.

Four or five poor little children were sobbing around her. It was their mother, and she was dead-drunk! It was the first time in my life that I saw a mother in a state of intoxication, and truly, the sight disheartened me. After addressing a few words to the afflicted children of this vile woman, I retired under the most painful impression I have ever felt. (2)"

(1) Dr. Bélouino, *La Femme*, pp. 304-306.

(2) Abbé Mailloux. *L'ivrognerie est l'œuvre du démon*, etc., p. 43.


Quick, let us end this ugly chapter, and turn away our eyes from these horrors. Moreover my sole object in speaking of drunkenness among women was to inspire you all with such a horror of this vice that none of you could ever be won over to it. Need I add that all the posterity of a woman who drinks may suffer from the maternal vice? This consideration should be all powerful to a mother's heart. Here is an example chosen out of many: —

Ada Jurke, a drunkard, born in 1740, died in the beginning of last century; her posterity is of 843 individuals. Out of 708 that have been traced, are numbered.

106 illegitimate children;
142 beggars;
64 in hospitals;
81 prostitutes;
76 criminals of which 7 were murderers.

The greater number are degenerates, that is to say, diseased in mind and body. In the space of 75 years, this family has cost the state the sum of one million dollars, spent in hospitals, asylums, jails (1)."

But let us say no more of the woman drunkard, especially as her case which is found but seldom in cities, is almost unknown in country-places. Woman is chiefly a victim of drink; she does not generally drink, but has too often a drunkard for husband. If I have grieved you, ladies, I shall now pity you.



VICTIM.

Poor women who have a drunkard for a husband, how I pity you! History tells us of a tyrant *who condemned his victims to be tied to a corpse; thus fastened they expired in the midst of sufferings too horrible to be described. In like manner, the wife of a drunkard, bound to such a being, is condemned to die a slow death in daily contact with him.

What a life hers is, or rather what a death! And what a martyrdom! To get an idea of it one must first have an idea of what a drunkard is. — He is a degraded being; heartless, selfish, and a torturer.

A degraded being. — Upon his countenance — oh! it's long since then, in the smiling days of his youth — there shone the natural brightness of something noble and worthy; his voice, full of sympathy, was strong, and its accents kind and tender; in his manly breast beat a heart that was good and that poured itself out in affectionate and delicate sentiments; his whole person breathed of strength and health. — This was the youth whom the young girl loved. She believed he would make her life's happiness, so she accepted him and became his wife. How she loved him as her young husband! What a pride she took in him! How she delighted to be seen at

his side!.... But alas! A few years pass, and what a change takes place! The husband has become a drunkard; he is a low, sottish creature; an object of disgust and terror to his wife. No longer an air of dignity in face or bearing; no longer the old openness and frankness of look! Gone the brightness of his intellect and his tenderness of heart; and in their place a ruined being, ugly, spiteful, quarrelsome and brutal! O God! Is this the young man of the days gone by? Is this the creation "made to your own image and likeness?"

Well, this being is an egoist! Tyrannised by his passion, he lives only to satisfy it. What matters it to him that his family suffers, that his wife pines away in sorrow at home, that his children have not sufficient to eat? Drink is all he needs! It has steeled his heart, taken the place of his affections! His family counts as nothing; he has no longer any fatherly affection for his little ones; he is an egoist, at the mercy of his degrading passion.

But he is a torturer too! And his victim is his poor wife. Her whole life is a daily martyrdom. She is tortured in body and soul; tortured by her own sufferings and those of her children. And such sufferings too! The dull heavy suffering, unrelieved by hope or consolation.

It would be hard to say in what way, or for what reasons, the husband became a drunkard. But one day he was brought home drunk. It was *the first time*.... What anguish in the heart of his wife! What sorrow to his little children! What consternation!....

They gather around him with tears in their eyes. "Poor man," moans the wife, "how did this happen?... " Papa! cry the little ones, you are bringing shame upon us...." and before their eyes the future rose up dark and threatening.... Was this only a passing mistake.... or was it the *beginning!*.... They knew not; but all that was in their power they made use of, to make the unfortunate understand his danger; tears, prayers, entreaties, tender reproaches; all tended to show him the sorrow he caused his family and the abyss into which he would plunge them if he continued....

The man wept.... Yes, it was the first and it should be the last time.... Never more would he get drunk!...

But alas! This fall had been brought about by causes gradually strengthened and now solidly rooted in his life.... He fell again, then began to fall more frequently and more heavily.... he became a drunkard.

Sorrow entered the home.

The wife's life is ruined for ever. - She is condemned to live with this man, to serve him, to be kind to him, to put up with him, to bear with his whims and even to *love* him!

To love him when he is to her a torturer!

The husband is not in yet, the tired wife cannot sleep. She stays up, anxious and trembling. When the drunkard will return, she must be up to receive him, to wait on him at table, to listen to his insanities, to receive his insults and perhaps his blows.

Even when sober, such a man will be out of temper, quarrelsome and tyrannical. And thus into this household, established for permanent love and peace, misery of every kind soon enters; hunger, cold, sickness, disease, insults, sufferings, shame and despair!

The poor woman's heart is tortured in her children. Their sufferings have a sad echo in her soul. They are tormented through the father's fault, and yet she must try to hide and excuse his conduct to them as far as possible. She must have the courage to teach them to respect and love him, and to pray for him. She is a victim in every way and from every point of view. Her condition as wife and mother condemns her to the state of life-long victim. She no longer lives, or thinks, or speaks, or hopes, or acts, save as a victim.

Surely then, we were right in comparing this woman's condition to that of the wretched creature tied to a corpse, or to that of the convict obliged to drag all his life a heavy weight chained to his foot, for the thought of her martyrdom is always present to her mind and heart. All that she sees and hears recalls and renews her sufferings. The happiness of families where the father is sober reminds her cruelly of the wretchedness of her own home; the cheerfulness of her neighbor's children is like a dart which pierces her heart, for her children are weakly and their young brow is shadowed with sorrow. She hears mothers speaking against drunkards, and this



A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

throws her into a world of sad remembrances and cruel realities.

Her prolonged abjection has made her timid; she no longer dares to show herself on the street; she is afraid and ashamed. It seems to her that everyone despises her. She is constantly in fear lest she meet her husband drunk.

Ah! how little her life resembles the bright life dreamed by her on the morning of her wedding-day!...

"What woman is there that does not recall with the sweetest emotions, the solemn though painful moments when God first deigned to crown her with the dignity of motherhood? Do they not remember it, as if it were yesterday, that hour, when on its return from church, their little angel was brought back to them all glorious with the regenerating waters of baptism?"

To the wife of a drunkard, these joys are unknown; or rather they are changed into bitterness. She dreads the event. She knows only too well that the little child will be born only to misery. Her maternal heart foresees that God cannot fail to avenge someday the father's crime on the child's head; and if maternal instinct did not tell her so, there is modern science to teach her that the child of an alcoholic, bears the marks of the father's physical and moral downfall (1)."

(1) L'abbé Lemmens, Sermons de Tempérance, p. 103.

This is only a sketch of the dark picture that could be painted of the life of a drunkard's wife. The picture could be made infinitely darker and if we give but a sketch of it, it is because it is quite impossible to convey the whole truth to your minds.

Alcohol, in short, destroys the wife's happiness, lays waste the home into which it has entered and causes the poor mother and the little children to suffer and to weep! And these things can be affirmed of all families of drunkards; they are the characteristics in which all drunkard's families resemble. But alcohol, a thousand times more expert in the art of torturing than those cruel tyrants of pagan antiquity who invented unceasingly new torments, alcohol brings an infinite variety of sufferings into the homes that it makes desolate, and there are not two families of drunkards whose miseries are identical. There would be but one means of representing the whole of that misery, it would be to adopt the device made use of by a great king to prevent his son from waging war. He ordered a series of pictures to be made of which each one represented a new sight of the miseries caused by war. Under each picture, the artist had written: "These are the fruits of war."

There was the bloody and terrific sight of a battle in which men were killed, struggling with one another; a field of battle after a fight, thousands of unfortunates lying here and there dead or dying, in confusion; split skulls, breasts torn open, blood everywhere; a burnt

house, and weeping over the ruins a woman surrounded by her poor little children; a wife and orphans mourning; cities laid waste, burned down, men dying of hunger, etc....

In like manner, one would like to gather together all the wives of drunken men and sketch for each the authentic painting of her domestic sufferings;... what an infinitely varied series it would make!... And how heart-rending and harrowing as well as varied!...

But since this is impossible, here at least are a few of these *real* pictures taken from a host of others.

THREE PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I received visits, the other day, from three women, who had asked to speak to a priest.

The three were drunkards' wives.

The first I saw, sobbed heavily. With a shrill voice and a flow of words, and with such earnestness, she related how her husband arrives regularly tipsy at noon and evening; on Saturday it is perfect drunkenness.

"Ah!" I say to him, "If you did not drink, we should be so happy!" — He answers: "What have you to complain of? Have you not all you need?" —

"Father, I would rather eat dry bread and see my husband give up drinking; it would be happiness, whilst now, with abundance, we are unhappy. Ah, Father, if you only knew how hard it is...!"

Yes, it was hard and cruel, and I pitied her with all my heart.

Her husband did not want his habits of intemperance to be known. He has not yet lost all sense of the dignity that his drunkenness debases. At noon to-day, he made a scene accusing her of having revealed his conduct to some neighbors: "Wait till this evening. You shall have your due when I come home. . . ." It was after these vague threats — the first the man had ever uttered — that the unfortunate creature had come to the Fathers to recommend herself to them. Her over-excited imagination, caused her to fear all kinds of calamities. . . . I thought the poor woman was only beginning her misery, and that the scene she apprehended, far from putting an end to it, would be but the opening of a new phase: that of ill-treatment.

The other woman, waiting in the next parlor greeted me with these words: "Here again is a drunkard's wife before you." She had doubtlessly heard the complaints of her neighbor and seen her tears. "My husband," said she, "has without any reason become jealous of me. He talks of killing me. He may do it when he is intoxicated. I am afraid. He thinks of murder. Behold, no later than this morning when rising, he threw himself on our child's bed, and kissing him cried: 'Ah my poor little George! thank God! it is not true, I sudder when I think it might be.' I asked him what was the matter. 'Ah! I dreamed that I killed him. — Say, take that axe

out of the house, hide it; I cannot explain what I feel when I see it. Take it out of my way, I am afraid of it.' "I did not need to be told twice. If he kills some one, it will not be with the axe any way. But you see father, what ideas haunt him. Now, when he is drunk he becomes furious, and jealous. I am afraid he will commit murder. Ah! father, pray that he may become rational."

The unhappy woman told me in confidence that that man was addicted to drink when she married him. Guessing doubtlessly at my thought, and forestalling my remarks, she spoke with such indignation against herself, humbly confessing her fault, that I was sorry all young girls could not be present to see and hear her: "Ah! father, we are all the same, we are *bewitched!* We imagine that after marriage our husband will change. I have two friends who have done as I did. Now they are as unhappy as they can be. Ah! I assure you it is an expiation! Once more, father, pray that some other misfortune may not happen me."

It was all she asked. Resigned to her fate, accustomed to her drunkard, it did not seem that she wished to improve the one or convert the other. Can it be that she has lost all hope!

It was the second time I saw the third person. She had come a week before to confide to me her domestic troubles and her worries. Her husband had abandoned her and his little children a fortnight before. Employed.

in a hotel, he had established himself permanently there since then and he kept for himself the whole of his salary. The wretched man had lost all fatherly feeling.

The mother was in a hopeless condition. Her face showed her anger and anxiety, and well it might. She asked me to pray that the drunkard might fall sick or be the victim of some accident. It is in that way, it seems, that God had already brought him back to repentance. Thus, last year, in an orgy, the drunkard had spilt over himself a saucepan of boiling syrup. The result was: two months in bed, no drink, but tears of repentance, serious reflections and a momentary amendment. "That is just what he would need," said his wife, "an accident or an illness; nothing else can cure him."

"Do try and obtain it from God! You know, father, my position is not pleasant: six little children to provide for, the rent to pay, and not a cent!"

I could easily cite a greater number of these unfortunate cases and relate an almost infinite number of facts like these. It would be too long. Moreover, you need but look around you, and you see the like, and worse perhaps. Yes it is a fact that woman is the victim, the great victim of drink, and that, according to the old proverb, the two most unfortunate beings on earth, are the wife and horse of a drunkard.

I have not described the miseries of the poor beast, the greater number of drunkards having no horse to torture. Mas nearly all of them have a wife !

"Once a drunkard, always a drunkard" is the verdict of good sense and the effect of experience. This is especially true of a young man. If he had not the courage to lead a sober life, when he knew, that his habit of intemperance would surely be an obstacle to his marriage, what is there to refrain him when once he has hold of his prey, and the young woman is irrevocably his till death?

Nothing grieves me more than to hear a newly-married woman complain that her husband neglects her to pass his time in the saloons. Life is but beginning for these two beings, joined together to found a family, and already, one of them is the other's victim — what a hell there is before them,

I feel ready to cry when the unhappy creature confesses that she was aware of the young man's evil passion. Alas, how unfortunate must a young girl be to lack prudence to such a degree!.....

But I am more indignant still against the girl's mother. That a girl be thoughtless, even to this extent, can be understood; but that a mother, a woman who has been married twenty or thirty years, who has seen the world, who has known many families who were made unhappy owing to the husband's intemperance, that a mother, should allow her daughter to marry, even should consent to permit her to keep company with such a young man, that, I cannot understand. Such a mother is insane — she is too stupid to be guilty —but what would be her



A LOVELY WIFE.

crime if she understood her responsibility, and thought of the future to which she condemns her child!

I call such a mother an irresponsible creature or a wretch. I leave her to choose!

These poor young girls! They are easily gulled. One comes and asks me to make a novena for her that she may decide what to do. I understand. It is question of a young man whom the young girl wishes to marry. What is your friend like? Is he a good young man? Naturally he is of the best. — I suppose sobriety is one of his qualities? No, father, he drinks, she says, just as she would say that he was dark or fair. — I am amazed: he drinks, you say? Yes, father, that is why my parents are opposed to my marrying him. — My poor child, thank God for giving you such parents! Are you willing to marry a man addicted to drink? But, father, *I love him!!!.....*

I love him! When a young girl has brought forward this argument, you may just as well keep all yours to yourself. There remains nothing to be done. *I love him!* All you might say will be answered by that cry of the heart: *I love him!*

For the young girl is an impulsive being. Her mind does not draw conclusions; her heart flies from sentiments to conclusions. She has a logic all her own.

I love him! That means: therefore I must be his, and he must be mine.

I love him! is an unanswerable argument.

But he will be a drunkard after he is married.....
I love him! — But you will shed tears and be unhappy.....
I love him! — He will beat you..... *I love him!* — You
are intelligent however..... *I love him!* — But, lastly
..... Father *I love him!*

A young girl one day gave a more astounding answer.

I was told the following story by the parish priest to whom it happened.

Not long ago a young girl went to consult and to take counsel (?) of him, concerning her marriage with a young drunkard.

The pastor tired himself telling her that she would be always unhappy with that man, whom he knew well. He described to her the future in its darkest yet truest colors. He cited examples she had known.

The young girl, with bowed head, seemed to listen and to reflect seriously. The priest thought himself victorious, when suddenly the young lady raised her head and exclaimed: "But, father, it is because he drinks that I love him! It shows he has a heart!"

Let him understand, who can, the dispositions of a young girl who loves!

It is therefore the mother's part to break this fatal spell, and to have intelligence and foresight for two. The young girl will cry, will scold, threaten to die in despair..... She will do nothing of the sort, but will live long enough to thank her mother for her courageous intervention.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.



I may appear to be far from my subject. But, no ! Does not what I have said of your daughters recall to some of you certain remembrances? Did you not once answer those around you: "*But I love him?*" Do you still love him, that man who makes you so unhappy? Alas how cruelly you atone for the mistake of your young days! Your suffering is too great for me to say: you deserved it, but I cannot refrain from saying that you must not be astonished if having married a drunkard, he continues to be such. Your home is a hell on earth, and who is to blame for it?

This is one way in which a woman may be the cause of her own misfortune. There is still another; for it often happens that the wife drives her husband to the saloon. Oh, she does not realize it!

How many women seem born to make their husbands either drunkards or saints! Unfortunately they choose to be drunkards, as that is the easier.

The drunkard is sober the first months he is married. Why does the wife not profit by her influence over him to bind him to his home, by making him love and long for it? She has many means of success at her disposal: her affection, her good temper, order and cleanliness, good housekeeping, good cooking, the sincere, enlightened and loveable piety which ought to be her most beautiful adornment, a thousand delicate attentions which she can show her husband in order to keep him sober forever. Far from this in many cases she lacks intelli-

gence, tack and religion ; she does not see that the future of her home depends on herself. Her conduct is the very opposite of what it should be. She brings on her own misfortunes. The husband would be kept to his duty, even after his love had grown cold, by the conduct I have described, but he is disheartened by his wife's many faults, and the vexations she obliges him to undergo. By her way of acting she compels her husband to lose his love of home ; soon, he dislikes it ; he is tormented by all he sees and hears ; and his first care is to stay at home as rarely as possible, and as little time as he can. Where is he to go ? To his club, to see his friends, or to the saloon, according to his social standing or to circumstances. To go to the club or to the saloon, to be among certain friends and not to drink is out of the question. The man who loves his club or the saloon or his friends more than his home, is certainly on the way to become a drunkard.

The wife has driven her husband to the saloon. He is no longer hers, he belongs body and soul to a terrible rival, the bottle ; and very adroit will she be if she succeeds in winning his heart again.

It would be unjust and cruel to lay the blame of the misdemeanour of all drunkards on the shoulders of their wives. I know many women endowed with every womanly virtue, and ready to do anything for their husband's happiness, and still the head of the family is a toper.

These are victims, martyrs. They could easily become saints. Their virtue is a source of admiration to me.

It remains true, nevertheless that the wife, victim of the husband's intemperance is very often the direct and sole culprit, and in most cases a partial cause of her unhappiness. It is to this point that I wished to draw my readers' attention. Woman understands this truth, as little as she understands the important part she has to play in the fight against intemperance, on which subject it will be my pleasure to speak a little further on.

THE EFFECTS OF PARENTS' INTEMPERANCE
ON THE CHILDREN.

MOTHERS who have families, I am convinced, will give up all use of intoxicants once they have read this chapter. You, who perhaps have to suffer the ravages of strong liquor in a husband what will you say, when I assure you that your are, unwittingly I quite believe, alcoholizing your own children? How that? You will ask. By certain abuses common to the generality of women.

I am informed that in certain quarters of the city, more precisely in certain lanes, (which I could well name) and in which the poorer classes live, whilst the men are at work (?), the women meet now at one's house, now at another's, and spend their time drinking beer or whiskey, and playing cards. Here is intemperance indeed! These women bring on themselves the dreadful curse of Alcoholism, and still they bring forth children into this world? What can one expect such children to be? I do not think that this little book will ever fall into the hands of these jades, and if it did, they could not read it. I wish to speak to you, ladies, who, whilst you would not, for all the world, indulge in such practices, or form such low habits, yet are

nevertheless given to others which are *almost as harmful* to your descendants.

There is, to begin with, the habit, which has now become popular, of taking a little strong drink at certain times. The husband often, willingly encourages this practice; under pretence of the established custom, and through sympathy for his wife, he often procures the deadly drink. For months, aye, for years, the mother makes an almost daily use of liquor or of strong beer; and the tender flesh of the little being gradually taking shape under the eyes of God, each day is, as it were, bathed in alcohol, and developed in an atmosphere reeking with poisonous fumes. How could the little creature escape the marked effects of its injurious environment? Medical science declares that the child is infected by the mother's alcoholism, and must suffer from it.

For, — as you know, yet it is good to remind you,— alcohol is a poison. Hence all strong drink is poison, as alcohol is its chief ingredient. All authorities in the matter, all physicians affirm that alcohol and strong drink are poisonous; and experience, with still greater cogency, proclaims the truth of their assertion, by the sad facts it brings to view: infirmities, sickness, ruined constitutions, premature and sometimes sudden death.

That which both attests and emphasizes the *terrible law of hereditary alcoholism*, is the close observation of men of science, in the matter of parental alcoholism.

studied in its effects upon the child. Thus the *Quarterly Journal of Sobriety* published some time ago a comparative statement of the condition of the descendants of twelve temperate and twelve intemperate families, from observations of Dr. Demne, physician of the children's hospital at Berne, who has consecrated twenty-eight years of his life to the study of the alcoholic problem. The following table gives the results of the inquiry:

	CHILDREN OF	
	Intemperate parents.	Temperate parents.
Died in infancy.....	12.....	5.....
Deaf and Dumb.....	2.....	0.....
Idiotic.....	8.....	2.....
Suffering from St. Vitus's Dance	2.....	0.....
Epileptic.....	13.....	0.....
Deformed.....	3.....	2.....
Dwarfs.....	5.....	0.....
Hereditary Drunkards.....	5.....	0.....
Sound of Body and mind.....	9.....	50.....
	59	59

Hence out of one hundred children of intemperate fathers (and mothers), fifteen only are born healthy and normal, fifteen only win in the struggle for life, whereas, out of one hundred children of temperate parents eighty-five are normally constituted. (1)

(1) Louis Frank, *La femme contre l'alcool*, Paris 1897, pp. 15-17.

I do not say, ladies, that the practice which I have denounced, has such a disastrous effect upon your descendants; but in conjunction with others, I have yet to mention, no one can deny that its *result is most pernicious*.

The fact is that whilst the mother suckles her child, she still continues to use stimulants, in order to recruit her strength. What is the consequence? It has been scientifically proved, that the alcohol mixes with the milk, and that the child feeds itself on alcohol and milk! whence arrives convulsions, and sometimes the infant's sudden death.

A final practice: "Is it not a fact that with or without reason, the child in the cradle is dosed with alcohol, one way or another? The baby cries, and the mother is busy, at once a little "drop"! It writhes; or suffers from diarrhœa; it is teething, and so, must receive a little sweetened wine, or more often, whiskey.

I do not admit, ladies, that this practice quiets the child, save inasmuch as it sleeps, overcome by what has been given it." (1)

Often the child is given soothing syrups. What is to be said of soothing syrups. — "The Child's Friend," "The Nurse's Treasure," etc., of all kinds of patent medicines, of every name and description, with which babies are physiced? They are very dangerous and when they do

(1) Edm. Rousseau. *Alcool et Alcoolisme*, 2nd Ed., p. 158.

not contain alcohol, they are made up of something far worse — poisonous narcotics. (1)

Such are the disastrous practices of many mothers, who then grieve that their children are pale, weakly, ill-grown, that they suffer from convulsions, eczema, and so forth. They wonder that at five and six years of age the child's eyes sparkle at the sight of drink, that it cries for some when it is poured out before it, that it steals it; that it drains the glasses when the visitors are gone. Ignorant mother! that child has been alcoholised by you! You have sown in that little creature the seeds of the diseases, that afflict your heart, and sadden your sleepless nights. You have implanted in its nature the taste for, almost the need of, strong drink; a taste and a need that will increase with years, and may make a drunkard of him.

(1) Mothers, in place of alcohol and narcotics, and with the same end in view gorge their babies with milk. "Instead of water, which is of such benefit to the nursing, the baby is saturated with milk. If it cries, it is given the breast, if it has the colic, it must take milk, if it is feverish, milk is again a remedy; if it vomits the milk curdled, it is made to swallow more milk; if the milk passes undigested through the bowels, it is forced to take more milk.

Poor little things! Would that you could speak to the poor innocent creatures who kill you, in the effort to cure; would that you could cry out to them: for mercy sake, take away this milk, which I cannot digest, which gives me the colic, which brings on the fever and which kills me! I thirst for

It has cost me a great deal to write this chapter, which has every appearance of an arraignment of a great number of mothers. And even now that it is written, I feel the need of falling back on the authority of the doctors, on whom I leave all responsibility for such terrible assertions. I could not better close this chapter on the ravages caused by parental alcoholism on children, than by citing once again the author already quoted, (1) "Oh ! I know that the care a child demands, is sometimes trying. When I see a young mother, slender, pale and delicate, who, night after night, is obliged to nurse a heavy baby, and

(1) Edm. Rousseau. "Alcool et alcoolisme", p. 159 and following.

pure fresh water, that would allay my fever, would help me to make water, to perspire, and would cleanse my intestines. Like a young plant, I need little food and much water, to reach maturity.

Give water at all seasons, but especially in summer; give plenty of water to little children; bathe them frequently; in a word make an abundant use of water both for interior and exterior treatment, and diarrhœa, like other ailments, need seldom be feared."

Dr J. P. Gadbois, in "Le Soleil" 28 August 1906.

The heat of the summer causes a great number of deaths among children. The practical application of these counsels will perhaps save the lives of a few of these little unfortunates --and the hope of such a reward is the excuse I prefer, for having exceeded the limits of my subject.

A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.



that after a day's hard work, she has my heartfelt sympathy and sincere admiration. Yes I admire her, but God blesses her, gives her the necessary strength and courage and prepares a beautiful crown for her. But I execrate and despise the women — too numerous, unfortunately — who through want of attention or sloth, in order that their rest or pleasure may not be interfered with, resort to the criminal measures I have set forth, and do not hesitate to expose their children,— nay, their whole race, to a life of abjectness and shame.

Christian mothers, I entreat you in the name of what you hold dearest to you, so long as it is in your power to prevent it, never permit alcohol, under any form whatsoever, to cross your children's lips, and banish from your homes the medicines that alcoholise them little by little, and make them drunkards at the age of fifteen .

Your rest will probably be broken; you will have to sacrifice many pleasures, but in return, you will one day doubtless rejoice to hear your child say, what the great German poet Goethe said of his mother: "She was the holiest, the most loveable of women!" "



WHAT WOMAN COULD! IF WOMAN WOULD!

WOMAN has an important part to play in the war against intemperance. She it is that must devote herself entirely to the cause, and man's share is only to point out to her, her mission, her power, and to encourage her in her strife. Here are the reasons for the great part woman has to play.

- 1.—Naturally and habitually she is temperate. Moreover, as it is her home that must suffer from the scourge of drink, she is its born enemy.
- 2.—Temperance work to be successful needs an apostolate, which by its nature and its continuity, devolves upon woman.
- 3.—The campaign against alcohol is, after all, but a step towards the moral improvement of man. Divine Providence has confided this charge to woman.

These reasons may be summed up thus: Woman has to be the apostle of temperance, because she is a woman.

To the War then!

The first reason of woman's beautiful role in the temperance Crusade is her sobriety. I, in no way, retract what I said in another part of this work, that there were

women who were drunkards. But they are comparatively so few, that I was forced to prove, that there were such ignoble beings. It is altogether useless to prove the existence of men who are drunkards. There are, thank God, but very few women addicted to drink.

Happily, Providence seems to have created woman with a natural antipathy for alcohol. What would become of society if woman had the same propensity for liquor as man? It would be the ruin of every family tie, and the extermination of the human race!

We count on woman's aid then, because she has a natural hatred for intemperance.

By way of comparison: Whom does a sovereign ask to fight his battles? Is it the subjects and soldiers of his enemies? — Absurd, you say. Exactly. To whom then does temperance appeal for help to establish its rule? to the subjects of *King Alcohol*? to his warriors; to men? Absurd! — As a sovereign relies upon his subjects for defence, so does the cause of temperance count upon you, ladies, to wage its battles, to establish and to consolidate its beneficial reign.

On what arm does a country lean, on one made weak by sickness? No! on the arm that is sound and vigorous. Now drink has sapped man's moral strength. Woman whose strength is unimpaired, who has no liking for alcohol, is better suited than man, for the battle of temperance.

Body and soul, she belongs to it. It will be an easier task for her than for man, to propagate the idea, the esteem, and the practice of the virtue of Temperance.

Sobriety will be her strength and the pledge of her success. We work with all our heart only for a cause we love, we preach most zealously the doctrine we practise.

Even when they would like to take up arms against this evil, men are very often rendered helpless by their secret tendency to give way to this vice themselves. They are not bold enough to attack the saloon-keepers, and consequently they are connivent at the evil committed. Are they not often the partisans of alcohol? And does not the struggle for temperance for the most part consist in snatching them from the terrible hold of this infernal enemy?

Woman is free from this disastrous and humiliating slavery, consequently in all freedom she stands against her enemy, ready to fight till death.

For if man is sober, are you not the beneficiaries? And when the missionaries strive to convince men, that sobriety is a virtue they should practise, is it not for your happiness, that they are working? We know you are grateful, but we beg of you, in return to understand your own interests, to take them to heart, and to help us to the best of your ability.

But you do not need to be urged on. It would indeed be strange if woman took no interest in this matter, or if she

refused to foster and encourage the habit of temperance in her home.

The name of liquor alone should be enough for you ; and to hear it mentioned, should be sufficient to make you rise up in arms against such a dreadful enemy.

Drunkenness in a man means an unhappy wife, wretched children, and a ruined home. I think it useless to insist upon this point. Recall to mind what has already been said on the subject ; add to it the particulars of your own misfortunes, if your husband is a drunkard, and make up your mind to lend a helping hand to the cause of temperance. With your help victory is ours. What woman wills, God wills! This will be fully exemplified in the following incident.

"Mrs Hunt, an American lady was left a widow with only one son. Her whole attention was given to his training. In a short time, she fully understood the dangers to which alcohol exposed the lad, who was her only consolation in this world, and her thoughts wandered to other children and other mothers. She began a league for women, and today no less than 16,000,000 children have been saved through the efforts of this same lady.

Another American woman, Miss Frances Willard, undertook to form another women's anti-alcoholic league. At her death, the society she had founded possessed a fund of several million dollars, four newspapers, a budget of one million, ten thousand unions, and a membership of four hundred thousand, all women.

No man has ever done so much as these women !

It is quite natural and according to reason" (1).

In Montreal a branch of this great woman's society exists. I am not in a position to give an appreciation of the part it plays, or of the degree of its success. I only know that it is very active, and consequently has a claim to the gratitude of the apostles of temperance. Do I ask you to follow the example here given, to found women's leagues, and other social works of temperance? I am not opposed to it, and there is something to be done in this respect; but the matter calls for much thought, before it can be put into execution. This can only be the work of a few. The apostolate which all, without exception can exercise, is the hidden, quiet apostolate *at home*.

(1) *La femme contre l'alcool*, a french leaflet for propaganda. The annual report of the American Woman's society of temperance, whose headquarters are in Chicago forms a volume of near 600 pages.



WOMEN, DEFEND YOUR HOMES.

expression, that truth had to become woman to become known, and to take root in the world." (1)

Man may resist the zeal of another man; he will not, he cannot, resist the zeal of a woman. She knows well how to be an apostle! She is so unoffending, so determined! God has created her to be an apostle.

If woman keeps to the front her anti-alcoholic ideas and feelings, they will soon penetrate into the mind and the heart, the will and the strength of men. The habit of temperance, obstinately suggested, will at last become deeply rooted forever in the conduct of the father, the husband, the son. It will take months, years, but what does that matter? Or rather it matters greatly, for woman alone, whom nature has endowed with a power of conviction, is in close relation, in daily contact with those in whose hearts she has to implant these same convictions: with *the father, the husband, the son.*

You can't separate the man from his family; his intemperance branches into all those habits, customs which make up the family life. Intemperance is not only — I was going to say, principally — the habit of drink, but it is also that conglomeration of moral weaknesses and domestic miseries, infinitely varied, which being the fruits of drunkenness, constitute the domestic circle in which the drunkard and his family, the executioner and his victims move. Hence it is evident that to try to treat drunkenness

(1) P. Caussette, *Entretiens avec Marthe*, XIV.

by exterior applications is a waste of time, and a sign that we do not know the nature of the disease. A leaven of regeneration must be introduced, and applied to the very core of this mass of domestic miseries; it must be treated from the interior; the remedy must work from the heart of the evil outwards; and woman alone is capable of applying the internal remedy. If this disease which manifests itself in so many forms, be treated in any other way, the effect will only be the same as treating a person for headache which is generally only the symptom of some far more serious illness. That Alcoholism is a domestic question is shown from other considerations. The family is the arena where are discussed the interests of any member of the family who may be addicted to drink: it is the reserved field of the practical fight; the tribunal where finally the cause of temperance will be presented, pleaded and judged. Yes, it is a complex question from whatever stand-point it may be considered. When a man gives up intemperance, he not only renounces drink, but also his inveterate habits, and social companions, he must overcome the thousand and one occasions of fall, his old customs, human respect, inclinations: it is therefore clear that woman, more interested than man in the felicitous issue of the question, must help him, by jealous vigilance and daily succor, vigilance and succor, so proper to the family that they cannot be analysed by any exterior agency. Exterior remedies can only touch a point of the circle called the family and cannot penetrate

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.



it. But let the remedy start from the centre, then it will spread all over the circle and will reach every point. Woman's efforts and influence is the remedy which starts from the centre of the family circle. Woman, you are guilty when you will not learn, understand your role or admit your powerful influence! yes, guilty, but more foolish than guilty, if knowing your power you will not use it. You will be the first victim of your inaction, and this will be your first punishment: your children will be the second victims and this will be your second punishment. Woman if you betray us, all is lost. Your goodwill, wives, mothers, daughters, will encourage the apostles of temperance. You are the first apostles; take up then your role, and we will take the rank of helpers, devoted to the cause, but less powerful than you. This is our hope, and the grand reward of our efforts to give you notice of your powerful mission.



THE MORALIZER.

WHEN we consider the question of anti-alcoholism as a work of moral improvement, we consider it in its true light, and the more we give it our attention the greater and nobler it becomes.

Let man become more religious, more moral; let his mind and will be nourished by the thoughts of what is heavenly, let his conduct be more in accordance with the christian code, let him be more attentive to his church, let him love and fear God, and above all pray to Him, in a word, let him become more religious and more moral, and then ladies, drunkards, tiplers and saloon will disappear, and the anti-alcoholic question will be solved.

Tell me, why do men drink? Simply because they are not christian enough.....

Have you ever found a true christian, a man with religious principle, to be a drunkard, or a tipler? No, the love of God, the spirit of penance and piety. upon which christian life is based, are in direct opposition to intemperance.

Drunkards and toppers are only to be found among such men as have no spirit of faith, no piety: for whom religious practices are of no consequence; who are not imbued with the love of penance or the fear of God. If these virtues

still exist in their hearts, they have but a feeble influence on their lives. Without doubt, drink helps in a great measure to deprive its victims of all christian principle; but already, before a man begins to drink, and the reason why he begins to drink, is, that he is no longer animated by the thought of God.

Many causes lead a man to the saloon. The taste for liquor, the seductions of comrades, the many attractions that the hotels offer in order to entice him, to keep him there, and to bring him back; the daily trials of life; the worries of family life, which he either seeks to forget or to take in good cheer — and what not? The causes are as numerous as the drunkards, and as varied as life itself. But, I ask, would this man give way to his inclination to drink, if he were actuated with a greater spirit of selfdenial ?

If this man were proud enough of his faith, and sufficiently aware of his dignity of christian and the obligations it imposes, to scorn the invitation of bad company, to be above gibes and sneers, he would not follow such companions to the saloon, he would not associate with such people, or accept the bottle or the glass so importunately profered him.

If he were guided by religious principle would he seek for consolation in sorrow, for forgetfulness of his misfortunes, in a tavern? He would go to church, to Holy Communion, to the foot of the Cross.

Again if man were more penetrated with the knowledge of his duties of husband and father, would he seek respite from his family worries in liquor. No! for his religion would tell him, to bear these trials, and in order to bear them well, to ask God's aid. Keep from drink, for you have to be temperate for your wife's sake and for the sake of your children.

If, lastly, this man, whom the craze for drink holds spell bound, would let his gaze dwell more frequently and longer upon his Crucified Saviour, if he loved his divine Lord Jesus Christ, if he were animated with the desire to be like unto Him in some way, if he understood the great lesson of self denial and penance that Jesus teaches from his Cross, if this man's life were more intensely vivified by these supernatural thoughts, do you believe that he would give way to his sensual, unchristian inclinations? Do you think he would allow himself to be drawn by the seductions of the saloon, and by the loose talk that is heard there? Can you imagine him stooping to the base sensuality of intemperance?

Religion then is the greatest preventive of intemperance as well as its best cure. Let men be truly religious, and intemperance will take flight. But try what you will to make them temperate, if you do not strive to make them better christians, all your efforts will be in vain. It is not alcohol that must be conquered and stamped out, it is man's passion for alcohol, and this passion can only be subdued

by religion. To take an example. In France, they have waged war against liquor for years past. No stone has been left unturned by men of talent, and men of action; one means only has been discarded, and that was religion. What is the result? None or very little, so far as the workingman or the bulk of the people is concerned. Read the reports of the European anti-alcoholic Congresses, read the report of the first national Congress against alcoholism, held in France (1903) and you will be edified to see how fruitless, the war against alcoholism and every effort for the betterment of society, have been, where the religious element is left aside. My introduction has been long, before I confide to you, ladies, this work of christian and moral improvement. But it was necessary to show you first of all, where the solution of the alcoholic problem was to be found.

Are we wrong then, ladies, in charging you with a great share in this task?

You are better christians and more moral than man, and I may add that, it may be by instinct, or by temperament, but in any case, providentially and fortunately, you are moralizers.

God wills it so, it is the mission He has confided to you, and for which He has so admirably inclined your nature.

"When about to create woman, at the beginning of the world, God said: It is not good for man to be alone,



WHAT COMES FROM TRYING.

let us make him a helpmate like unto himself. *Non est bonum homini esse solum, faciamus ei adjutorium simile sibi. Gen. II.*, by these words, by which He established a law of social order, He made woman man's helpmate, not only in all that appertains to his material wants, but also in everything that regards his spiritual needs. Hence it is woman's duty to take care of man's soul, to edify him by her example, to better him by her holy inspirations, to sanctify him by her virtues. Her aim in life must be, to work out his salvation, this is her mission, her ministry, her glory, her grandeur, her dignity. Also, in God's designs, woman has been charged with a religious delegation, I was going to say, religious consecration. She is as it were, *the priest of the family*, just as man is its king." (1)

Let us again listen to the same author :

"It is the pious, pure, good, prudent, devoted woman, in one word the catholic woman, who as mother christianizes man, her child; who as daughter, edifies man, her father; as sister, improves man, her brother; who as wife, sanctifies man, her husband. She is the shining light of which the Gospel speaks, which set up in the home, sheds about her unceasingly in the house the light of faith, and brightens all that dwell therein. *Accendant lucernam, et pronunt eam super candelabrum, ut luceat*

(1) P. Ventura, *Apostolat de la femme catholique*. Avant-propos. p. XIII.

omnibus qui in domo sunt. Math., V. She is the mysterious salt mentioned in Holy Writ, which preserves the family from corruption: *Vos estis sal terræ, (ibid).* She is that vase of heavenly perfumes spoken of by St. Paul, that sheds about it, the sweet odor of Jesus Christ: *Christi bonus odor sumus, II Cor., II (2).*

The plan of this work prevents me from writing more. I wish only to recall to your memories that you are, Ladies, better than men, and that you are by nature and by character, the moralizers of the home.

You consequently know why we count on you, and how it is that a great portion of the work of the apostles of temperance, is achieved, when we have warned you of what your duty is, and when we have made you ready to do whatever that duty imposes upon you. Make your homes holier, then a great step towards temperance will have been taken.

Ah young girls, wives, mothers, if you knew what influence you have, but above all if you were ready to exercise that influence!.....

The example of a solidly pious life, manifested in a serious and regulated behaviour, by an amiable countenance, an ever sweet temper, a zeal prompt to use every means to infuse piety into all that come under your beneficent influence..... all these qualities you have at your disposal, and these are the good points on which we count.

(2) P. Ventura, loc. cit., p. 11.



A BOUQUET OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

You wish, my dear women, clear and concise directions for a good life? Here they are:

To Young Girls

Be pious, virtuous and reserved. Initiate yourselves into the care of the home, into the manner of keeping it well. Learn how to prepare a good meal.

Study the young man who pays attention to you, and never, under any consideration, confide your future and your happiness into the hands of a young man who drinks.

To Wives

Be virtuous, having the true piety, enlightened, discreet, and charitable which will make your husband happy.

You have children? Search out and correct their faults rather than conceal them. It is best for them that you should do so.

Have an even temper; do not speak of your little vexations; console yourself at the foot of the Cross.

Always keep your home in order. The fireside should have a cheerful aspect pleasing to the eye. And keep yourself always tidy.

Hide from your husband the unavoidable confusion of the household. Show that you are proud of him, happy and thankful for his devotion. Do not forget that the time he passes at home should be his time of rest, of relaxation, and of happy family intimacy. Develope by every means the spirit of family affection.

Do not spend money uselessly; economise, and induce your husband to put something in a savings bank.

Make harmless, pleasant beverages, which should take the place of strong drink at your fireside. One cannot turn easily from strong drink to these beverages, but, on the contrary, your husband, so well treated, will not turn from them to strong drink.

Yes, your husband, well nourished, well cared for, will return with pleasure to the fireside, attracted by the woman who is always loved because she has learned to be always amiable.

Persuade your husband and children to join total abstinence societies, and enter one yourself. Subscribe for a temperance publication, and read it to your family.

IF YOUR HUSBAND IS GIVEN TO DRINK.

Seek, first of all, to discover the cause. It will be a much easier fight if you regulate your tactics according to the cause.

Never violently reproach a drunken man. It is lost labor, and will only make him worse. When he is perfectly sober, speak to him kindly; appeal to his good

qualities. Tell him the misery he will bring on his family, the suffering he is preparing for them, etc. And as a contrast, picture the happiness which reigned in the home when drink was absent.

Never, never give him money for drink. Do not allow drink in the house. If he brings it in, throw it out. He will be angry, but he will not bring it in again.

If you can, hide the misfortune of their father from your children, for if they pity him they will cease to respect him.

Pray, pray, pray patiently: offer your sufferings to God for the conversion of the unfortunate.

To Mothers

See to the anti-alcoholic education of your children. Inspire them with a lively horror for drink and drunkenness. Teach them that drink can do no good, and brings nothing but misfortune to those who touch it; that the road to drunkenness is a declining one, and once they go upon it they will all too likely stay until they reach the abyss; that those who commence by taking a glass once in a while gradually increase the dose.

If the father drinks, show the children, prudently, the sad example before their eyes, in an endeavor to warn them against the vice. Discourage in every way their connection with bad companions, or with those inclined to drink.

Never offer drink to children; let them grow up in total ignorance of the fatal beverage.

Without inspiring them with a love of money, encourage them in habits of economy. Bring them up in the fear of God. If they understand their dignity as Christians, they will know the respect they should have for soul and body. If they are pious, virtuous, and full of respect for their parents, it is all the more guarantee that they will remain sober.

How many women are there whose lives are so ordered?

IF WOMAN WOULD

*Take in hand the temperance cause,
The cause would be in good hands. . .*

*Become the opiate in the home circles
Man would remain or at least become
temperate. . .*

*Strive, by good example, to make her father,
husband, sons and brother, more God-fearing,
He would indeed become more religious and
would never become a drunkard. . .*

*Put into practice the "Bouquet of good resolu-
tions",*

*She would be happy and God would bless her
home. . .*

Would that I could conclude.

WOMAN WILL !

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ROOM 10-A
SHELF

R. F. HUGOLIN, O. F. M.

If Woman Knew!

If Woman Cared!

Woman Against Intemperance.

MONTREAL
1909.



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PREFACE.

Wives, mothers, young ladies, these are a few pages expressly written for you. You will find herein some considerations evoked by this idea : Woman and Drink.

What was it that gave me the thought of writing this booklet ? Your troubles and my wish to lighten them ; your condition, which necessitates in you the virtue of sobriety ; but above all the conviction, which has gathered strength with my experience as a temperance preacher, conviction I may express as follows : the success depends on three elements, two of which are : the work of the priest, and the work of the woman. The priest's help is assured, but that of the woman as yet is to be obtained... When you will have read these pages you will, I hope, agree with me in saying that you are necessary in the work of temperance, and then you will be animated with the one desire : to battle side by side with the priest to make our people a temperate nation.

F. HUGOLIN, O. F. M.



WOMEN DRUNKARDS.

WHAT an ugly subject, — the least important however of those I shall have to treat, — so let us get rid of it immediately, if you are willing.

“Are there women drunkards?” — “Yes,” — I am forced to answer, while I blush with you, “there are women drunkards.” One proof only, but an unanswerable one. During the year 1903, the last for which I have the official statistics, there were 16,532 condemnations for drunkenness in Canada, out of which, would you believe it, 1,777 were pronounced against women. 1,777! 1,777 women picked up drunk in the streets! For here public drunkenness only is in question. But of secret drunkenness known to God alone!... We should no longer write 1,777, but thousands and thousands! For indeed woman's bashfulness and a certain instinct which tells woman that in her, intemperance is a monstrosity, cause her to hide, in order to give way to this degrading passion.

How it does degrade woman!

It is repugnant to me to insist upon this sad subject. Listen, pray, to a physician and moralist, who will tell you all that needs be told of the woman drunkard.

"The greedy woman is a disgrace; the woman addicted to drink is vile. We do not wish to contemplate for long the degradation into which a few women sink. As Christians, we shall stretch a helping hand to raise them up, while we turn our eyes away; as men and artists, we should tread them under foot or take flight. "

Never did we feel so sad as at the sight of a woman in the state of intoxication, disgustingly obscene, and followed by the jeers of the mob and the shouts of children.

We can very well account for the tears of a maiden, as she drew near to us, at the sight of this miserable wretch. No, dear child there was nothing womanly in that hideous creature. Fear not, nothing like you could be found in her...

Women always go to extremes. When they give way to drink, they fall into the most awful degradation. This degradation is all the more apparent as their nature was the more antagonistic to this vice which debases them. They drink brandy, and give themselves up to the most deplorable excesses. In the state of intoxication, they manifest much more promptly than man, all that they feel, all that they think. Fallen from a higher position, that is, from all the charms of modesty, and the mysterious beauties of the heart God has given them, they are revoltingly obscene.

When a woman falls into that vice there is nothing left. If she has a husband and children, she is for them a living plague; if she is alone, so much the better, but



WOMEN DRUNKARDS.

she will never be forgiven but by God alone, never will friendship or love return to honor a brow thus defiled.

We shall have many opportunities in the following pages to shed tears over the falls and the miseries of woman. Here, we cannot even feel pity; we feel but disgust. It seems that when a woman is a drunkard, she becomes so degraded, so vile that she has no right to anything, not even to contempt. There is nothing left in her, neither soul nor heart (1)."

A priest who has written a book on drunkenness, quotes the above, and then adds the following example: — "I remember, that when still a young priest I was summoned to attend a sick person. As I entered the house, I shrank back terrified. I saw, lying on the floor, a wretched woman covered with filthy rags, her hair was in disorder, and her oppressed breathing was fearful to hear.

Four or five poor little children were sobbing around her. It was their mother, and she was dead-drunk! It was the first time in my life that I saw a mother in a state of intoxication, and truly, the sight disheartened me. After addressing a few words to the afflicted children of this vile woman, I retired under the most painful impression I have ever felt. (2)"

(1) Dr. Bélouino, *La Femme*, pp. 304-306.

(2) Abbé Mailloux. *L'ivrognerie est l'œuvre du démon*, etc., p. 43.

Quick, let us end this ugly chapter, and turn away our eyes from these horrors. Moreover my sole object in speaking of drunkenness among women was to inspire you all with such a horror of this vice that none of you could ever be won over to it. Need I add that all the posterity of a woman who drinks may suffer from the maternal vice? This consideration should be all powerful to a mother's heart. Here is an example chosen out of many: —

Ada Jurke, a drunkard, born in 1740, died in the beginning of last century; her posterity is of 843 individuals. Out of 708 that have been traced, are numbered.

106 illegitimate children;
142 beggars;
64 in hospitals;
81 prostitutes;
76 criminals of which 7 were murderers.

The greater number are degenerates, that is to say, diseased in mind and body. In the space of 75 years, this family has cost the state the sum of one million dollars, spent in hospitals, asylums, jails (1)."

But let us say no more of the woman drunkard, especially as her case which is found but seldom in cities, is almost unknown in country-places. Woman is chiefly a victim of drink; she does not generally drink, but has too often a drunkard for husband. If I have grieved you, ladies, I shall now pity you.



VICTIM.

Poor women who have a drunkard for a husband, how I pity you! History tells us of a tyrant *who condemned his victims to be tied to a corpse; thus fastened they expired in the midst of sufferings too horrible to be described. In like manner, the wife of a drunkard, bound to such a being, is condemned to die a slow death in daily contact with him.

What a life hers is, or rather what a death! And what a martyrdom! To get an idea of it one must first have an idea of what a drunkard is. — He is a degraded being; heartless, selfish, and a torturer.

A degraded being. — Upon his countenance — oh! it's long since then, in the smiling days of his youth — there shone the natural brightness of something noble and worthy; his voice, full of sympathy, was strong, and its accents kind and tender; in his manly breast beat a heart that was good and that poured itself out in affectionate and delicate sentiments; his whole person breathed of strength and health. — This was the youth whom the young girl loved. She believed he would make her life's happiness, so she accepted him and became his wife. How she loved him as her young husband! What a pride she took in him! How she delighted to be seen at

his side!.... But alas! A few years pass, and what a change takes place! The husband has become a drunkard; he is a low, sottish creature; an object of disgust and terror to his wife. No longer an air of dignity in face or bearing; no longer the old openness and frankness of look! Gone the brightness of his intellect and his tenderness of heart; and in their place a ruined being, ugly, spiteful, quarrelsome and brutal! O God! Is this the young man of the days gone by? Is this the creation "made to your own image and likeness?"

Well, this being is an egoist! Tyrannised by his passion, he lives only to satisfy it. What matters it to him that his family suffers, that his wife pines away in sorrow at home, that his children have not sufficient to eat? Drink is all he needs! It has steeled his heart, taken the place of his affections! His family counts as nothing; he has no longer any fatherly affection for his little ones; he is an egoist, at the mercy of his degrading passion.

But he is a torturer too! And his victim is his poor wife. Her whole life is a daily martyrdom. She is tortured in body and soul; tortured by her own sufferings and those of her children. And such sufferings too! The dull heavy suffering, unrelieved by hope or consolation.

It would be hard to say in what way, or for what reasons, the husband became a drunkard. But one day he was brought home drunk. It was *the first time*.... What anguish in the heart of his wife! What sorrow to his little children! What consternation!....

They gather around him with tears in their eyes. "Poor man," moans the wife, "how did this happen?... " Papa! cry the little ones, you are bringing shame upon us...." and before their eyes the future rose up dark and threatening.... Was this only a passing mistake.... or was it the *beginning!*..... They knew not; but all that was in their power they made use of, to make the unfortunate understand his danger; tears, prayers, entreaties, tender reproaches; all tended to show him the sorrow he caused his family and the abyss into which he would plunge them if he continued.....

The man wept.... Yes, it was the first and it should be the last time.... Never more would he get drunk!...

But alas! This fall had been brought about by causes gradually strengthened and now solidly rooted in his life..... He fell again, then began to fall more frequently and more heavily.... he became a drunkard.

Sorrow entered the home.

The wife's life is ruined for ever. - She is condemned to live with this man, to serve him, to be kind to him, to put up with him, to bear with his whims and even to *love* him!

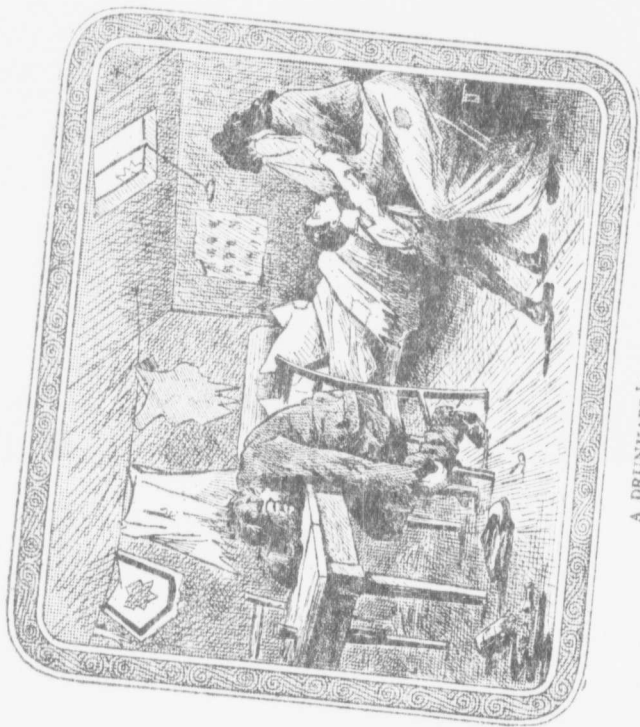
To love him when he is to her a torturer!

The husband is not in yet, the tired wife cannot sleep. She stays up, anxious and trembling. When the drunkard will return, she must be up to receive him, to wait on him at table, to listen to his insanities, to receive his insults and perhaps his blows.

Even when sober, such a man will be out of temper, quarrelsome and tyrannical. And thus into this household, established for permanent love and peace, misery of every kind soon enters; hunger, cold, sickness, disease, insults, sufferings, shame and despair!

The poor woman's heart is tortured in her children. Their sufferings have a sad echo in her soul. They are tormented through the father's fault, and yet she must try to hide and excuse his conduct to them as far as possible. She must have the courage to teach them to respect and love him, and to pray for him. She is a victim in every way and from every point of view. Her condition as wife and mother condemns her to the state of life-long victim. She no longer lives, or thinks, or speaks, or hopes, or acts, save as a victim.

Surely then, we were right in comparing this woman's condition to that of the wretched creature tied to a corpse, or to that of the convict obliged to drag all his life a heavy weight chained to his foot, for the thought of her martyrdom is always present to her mind and heart. All that she sees and hears recalls and renews her sufferings. The happiness of families where the father is sober reminds her cruelly of the wretchedness of her own home; the cheerfulness of her neighbor's children is like a dart which pierces her heart, for her children are weakly and their young brow is shadowed with sorrow. She hears mothers speaking against drunkards, and this



A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

throws her into a world of sad remembrances and cruel realities.

Her prolonged abjection has made her timid; she no longer dares to show herself on the street; she is afraid and ashamed. It seems to her that everyone despises her. She is constantly in fear lest she meet her husband drunk.

Ah! how little her life resembles the bright life dreamed by her on the morning of her wedding-day!...

"What woman is there that does not recall with the sweetest emotions, the solemn though painful moments when God first deigned to crown her with the dignity of motherhood? Do they not remember it, as if it were yesterday, that hour, when on its return from church, their little angel was brought back to them all glorious with the regenerating waters of baptism?

To the wife of a drunkard, these joys are unknown; or rather they are changed into bitterness. She dreads the event. She knows only too well that the little child will be born only to misery. Her maternal heart foresees that God cannot fail to avenge someday the father's crime on the child's head; and if maternal instinct did not tell her so, there is modern science to teach her that the child of an alcoholic, bears the marks of the father's physical and moral downfall (1)."

(1) L'abbé Lemmens, Sermons de Tempérance, p. 108.

This is only a sketch of the dark picture that could be painted of the life of a drunkard's wife. The picture could be made infinitely darker and if we give but a sketch of it, it is because it is quite impossible to convey the whole truth to your minds.

Alcohol, in short, destroys the wife's happiness, lays waste the home into which it has entered and causes the poor mother and the little children to suffer and to weep! And these things can be affirmed of all families of drunkards; they are the characteristics in which all drunkard's families resemble. But alcohol, a thousand times more expert in the art of torturing than those cruel tyrants of pagan antiquity who invented unceasingly new torments, alcohol brings an infinite variety of sufferings into the homes that it makes desolate, and there are not two families of drunkards whose miseries are identical. There would be but one means of representing the whole of that misery, it would be to adopt the device made use of by a great king to prevent his son from waging war. He ordered a series of pictures to be made of which each one represented a new sight of the miseries caused by war. Under each picture, the artist had written: "These are the fruits of war."

There was the bloody and terrific sight of a battle in which men were killed, struggling with one another; a field of battle after a fight, thousands of unfortunates lying here and there dead or dying, in confusion; split skulls, breasts torn open, blood everywhere; a burnt

house, and weeping over the ruins a woman surrounded by her poor little children; a wife and orphans mourning; cities laid waste, burned down, men dying of hunger, etc....

In like manner, one would like to gather together all the wives of drunken men and sketch for each the authentic painting of her domestic sufferings;... what an infinitely varied series it would make!... And how heart-rending and harrowing as well as varied!...

But since this is impossible, here at least are a few of these *real* pictures taken from a host of others.

THREE PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I received visits, the other day, from three women, who had asked to speak to a priest.

The three were drunkards' wives.

The first I saw, sobbed heavily. With a shrill voice and a flow of words, and with such earnestness, she related how her husband arrives regularly tipsy at noon and evening; on Saturday it is perfect drunkenness.

"Ah!" I say to him, "If you did not drink, we should be so happy!" — He answers: "What have you to complain of? Have you not all you need?" —

"Father, I would rather eat dry bread and see my husband give up drinking; it would be happiness, whilst now, with abundance, we are unhappy. Ah, Father, if you only knew how hard it is....!"

Yes, it was hard and cruel, and I pitied her with all my heart.

Her husband did not want his habits of intemperance to be known. He has not yet lost all sense of the dignity that his drunkenness debases. At noon to-day, he made a scene accusing her of having revealed his conduct to some neighbors: "Wait till this evening. You shall have your due when I come home...." It was after these vague threats — the first the man had ever uttered — that the unfortunate creature had come to the Fathers to recommend herself to them. Her over-excited imagination, caused her to fear all kinds of calamities.... I thought the poor woman was only beginning her misery, and that the scene she apprehended, far from putting an end to it, would be but the opening of a new phase: that of ill-treatment.

The other woman, waiting in the next parlor greeted me with these words: "Here again is a drunkard's wife before you." She had doubtlessly heard the complaints of her neighbor and seen her tears. "My husband," said she, "has without any reason become jealous of me. He talks of killing me. He may do it when he is intoxicated. I am afraid. He thinks of murder. Behold, no later than this morning when rising, he threw himself on our child's bed, and kissing him cried: 'Ah my poor little George! thank God! it is not true, I sudder when I think it might be.' I asked him what was the matter. 'Ah! I dreamed that I killed him. — Say, take that axe

out of the house, hide it; I cannot explain what I feel when I see it. Take it out of my way, I am afraid of it.' "I did not need to be told twice. If he kills some one, it will not be with the axe any way. But you see father, what ideas haunt him. Now, when he is drunk he becomes furious, and jealous. I am afraid he will commit murder. Ah! father, pray that he may become rational."

The unhappy woman told me in confidence that that man was addicted to drink when she married him. Guessing doubtlessly at my thought, and forestalling my remarks, she spoke with such indignation against herself, humbly confessing her fault, that I was sorry all young girls could not be present to see and hear her: "Ah! father, we are all the same, we are *bewitched!* We imagine that after marriage our husband will change. I have two friends who have done as I did. Now they are as unhappy as they can be. Ah! I assure you it is an expiation! Once more, father, pray that some other misfortune may not happen me."

It was all she asked. Resigned to her fate, accustomed to her drunkard, it did not seem that she wished to improve the one or convert the other. Can it be that she has lost all hope!

It was the second time I saw the third person. She had come a week before to confide to me her domestic troubles and her worries. Her husband had abandoned her and his little children a fortnight before. Employed

in a hotel, he had established himself permanently there since then and he kept for himself the whole of his salary. The wretched man had lost all fatherly feeling.

The mother was in a hopeless condition. Her face showed her anger and anxiety, and well it might. She asked me to pray that the drunkard might fall sick or be the victim of some accident. It is in that way, it seems, that God had already brought him back to repentance. Thus, last year, in an orgy, the drunkard had spilt over himself a saucepan of boiling syrup. The result was: two months in bed, no drink, but tears of repentance, serious reflections and a momentary amendment. "That is just what he would need," said his wife, "an accident or an illness; nothing else can cure him."

"Do try and obtain it from God! You know, father, my position is not pleasant: six little children to provide for, the rent to pay, and not a cent!"

I could easily cite a greater number of these unfortunate cases and relate an almost infinite number of facts like these. It would be too long. Moreover, you need but look around you, and you see the like, and worse perhaps. Yes it is a fact that woman is the victim, the great victim of drink, and that, according to the old proverb, the two most unfortunate beings on earth, are the wife and horse of a drunkard.

I have not described the miseries of the poor beast, the greater number of drunkards having no horse to torture, Alas nearly all of them have a wife!

"Once a drunkard, always a drunkard" is the verdict of good sense and the effect of experience. This is especially true of a young man. If he had not the courage to lead a sober life, when he knew, that his habit of intemperance would surely be an obstacle to his marriage, what is there to refrain him when once he has hold of his prey, and the young woman is irrevocably his till death?

Nothing grieves me more than to hear a newly-married woman complain that her husband neglects her to pass his time in the saloons. Life is but beginning for these two beings, joined together to found a family, and already, one of them is the other's victim — what a hell there is before them,

I feel ready to cry when the unhappy creature confesses that she was aware of the young man's evil passion. Alas, how unfortunate must a young girl be to lack prudence to such a degree!.....

But I am more indignant still against the girl's mother. That a girl be thoughtless, even to this extent, can be understood; but that a mother, a woman who has been married twenty or thirty years, who has seen the world, who has known many families who were made unhappy owing to the husband's intemperance, that a mother, should allow her daughter to marry, even should consent to permit her to keep company with such a young man, that, I cannot understand. Such a mother is insane — she is too stupid to be guilty —but what would be her



A LOVELY WIFE.

crime if she understood her responsibility, and thought of the future to which she condemns her child!

I call such a mother an irresponsible creature or a wretch. I leave her to choose!

These poor young girls! They are easily gulled. One comes and asks me to make a novena for her that she may decide what to do. I understand. It is question of a young man whom the young girl wishes to marry. What is your friend like? Is he a good young man? Naturally he is of the best. — I suppose sobriety is one of his qualities? No, father, he drinks, she says, just as she would say that he was dark or fair. — I am amazed: he drinks, you say? Yes, father, that is why my parents are opposed to my marrying him. — My poor child, thank God for giving you such parents! Are you willing to marry a man addicted to drink? But, father, *I love him!!!.....*

I love him! When a young girl has brought forward this argument, you may just as well keep all yours to yourself. There remains nothing to be done. *I love him!* All you might say will be answered by that cry of the heart: *I love him!*

For the young girl is an impulsive being. Her mind does not draw conclusions; her heart flies from sentiments to conclusions. She has a logic all her own.

I love him! That means: therefore I must be his, and he must be mine.

I love him! is an unanswerable argument.

But he will be a drunkard after he is married.....
I love him! — But you will shed tears and be unhappy.....
I love him! — He will beat you..... *I love him!* — You
are intelligent however..... *I love him!* — But, lastly
..... Father *I love him!*

A young girl one day gave a more astounding answer.

I was told the following story by the parish priest to whom it happened.

Not long ago a young girl went to consult and to take counsel (?) of him, concerning her marriage with a young drunkard.

The pastor tired himself telling her that she would be always unhappy with that man, whom he knew well. He described to her the future in its darkest yet truest colors. He cited examples she had known.

The young girl, with bowed head, seemed to listen and to reflect seriously. The priest thought himself victorious, when suddenly the young lady raised her head and exclaimed: "But, father, it is because he drinks that I love him! It shows he has a heart!"

Let him understand, who can, the dispositions of a young girl who loves!

It is therefore the mother's part to break this fatal spell, and to have intelligence and foresight for two. The young girl will cry, will scold, threaten to die in despair..... She will do nothing of the sort, but will live long enough to thank her mother for her courageous intervention.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.



I may appear to be far from my subject. But, no! Does not what I have said of your daughters recall to some of you certain remembrances? Did you not once answer those around you: "*But I love him?* Do you still love him, that man who makes you so unhappy? Alas how cruelly you atone for the mistake of your young days! Your suffering is too great for me to say: you deserved it, but I cannot refrain from saying that you must not be astonished if having married a drunkard, he continues to be such. Your home is a hell on earth, and who is to blame for it?

This is one way in which a woman may be the cause of her own misfortune. There is still another; for it often happens that the wife drives her husband to the saloon. Oh, she does not realize it!

How many women seem born to make their husbands either drunkards or saints! Unfortunately they choose to be drunkards, as that is the easier.

The drunkard is sober the first months he is married. Why does the wife not profit by her influence over him to bind him to his home, by making him love and long for it? She has many means of success at her disposal: her affection, her good temper, order and cleanliness, good housekeeping, good cooking, the sincere, enlightened and loveable piety which ought to be her most beautiful adornment, a thousand delicate attentions which she can show her husband in order to keep him sober forever. Far from this in many cases she lacks intelli-

gence, tack and religion; she does not see that the future of her home depends on herself. Her conduct is the very opposite of what it should be. She brings on her own misfortunes. The husband would be kept to his duty, even after his love had grown cold, by the conduct I have described, but he is disheartened by his wife's many faults, and the vexations she obliges him to undergo. By her way of acting she compels her husband to lose his love of home; soon, he dislikes it; he is tormented by all he sees and hears; and his first care is to stay at home as rarely as possible, and as little time as he can. Where is he to go? To his club, to see his friends, or to the saloon, according to his social standing or to circumstances. To go to the club or to the saloon, to be among certain friends and not to drink is out of the question. The man who loves his club or the saloon or his friends more than his home, is certainly on the way to become a drunkard.

The wife has driven her husband to the saloon. He is no longer hers, he belongs body and soul to a terrible rival, the bottle; and very adroit will she be if she succeeds in winning his heart again.

It would be unjust and cruel to lay the blame of the misdemeanour of all drunkards on the shoulders of their wives. I know many women endowed with every womanly virtue, and ready to do anything for their husband's happiness, and still the head of the family is a toper.

These are victims, martyrs. They could easily become saints. Their virtue is a source of admiration to me.

It remains true, nevertheless that the wife, victim of the husband's intemperance is very often the direct and sole culprit, and in most cases a partial cause of her unhappiness. It is to this point that I wished to draw my readers' attention. Woman understands this truth, as little as she understands the important part she has to play in the fight against intemperance, on which subject it will be my pleasure to speak a little further on.

THE EFFECTS OF PARENTS' INTEMPERANCE
ON THE CHILDREN.

MOTHERS who have families, I am convinced, will give up all use of intoxicants once they have read this chapter. You, who perhaps have to suffer the ravages of strong liquor in a husband what will you say, when I assure you that your are, unwittingly I quite believe, alcoholizing your own children? How that? You will ask. By certain abuses common to the generality of women.

I am informed that in certain quarters of the city, more precisely in certain lanes, (which I could well name) and in which the poorer classes live, whilst the men are at work (?), the women meet now at one's house, now at another's, and spend their time drinking beer or whiskey, and playing cards. Here is intemperance indeed! These women bring on themselves the dreadful curse of Alcoholism, and still they bring forth children into this world? What can one expect such children to be? I do not think that this little book will ever fall into the hands of these jades, and if it did, they could not read it. I wish to speak to you, ladies, who, whilst you would not, for all the world, indulge in such practices, or form such low habits, yet are

nevertheless given to others which are *almost as harmful* to your descendants.

There is, to begin with, the habit, which has now become popular, of taking a little strong drink at certain times. The husband often, willingly encourages this practice; under pretence of the established custom, and through sympathy for his wife, he often procures the deadly drink. For months, aye, for years, the mother makes an almost daily use of liquor or of strong beer; and the tender flesh of the little being gradually taking shape under the eyes of God, each day is, as it were, bathed in alcohol, and developed in an atmosphere reeking with poisonous fumes. How could the little creature escape the marked effects of its injurious environment? Medical science declares that the child is infected by the mother's alcoholism, and must suffer from it.

For, — as you know, yet it is good to remind you,— alcohol is a poison. Hence all strong drink is poison, as alcohol is its chief ingredient. All authorities in the matter, all physicians affirm that alcohol and strong drink are poisonous; and experience, with still greater cogency, proclaims the truth of their assertion, by the sad facts it brings to view: infirmities, sickness, ruined constitutions, premature and sometimes sudden death.

That which both attests and emphasizes the *terrible law of hereditary alcoholism*, is the close observation of men of science, in the matter of parental alcoholism,

studied in its effects upon the child. Thus the *Quarterly Journal of Sobriety* published some time ago a comparative statement of the condition of the descendants of twelve temperate and twelve intemperate families, from observations of Dr. Demne, physician of the children's hospital at Berne, who has consecrated twenty-eight years of his life to the study of the alcoholic problem. The following table gives the results of the inquiry:

	CHILDREN OF	
	Intemperate parents.	Temperate parents.
Died in infancy.....	12.....	5
Deaf and Dumb.....	2.....	0
Idiotic.....	8.....	2
Suffering from St. Vitus's Dance	2.....	0
Epileptic.....	13.....	0
Deformed.....	3.....	2
Dwarfs.....	5.....	0
Hereditary Drunkards.....	5.....	0
Sound of Body and mind.....	9.....	50
	59	59

Hence out of one hundred children of intemperate fathers (and mothers), fifteen only are born healthy and normal, fifteen only win in the struggle for life, whereas, out of one hundred children of temperate parents eighty-five are normally constituted. (1)

(1) Louis Frank, *La femme contre l'alcool*, Paris 1897, pp. 15-17.

I do not say, ladies, that the practice which I have denounced, has such a disastrous effect upon your descendants; but in conjunction with others, I have yet to mention, no one can deny that its *result is most pernicious*.

The fact is that whilst the mother suckles her child, she still continues to use stimulants, in order to recruit her strength. What is the consequence? It has been scientifically proved, that the alcohol mixes with the milk, and that the child feeds itself on alcohol and milk! whence arrives convulsions, and sometimes the infant's sudden death.

A final practice: "Is it not a fact that with or without reason, the child in the cradle is dosed with alcohol, one way or another? The baby cries, and the mother is busy, at once a little "drop"! It writhes; or suffers from diarrhoea; it is teething, and so, must receive a little sweetened wine, or more often, whiskey.

I do not admit, ladies, that this practice quiets the child, save inasmuch as it sleeps, overcome by what has been given it." (1)

Often the child is given soothing syrups. What is to be said of soothing syrups. — "The Child's Friend," "The Nurse's Treasure," etc., of all kinds of patent medicines, of every name and description, with which babies are physiced? They are very dangerous and when they do

(1) Edm. Rousseau. *Alcool et Alcoolisme*, 2nd Ed., p. 158.

not contain alcohol, they are made up of something far worse — poisonous narcotics. (1)

Such are the disastrous practices of many mothers, who then grieve that their children are pale, weakly, ill-grown, that they suffer from convulsions, eczema, and so forth. They wonder that at five and six years of age the child's eyes sparkle at the sight of drink, that it cries for some when it is poured out before it, that it steals it; that it drains the glasses when the visitors are gone. Ignorant mother! that child has been alcoholised by you! You have sown in that little creature the seeds of the diseases, that afflict your heart, and sadden your sleepless nights. You have implanted in its nature the taste for, almost the need of, strong drink; a taste and a need that will increase with years, and may make a drunkard of him.

(1) Mothers, in place of alcohol and narcotics, and with the same end in view gorge their babies with milk. "Instead of water, which is of such benefit to the nursing, the baby is saturated with milk. If it cries, it is given the breast, if it has the colic, it must take milk, if it is feverish, milk is again a remedy; if it vomits the milk curdled, it is made to swallow more milk; if the milk passes undigested through the bowels, it is forced to take more milk.

Poor little things! Would that you could speak to the poor innocent creatures who kill you, in the effort to cure; would that you could cry out to them: for mercy sake, take away this milk, which I cannot digest, which gives me the colic, which brings on the fever and which kills me! I thirst for

It has cost me a great deal to write this chapter, which has every appearance of an arraignment of a great number of mothers. And even now that it is written, I feel the need of falling back on the authority of the doctors, on whom I leave all responsibility for such terrible assertions. I could not better close this chapter on the ravages caused by parental alcoholism on children, than by citing once again the author already quoted, (1) "Oh ! I know that the care a child demands, is sometimes trying. When I see a young mother, slender, pale and delicate, who, night after night, is obliged to nurse a heavy baby, and

(1) Edm. Rousseau. "Alcool et alcoolisme", p. 159 and following.

pure fresh water, that would allay my fever, would help me to make water, to perspire, and would cleanse my intestines. Like a young plant, I need little food and much water, to reach maturity.

Give water at all seasons, but especially in summer; give plenty of water to little children: bathe them frequently; in a word make an abundant use of water both for interior and exterior treatment, and diarrhœa, like other ailments, need seldom be feared."

Dr J. P. Gadois, in "Le Soleil" 28 August 1906.

The heat of the summer causes a great number of deaths among children. The practical application of these counsels will perhaps save the lives of a few of these little unfortunates --and the hope of such a reward is the excuse I profer, for having exceeded the limits of my subject.



A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

that after a day's hard work, she has my heartfelt sympathy and sincere admiration. Yes I admire her, but God blesses her, gives her the necessary strength and courage and prepares a beautiful crown for her. But I execrate and despise the women — too numerous, unfortunately — who through want of attention or sloth, in order that their rest or pleasure may not be interfered with, resort to the criminal measures I have set forth, and do not hesitate to expose their children,— nay, their whole race, to a life of abjectness and shame.

Christian mothers, I entreat you in the name of what you hold dearest to you, so long as it is in your power to prevent it, never permit alcohol, under any form whatsoever, to cross your children's lips, and banish from your homes the medicines that alcoholise them little by little, and make them drunkards at the age of fifteen .

Your rest will probably be broken; you will have to sacrifice many pleasures, but in return, you will one day doubtless rejoice to hear your child say, what the great German poet Goethe said of his mother: "She was the holiest, the most loveable of women!" "



WHAT WOMAN COULD! IF WOMAN WOULD!

WOMAN has an important part to play in the war against intemperance. She it is that must devote herself entirely to the cause, and man's share is only to point out to her, her mission, her power, and to encourage her in her strife. Here are the reasons for the great part woman has to play.

1.—Naturally and habitually she is temperate.

Moreover, as it is her home that must suffer from the scourge of drink, she is its born enemy.

2.—Temperance work to be successful needs an apostolate, which by its nature and its continuity, devolves upon woman.

3.—The campaign against alcohol is, after all, but a step towards the moral improvement of man. Divine Providence has confided this charge to woman.

These reasons may be summed up thus: Woman has to be the apostle of temperance, because she is a woman.

To the War then!

The first reason of woman's beautiful role in the temperance Crusade is her sobriety. I, in no way, retract what I said in another part of this work, that there were

women who were drunkards. But they are comparatively so few, that I was forced to prove, that there were such ignoble beings. It is altogether useless to prove the existence of men who are drunkards. There are, thank God, but very few women addicted to drink.

Happily, Providence seems to have created woman with a natural antipathy for alcohol. What would become of society if woman had the same propensity for liquor as man? It would be the ruin of every family tie, and the extermination of the human race!

We count on woman's aid then, because she has a natural hatred for intemperance.

By way of comparison: Whom does a sovereign ask to fight his battles? Is it the subjects and soldiers of his enemies? — Absurd, you say. Exactly. To whom then does temperance appeal for help to establish its rule? to the subjects of *King Alcohol*? to his warriors; to men? Absurd! — As a sovereign relies upon his subjects for defence, so does the cause of temperance count upon you, ladies, to wage its battles, to establish and to consolidate its beneficial reign.

On what arm does a country lean, on one made weak by sickness? No! on the arm that is sound and vigorous. Now drink has sapped man's moral strength. Woman whose strength is unimpaired, who has no liking for alcohol, is better suited than man, for the battle of temperance.

Body and soul, she belongs to it. It will be an easier task for her than for man, to propagate the idea, the esteem, and the practice of the virtue of Temperance.

Sobriety will be her strength and the pledge of her success. We work with all our heart only for a cause we love, we preach most zealously the doctrine we practise.

Even when they would like to take up arms against this evil, men are very often rendered helpless by their secret tendency to give way to this vice themselves. They are not bold enough to attack the saloon-keepers, and consequently they are connivent at the evil committed. Are they not often the partisans of alcohol? And does not the struggle for temperance for the most part consist in snatching them from the terrible hold of this infernal enemy?

Woman is free from this disastrous and humiliating slavery, consequently in all freedom she stands against her enemy, ready to fight till death.

For if man is sober, are you not the beneficiaries? And when the missionaries strive to convince men, that sobriety is a virtue they should practise, is it not for your happiness, that they are working? We know you are grateful, but we beg of you, in return to understand your own interests, to take them to heart, and to help us to the best of your ability.

But you do not need to be urged on. It would indeed be strange if woman took no interest in this matter, or if she

refused to foster and encourage the habit of temperance in her home.

The name of liquor alone should be enough for you; and to hear it mentioned, should be sufficient to make you rise up in arms against such a dreadful enemy.

Drunkenness in a man means an unhappy wife, wretched children, and a ruined home. I think it useless to insist upon this point. Recall to mind what has already been said on the subject; add to it the particulars of your own misfortunes, if your husband is a drunkard, and make up your mind to lend a helping hand to the cause of temperance. With your help victory is ours. What woman wills, God wills! This will be fully exemplified in the following incident.

"Mrs Hunt, an American lady was left a widow with only one son. Her whole attention was given to his training. In a short time, she fully understood the dangers to which alcohol exposed the lad, who was her only consolation in this world, and her thoughts wandered to other children and other mothers. She began a league for women, and today no less than 16,000,000 children have been saved through the efforts of this same lady.

Another American woman, Miss Frances Willard, undertook to form another women's anti-alcoholic league. At her death, the society she had founded possessed a fund of several million dollars, four newspapers, a budget of one million, ten thousand unions, and a membership of four hundred thousand, all women.

No man has ever done so much as these women !

It is quite natural and according to reason" (1).

In Montreal a branch of this great woman's society exists. I am not in a position to give an appreciation of the part it plays, or of the degree of its success. I only know that it is very active, and consequently has a claim to the gratitude of the apostles of temperance. Do I ask you to follow the example here given, to found women's leagues, and other social works of temperance? I am not opposed to it, and there is something to be done in this respect; but the matter calls for much thought, before it can be put into execution. This can only be the work of a few. The apostolate which all, without exception can exercise, is the hidden, quiet apostolate *at home*.

(1) *La femme contre l'alcool*, a french leaflet for propaganda. The annual report of the American Woman's society of temperance, whose headquarters are in Chicago forms a volume of near 600-pages.



WOMEN, DEFEND YOUR HOMES.

expression, that truth had to become woman to become known, and to take root in the world." (1)

Man may resist the zeal of another man; he will not, he cannot, resist the zeal of a woman. She knows well how to be an apostle! She is so unoffending, so determined! God has created her to be an apostle.

If woman keeps to the front her anti-alcoholic ideas and feelings, they will soon penetrate into the mind and the heart, the will and the strength of men. The habit of temperance, obstinately suggested, will at last become deeply rooted forever in the conduct of the father, the husband, the son. It will take months, years, but what does that matter? Or rather it matters greatly, for woman alone, whom nature has endowed with a power of conviction, is in close relation, in daily contact with those in whose hearts she has to implant these same convictions: with *the father, the husband, the son.*

You can't separate the man from his family; his intemperance branches into all those habits, customs which make up the family life. Intemperance is not only — I was going to say, principally — the habit of drinking, but it is also that conglomeration of moral weaknesses and domestic miseries, infinitely varied, which being the fruits of drunkenness, constitute the domestic circle in which the drunkard and his family, the executioner and his victims move. Hence it is evident that to try to treat drunkenness

(1) P. Caussette, *Entretiens avec Marthe*, XIV.

by exterior applications is a waste of time, and a sign that we do not know the nature of the disease. A leaven of regeneration must be introduced, and applied to the very core of this mass of domestic miseries; it must be treated from the interior; the remedy must work from the heart of the evil outwards; and woman alone is capable of applying the internal remedy. If this disease which manifests itself in so many forms, be treated in any other way, the effect will only be the same as treating a person for headache which is generally only the symptom of some far more serious illness. That Alcoholism is a domestic question is shown from other considerations. The family is the arena where are discussed the interests of any member of the family who may be addicted to drink: it is the reserved field of the practical fight; the tribunal where finally the cause of temperance will be presented, pleaded and judged. Yes, it is a complex question from whatever stand-point it may be considered. When a man gives up intemperance, he not only renounces drink, but also his inveterate habits, and social companions, he must overcome the thousand and one occasions of fall, his old customs, human respect, inclinations: it is therefore clear that woman, more interested than man in the felicitous issue of the question, must help him, by jealous vigilance and daily succor, vigilance and succor, so proper to the family that they cannot be analysed by any exterior agency. Exterior remedies can only touch a point of the circle called the family and cannot penetrate



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

it. But let the remedy start from the centre, then it will spread all over the circle and will reach every point. Woman's efforts and influence is the remedy which starts from the centre of the family circle. Woman, you are guilty when you will not learn, understand your role or admit your powerful influence! yes, guilty, but more foolish than guilty, if knowing your power you will not use it. You will be the first victim of your inaction, and this will be your first punishment: your children will be the second victims and this will be your second punishment. Woman if you betray us, all is lost. Your goodwill, wives, mothers, daughters, will encourage the apostles of temperance. You are the first apostles; take up then your role, and we will take the rank of helpers, devoted to the cause, but less powerful than you. This is our hope, and the grand reward of our efforts to give you notice of your powerful mission.



THE MORALIZER.

WHEN we consider the question of anti-alcoholism as a work of moral improvement, we consider it in its true light, and the more we give it our attention the greater and nobler it becomes.

Let man become more religious, more moral; let his mind and will be nourished by the thoughts of what is heavenly, let his conduct be more in accordance with the christian code, let him be more attentive to his church, let him love and fear God, and above all pray to Him, in a word, let him become more religious and more moral, and then ladies, drunkards, tiplers and saloon will disappear, and the anti-alcoholic question will be solved.

Tell me, why do men drink? Simply because they are not christian enough.....

Have you ever found a true christian, a man with religious principle, to be a drunkard, or a tipler? No, the love of God, the spirit of penance and piety upon which christian life is based, are in direct opposition to intemperance.

Drunkards and toppers are only to be found among such men as have no spirit of faith, no piety; for whom religious practices are of no consequence; who are not imbued with the love of penance or the fear of God. If these virtues

still exist in their hearts, they have but a feeble influence on their lives. Without doubt, drink helps in a great measure to deprive its victims of all christian principle; but already, before a man begins to drink, and the reason why he begins to drink, is, that he is no longer animated by the thought of God.

Many causes lead a man to the saloon. The taste for liquor, the seductions of comrades, the many attractions that the hotels offer in order to entice him, to keep him there, and to bring him back; the daily trials of life; the worries of family life, which he either seeks to forget or to take in good cheer — and what not? The causes are as numerous as the drunkards, and as varied as life itself. But, I ask, would this man give way to his inclination to drink, if he were actuated with a greater spirit of selfdenial ?

If this man were proud enough of his faith, and sufficiently aware of his dignity of christian and the obligations it imposes, to scorn the invitation of bad company, to be above gibes and sneers, he would not follow such companions to the saloon, he would not associate with such people, or accept the bottle or the glass so importunately profered him.

If he were guided by religious principle would he seek for consolation in sorrow, for forgetfulness of his misfortunes, in a tavern? He would go to church, to Holy Communion, to the foot of the Cross.

Again if man were more penetrated with the knowledge of his duties of husband and father, would he seek respite from his family worries in liquor. No! for his religion would tell him, to bear these trials, and in order to bear them well, to ask God's aid. Keep from drink, for you have to be temperate for your wife's sake and for the sake of your children.

If, lastly, this man, whom the craze for drink holds spell bound, would let his gaze dwell more frequently and longer upon his Crucified Saviour, if he loved his divine Lord Jesus Christ, if he were animated with the desire to be like unto Him in some way, if he understood the great lesson of self denial and penance that Jesus teaches from his Cross, if this man's life were more intensely vivified by these supernatural thoughts, do you believe that he would give way to his sensual, unchristian inclinations? Do you think he would allow himself to be drawn by the seductions of the saloon, and by the loose talk that is heard there? Can you imagine him stooping to the base sensuality of intemperance?

Religion then is the greatest preventive of intemperance as well as its best cure. Let men be truly religious, and intemperance will take flight. But try what you will to make them temperate, if you do not strive to make them better christians, all your efforts will be in vain. It is not alcohol that must be conquered and stamped out, it is man's passion for alcohol, and this passion can only be subdued

by religion. To take an example. In France, they have waged war against liquor for years past. No stone has been left unturned by men of talent, and men of action; one means only has been discarded, and that was religion. What is the result? None or very little, so far as the workingman or the bulk of the people is concerned. Read the reports of the European anti-alcoholic Congresses, read the report of the first national Congress against alcoholism, held in France (1903) and you will be edified to see how fruitless, the war against alcoholism and every effort for the betterment of society, have been, where the religious element is left aside. My introduction has been long, before I confide to you, ladies, this work of christian and moral improvement. But it was necessary to show you first of all, where the solution of the alcoholic problem was to be found.

Are we wrong then, ladies, in charging you with a great share in this task?

You are better christians and more moral than man, and I may add that, it may be by instinct, or by temperament, but in any case, providentially and fortunately, you are moralizers.

God wills it so, it is the mission He has confided to you, and for which He has so admirably inclined your nature.

"When about to create woman, at the beginning of the world, God said: It is not good for man to be alone,



WHAT COMES FROM TRYING.

let us make him a helpmate like unto himself. *Non est bonum homini esse solum, faciamus ei adjutorium simile sibi.* Gen. II., by these words, by which He established a law of social order, He made woman man's helpmate, not only in all that appertains to his material wants, but also in everything that regards his spiritual needs. Hence it is woman's duty to take care of man's soul, to edify him by her example, to better him by her holy inspirations, to sanctify him by her virtues. Her aim in life must be, to work out his salvation, this is her mission, her ministry, her glory, her grandeur, her dignity. Also, in God's designs, woman has been charged with a religious delegation, I was going to say, religious consecration. She is as it were, *the priest of the family*, just as man is its king." (1)

Let us again listen to the same author :

"It is the pious, pure, good, prudent, devoted woman, in one word the catholic woman, who as mother christianizes man, her child; who as daughter, edifies man, her father; as sister, improves man, her brother; who as wife, sanctifies man, her husband. She is the shining light of which the Gospel speaks, which set up in the home, sheds about her unceasingly in the house the light of faith, and brightens all that dwell therein. *Accendunt lucernam, et pronunt eam super candelabrum, ut luceat*

(1) P. Ventura, *Apostolat de la femme catholique*. Avant-propos, p. XIII.

omnibus qui in domo sunt. Math., V. She is the mysterious salt mentioned in Holy Writ, which preserves the family from corruption: *Vos estis sal terræ, (ibid).* She is that vase of heavenly perfumes spoken of by St. Paul, that sheds about it, the sweet odor of Jesus Christ: *Christi bonus odor sumus. II Cor., II (2).*

The plan of this work prevents me from writing more. I wish only to recall to your memories that you are, Ladies, better than men, and that you are by nature and by character, the moralizers of the home.

You consequently know why we count on you, and how it is that a great portion of the work of the apostles of temperance, is achieved, when we have warned you of what your duty is, and when we have made you ready to do whatever that duty imposes upon you. Make your homes holier, then a great step towards temperance will have been taken.

Ah young girls, wives, mothers, if you knew what influence you have, but above all if you were ready to exercise that influence!.....

The example of a solidly pious life, manifested in a serious and regulated behaviour, by an amiable countenance, an ever sweet temper, a zeal prompt to use every means to infuse piety into all that come under your beneficent influence..... all these qualities you have at your disposal, and these are the good points on which we count.

(2) P. Ventura, loc. cit., p. 11.



A BOUQUET OF GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

You wish, my dear women, clear and concise directions for a good life? Here they are:

To Young Girls

Be pious, virtuous and reserved. Initiate yourselves into the care of the home, into the manner of keeping it well. Learn how to prepare a good meal.

Study the young man who pays attention to you, and never, under any consideration, confide your future and your happiness into the hands of a young man who drinks.

To Wives

Be virtuous, having the true piety, enlightened, discreet, and charitable which will make your husband happy.

You have children? Search out and correct their faults rather than conceal them. It is best for them that you should do so.

Have an even temper; do not speak of your little vexations; console yourself at the foot of the Cross.

Always keep your home in order. The fireside should have a cheerful aspect pleasing to the eye. And keep yourself always tidy.

Hide from your husband the unavoidable confusion of the household. Show that you are proud of him, happy and thankful for his devotion. Do not forget that the time he passes at home should be his time of rest, of relaxation, and of happy family intimacy. Develop by every means the spirit of family affection.

Do not spend money uselessly; economise, and induce your husband to put something in a savings bank.

Make harmless, pleasant beverages, which should take the place of strong drink at your fireside. One cannot turn easily from strong drink to these beverages, but, on the contrary, your husband, so well treated, will not turn from them to strong drink.

Yes, your husband, well nourished, well cared for, will return with pleasure to the fireside, attracted by the woman who is always loved because she has learned to be always amiable.

Persuade your husband and children to join total abstinence societies, and enter one yourself. Subscribe for a temperance publication, and read it to your family.

IF YOUR HUSBAND IS GIVEN TO DRINK.

Seek, first of all, to discover the cause. It will be a much easier fight if you regulate your tactics according to the cause.

Never violently reproach a drunken man. It is lost labor, and will only make him worse. When he is perfectly sober, speak to him kindly; appeal to his good

qualities. Tell him the misery he will bring on his family, the suffering he is preparing for them, etc. And as a contrast, picture the happiness which reigned in the home when drink was absent.

Never, never give him money for drink. Do not allow drink in the house. If he brings it in, throw it out. He will be angry, but he will not bring it in again.

If you can, hide the misfortune of their father from your children, for if they pity him they will cease to respect him.

Pray, pray, pray patiently : offer your sufferings to God for the conversion of the unfortunate.

To Mothers

See to the anti-alcoholic education of your children. Inspire them with a lively horror for drink and drunkenness. Teach them that drink can do no good, and brings nothing but misfortune to those who touch it; that the road to drunkenness is a declining one, and once they go upon it they will all too likely stay until they reach the abyss; that those who commence by taking a glass once in a while gradually increase the dose.

If the father drinks, show the children, prudently, the sad example before their eyes, in an endeavor to warn them against the vice. Discourage in every way their connection with bad companions, or with those inclined to drink.

Never offer drink to children; let them grow up in total ignorance of the fatal beverage.

Without inspiring them with a love of money, encourage them in habits of economy. Bring them up in the fear of God. If they understand their dignity as Christians, they will know the respect they should have for soul and body. If they are pious, virtuous, and full of respect for their parents, it is all the more guarantee that they will remain sober.

How many women are there whose lives are so ordered?

IF WOMAN WOULD

Take in hand the temperance cause,
The cause would be in good hands, . . .

Become the apostle in the home circle,
Man would remain or at least become
temperate, . . .

Set, by good example, to make her father,
husband, sons and brother, more God-fearing,
He would indeed become more religious and
would never become a drunkard, . . .

Put into practice the "Banquet of good resolu-
tions",

She would be happy and God would bless her
home, . . .

Would that I could conclude,

WOMAN WILL !

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