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# THE CAMP FIRE

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VI. No. 7.

TORONTO, ONT. JANUARY, 1900.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

## THE 100,000 VOTERS' PLAN.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance has decided to ask those who have been canvassing for signatures to the 100,000 Voters' pledge, to send in their lists of names without delay. Already a large number of lists have been secured, and in some places the work is being pushed with commendable vigor.

There are localities in which nothing has yet been done. The work is very important and very promising. We desire to earnestly urge all friends of the temperance cause to see that there is no neglect regarding this duty. Forms of pledge and other documents relating to the work, will be promptly furnished to all who apply for them.

## NOTES OF NEWS.

### WHAT OUR FRIENDS AND FOES ARE DOING.

#### A Victory.

The township of Lansdowne, Ont., adopted a local option by-law on January 1st, by a majority of 75. Votes were taken in a number of other places, but the returns have not yet reached us.

#### Beer Money.

Mr. John Gretton, a partner of the great brewing firm of Bass & Co., England, has recently died, leaving an estate valued at over \$14,000,000.

#### Saloons and Police.

There are in the city of San Francisco 3,032 licensed saloons, being one for every 100 inhabitants. The number of policemen is 557, two for every eleven saloons.

#### What they Learned.

An Illinois man has made the statement that seventeen men who enlisted for the Philippine war from his town, recently returned home, one of them as a corpse, and the other sixteen drunkards.

#### A Soldier Slain.

Among the deaths reported in England, was that of a soldier who was on his way to Liverpool to embark for South Africa, who died suddenly in the train. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict in the case "died from alcoholic poisoning."

#### Law Enforcement.

In the city of Summerside, P.E.I., a very interesting meeting was held on the evening of January 5th, to consider the question of law enforcement. Attention was drawn to the continued violation of the Canada Temperance Act and it was decided to organize a Citizens' League to work for better enforcement.

#### Excused Because Drunk.

Before a judge in Edinburgh, Scot., a man pleaded guilty to murdering his mother with a pair of tongs. He persuaded the judge that the crime was the result of his intoxication, not of malice, and the penalty imposed upon him was only six months' imprisonment.

#### Is this Civilization.

Mr. Geo. Kennan, the famous writer, reports that in his investigations in Cuba, he has been remarkably struck with the sobriety of the native population as compared with the discreditable drunkenness too common among the American soldiers in the island.

## Teaching Boys to Drink.

The National Temperance Advocate reports that the managers of the Institute for the Blind in Columbus, Ohio, are having much trouble over the fact that boys who are inmates of the Institution and are permitted out to attend church on Sundays, are being on these occasions, enticed into saloons and made drunk.

### Wide Open.

A Voice correspondent has been investigating the moral conditions of the city of Toledo of which the Mayor is S. M. Jones widely known for his "Golden Rule" theory of Government. The Voice reporter states that Toledo is a wide open city, that on Sundays saloons and theatres run as on other days, and that gambling and other evils are everywhere flagrant.

### Liquor Men Fail.

The liquor men took a hand in the municipal elections in the city of Toronto, but did not have much success. Of the 25 members of the newly elected council, at least eleven are known to be in favor of prohibition. Some of the liquor party made a strong effort to induce the Aldermen not to elect Alderman Spence as a member of the Board of Control. Here also they were badly defeated.

### A Prohibition State.

Vermont is a prohibition State. Of course it is small, but it is comparatively free from the vices that flourish under license law. That prohibition is enforced may be gathered from the fact that the fines collected for violation of the law amount to over \$200,000 per year. The total number of policemen in the State is thirty-five. The expenses of all the jails for last year were \$11,500.

### In Sweden.

The Good Templar Order in Sweden celebrated its twentieth anniversary on November 5. The first lodge was instituted at Gothenburg on that date in 1875. By 1894 the Order had grown to 58,459 adult members in 1,181 lodges, and this year had further increased to 91,895 in 1,611 lodges, an increase in the last six years of 33,500 members in 400 lodges.

### A Terrible Record.

The report of the Commissioner of Police for the city of London, Eng., for 1898, has been issued. It shows that within the metropolitan police district there were last year 14,098 places licensed to sell liquor, and that the total number of arrests for drunkenness was 54,476. The convictions of licensed persons for violation of the law in the same time numbered 222.

### A Dying Testimony.

At Stephenville, Texas, on November 10th, Thomas Wright was hung for the murder of John Adams. Just before his execution he spoke to a crowd in front of the scaffold in the following terms:

"Boys, you little fellows out there, I want all of you that will do so to hold up your hands and promise me that you will let liquor alone. It's the cause of my death; it's the cause of poor old John Adams' death. Nothing in the world but liquor caused my death and his death. I have got to pay the death penalty for violating the local option law. If it hadn't been for that, John Adams wouldn't be dead, nor would I."

### Prohibition Works.

The city of Lowell, Mass., passed under prohibition on May 1st last. The record of arrests for drunkenness during the

first six months has been published, and is as follows, compared with the record for the same period of last year under license:

	Under License.	No License.
May .....	224	115
June .....	286	136
July .....	314	185
August .....	292	178
September .....	280	197
Total .....	1,406	811

### A Year's Record.

The city of Boston had in 1898, 26,157 arrests for drunkenness. It is officially estimated that the cost of arrests and caring for drunks amounts to about one-eighth of the total of the police department. At this rate the city of Boston's police expenditure on account of drunkenness is \$210,491.74. The fines collected for drunkenness amounted to \$23,490.78. The cost of arrests does not of course mean the cost of keeping in jail those who are sent there for drunkenness.

### Drink and Death.

A fearful commentary upon the drinking customs of the holiday season in Great Britain is to be found in some tables compiled by Mr. W. Stanyon, of Leicester. He shows that during the Christmas week the number of deaths in the city of London was 2,360, while the number for the preceding week was only 1,555. He takes thirty-six of the other large cities and towns in England and finds that their average death rate for Christmas week was at the rate of 25 per year, while for the preceding week it was less than 17. He estimates that the increase in these towns was equal to 1,346, which added to the London record, makes 2,151 extra deaths in the 37 cities and towns during Christmas week. The general belief is that these startling facts are explainable only by the intemperance indulged in at Christmas time.

### Drink and Crime.

Gen. Brinkerhoff, President of the National Prohibition Association of the United States, made a statement some time ago showing the increase of crime throughout the country, and it is startling to see how this increase in crime runs parallel with the increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors. The following table sets out this comparison comprehensively. The first column gives the year for which the record is taken; the second column the amount of drink consumed per head of the population, and the third column the number of the population to every criminal confined in prison at the time of the taking of the census; the fourth column gives the total number of prisoners confined throughout the country at the time named.

Year.	Gals. Liquor per Capita.	Population to one convict.	Number of convicts.
1850	4.08	3,442	6,737
1860	6.43	1,647	19,086
1870	7.69	1,171	32,901
1880	10.09	855	58,609
1890	15.53	757	82,329

### HEREDITY.

In my experience, from sixty to seventy per cent. of all inebriates have had excessive and moderate drinking ancestors. Many of these had temperate parents who, by example and precept, encouraged temperate living. This was not sufficient to overcome the exhaustion and strains for which spirits proved a most grateful narcotic.

The passing over to the second and third generations of the alcohol tendency is a fact, not well known. Of course some specially exciting causes are required to develop this latent effect. Alcoholic prescriptions are one: "Rock and Rye" is given for cough, or patent bitters,

which contain from ten to forty per cent. of alcohol, or the more common spirit and egg medicine, or beer for supposed strength. In a short time these compounds awaken the hereditary tendency and once more the disease of inebriety appears.

In some studies of these cases of so-called atavism, or the transmission to remote generations of this special defect, I have found debilitated and unhealthy parents, who, while not drinking, are weak, nervous persons in whom the alcoholic tendency was kept alive.

There can be no possible doubt of the transmission of injury from alcohol to the next generation. This may be overcome by wise living, and marriage with strong, healthy persons, and disappear in the second or third generations, or it may go on down the race along with other weaknesses, appearing at any favorable moment.

If the drinking man should realize how positively he is weakening and lessening the chances of health and longevity in his children, he would not boast of the harmlessness of spirits. An illustration of this will be recognized as not uncommon. A lawyer, who is a wine drinker at the table, has five children. He prides himself on the temperate use of spirits and freedom from fanaticism. His eldest son broke down in college from nervous prostration and is travelling in Europe with a special nurse. His daughter eloped with a fast man and is an invalid in a sanitarium. A third child is choreic, and a fourth one has convulsions after any special excitement. The fifth is a delicate, undergrown girl. There is not the slightest doubt that these conditions are due to the defective germ cells of the parents, particularly of the father.

The use of wine, by its steady, poisonous action on the delicate nerve cells, has lessened their vigor and capacity to reproduce the germs of equal force for the next generation. The germ cells are the most complex and delicate of all the known forces of the human body. They not only contain but transmit all the strength and weakness of parents near and remote. Parents can destroy the next generation with as much certainty as they destroy themselves. Were it not for the wise construction of nature, which limits the production of disease and decay, the race would be extinct.

Sixty to seventy per cent. of all inebriates rapidly die out and their children as a rule die early and have few descendants. If they are fortunate in healthy marriages with more vigorous race stock, the old germ defects are eliminated and a new race follows. These inebriates are dying and becoming extinct and their children with them. It would seem that the destruction of the individual and his descendants by the use of alcohol would be the unpardonable sin for which there can be no forgiveness. There is something appalling in the fact that the inebriate is injuring the next generation and making it more difficult and impossible for them to live and enjoy the pleasures of life; also that his children are marked with the defects and go about bearing the brand of his ignorance, disease and folly.

This subject is a great, "dark continent" into which a few pioneer workers have penetrated, only to show its vastness and importance. — Dr. T. D. Crothers, in the Union Signal.

### FIGURES THAT TELL THE STORY.

The Chicago "Record" (no prohibition crank) says: "There are in Chicago, 1,700 families on the charity roll. Of these there were 517 families in one district alone. The heads of 283 of these were confirmed drunkards; the heads of 217 of the remaining families were regular drinkers. This left only seventeen families out of 517 who were supported by charity whose heads did not drink."

# The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS . . . TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1900

## ELECTORAL ORGANIZATION.

The prohibitionists are organized for electoral action in N. Simcoe, S. Simcoe, N. Grey, E. Grey, N. Wellington, C. Wellington, Leeds, Oxford, and some other constituencies. Mr. Duncan Marshall the Alliance organizer, is in the field working hard, and securing good results.

To make our influence felt at the coming election, and to secure the best results from the 100,000 Voters' Plan which is being vigorously pushed in many localities, it is absolutely necessary that our friends in each riding should meet to consult and plan their campaign. The present is a favorable opportunity. The Dominion Alliance Executive Committee will be glad to give full information regarding methods of work. All who are interested, are requested to correspond with the Secretary at the earliest opportunity

## LOCAL OPTION.

Several Ontario municipalities adopted prohibitory by-laws, under the local option system, on January 1st. These by-laws will come into operation on the 1st of May. There is yet time to secure voting in many other places, so as to have prohibition become operative on the expiration of the licenses at present in operation.

No doubt the earnest attention of the friends of the temperance cause has in some places secured the election of municipal councils favorable to prohibition. In such cases there should be no trouble in securing the adoption of the legislation mentioned. The prohibition thus obtainable is complete and will be found exceedingly beneficial.

Any desired information regarding this matter may be obtained from the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance. We earnestly recommend this useful line of work to our friends in every part of Ontario.

## MANITOBA.

The Greenway Government has resigned. Hon. Hugh J. Macdonald has formed a new Cabinet, and the administration of affairs in the prairie Province is now in the hands of the Conservative party. Prohibitionists throughout the Dominion are anxiously waiting for the new Premier's announcement of plan of

action to carry out the prohibition policy adopted by his party at its Provincial Convention last year.

The strong deliverances made by that Convention make the Conservative party, so far as Manitoba is concerned, a prohibition party. A courageous and consistent working out of that policy will entrench the party firmly in the good will of Manitoba in which Province public sentiment is overwhelmingly opposed to any toleration of the liquor traffic.

## PROHIBITION IN PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons will meet for business on February 1st. No doubt the prohibition question will come up for consideration at an early date. Friends of temperance in different localities will act wisely, therefore, in interviewing their respective representatives as speedily as possible, urging them to insist upon Parliament's carrying out the will of the people as expressed in the Plebiscite of September 29th, 1898.

The people of Canada are in favor of prohibition. This has been shown most unmistakably. The common sense of the people has repudiated the attempt to evade the issue on the plea that the vote was too small to make it a fair expression of public opinion. It certainly was an expression of opinion as far as it was polled, and we have a right to take it as a fair expression of the opinion unpolled.

Counting the unpolled votes on the side of the liquor traffic is a method of dealing with them so unfair and so partial that we cannot wonder at the impatience with which it was received and the indignation which has been expressed against the Government by nearly every representative temperance body in the Dominion.

We sincerely hope that the sound sense of the members of the House of Commons will refuse to endorse the unjust conclusion of the Government, and will speedily find a way of carrying out the will of the people as expressed at the polls.

## PLEDGING CANDIDATES.

Communications have been received from a number of friends who desire to have framed for them, such a pledge as they think parliamentary candidates ought to be asked to sign, so as to have them committed to the support of prohibition in Parliament if elected.

The question of pledging is a serious one. As a rule, the man who needs to be pledged will not be a very effective representative of prohibition sentiment. Our cause will be best served by those who have a record of friendship for our cause, and who will stand up for it as a matter of principle, not merely because of an anti-election promise. Where a pledge is desirable, however, the object aimed at may be secured by presenting to the candidate the political platform adopted by the Alliance Convention of last summer, and asking his acceptance of it. This platform is as follows:

1. That, in view of the substantial majority in favor of prohibition, of all the votes polled throughout the Dominion in the recent Plebiscite, including an overwhelming majority in all the Provinces but one, and a large portion of all the possible votes in those Provinces, this Council desires to express its strong dissatisfaction at the failure of the Government to take steps to give effect to the will of the people, as expressed at the polls.

2. That this Council re-affirms that nothing short of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, for beverage purposes throughout the Dominion, can be accepted as a settlement of the liquor question, that such prohibition is the right and only effectual remedy for the

evils of intemperance, and must be steadily pressed for until obtained.

3. That, in view of the majority for prohibition in the whole Dominion, and the large vote and great majority recorded in favor of prohibition in six Provinces and the North-West Territories, the least measure of immediate legislation that could be looked upon as reasonable for the Government to offer, would be such as would secure the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic in and into these Provinces and Territories, notwithstanding any temporary delay in the application of such a law to the Province of Quebec on account of the adverse vote in that Province.

4. That such legislation ought to be enacted by the Dominion Parliament, which alone can prohibit the sending of intoxicating liquor into prohibition Provinces from places in which prohibition is not in operation.

5. That failure to enact at least this measure of prohibition must be considered inexcusable disregard and defiance of the strong moral sentiment of the electorate so emphatically expressed in the Plebiscite.

6. That prohibitionists ought to oppose any Government, any party or any candidate that will refuse to recognize and respond to the demand of the people, to at least the extent of such legislation.

## THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

A man or woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easy, realizable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is "elevation"—whatever that may mean. It is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action and deed—with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances; the journey completed, with the traveller lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being, dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol, he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the out-fall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking Creek.

The knotty question then is this, ought a person to start on that remarkable journey of alcoholic progress at all? Should he try any stage? Everyone says, "Venture not on the last three stages on any account;" but some say, "Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way and you will be better for it. It is nice exercise; it makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway towards the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of the way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they have lived a little shorter time for the exercise; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances! so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on towards danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not quite half-way—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest; and no further—for the sake of mind and body alike."

This, in plain language, is the argument of the moderate school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school which calls out with all its sympathetic might: "Take not a step on that highway! It is the devil's highway! It is the grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth; it is filled with jolly companions every one; it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, nor a hair-breadth of it, safe. Therefore, keep off it altogether. It is the Devil's Highway." —Mr. R. W. Richardson, M.D.

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed to **inspire workers and make votes.**

The victory won last year was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

**The Camp Fire** will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. Every society should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

**Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance.**

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative results. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes. And have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND. WILL YOU HELP US?

Address,  
F. S. SPENCE,  
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Toronto.

## Selections.

## A NATION'S NEED.

God never fails to find the man  
When mighty deeds are waiting  
For full protection of His plan,  
Some new, sublime creating.  
When wrong has trampled o'er the land,  
And burdens hard oppress it,  
The men are there on every hand  
To go in and possess it.

To-day His voice is heard, and some  
Have listened to its calling;  
O men heroic, listen, come;  
On you the need is falling;  
Come to the field of active strife,  
With brain and heart on fire;  
A nation looks to you for life,  
In you is its desire.

Put self aside, O man, to-day;  
Be blind to all ambition;  
'Tis God who calls; no hand can stay  
His will till its fruition;  
Your strength is needed in this hour,  
When truth and best endeavor  
Are called to wield a mighty power,  
And build to last for ever.

Come at the call; some future day,  
When human wrongs are righted,  
Our land reclaimed from error's sway,  
Its heroes shall be knighted;  
And priceless coronets of fame  
No kings of earth are wearing,  
Shall bear untarnished every name,  
In all its triumphs sharing.

—Good Templar's Watchword.

## THE PLEDGE.

The pledge! the pledge! who can with-  
stand,  
To send the pledge throughout the land?  
The harbinger of peace and love,  
Noah's olive branch and turtle dove.  
The pledge! the pledge! a sunny ray.  
In darkest night and cloudy day,  
A beam to chase Egyptian night,  
And loud exclaim, "Let there be light."

The pledge! the pledge! a sovereign  
balm,  
On direst ills it works a charm;  
The blotted face, the poisoned blood,  
Are by its power made pure and good.  
The pledge! the pledge! a fairy wand;  
To broken hearts a holy bond;  
The widow's tears no longer flow,  
The children's cheeks with pleasure glow.

The pledge! the pledge! a flag of truce,  
Domestic war and strife reduce,  
Where'er that blessed flag's unfurled  
A blessing comes to all the world.  
The pledge! the pledge! the Gospel's  
friend,  
Both ragged homes and hearts to mend,  
A strength temptation's power to fight,  
To mend the wrong, and help the right.

The pledge! the pledge! oh, say not so,  
It bringeth the statesman woe,  
Cannot the wheels of State go round  
But where a sacrifice is found?  
The pledge! the pledge! the State will  
save,  
The gaol destroy, and close the grave,  
All trade and commerce help revive,  
And want and shame no longer thrive.

The pledge! the pledge! enlist yet more!  
What floods of happiness in store!  
What gardens rise in desert waste!  
What impure hearts again be chaste!  
The pledge! the pledge! a hurrying  
throng  
Come forward to undo the wrong,  
Each pledge a link in mighty chain  
That giant drink ne'er use again.

The pledge! the pledge! enlist yet more!  
What! Not contribute e'en a score?  
What! Stand aside while others work?  
Will you the hour of trial shirk?  
The pledge! the pledge! a glorious year,  
A million hearts their ransom bear.  
Along the age its influence shed  
An untold good when we are dead.

A. J. G.—In *The Temperance Worker*.

## LILLIAN'S STORY

"You have often asked for the story of my life; shall I tell it to-night, Hugh?"  
"Yes, Lillian, I should indeed be grateful if you will tell it now."  
"Then excuse me just a moment, please," she said, as she left the room.  
When she returned he knew that she had been weeping. She carried in her

hand two watches welded together; one, a lady's tiny gold timepiece, the other, a gentlemen's silver watch.

"Those are the watches you brought back from the railroad wreck where your mother lost her life," Hugh said tenderly.

"Yes, Hugh, not only my mother, but my father as well," was the tremulous reply.

"Your father! Why, I thought he died years ago."

"No, he did not, and this is what I want to tell you about. Poor father! Poor Mother!"

Controlling herself with a great effort, she went on:

"Father was a very popular young man at the time he married mother; good looking, brilliant and wealthy, and mother was the only daughter of rich parents, beautiful and beloved. The course of true love appeared to run smoothly for them, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary. Not a cloud could be discerned in their roseate sky, unless it might be that Edward once in a while took a social glass, and gambled now and then for pastime, but he had promised to quit all these evil habits as soon as they were married, and mother, loving him, believed him."

Hugh opened his mouth as if to speak, but Lillian said gently: "Hear me through, first, please."

"They had a brilliant wedding, and the fortunate couple received congratulations of the hundreds of guests. Unalloyed happiness attended their pathway for the first year of their married life. Father neither drank, played cards nor billiards. Finally, however, he said it looked so silly for a great strong man like him to abstain from these things altogether when there was no danger, whatever, that he would ever carry them to excess. He always felt so womanish, he maintained, when he refused a social glass, or to take a hand at cards or billiards; but he promised faithfully that he would be moderate, very moderate in all these things."

"With a sinking heart, mother heard these arguments, yet hoped for the best. She could see how he, as a popular, rising young lawyer, would look at these things, and could not find it in her heart to blame him very much, after all. Besides, he was so tender and loving to her, and she so devotedly attached to him, that whatever he said appeared right in her sight."

"Time went on; they had been married three years when their first baby was born—little Edward. Proud parents never lived. When father went to the office that morning, the boys demanded that he 'set it up' to them. And he 'set it up' in wine; then towards evening, something stronger, drinking with them to keep them company. The result was that he went home thoroughly intoxicated for the first time in his life and before any one could prevent him, had gone into mother's room to see his son. The shock threw mamma into a fever, causing her life to hang in a balance for many long weeks. When she regained health, she learned that her first-born son was dead and buried. She never recovered from this blow, yet not one word of reproach did she give my father, who once more pledged his word to her that he would never again taste a drop. He fulfilled his promise until he was sent to Congress, then he began drinking again, not heavily, oh! no, only 'gentlemanly.'"

"Returning from the Legislature, he stopped once more, but only to begin again. Mother kept the real state of affairs from me as long as possible, saying always, 'Your father is sick, dear,' or 'has another of his bad spells,' when he was under the influence of liquor."

"In my earliest childhood, I remember that we lived in an elegant home and had all that heart could wish; but when I was about twelve years of age, the magnificent old homestead was sold, and we moved to another city, and began living in a much more moderate style. We were all very happy, and for a year father had none of his spells. Then, I remember, he was gone for two weeks, and when I questioned mother as to where he was, she would only weep and kiss me tenderly, replying, 'God will soon bring him back to us, my darling.'"

"Then one night he did come when they thought me asleep. Opening the door, he entered softly, and going up to my mother, took both her cheeks in his hands, and bending over kissed her lips, saying:

"Don't say a word, darling. I confess to you I have been off on a spree, but I could not help it."

Then mother only said: 'My own beloved husband, I am so glad to have you home again.'

"One day, three months later, I went into his office noiselessly, and saw my father grasping the table with both hands, while he declared, 'I will conquer this burning thirst; this awful craving, so help me God.'"

"He started upon seeing me, yet seemed relieved, and observed: 'I am not well, keep close to me until we go home.'"

"Not long after that I heard him tell mother to lock him in his room and not let him out until he told her to. 'I am weak again,' he said piteously; and mother understood."

"Again we moved, but this time, instead of making things better, they seemed to grow worse. Father drank quite heavily from that time on and did not try to disguise the fact, although I never saw him intoxicated. He would go away from home for a few days, quite regularly every two or three months, then be sober for several weeks after his return."

"There is no need of rehearsing to you the awfulness of those years. Mother was an angel, and father often told her so. I have heard him say time and time again, 'I wish I had died before I brought this sorrow to your life. Look at your hair,' he would murmur, stroking it fondly, 'almost white, when there should not be a gray thread to be found. Look at your cheeks,' kissing them lovingly, 'pale and wan, when they should be plump and rosy. My own dear wife, I hate myself worse than a viper for treating you so, but you cannot know of the awful burning in my veins; I get positively crazy for the accursed stuff, and forget everything, even my love for you, my darling.'"

"Mother never seemed to blame him, there was only love and pity in her heart for him, but she carried a heavy burden all the time."

"At last, one sad morning when we arose, we found that father had gone. He had left a note on the dining-room table telling mother not to attempt to find him, that he was going far away, either to make a man of himself or end his life; that he could not endure to remain there and see his wife and daughter, whom he tenderly loved, suffer on his account. He had deeded all the remaining property to mother, also left several large outstanding bills for her to collect. Every effort possible was made to obtain news of his whereabouts, but all to no avail, and we spoke of and mourned him as dead. You said once that mother always seemed so sad and quiet, do you wonder at it, now?"

"No, dearest, no. But what is the remainder of the story?"

"Just three weeks before that awful collision we received a letter from a nurse in a hospital in —, saying that father was alive and kept calling for his wife, Marie. Mother went at once to him, and remained until he was able to start home. Her presence seemed to be the medicine he needed, for he began to improve as soon as she bent over and kissed him, saying: 'Edward, I've come to take care of you.' Nothing of the past, present or future was alluded to until he had fully recovered. Then each told all that befallen them since they last met; and mother wrote it to me, for I never saw her after that," said she with a moan.

"Father's life had been a checkered one; a succession of ups and downs. At one time he would think he was thoroughly reformed; at another, that there was no salvation for him. He was carried to the hospital because of a hurt received in a drunken fight."

"I am not fit to go back with you, leave me here," implored he of mother one day.

"Leave you here! no, indeed, I am going to take you home with me—and keep you, too, sir. We'll live our honeymoon over again, and will play that our daughter Lillian is our hired girl, for you remember that was the name of the first servant we had in those early, happy days."

"Oh, Marie, you are an angel, now as ever," murmured father, stroking her hair as he used to in the olden times.

"Gazing in his loving eyes, she said, 'I have been praying earnestly about it and have faith to believe that you have touched your last drop of liquor, Edward.'"

"Then they both knelt down and mother thanked God for restoring him, to her, pleading for the forgiveness of past sins, and asking for strength and grace for the future. Father joined in and added his petition to hers; and the Lord answered his prayers, though in a way they little dreamed of. Two days after they started for home as happy as bride and groom could ever be. They had been traveling three days when that awful collision took place."

"George Bartells, who barely escaped with his life and who was on the train, tells the rest."

"I had been noticing your father and mother for some time. How supremely happy they seemed to be! Our coach was not crowded, hence they had two seats to themselves, and your father had turned one so that he sat facing your mother. She had just been laughing heartily over something he had said, when we felt a sudden, severe shock. Your parents each appeared desirous of protecting the other, for both sprang to their feet, and simultaneously threw their arms around each other. Then came the awful crash and they were buried beneath a wheel; and I knew no more."

Lillian's frail form swayed with emotion, and it was several seconds ere she could finish Mr. Bartell's story.

"When I returned to consciousness, I found that I had been dragged from the burning mass—for there had been an explosion and fire—but your father and mother, with others, had been almost instantly burned. Hastening to the doomed spot where I last saw them, I found only these two watches welded together, showing the effects of the fire, otherwise unharmed."

Lillian said softly, "This gold watch was father's wedding present to mother," and opening the flattened lid, she held it to Hugh who read the words, "To death do us part."

He arose and walked back and forth in the room while the manly tears coursed down his cheeks, though he said not a word.

"Little did my parents realize that death would unite them more truly than marriage vows had ever done," murmured Lillian, through her tears, "and I think God took this way of answering their prayers."

"You do not care to talk longer now, darling," said Hugh, as he respectfully lifted her hand to his lips. "May I come again to-morrow evening?"

"Yes," was the low reply.

There was visible embarrassment on the part of both as Lillian ushered Hugh into the parlor the next evening, but it soon disappeared, however, and they began speaking on subjects that neither of them were at all interested in, when Hugh spoke out:

"Come, let's talk."

"Well aren't we?" replied Lillian, with a smile.

"No, indeed we are not. Lillian, how long will you keep me on probation?"

"Keep you on probation! What do you mean? I surely am not keeping you at all. I have dismissed you."

"You are mistaken. You haven't dismissed me, for I am not the same fellow who was here yesterday. He used to drink occasionally and play a game of cards or billiards, but I don't. I pledge you my word, before God, that I am done with these things forever. Test me; prove me; keep me on trial for one year, two years, three or seven years; only give me promise that at the end of that time you shall be mine. Oh, Lillian, do not say me nay. Let your own love plead for me. Your heart shall never be wrung as your mother's was, I promise you upon my knees. Wear this little plain band ring," slipping it on her finger, "as a badge of friendship, for one year (the date is on it) then if you can trust me, let me replace it by a diamond, will you?"

He spoke calmly, though his face spoke the volume of love that he forbade his lips to utter.

She held out her hand and grasped his, saying simply:

"My own, true knight."  
Two years from that evening they were wed, and Hugh's present to his bride was a beautiful jeweled watch, on which was engraved the words: "Till death do us part."

"This shall be a reminder to me as well as a pledge to you, my darling," he whispered softly. — ELLA BARTLETT SUMNER, in *the Union Signal*.



## ONLY A DRUNKARD.

Only a drunkard! a pitiful thing,  
Whose rough, ragged raiment so closely  
doth cling  
To the rum-stricken form; while the  
wintery winds rave  
With the moans that will echo so soon  
'round his grave.  
Yet pity him now, for the sake of the  
days  
When his feet followed free in the hap-  
piest ways.  
And the marks on the fine open features,  
were not  
The skeleton brand of a sin-saddened sot.

Think of the time, ere the world drove  
him wild,  
When he lovingly laughed as an in-  
nocent child;  
A mother prayed over him, over him  
wept,  
Taught him while waking and watched  
while he slept.  
To crown him with culture, toiled early  
and late.  
And dreamed of a manhood both honor-  
ed and great.

Somebody's darling, somebody's joy,  
Somebody's brother, somebody's boy,  
Somebody's hero, somebody's love,  
Worshipped as next to the Master above.  
College friends fluttered him, happy and  
gay,

Conquering obstacles day after day—  
Winning in wisdom the rich golden grain,  
Easy to him of the brilliant brain;  
Bright eyes grew brighter with love  
when he came,  
Fond of his fancies and proud of his  
fame,  
And wept with delight, and a worshipful  
pride,  
Then he kissed her, and blessed her, and  
called her his bride.

'Twas then at the feast that he fell to his  
loa,  
As he drank to the day in the wine's  
ruddy glow.  
Little by little before he fell,  
Following fate on the highway of hell;  
Deeper and deeper he followed it down,  
On to the damnable dens of the town,  
Torturing, starving and cursing his wife,  
'Till death gave release from her rum-  
ridden life:  
And the city authorities laid her to rest,  
In a pauper's poor tomb with her babe  
on her breast.

How it pursued him! The Demon, desire;  
With its horrible thirst and its fancies of  
fire.

Forcing his feet to the terrible brink,  
Of the pit in which rages the maelstrom  
of drink,  
Homeless, and hopeless, and loveless his  
lot,  
A whisky-worn, rum-maddened, bottle-  
bound sot.

Only a drunkard! And yet let us throw,  
Charity's clock o'er his ways and his woe,  
Striving to lead him in love to the light,  
Piercing the gloom with the rays of the  
right.—I. EDGAR JONES, in the Nat.  
Tem. Advocate.

"TREATING"—A SOURCE OF  
DRUNKENNESS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

Several years ago a gentleman of my  
acquaintance fell into the habit of using  
intoxicants until he seldom passed a  
day without some symptoms of drunken-  
ness. He sometimes came home to his  
family in a state of beastly intoxication.  
Under their piteous appeals he consented  
to go to an inebriate asylum, and after a  
few months of treatment he came back  
apparently entirely reformed. Sunshine  
again filled the house that had long been  
shadowed with shame and sorrow. He  
continued sober for several months, but  
one day an old friend met him in New  
York, greeted him cordially, and invited  
him to go into a down-town restaurant  
and take a social glass with him. Under  
a sudden impulse he yielded, and that  
one glass aroused the latent appetite;  
the chained tiger was loosed again, and  
my poor friend went home that night  
pitifully and disgracefully drunk! Dur-

ing the brief remainder of his life he was  
a wreck!

That whole wretched tragedy of a  
ruined life was the result of a single act  
which goes under the deceitful name of  
"treating." That friend who offered the  
ensnaring glass proved to be a deadly  
enemy! Grant that he had no intention  
to work a fatal mischief; grant that he  
had no thought of doing a serious harm.  
He did it, however, as surely as if he had  
been actuated by a fiendish malice.  
"For evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as by want of heart."

The pernicious and abominable custom  
of "treating" a friend to a glass of  
intoxicating liquor is one of the most  
prolific causes of intemperance. It often  
engenders the habit of drinking; it often  
confirms the awful propensity; and  
sometimes, as in the case of that gentle-  
man mentioned in the beginning of this  
article, it sends a reformed inebriate  
back into the mire. The danger of this  
treating custom is that it wears the  
guise of friendship, and appeals to the  
weak side of human nature. "Come  
and take a drink with me," says the  
politician who hopes to win a vote.  
"Won't you take a social glass with me?"  
is the subtle invitation of a false friend-  
ship that is too often yielded to. It is  
not every one that has the nerve of a  
Brooklyn neighbor of mine who, having  
once been an inebriate, used to say to  
any one who invited him to take a drink,  
"If you ask me to do that again, I'll  
knock you down!"

This perilous custom of treating has  
spread very widely. When a customer  
has made a good purchase he is often  
invited by the merchant to go off to a  
restaurant or a bar-room for a bottle of  
wine to "close up the bargain." The  
drummers for commercial houses seek  
very often to win customers by polite  
invitations to a drinking resort, or to a  
theater, or sometimes to haunts too  
vile to be mentioned. I know of a very  
affable salesman in a wholesale dry  
goods establishment who became a dissi-  
pated man from having to invite  
customers to lunch with him over a  
bottle of wine! His employers set that  
bright young man to tempt other people,  
and he did it at the cost of his own  
character. The various athletic contests  
and inter-collegiate ball games are at-  
tended with an enormous amount of  
hard drinking; much of it takes the  
form of "treating" by those who have  
won their games or their bets. It is not  
too much to say that a vast amount of  
intemperance, with its terrible results to  
purse, character and immortal souls can  
be traced directly to that cunning device  
of the devil which puts poison into a  
man's brain under the pretense of put-  
ting a kindness into his heart.

In these days a very large amount  
of moral artillery is very properly aimed  
at the traffic in oxycitans. Righteous  
denunciations are hurled at the saloons.  
But the destructive drink traffic really is  
fed by and depends upon the drink cus-  
tom. Intemperance is bred in the club,  
in the home, and in the social circle as  
well as in the bar-room. The purchaser  
of liquor is a partner with the liquor  
seller. Everyone who buys an intoxicant,  
or offers an intoxicant to another, does  
his or her part towards maintaining the  
drink customs which underlie the waste  
and the woe and wretchedness of intem-  
perance. The question of wages and of  
justice to the laboring man absorbs a  
wide attention; but who will dispute that  
if all the money that is spent by the  
working class in "treating" each other  
to alcoholic beverages were saved there  
would be thousands of better furnished  
homes, better clad wives and better fed  
children?

There is another very weighty thought  
to be faced by every man's conscience.  
It is this. The person who offers an  
intoxicating glass to another—from what-  
ever motive—is responsible for the  
results of that glass! The false friend  
who in obedience to a foolish and  
abominable custom "treated" the re-  
formed inebriate of whom I spoke to a  
treacherous drink of liquor, was respon-  
sible, to a certain extent, for that man's  
relapse and ruin. Certainly, if he had  
not asked and urged that gentleman to  
drink with him, he would not have  
touched the fatal drop. "Woe unto  
him that giveth his neighbor drink." He  
is accountable for what comes out  
of that neighbor's lips—yes, and for what  
that brain may do under the influence of  
the inflaming drought. Whenever you,  
my reader, from a false kindness, are  
guilty of "treating" another to a glass  
of intoxicating beverage, I wish that you

might see these solemn words cut in with  
a diamond on that glass:

"Within this glass destruction rides,  
And in its depths does ruin swim;  
Around its foam perdition glides,  
And death is dancing on the brim!"  
—The Messenger.

## A LASH WITH A SNAPPER.

Three public-house keepers in Chicago were  
found guilty of selling liquor to minors, and  
the following is the address of the Judge who  
sentenced them, as reported by the Chicago  
Tribune.

By the law you may sell to men and  
women, if they will buy. You have  
given your bond and paid your license  
to sell to them, and no one has a right  
to molest you in your legal business.

No matter what the consequences may  
be, no matter what poverty and destitu-  
tion are produced by your selling accord-  
ing to law, you have paid your money for  
this privilege, and you are licensed to  
pursue your calling.

No matter what families are distracted  
and rendered miserable, no matter what  
wives are treated with violence, what  
children starve or mourn over the  
degradation of a parent, your business is  
legalized, and no one may interfere with  
you in it.

No matter what mother may agonise  
over the loss of a son, or sister blush for  
the shame of a brother, you have a right  
to disregard them and pursue your legal  
calling; you are licensed.

You may fit up your lawful place of  
business in the most enticing and capti-  
vating form; you may furnish it with the  
most costly and elegant equipments for  
your lawful trade; you may fill it with  
the allurements to amusement; you  
may use all your arts to induce visitors;  
you may skillfully arrange and expose  
to view your choicest wines and captivat-  
ing beverages; you may, then, induce  
thirst by all contrivances to produce a  
raging appetite for drink, and then you  
may supply that appetite to the full,  
because it is lawful; you have paid for it;  
you have a license.

You may allow boys, almost children,  
to frequent your drinkshop; they may  
witness the apparent satisfaction with  
which their seniors quaff the sparkling  
glass; you may be schooling and training  
them for the period of 21, when they,  
too, can participate, for all this is lawful.  
You may hold the cup to their very  
lips, but you must not let them drink—  
that is unlawful.

But while you have all these privileges  
for the money you pay, this poor privilege  
of selling to children is denied you.  
Here parents have the right to say,  
"Leave my son to me until the law  
gives you the right to destroy him. Do  
not anticipate that terrible moment  
when I can assert for him no further  
right of protection; that will be soon  
enough for me, for his mother, for his  
sister, for his friends, and for the com-  
munity to see him take his road to  
death. Give him to us in his childhood  
at least. Let us have a few years of his  
youth, in which we may enjoy his  
innocence to repay us in some small  
degree for the care and love we have  
lavished upon him." This is something  
you, who now stand a prisoner at the  
bar, have not paid for; this is not  
embraced in your license.

For this offence the court sentences  
you to ten days' imprisonment in the  
county jail, and that you pay a fine  
of 75 dollars and costs, and that you  
stand committed until the fine and costs  
of this prosecution are paid.

## SOME EXPLODED FALLACIES.

HOW OPINION HAS CHANGED REGARDING  
BENEFITS OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

How many miserable fallacies in re-  
gard to the benefits of drinking alcoholic  
liquor have been demolished in the past  
few years!

It was once a fond delusion that strong  
drink was almost indispensable for per-  
sons exposed to the extreme cold com-  
mon in high northern latitudes. The  
notion was prevalent, even in our tem-  
perate climate, that persons working in  
the open air in the winter were benefited  
by an occasional indulgence in hot toddy  
or some other alcoholic device. But it is  
generally admitted now that indulgence  
in stimulants of any kind should be care-  
fully avoided by persons working under  
a low temperature.

Long, Greely and Nansen have put on  
record their testimony against the use of

stimulants by men engaged in polar ex-  
ploration. Nansen was especially em-  
phatic on this point. During the extreme  
cold weather of last winter several New  
York papers recognized the value of this  
new teaching so far as to warn their  
readers of the danger of alcoholic stimu-  
lants under such severe conditions.

While strong drink was formerly con-  
sidered one of the most excellent, if not  
an indispensable, protection against the  
cold, it was also by a curious process of  
reasoning quite as efficacious in warding  
off the effects of heat. Workers around  
the furnaces of iron mills, laborers in the  
fields under an August sun and travel-  
lers in the tropics were permitted to  
believe that an occasional stimulation  
was necessary and healthful. But this  
notion was consigned to the limbo of  
other alcoholic myths years ago.

The English War Department made  
some experiments in this connection,  
and the result was that in the Sudan  
campaign under Gen. Kitchener not a  
single drop of stimulant was allowed in  
the camp, save for hospital use. The  
officers, including even the generals, were  
forbidden the accustomed spirits, wines  
and malt liquors at their mess tables, and  
an order was issued that the liquid re-  
freshment for all hands, including even  
camp followers, must be limited to tea,  
oatmeal water or lime juice and Nile  
water.

The wonderful freedom of the Kitch-  
ener expedition from disease, although  
making forced marches through the  
desert under a burning sun and in a most  
unhealthy climate, fully justified the  
rule. Volumes of testimony from our  
own most experienced army officers  
against the use of stimulants by men  
exposed to hardships of camp life in  
Cuba and elsewhere came out in the re-  
cent agitation of the "canteen" question.

More recently Gen. Greene has ex-  
pressed the view that the remarkable  
healthfulness of his force for a long time  
after their arrival at Manila was due to  
the fact that no alcoholic beverages were  
allowed his men on the long voyage to  
Manila.—Christian Work.

## DRINK AND CRIME.

Hon. J. C. Parker, who for twenty  
years has been judge of the Federal  
Court for the Indian Territory and the  
Western District of Arkansas, and before  
whom nearly a thousand men have stood  
charged with murder, and who has doubt-  
less sent more criminals to the gallows  
and jails than any other judge in  
America, in a recent article in the North  
American Review, says:

"We find that during the last six years  
there have been 43,902 homicides in the  
United States, an average of 7,317 per year.  
In the same time there have been 723  
legal executions and 1,118 lynchings.  
These startling figures show that crime  
is rapidly increasing instead of diminish-  
ing. In the last year 12,500 persons were  
killed, or at the rate of 1,041 per month,  
whereas in 1890 there were only 4,290, or  
about one third as many as in 1898. This  
bloody record shows a fearful increase of  
a crime which destroys human life."

Asked as to what part whisky has  
played in this awful carnival of blood,  
Judge Parker replies:

"At least three fourths of the homi-  
cides committed in this country are at-  
tributable, directly or indirectly, to the  
use of intoxicants. The question is not  
a new one to me. It has been forced up-  
on my attention almost continually since  
I have been upon the bench. I think  
the same ratio of whisky homicides  
would hold good in this court. The  
number that were influenced indirectly  
is hard to estimate, and it is more than  
probable that in every case of homicide  
whisky has played its part, either on the  
side of the criminal or of the victims.

"To my positive knowledge, whisky  
was the direct cause of twenty-five out  
of twenty-six murders committed in one  
locality during the past twenty-one years  
the parties to the quarrels having been  
drinking at the time or immediately be-  
fore the tragedies occurred. The re-  
maining one was committed by a young  
boy, and I am not positive now but that  
either himself or the man he murdered  
was under the influence of liquor at the  
time. It is really difficult to recall  
cases in which whiskey did not figure in  
one way or another, and the examples  
are prominent in which murderers were  
excited immediately to the commission  
of their crime by being intoxicated."