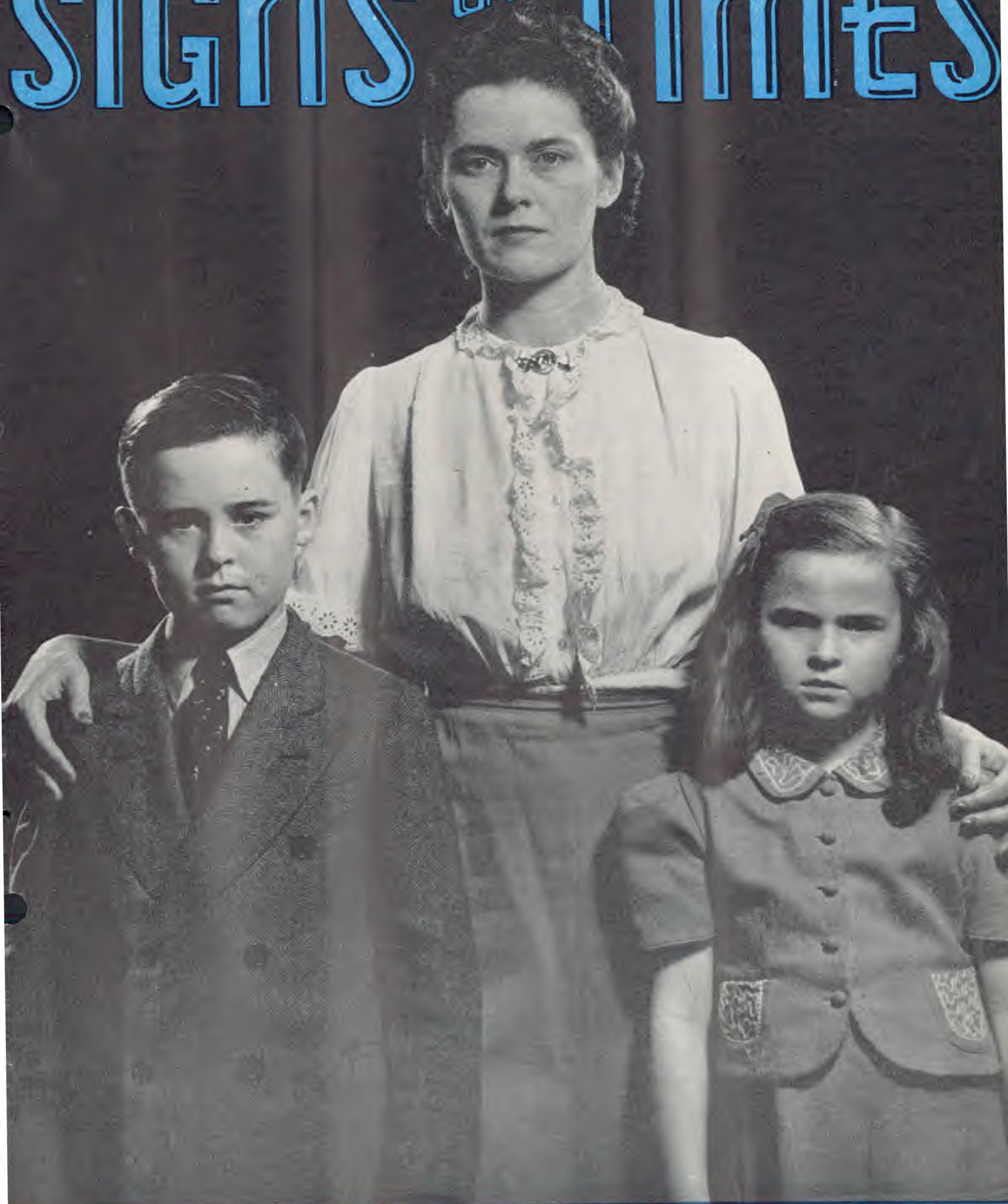


Canadian

OSHAWA, ONTARIO OCTOBER, 1944

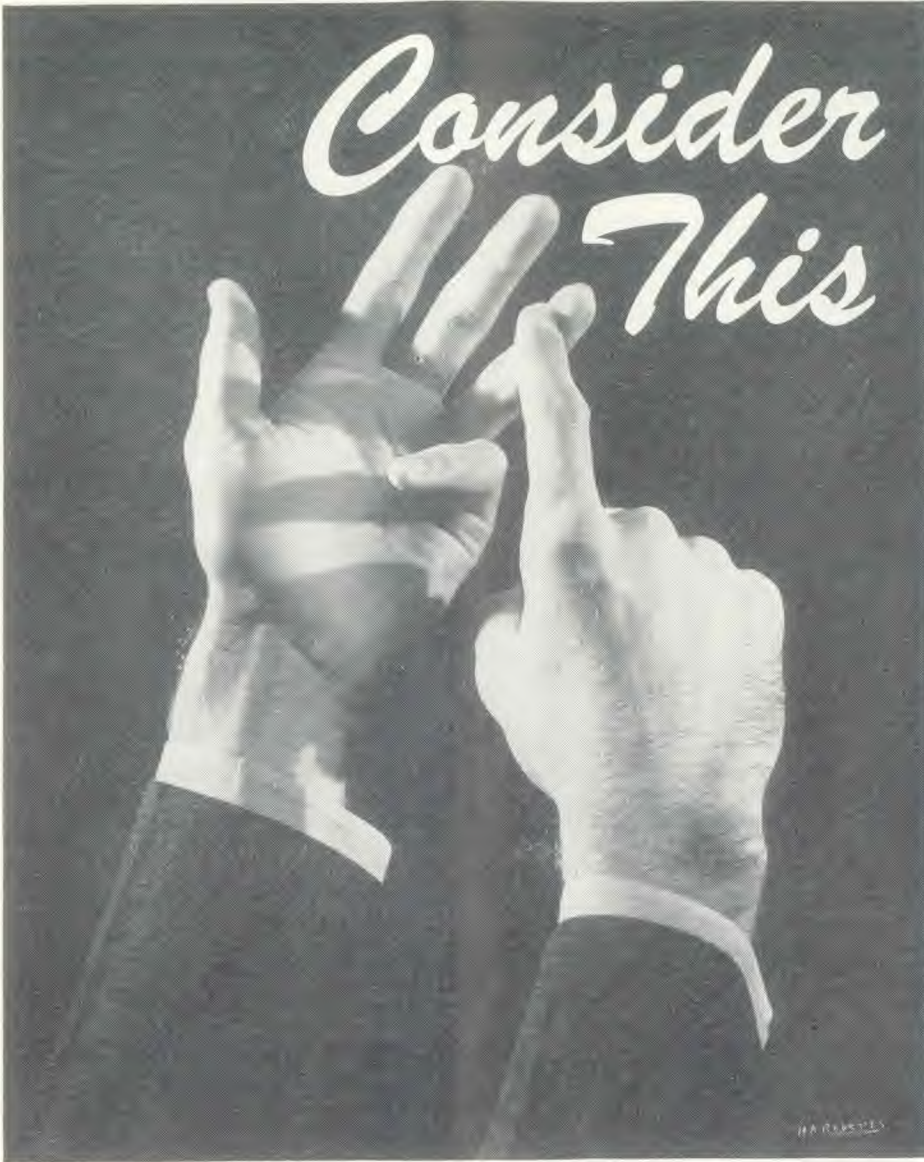
SIGNS OF TIMES



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Consider This



CANADIANS during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1944 squandered in direct and indirect liquor costs enough money to clothe every man, woman and child in the Dominion of Canada with a fifty-three dollar suit, dress, or overcoat. The retail cost of the liquor consumed throughout Canada for that year was 16% over that of the previous year and 86.8% above the liquor expenditure of the last pre-war year, 1939. Thus each passing year of this crisis brings a more wanton wasting of wealth, wisdom, and work. The Bureau of Statistics' figures in 1943 are indicative of the rate of increase in liquor consumption in Canada during the war years. Gallonage sales for 1943 were as follows:

Spirits—4,903,023 proof gallons;
Malt liquors—97,610,326 gallons;
Wines—4,627,567 gallons.

These figures are above those of the Bureau for the last pre-war year, 1939, by the following percentages:

Spirits—42.7% increase;
Malt liquors—54% increase;
Wines—33.6% increase.

Retail liquor costs to the consumer during the year ending March, 1943 were forty-seven and a half million dollars more than those of the year before. Hundreds of millions every year spent on this poverty-breeding, justice-perverting, crime-producing, politics-corrupting, war-crippling blight that breeds physical disease, mental deficiency, moral depravity, and social and racial degeneracy, not only contradict our claims to be engaged in a total war effort but also constitute a mortgaging of the future welfare and progress of our nation. Neither the cost for the present nor for the future can be estimated in terms of dollars and cents,

about CANADA

nor in estimates of gallonage consumption, nor indeed by any comparative figures.

All the tides of human progress have in the past run parallel with the temperance cause, while liquor has ever remained the handmaiden of vice, juvenile delinquency, crime, poverty, insanity, ignorance and mental and spiritual darkness; and has been associated with every blight that has cursed humanity. The more a nation drinks the more it paralyzes its progress. To-day as never before "the honour of God, the stability of the nation, the well-being of the community, of the home, and of the individual, demand that every possible effort be made in arousing the people to the evil of intemperance" that the voice of an awakened nation may demand a sweeping curtailment of this infamous traffic and give drink-maddened men and women an opportunity to escape from their thralldom.

Planners for world-betterment in the post-war world will have to reckon with the ever-increasing abnormal drink habit "as the arch-saboteur of human decency and social progress." They cannot afford to ignore the issue, for the future of our nation is vitally concerned. How can the problems of re-construction in the post-war world be successfully met by a beer-drinking generation? Thousands of our youth in the armed services have been introduced to liquor and its habit-forming ways during the strain of these war-years and upon their return to civilian life will present a major social problem with respect to the increased number of habitual drinkers.

What will be the reaction of confirmed users of the fiery poison to the uncertainties, disillusionments, re-adjustments and economic and social strain of the days to follow in the immediate post-war period? What a tragedy that the cream of our nation in the hour of their personal sacrifice and brave daring for the welfare of their country and the cause of freedom, should be thus subjected to the physical and moral enslavement of alcohol and thus jeopardize not only the future welfare of the nation but also their very own lives and careers! May God give many of our boys the moral courage to keep themselves free from this blight! How will the men who are using this crisis to aid and abet this youth-blighting social, moral, economic, political and religious smear upon our fair land, clear their skirts in the judgment day?

What a sad commentary on the liquor menace is the fact that our Prime Minister felt himself obliged under the circum-

DA'S DRINK BILL

By J. A. Buckwalter

stances to withdraw the Federal restrictions on beer. Although beer was pegged at an abnormal high, it was at least pegged, and that pegging tended to slow down the backward trend, and its removal can only tend to swell the already abnormal increase of drinking habits. The probable cost of liquor to our nation in the post-war period is staggering. And the social, economic, and moral costs far outweigh the financial cost. It remains to be seen whether or not the Dominion of Canada will continue to permit the liquor industry, one of the most dominant of the money interests of the nation, to increasingly strengthen its continental-control and influence in such a way as to menace in the post-war period. As a nation we should be grateful for the measure of war-time restrictions that still hold and should be somewhat chagrined at the little real moral support that the peoples of our country are prepared to give to the continuation of such restrictions.

With lands and buildings totalling more than one hundred million and a yearly earning power also aggregating more than one hundred million, and with millions held in financial reserve, the liquor industry under cover of darkness uncoils its octopus arms to suck the lifeblood of the youth of our fair land, and its money, power, and influence speak with telling weight. May Providence help the people of Canada to awaken to the threat of this growing menace.

It is impossible adequately to estimate the cost to Canada of the inroads made by beverage alcohol upon the health of the wine-bibber. The saying that he puts vitamins in his gin so he can build himself up while he is tearing himself down, is more than a mere quip. It is a trite admission of the almost universal recognition of the health-destroying curse of drink. Those who drink are more susceptible to disease, and the drinkers' chances of life are lessened when they contract serious diseases.

Space permits the consideration of a portion of the cost of one scourge only, that of venereal disease. Alcohol is a major contributing factor. In a recent survey of a military group affected it was revealed that 60% of the contacts had been associated with liquor drinking. It is estimated that 200,000 Canadian workers are suffering from this dread social blight. A sum of \$8,000,000 is the estimated minimum cost of the treatment of venereal disease cases in the armed services between January 1st, 1940 and June 30, 1943, according to figures released by the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence.

The number of man days lost to the service of the country during the two and one-half year period because of venereal disease totalled 1911 years; and with the money spent on the treatment of the disease the Navy could have bought

11,000 depth charges; the Army could have completely equipped 32,000 infantrymen; and the Air Force could have purchased 7,000 Browning machine guns. And the total loss to the armed services "could have kept a 500-bed base hospital, with its entire staff, busy for three years and ten months treating venereal disease alone."

The cost to national industry of the increased consumption of alcoholic beverage

the reply, "Because, Madam, wherever you find bottles you find rags."

Figures for the year 1942 show 8,794 more convictions for drunkenness than were shown for the year 1939. Mr. Challes, a former provincial secretary, said during a budget debate in the Ontario legislature that liquor was the main cause of increased juvenile delinquency and crime in general in Ontario. Judge G. W. Morley of Owen Sound estimates that

**CANADA NEEDS
OUR BEST**

It is MEN that make a NATION GREAT

**WE MAY HAVE
ACRES-MINES-FORESTS
WATERPOWERS-MONEY
and STILL BE POOR
unless we have
RIGHT MEN & WOMEN**

IN THE NAME OF THE MAN OF GALILEE

**LET US BE
SOBER - INTELLIGENT - HONEST
CLEAN - INDUSTRIOUS - KIND
MERCIFUL & JUST**

You cannot be your best—and drink
"ANYONE WHO DOES LESS THAN HIS BEST IS A DESERTER"

ages is disturbing, to say the least. In many factories drunkenness heads the list as the reason for absenteeism. There have been cases when the absentees were so numerous that a major curtailment of work resulted. It is reported that a recent liquor drinking spree largely contributed to the shut-down of two mines for a whole week at Sydney Mines, N. S.

The loss to industry is only one side of the story. The economic, moral and spiritual losses to the home and the community cannot be computed by mere figures. It is said that when a lady passer-by overhearing the wail of the ragman: "Bottles and rags! Bottles and rags!" asked the peddler, "Why do you always call these two words together?" she received

juvenile delinquency in Canada has increased 45% during war years. Liquor's relationship to crime is revealed in the fact that 97% of the total prisoners incarcerated in penitentiaries and reformatories for crime were users of liquor.

We have scarcely begun to touch the fearful cost of liquor to our nation. It is the scourge of our national life, a colossal social problem that remains the enemy of national progress. The prosperity of our nation as that of all others must depend upon the virtue and intelligence of our citizens. History is filled with lessons of warning. In nation after nation dissipation paved the way for national downfall. In Canada, liquor's WRECK-ord grows.



WILL NOT STEM THE LIQUOR TIDE WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

By Charles S. Longacre

THE liquor traffic to-day stands indicted before the bar of justice upon its own record of broken promises, as the most corrupt and law-defying industry in the world.

It is high time that the people who have the fear of God in their souls, the welfare of their boys, and the honour of their country at heart, do something about this greatest of all curses, the most terrible enemy within our own borders—the demon drink. Lamenting the evils of drink is not enough. It is time to make our influence count for something. We owe our boys in the service of their country protection from vice and liquor. We owe to our country and our country's honour the removal of those twin curses which are inflicting more damages than the enemies' bullets and bombs.

If by imbibing alcoholic beverages a man is disqualified to sit at the throttle of a passenger engine on the railroad or to sit behind the steering wheel of an automobile on the public highway, certainly the officers, soldiers, sentinels, and guards in our military forces, who hold the destiny of our nation in their hands, need to be sober.

"But," says one, "Do not men have a right to drink what they want as well as to eat what they desire? Does not our government uphold personal liberty?" No one has a personal right to inflict an

MODERATION IS NOT ENOUGH

"Moderation implies that excess is 'just around the corner.' What is claimed as moderation for one is clearly excess for another. We are dealing with dangerous uncertainties when we try to define moderation. Evidently what is implied or expected in moderate drinking is that no physical harm results and no risk is run of forming a habit." — Fred M. Perrell.

"If the average man with three drinks under his belt is driving at forty miles an hour, when danger pops up ahead of him, he will travel from five to eight feet nearer that danger before deciding what to do about it than he would have travelled if he had not taken the drinks. Any experienced driver knows how very important that margin may be." — *Alcohol and Motorists*, by Curtis Billings.

"Neither military authorities nor medical doctors are competent to see the spiritual damage done by alcohol. They look too much at its bodily effects; but a greater effect is upon the higher mental processes." — Charles A. Ellwood.

injury upon another person or upon society by dethroning his reason and impairing his judgment by an excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Personal liberty is not a license to infringe upon the rights of others or to injure others. No person has an absolute right to do what he pleases or desires when it impairs the welfare of others. No person has the right to sell the public poisoned food. No one has a right to erect a slaughterhouse in the public square or on the bank of a city reservoir. No man has a right to sell cocaine, morphine, or any other deadly drug promiscuously to the public, no matter how much drug addicts may crave it.

Since this fundamental principle of prohibitive and restrictive legislation is justified by wets and dries alike, how then can our lawmakers justify the granting of license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to avaricious, ruthless, heartless, conscienceless, and lawless dealers in a commodity that transforms men and women into staggering, reeling, fighting, gibbering, irresponsible drunkards, criminals, murderers, vagabonds?

Liquor creates no economic values that can possibly accrue to the nation or the individual in beneficial results. The more it induces a man to spend for booze, the less he will have for shoes; the more he spends for the pro-

duct of hops, the less he will have for crops; the more he spends for wet goods, the less he will have for dry goods; and the more he gives to the bartender, the less he will have for the coal-vendor. A dollar spent for booze cannot be spent for shoes. That dollar is lost, and instead of leaving a blessing it leaves a curse. Remember, friends, you cannot have sunshine in your home while you have moonshine in your cellar.

A brewer recently advertised his beer as being a wonderful stimulant and as having great nourishment in it. But that theory is easily exploded. Suppose there is a hornets' nest full of live hornets deposited on a chair in this room. Suppose I sit down on that live hornets' nest. That is a wonderful stimulant. It has great lifting power, but where does the nourishment come in? It will help me to get out of this room a little faster, just like applying the whip to the back of the old horse might spur him down the road faster, but there is no nourishment or strength in the crack of the whip, nor in the sting of the hornet, nor in the sparkle and sting of alcohol.

I am going to ask four industries some questions as to the results obtained in transforming their raw material into their finished products. Listen to the questions and answers in this quiz.

"What is your name?"

"I am a sawmill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Logs."

"What is your finished product?"

"Lumber—out of which houses and offices are built, furniture made, etc."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes; much more."

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

"I am a great blessing to society. I give comfort, shelter, and homes to needy humanity."

"Then you are an honourable industry, and we will enact laws to protect your business."

"Second industry, what is your name?"

"I am a gristmill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Wheat and corn."

"What is your finished product?"

"Flour and meal."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes; much more."

"Are you a benefit to society, or a curse?"

"I am a great benefit to society. Society could not get along without me. I give health, vigour, strength, and comfort to society."

"Then you are a respectable industry, and we shall enact laws to protect your business."

"Third industry, what is your name?"

"I am a paper mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"Old paper, wood pulp, and rags."

"What is your finished product?"

"Fine linen paper."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes; worth much more."

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

NEVER HAS SO MUCH

More than \$200,000,000

BEEN TAKEN FROM SO MANY



BY SO FEW



IN SO SHORT A TIME

ONE YEAR

WITH SUCH DISASTROUS RESULTS

"I am a great asset and benefit to society. Out of my finished product they make books, newspapers, magazines, diplomas, certificates, paper money, etc. I convey information and knowledge to all the world."

"Then you are an honourable and respectable industry, and we shall make laws to protect your business."

"Fourth industry, what is your name?"

"I do not like to tell you my name."

"Well, I do not like your smell. Tell me your name!"

"I am the gin mill, and I represent the distillery, the brewery, the saloon, and all the places where liquor is sold."

"What is your raw material?"

"Bright Canadian boys and girls."

"What is your finished product?"

"I am ashamed of it, I do not like to tell. But if you must know, it is the bum and the drunkard."

"Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"No; it is worth far less, I am sorry to admit."

"Are you a blessing or a curse to society?"

"To be candid, I am a burden, a dis-

grace, and a curse to society."

"Then you are the only Canadian industry whose finished product is worth less than the raw material. Shall we make a law to protect and to preserve an industry that is a curse instead of a blessing to society?"

"Audience, what do you say?" Shall we make a law to protect this industry or to abolish it?"

Answer: A tremendous "No!"

Now, let me use another illustration. To make this clear and forceful we will imagine five links in a chain. The top link represents the churchman; the second link, a wet legislator; the third link, a wet law; the fourth link, the liquor trade; and the fifth link, the drunkard, as the finished product. Shall we ask the drunkard and this Christian voter some questions?

"Drunkard, of what were you made?"

"Of a bright young boy, capable of earning wages and being a credit to my home and country."

"What are you worth now?"

"Nothing. I am a burden, and a disgrace to my home, my community and

my country."

"Drunkard, what made you what you are?"

"The saloon over there made me."

"Saloon, what made you?"

"The wet law over there made me."

"Law, who made you?"

"The wet legislator over there made me."

"Wet legislator, who made you?"

"The ballot in the hands of the church man over there made me."

"Churchman, did you knowingly and consciously cast your ballot for the wet legislator and for the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard?"

"Well, I always stick to my party."

"That is not the question I asked you, sir. Did you vote for the wet legislator and the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard?"

"Yes, he represented my party, and I believe I never scratch the ticket."

"Then your religion and your politics prevent you from scratching the ticket, no matter who runs for office?"

"Yes."

Now, look at this chain of five links—the churchman, the wet legislator, the wet law, the saloon, and the drunkard. Let me ask this last link in this chain a question.

"Poor drunkard, where are you going?"

"To hell."

"How do you know?"

"Because the Good Book says, 'No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Poor fellow, would to God I might save you."

Let me go to the top of this chain:

"Churchman, where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven."

"How do you know?"

"About forty years ago the Lord took my feet out of the mire and clay, and placed them upon the solid Rock, and put a new song in my mouth."

"Shut your mouth, you miserable hypocrite. I have contempt for such twaddle."

If that poor drunkard goes to hell in the judgment day as the Good Book says he will, and if that unrepentant churchman, who was an aider and abettor by knowingly and consciously voting for the wet legislator and the wet law that made the saloon and the drunkard, goes to heaven, then that poor drunkard can stand on the brink of hell in the judgment day and look straight up into the face of God and cry: "Unjust! Unjust! Unjust!!!" until the pillars of justice tremble in heaven. But just as sure as there is a God of justice sitting on yonder throne in the final judgment, he is going to hold every voter responsible for the proper exercise of his franchise.

All our efforts to make this a better and a happier world in which to live after the war will fail if liquor is allowed free and unrestricted reign to carry on its body- and soul-destroying work. The liquor trade is war's greatest handicap and civilization's greatest liability. We cannot possibly win the war or keep the peace with liquor in absolute power on the throne. Any nation that debauches and corrupts its youth and military forces through the curse of drink, destroys its own future and commits national suicide.



His post-war rights—a good job, a happy home, a temperate life.

The Liquor Problem in the POST-WAR WORLD

By Floyd C. Carrier

THE other day after a Kiwanis Club luncheon several of us grouped together and talked about the conditions that will obtain during the post-war period. The conversation gradually drifted around to morals and drinking. One business man, not given to wild assertions, made this pointed statement: "Thousands of our lads in uniform, and lassies, too, are cultivating an appetite for drink. I believe that we are facing a complete moral breakdown of society after the armistice is signed."

As we continued to project our thinking into that coming critical time, others

in the group gave voice to similar gloomy conclusions. Far from being sentimental and emotional, these business men were accustomed to viewing objectively and without bias those problems affecting our way of life.

Others joined our group as we explored the unhappy possibilities. A lawyer called to our attention a statement made in an editorial in the *Brewer's Digest* of May 1941, under the title, "Beer In Army Camps:"

"Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

largest beer-consuming section of our population."

The force of this statement struck silence for a moment, and then conversation exploded as we realized its potentialities. I was about to speak when a high school physical director, by virtue of a powerful voice, commanded the situation and brought forcibly to our attention the following facts: "The person who cultivates an appetite for drink soon learns that four or five beers no longer transport him into a "devil-may-care" state of euphoria, but that as time goes on more and more of the liquid must be consumed as the body builds up a resistance to it. Hence the easy transfer from beer to wine, wine to spiritous liquors—moderation to an inebriate state.

"But more than that," the speaker continued, "think of the problem of readjustment that the man in military service has to undergo when he returns to civil life."

At this point in the conversation a psychiatrist brought out a few facts that challenged our thinking: "Alcohol is a potent poison that changes the hard, cold, realities of life into the fool's gold of phantasy." He said, "Think of millions of young men who have learned to drink returning to civil life again, with memories that will shape their future. Many of these lads will enter the bomb-shelter of intoxication again and again to get away from the experience of the past and to escape the responsibilities of the future. No doubt thousands of them will follow in each individual case, and you have some idea of what will happen to the moral fabric of the nation. Alcohol will make the returning soldiers' problem of reorientation doubly difficult."

"Something must be done," said the lawyer, "to put a stop to the sale of beer to men in the training camps, for this evil of exploiting our youth by the brewers of the nation is going to be a post-war boomerang that will hurt the next generation."

"Here is something that has not been brought up thus far," broke in a physician. "I wonder if you have thought of social diseases in relation to drinking? Whenever there is an increase in the consumption of beverage alcohol in any age group, there is a corresponding increase in venereal diseases in that group. My experience and observation as a physician have taught me that social drinking and social diseases work hand in hand."

As the group separated I thought of the facts brought out. Surely war leaves in its wake a terrible carnage. Man's inhumanity to man is a problem that the world's great thinkers cannot solve. And how inhuman and unkind are those who are engaged in the opportunist business of exploiting our youth in time of war! Exploiting human weakness for gain at a time when mental, moral and physical strength are at a premium; and preparing the ground for a post-war moral breakdown! How blind we human beings are!

As I thought of these things a text was suggested to me: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken." Habakkuk 2:15.



Someone who was insistent on his liberty to drink as he pleased, thereby stole the liberty — and life — of this man.

DOES PROHIBITION TAKE AWAY OUR LIBERTY?

IS LEGAL Prohibition against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages an infringement on religious liberty? There are those who hold that we are inconsistent in shouting for liberty, and at the same time advocating Prohibition. The question needs some clarification.

Liberty is a broad term. Religious liberty has to do only with a man's religious beliefs and consequent practices. What a man drinks is only indirectly connected with his religion, if connected at all. Primarily, food and drink are not matters of religious doctrine nor subjects for state legislation. Prohibition subtracts from one's personal liberty, but not from one's religious liberty.

Liberties of every sort, however, are subject to law. They are limited, inconsistent as that may seem. Liberty is not license, the right to say or do anything we please, regardless of the rights of others to do as they please. Our liberties are pooled with the liberties of all men; and they are our rights only in so far as they do not interfere with the rights of others.

According to medical testimony, criminal records, and the observation of all fair-minded people, the free imbibing of alcoholic beverages does lead to the ill health, injury, and death of countless thousands of both the imbibers and those whom they endanger while intoxicated. Hence, in the interest of liberty for all, they must be restrained.

True, all who drink alcoholic liquors do not become dangerously intoxicated, nor do they deprive others of their rights. Then should they be interdicted by a blanket law intended to catch the criminally irresponsible? Possibly not, unless laws should be made to save the potential inebriate from his worst enemy—himself; or, unless we consider any in-

jury to one person as injury to society as a whole.

But why not lock up the man who endangers society by his intoxication, and let the moderate drinkers, and those who can "carry" their liquor, drink as they please? This method of eradicating the evils of intoxication is widely used; though it usually amounts to "locking the stable after the horse is stolen." It does little good to punish a man after he has killed six people by reckless driving while drunk.

Prohibition does fall down at times. At best, it is a temporary expedient; for people cannot be made good by law. On the other hand, this is not to conclude that we are to have no laws to restrain the criminally minded. The trouble is, in such a delicate matter as liquor drinking, Prohibition works too much from the top down. It tends to make the pyramid of democracy stand on its tip.

There is a better way. By the spread of information on, and by training in temperance, one individual at a time achieves the power of self control and totally abstains from the use of beverage alcohol. A small group of similarly disposed persons gradually becomes the great majority in a community, as education and experience convince all of the evils of alcoholism and the good of temperance. Then they vote to prevent the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the area controlled by them ("local option"), restraining only the very few who by persistent intemperance endanger the good of all. If this growth spreads to larger groups and eventually to the whole nation, the vast majority being against alcoholism as they are against crime, then temperance and Prohibition merge as a matter of course.

What we need is temperance, individual and self-imposed.

The

DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER

Go, feel what I have felt;

Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

"Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child.

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look within the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavour, would you try,
If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

Selected

CHRISTIAN homes are the foundation of all that is noble and good in civilized society and stable government. If any cause or institution would influence men for its support, it appeals to homes for their favour. For normal men and women will make any sacrifice to foster the home and its interests. It is their life and the source of all their wholesome comforts and joys.

Anyone who does anything to break down the home institution is an enemy of mankind. Anything that can be done to stop his depredations is legitimate. If he is ignorant, let him be restrained till he can be informed and reformed. If he is vicious, let him be disciplined and punished.

Yet there are men in this God-blessed country who are blasting at the foundations of Canadian homes without let or hindrance. They may not be making the home the intentional object of their attacks; but what they are doing is bringing on homes the greatest curse that can rest upon them. They are debauching the responsible heads of the home with alcoholic liquors, and this with the sole purpose of making money.

"Macaulay said at one time: 'Even the law of gravitation would be brought into dispute were there a pecuniary interest involved.' Nothing shows the truth of this statement more clearly than the liquor traffic. This traffic is concerned with money on one side and on the other with the health and lives of men, their moral and their social standing, the food and clothing of their children, the happiness of their family life, their intellectual integrity, and their contribution to their country in time of peril. When stated thus baldly it hardly seems possible that one man could be found who would gamble with the human lives and interests of his fellows to that extent, but there are such, and not all among the lowest classes, either." — G. A. Cullen.

Another writer, in describing the affects of drinking on the home, tells of "Sunday brawls, and the tragic Monday mornings when in factory workshop tearful women came to beg advances on their husband's wages because Mike or Jim or Tony had left the contents of his pay envelope at the corner saloon."

Thomas A. Edison testified: "Let me cite my experience as a manufacturer, which is similar to that of other manufacturers. On paydays, before Prohibition, hundreds of palefaced women, shabbily dressed, some with faded shawls around their heads, appeared at our factory in West Orange. They were waiting to get some of their husbands' money before it was spent for beer. Within a year after Prohibition began, not a single woman appeared."

It used to be that drunkenness affected only the male head of the family. That was bad enough, since he was the sole support of the others. But we have come to a worse state for the home. As Kathleen Norris puts it:

"For generations excessive drinking by men has been the curse of helpless womanhood and childhood, has been the creator of want and slums, cruelty and crime. For generations the struggles of women to curb this curse have repre-



Shall Not

sented the one desperate effort of their lives, the one fervent prayer of their hearts.

"It is a sorrowful thing, it is a bitter reflection on the code and character of women to-day, that this curse is being extended to include them; that thousands of our women—and by no means our poorest women, by no means the women who have sunk to the lowest stage of degradation—are voluntarily placing themselves in the group of the drunkards."

Alcohol is depriving the members of

SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Home

Menaced by Alcohol

our families of their legitimate rights to food, clothing, housing, education, and recreation. "Society spends more to house a habitual drunkard than it does to educate a child."

A travelling salesman was invited by "the boys" to have a drink. "No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," he answered; "fact is, I've quit drinking. I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you now, old boy? What's happened?"

"Well, just this: I was down in the city

the other day. A customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man, not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't had a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed it to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.'

"Boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes— little things, with the buttons only slightly soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. Where

did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent look and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought 'em for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.'

"'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't, because she's dead. She's lyin' at home now—died last night.' As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case, and cried like a child. Boys," continued the salesman, "you may laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never take another drink."

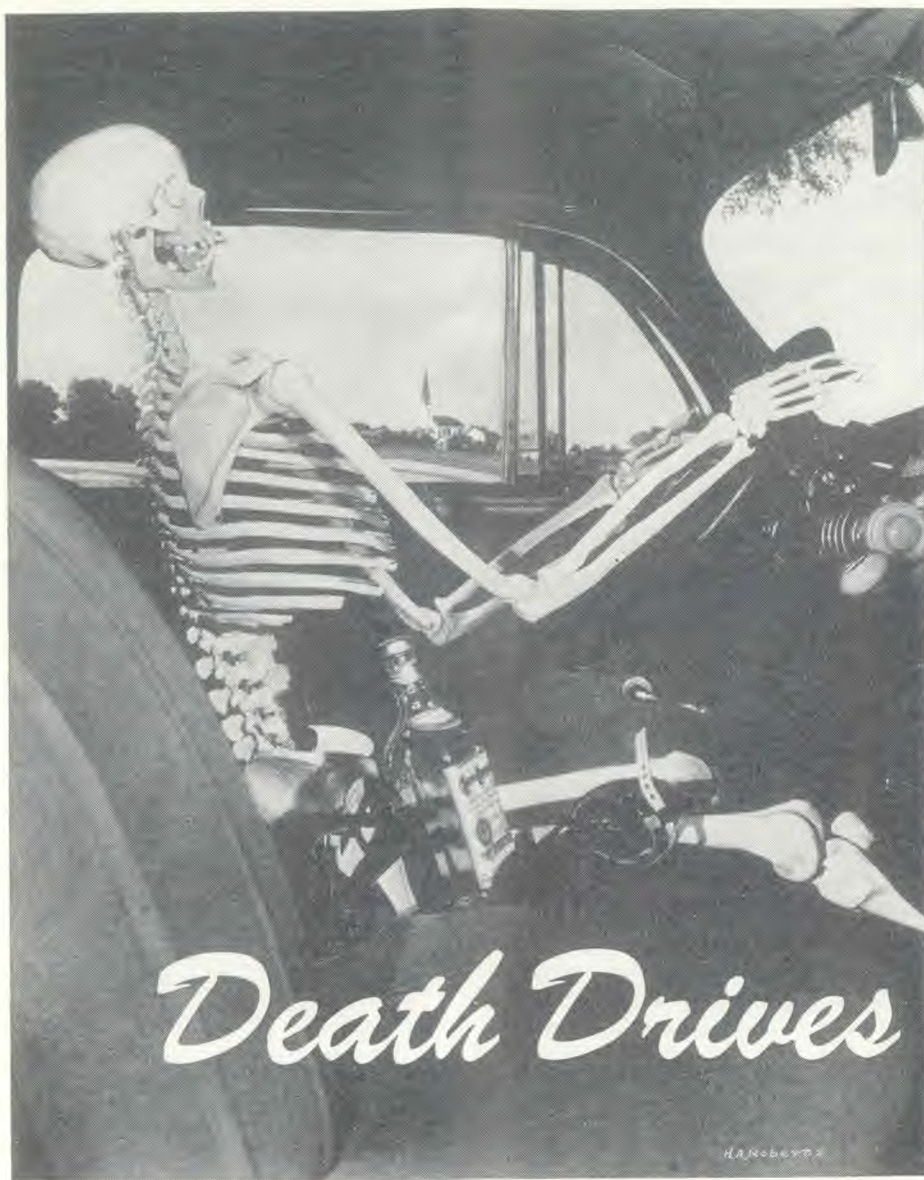
The divorce evil is no greater a destroyer of the home than is intemperance. And the worst feature of intemperance is its deceptive beginning. Its inception looks so innocent, and even seems to have many arguments in its favour. It often invades the home where the parents are strictly teetotal, because the start of alcoholism is far back of the first drink of intoxicating liquor. Here is a pertinent comment on this point:

"Often intemperance begins in the home. By the use of rich, unhealthful food the digestive organs are weakened, and a desire is created for food that is still more stimulating. Thus the appetite is educated to crave continually something stronger. The demand for stimulants becomes more frequent and more difficult to resist. The system becomes more or less filled with poison, and the more debilitated it becomes, the greater is the desire for these things. One step in the wrong direction prepares the way for another. Many who would not be guilty of placing on their table wine or liquor of any kind will load their table with food which creates such a thirst for strong drink that to resist the temptation is almost impossible. Wrong habits of eating and drinking destroy the health and prepare the way for drunkenness.

"There would soon be little necessity for temperance crusades, if in the youth who form and fashion society, right principles in regard to temperance could be implanted. Let parents begin a crusade against intemperance at their own firesides, in the principles they teach their children to follow from infancy, and they may hope for success.

"There is work for mothers in helping their children to form correct habits and pure tastes. Educate the appetite; teach the children to abhor stimulants. Bring your children up to have moral stamina to resist the evil that surrounds them. Teach them that they are not to be swayed by others, that they are not to yield to strong influences, but to influence others for good."—Ellen Gould White, in "Ministry of Healing."

The home is one institution that has come down to us unsullied from Eden. It will go through into Kingdom Come. Its enemies are our enemies. To protect the home and its innocent and weaker inmates is the noblest work of man. Always keep a wary eye on, and have a sword point ready for, Beverage Alcohol; for he is ever in the forefront of the enemy line.



Death Drives

WHEN you travel over in India, you find the cows lying down on the street, blocking the doorways of shops. People walk around the cows; they don't kick them; they don't ask them to move. The cow takes precedence over business, for the cow is considered sacred. They are afraid to kick it out of the way. The liquor traffic has become the sacred cow on this side of the Pacific and we won't even kick it. We are fighting enemies on almost every foreign soil; men—our men—are dying by the thousands trying to make the world free—free for democracy. We are spending billions; we are straining every nerve; tremendous efforts of all kinds are being put forth to defeat especially two of these foes—Tojo and Hitler, but there are other enemies in our own land far deadlier than these two and their cohorts. Not many guns are being invented to destroy them. One greater than Tojo is John Barleycorn. Call him what you will—beer, wine, gin, Martini, Tom Collins, Manhattan, Scotch or Double Scotch or any of the rest of the 57 varieties—he has killed more men in the past year in our homeland than Tojo ever has killed or ever will kill.

I would much rather see my boy in the war against Tojo than to see him in the arms of John Barleycorn. He would have a fair chance to win if he could shoot the quickest, but John Barleycorn doesn't care how hard you hit him; the harder you fight him the better he likes it, and he doesn't even fight as fairly as do the Nazis and the Nipponese.

Those thousands of boys who died in Normandy did their share. They paid off in guts and blood, but that was yesterday, we can't do anything about that. But we can do something about to-day and to-morrow. The number of our boys who will return will be in direct proportion to our efficiency on the home front. Our efficiency on the home front will rise in proportion to the narcotics we leave out.

Two young boys and two girls still in their teens had gone to a beer garden, and while returning in an automobile late at night, drunk, they had a head-on collision with another car. The two girls were killed outright and were taken to the city morgue; the two boys were taken to the city hospital in an unconscious condition. The morning newspapers which wrote up the account of the tragedy

requested the mothers whose daughters had not yet returned from the beer gardens to go down to the morgue and identify their daughters. The evening newspapers announced that *seventy-four mothers* had appeared in the morgue in the early hours of the morning to discover whether or not it was their daughters who were lying there.

A battle-wise general in the Army says:

"I commanded a company for more than twenty years, and it's the company commander who has the best opportunity to learn what the effects of the canteen are upon the enlisted Army. It was the experience I had with my own company, as I saw the contrast between a camp with a beerless canteen, and one where beer was sold by the carload. It was the difference between the two that caused me to take my stand against that infernal institution which takes the raw man from his home and makes him a beer drinker."

J. Pluvius and John Barleycorn both conspired against a young garage attendant, to place him in jail for drunkenness and illegal house entry. Police reports disclose that this young man had imbibed considerably during the night and then started home. After he had walked a short distance he was caught in a deluge of rain.

When ALCOHOL Is at the WHEEL

By Titus A. Frazee

Seeking shelter, he entered someone else's good-looking home through an unlatched front door. He took to an easy chair in the living room, pulled his top coat over his head and proceeded to make himself comfortable. The owner of this home was asleep in a rear bedroom, but a neighbour, meanwhile, saw the intruder effect entrance to the home, tapped on the owner's bedroom window and informed him of the presence of his uninvited guest. Armed with a kitchen stool, the irate owner surveyed the sleeping intruder, then telephoned the police. The young man was puzzled over his arrest and said, "I had a few beers and just tried to get out of the rain."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

P. E. Roll comments significantly: "Moderate drinkers and friends of moderation are in deed and in fact the liquor traffic. If all were abstainers, no liquor traffic; if all drinkers were drunkards, the traffic would soon rot away. But behind the line of moderation the traffic securely thrives. We must either justify this respectable front, or kill it too dead to die, for on this line the battle is won or lost."

Perhaps by now you are nearing the conclusion that the writer of this article is a fanatic on the temperance question. Before you decide, pause for a realization of the difference between a fanatic and a radical, for they are by no means synonymous. In fact, a fanatic can be the most hidebound and unprogressive person in any cause. A true radical is an advocate of truth who will not be sidetracked by specious reasoning or superficial suavity. I am a radical.

Peter's father worked on the dykes in Holland and, one evening after school, Peter went to walk home with his father. For some reason or another, the father missed Peter and came home without him. The parents waited and waited and finally darkness fell but still the boy did not come. The father and some friends went out in search of Peter and just before dawn they found him. As he had gone to meet his father he had noticed a hole in the dyke and had put his little hand into the hole to stop the water. All night long he had stayed there hoping help would come, knowing all the while that, if he left his post the hole would grow larger and larger until soon the water would be rushing in to flood the homes in the lowlands.

When I hear and read of the rising tide of liquor, I can't help but think that, though the church, the school, the home, the W.C.T.U. and other decent, high-minded groups everywhere may seem as insignificant as little Peter against the mighty ocean of the opposition, the challenge comes for us to hold back the rushing flood created by the world's greatest swindlers.

Another contender for the liquor traffic comes up with: "Why bring up this secondary issue when we are at war?" Is the health and welfare of our military and civilians a secondary issue? Is sabotage a secondary issue? Is the man-power shortage a secondary issue?

Five or six hundred years ago when they went to war it wasn't the serious thing it is to-day. Winter came, it got cold, a little snow would fall and both sides would take a vacation. They would work from nine to four in the day time—bankers' hours—then time out for sandwiches at lunch.

You will remember a few months ago when the Japs started out to take Singapore we pooh-poohed the idea. To do that they would have to come down the Malay Peninsula. In order to come down the Malay Peninsula they would run into thousands of mosquitos every night. And furthermore there would be protecting guns from Singapore Harbour pointing East and South. Why, the idea was absolutely laughable for the Japanese to try to come down and take Singapore. But do you remember your picture of the week after Singapore

was taken? All the Major Generals and Brigadier Generals and the rest of the Generals were there in the Raffles Hotel between four and five in the afternoon, having their whiskeys and sodas. The weaker people took a stronger people because the weaker people didn't get drunk.

King Solomon was an exceedingly wealthy man; he was possibly the possessor of more wealth than any man who ever lived. Because of his wealth and position he attended most of the great banquets and functions of his day where wine flowed like water, and being a wise man he took particular pains to record for Twentieth Century readers the scientific fact that wine is a mocker, that strong drink rages and that no wise man is deceived by either one of them. But the majority are not wise—the majority of men would rather listen to some rattle-brained idiot who says "Oh, drink is all right in its place." Yes, and its place is in hell. Then some other half-wit comes along and says "Oh, strong drink is all right if you know how to handle it." Yes, put a long handle on it and pour it into the gutter.

When we do have the privilege of turning down a drink which has been proffered, why not adopt a procedure followed by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of New York City. A prominent layman invited him to his home from a church conference for "a cup of tea." The gathering turned out to be a cocktail party, with no tea in sight. Dr. Peale said that

at first he thought to himself, "Well, I'm in a strange city and perhaps I'd better be careful." Then he asked himself if he had any intestinal fortitude, and asked his host in a loud and cheerful voice, "Haven't you any tomato juice?" When he was handed the largest glass of tomato juice he ever saw, he again said in loud and cheerful tones, "This is the finest tomato juice I ever drank." Some situations would clear themselves up if we just asserted ourselves. Stand on your right to say "No", and practice saying it, frequently. Build the popularity of non-drinking.

One day, an African boy was lost. A hue and cry was raised, but no one had seen the little fellow. The search went on until nightfall, but no answer had come to the calls, and the anxious mother spent the hours in agony. Somewhere out in the darkness the child lay. Wild animals were prowling about, and that knowledge did not help in calming her. As soon as the day broke, the search began again with renewed energy, but without success. The searchers returned and held a discussion. Where was the child? Apparently there was no place that had been overlooked. There seemed nothing else which could be done. Suddenly a suggestion was made. "Let us all join hands and go through the long grass again." Thus the search was ended. The lifeless form of the little one was carried back to the distraught mother, who cried, "Oh, why did you not join hands before?"



NO ARGUMENT is needed to show the evil effects of intoxicants on the drunkard. The bleared, besotted wrecks of humanity—souls for whom Christ died, and over whom angels weep—are everywhere. They are a blot on our boasted civilization. They are the shame and curse and peril of every land.

And who can picture the wretchedness, the agony, the despair, that are hidden in the drunkard's home? Think of the wife, often delicately reared, sensitive, cultured, and refined, linked to one whom drink transforms into a sot or a demon. Think of the children, robbed of home comforts, education, and training, living in terror of him who should be their pride and protection, thrust into the world, bearing the brand of shame, often with the hereditary curse of the drunkard's thirst.

Think of the frightful accidents that are every day occurring through the influence of drink. Some official on a railway train neglects to heed a signal, or misinterprets an order. On goes the train; there is a collision, and many lives are lost. Or a steamer is run aground, and passengers and crew find a watery grave. When the matter is investigated, it is found that some one at an important post was under the influence of drink. To what extent can one indulge the liquor habit and be safely trusted with the lives of human beings? He can be trusted only as he totally abstains.

Intoxication is just as really produced by wine, beer, and cider, as by stronger drinks. The use of these drinks awakens

WHO'S to BLAME for

By Ellen Gould White

the taste for those that are stronger, and thus the liquor habit is established. Moderate drinking is the school in which men are educated for the drunkard's career. Yet so insidious is the work of these milder stimulants that the highway to drunkenness is entered before the victim suspects his danger.

Some who are never considered really drunk, are always under the influence of mild intoxicants. They are feverish, unstable in mind, unbalanced. Imagining themselves secure, they go on and on, until every barrier is broken down, every principle sacrificed. The strongest resolutions are undermined, the highest considerations are not sufficient to keep the debased appetite under the control of reason.

The Bible nowhere sanctions the use of intoxicating wine. The wine that Christ made from water at the marriage feast of Cana was the pure juice of the grape. This is the "new wine found in the cluster," of which the Scripture says, "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."

It was Christ who, in the Old Testament, gave the warning to Israel, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and

whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." He Himself provided no such beverage. Satan tempts men to indulgence that will becloud reason and benumb the spiritual perceptions, but Christ teaches us to bring the lower nature into subjection. He never places before men that which will be a temptation. His whole life was an example of self-denial. It was to break the power of appetite that in the forty days' fast in the wilderness He suffered in our behalf the severest test that humanity could endure. It was Christ who directed that John the Baptist should drink neither wine nor strong drink. It was He who enjoined similar abstinence upon the wife of Manoah.

Christ did not contradict His own teaching. The unfermented wine that He provided for the wedding guests was a wholesome and refreshing drink. This is the wine that was used by our Saviour and His disciples in the first communion. It is the wine that should always be used on the communion table as a symbol of the Saviour's blood. The sacramental service is designed to be soul-refreshing and life-giving. There is to be connected with it nothing that could minister to evil.

It must be kept before the people that the right balance of the mental and moral powers depends in a great degree on the right condition of the physical system. All narcotics and unnatural stimulants that enfeeble and degrade the physical nature tend to lower the tone of the intellect and morals. Intemperance lies at the foundation of the moral depravity of the world. By the indulgence of perverted appetite, man loses his power to resist temptation.

Temperance reformers have a work to do in educating the people in these lines. Teach them that health, character, and even life, are endangered by the use of stimulants, which excite the exhausted energies to unnatural, spasmodic action.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken." Habakkuk 2:15.

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; . . . that saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows; and it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion. Shalt thou reign, because thou closest thyself in cedar? . . . Thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence, to do it." Jeremiah 22:13-17.

This Scripture pictures the work of those who manufacture and who sell intoxicating liquor. Their business means robbery. For the money they receive, no equivalent is returned. Every dollar they add to their gains has brought curse to the spender.



AMERICAN BUSINESS MENS' RESEARCH FOUNDATION-CHICAGO-No. 1015

the DRUNKARD?



With a liberal hand, God has bestowed His blessings upon men. If His gifts were wisely used, how little the world would know of poverty or distress! It is the wickedness of men that turns His blessings into a curse. It is through the greed of gain and the lust of appetite that the grains and fruits given for our sustenance are converted into poisons that bring misery and ruin.

Every year millions upon millions of gallons of intoxicating liquors are consumed. Millions upon millions of dollars are spent in buying wretchedness, poverty, disease, degradation, lust, crime, and death. For the sake of gain, the liquor-seller deals out to his victims that which corrupts and destroys mind and body. He entails on the drunkard's family poverty and wretchedness.

When his victim is dead, the rum-seller's exactions do not cease. He robs the widow, and brings children to beggary. He does not hesitate to take the very necessities of life from the destitute family, to pay the drink bill of the husband and father. The cries of the suffering children, the tears of the agonized mother, serve only to exasperate him. What is it to him if these suffering ones

starve? What is it to him if they too are driven to degradation and ruin? He grows rich on the pittance of those whom he is leading to perdition.

Houses of prostitution, dens of vice, criminal courts, prisons, almshouses, insane asylums, hospitals, all are, to a great degree, filled as a result of the liquor-seller's work. Like the mystic Babylon of the Apocalypse, he is dealing in "slaves, and souls of men." Behind the liquor-seller stands the mighty destroyer of souls, and every art which earth or hell can devise is employed to draw human beings under his power. In the city and the country, on the railway trains, on the great steamers, in places of business, in the halls of pleasure, in the medical dispensary, even in the church, on the sacred communion table, his traps are set. Nothing is left undone to create and to foster the desire for intoxicants. On almost every corner stands the public house, with its brilliant lights, its welcome and good cheer, inviting the working man, the wealthy idler, and the unsuspecting youth.

In private lunch-rooms and fashionable resorts, ladies are supplied with popular drinks, under some pleasing name, that

are really intoxicants. For the sick and the exhausted, there are widely advertised "bitters", consisting largely of alcohol.

To create the liquor appetite in little children alcohol is introduced into confectionery. Such confectionery is sold in the shops.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, the work goes on. Fathers and husbands and brothers, the stay and hope and pride of the nation, are steadily passing into the liquor-dealer's haunts, to be sent back wretched and ruined.

More terrible still, the curse is striking the very heart of the home. More and more, women are forming the liquor habit. In many a household, little children, even in the innocence and helplessness of babyhood, are in daily peril through the neglect, the abuse, the vile-ness of drunken mothers. Sons and daughters are growing up under the shadow of this terrible evil. What outlook for their future but that they will sink even lower than their parents?

The liquor interest is a power in the world. It has on its side the combined strength of money, habit, appetite. Its power is felt even in the church. Men whose money has been made directly or indirectly, in the liquor traffic, are members of churches, "in good and regular standing." Many of them give liberally to popular charities. Their contributions help to support the enterprises of the church and to sustain its ministers. They command the consideration shown to the money power. Churches that accept such members are virtually sustaining the liquor traffic. Too often the minister has not the courage to stand for the right. He does not declare to his people what God has said concerning the work of the liquor-seller. To speak plainly would mean the offending of his congregation, the sacrifice of his popularity, the loss of his salary.

But above the tribunal of the church is the tribunal of God. He who declared to the first murderer, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground" (Genesis 4:10), will not accept for His altar the gifts of the liquor-dealer. His anger is kindled against those who attempt to cover their guilt with a cloak of liberality. Their money is stained with blood. A curse is upon it.

WORTH THINKING OVER

The chief object of anti-alcoholic legislation is to hold the evil in check till anti-alcoholic education can get in its work.

The two main classes which favour the liquor traffic are the addicts and the profiteers. Neither can be reasoned with; both must be curbed by law.

Liquor license brings revenue to the Government. It collects ten cents in taxes and the liquor dealers collect ninety cents in profits out of every cleared dollar. Why not buy war bonds with the dime, and spend the ninety cents on the family?

The Effects of *ALCOHOL* on

HEALTH and M

By George Barton Cutten



"Bring my daddy home safe, sound, and sober."

EBB and FLOW of the Liquor TIDES

Bootlegging has become such a common term that everybody knows that it is the handling of illegal liquor. Practically the same thing, the traffic in alcoholic beverages through the "black market", is now known as "blacklegging." By whatever name, it smells the same—awful. We may actually come to the time when those who engage in such business will be called blackguards.

The brewing interests are alarmed at the growing sales of alcohol in the black markets of the country; and they say that if it can't be curbed their business is ruined. But these same men used to tell us that it was Prohibition that caused illicit manufacture and sale of booze. Now they blame it on the War. But they have no explanation for it when it prevails in wide open peace time.

"Local option," allowing towns and countries to vote themselves dry or wet regardless of what goes on round about them, is proving a great boon in the United States. Thus little by little whole states have become beautiful islands in oceans of liquor. The benefits from Prohibition are catching.

The distillers themselves have been caught using the black market, even sending airplanes to collect extra profits from retailers, on whose invoices only the ceiling prices were charged. The liquor barons are not, and never have been, amenable to law, reason or conscience.

ONE medical authority lists our five most serious health problems as: alcohol, tuberculosis, venereal disease, cancer, and heart troubles—and he places alcohol first. Isn't that somewhat extreme? Not at all! One of our large insurance companies reports that during the last decade, rejections for heavy alcoholic indulgence have increased from twelve per cent to thirty-four per cent. One-third of insurable men and women who are condemned as unsafe risks for insurance, are rejected because of drink. From 1932 to 1936, rejections by one insurance company on account of drinking increased thirty-five per cent. Insurance companies are hard-boiled business institutions, and can't afford to make mistakes.

But this is not all; alcohol is not only a serious problem in its own right, but two of the other problems are aggravated by it. For years we have known that tuberculosis is made more dangerous by the use of alcohol, and some physicians say that as many as ninety per cent of venereal infections are contracted when under the influence of alcohol. "The more alcohol the more siphilis."

Alcohol is a serious contributing factor to two other major health problems: insanity and accidents. Psychiatrists are much concerned about the increasing burden which insanity is placing upon the personnel and finances of the country. More beds are occupied by insane patients than by any other afflicted group. The matter has become so serious that even the distillers and brewers, afraid it may interfere with their business, are advertising and advising against driving aft-

er drinking. We know that the number of deaths and accidents varies from year to year with the amount of alcoholic beverages consumed. In this situation it is not a matter of a single individual's being drunk and unfit for duty; this is a mechanized war, and men must handle aeroplanes, ships, tanks, trucks, and jeeps. It is not only the life of one man that is in jeopardy, but the lives of hundreds of others depend upon his clear head and unclouded judgment.

No other poison causes so many deaths as ethyl alcohol. It is more deadly than morphine, cocaine, or heroin, or all combined. Alcohol causes more deaths than any one of the thirty-one infectious diseases, some of which in the past have assumed the proportions of plagues. How inhuman and barbarous we should consider the enemy if they distilled typhoid or tuberculosis germs among our armies, yet we license men to distribute alcoholic beverages to our soldiers, and even to distribute them in their camps.

The case against alcohol medically and socially is just as strong and just as clear as the case against opium. The discontinuance of alcohol as a beverage would be the greatest advance in public health since the application of the bacteriological origin of disease. The insidiousness of its attack makes alcohol the more dangerous, and when thirty per cent of the drinkers become addicts, we cannot

SO

An excuse for the use of alcohol as a drink is that it kills disease germs. So does a club a mosquito on a man's nose.

It is said that alcohol must be all right as a beverage because it is a natural product. So is a rotten apple.

Liquor sales are held to be justifiable because they are under government control. So is electric current, but you may buy more than enough to kill you.

afford to trifle with it. Nature unrelentingly presents her bill.

When we provide unlimited alcoholic beverages for our soldiers as well as for our civilians, and when drunken soldiers and drunken civilians are both common spectacles, doesn't it seem as though we had our wires crossed?

There are those who say, "A man should know when he has had enough." In reply there are two things to be said: in the first place, some people when they've had enough do not know anything; in the second place, when a man has had a drink he is not a good judge

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

**"The Law"
has only
smiles
for the
temperate
man, because
he is almost
always
law-abiding.**



of when he's had enough, and the more drinks he has, the poorer is his judgment. There is one thing upon which we all agree: the morale which comes out of a bottle is not the morale to put into a battle. No officer ever gave a wrong command because he remained sober.

Isn't the drinking of liquor a personal matter, and shouldn't one decide for himself whether or not he shall drink? Ho! Ho! Isn't the buying of gasoline a personal matter, and shouldn't one decide for himself how much he shall get? Isn't it a personal matter whether or not one shall have sugar in his tea or coffee? Isn't it a personal matter whether or not he shall light his home when he wants to? There are other personal matters these days, but drinking has never been one. A matter which is responsible for crime, poverty, insanity, accidents to others, shattered homes, hungry children, disrupted morals, and countless other kinds of social degeneration, can never be a mere personal matter, and sane people can hardly make such a claim.

If to counterbalance its disastrous effects, alcohol could add one jot or tittle of courage, ability, skill, or manhood, we might be willing to sacrifice in order to increase morale, but unfortunately all the results are on one side of the ledger, and the effect on morale is destructive and annihilating. A sober nation with the morale born of clear thinking, determination and courage, can eventually defeat our enemies, but a drunken nation will travel through the Slough of Despond to inevitable danger of defeat.

WE LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

The power to tax is the power to destroy not only business, institutions and social customs but the soul and body of mankind as well. The Japanese have imitated an old Western custom in taxing vice, first to regulate it and finally to capitalize on it, by adding a third step, spreading and increasing the vice itself to increase the tax returns.

Opium and other narcotics are sold or given away to the millions of non-Japanese Orientals in countries under the conquering Japanese armies. The habit is spread among women and children as well as men. The Japanese government then steps in with its monopolistic powers and taxes on the narcotics are imposed, collected, increased, trebled. There is no escape for the victims. They must have their dope. They will sacrifice all for the pill of forgetfulness. Taxes increase and multiply.

The civilized world is shocked. This, it cries, is one of the great sins we must wipe out if necessary with the blood of our sons.

And while the country mobilizes for the crusade, the treasury is receiving millions of dollars a year in taxes from the sale of whisky, an undisputed narcotic.

Under the tax method of control it will grow and grow, and more taxes will roll in to the treasury. To get whisky men will sacrifice family, position, income, pride and life itself. But more taxes will roll in. To sanction the liquor business because it increases tax income is to imitate the most vicious crime of our enemies.

Still

"The Blessed Isle"

READERS of this magazine will recall our Temperance Number of last year, with its strong anti-liquor advocacy. On the back cover of that issue, we published a short article entitled, "The Blessed Isle," in which Prince Edward Island was held up as a noble example of beneficial effects of Prohibition. That small but ambitious province of Canada has lived under Prohibition for over fifty years, and has profited and prospered as a result.

So rosy was the picture we painted, from reports, that some of our readers were constrained to doubt the truth of almost empty jails, very few auto accidents, a happy and sober people, and general peace and prosperity.

So, we decided to visit "The Island," as its people fondly dub it, and see for ourselves. They have reason to be proud. Our every impression was delightfully refreshing. Beautiful countrysides (seventy-five per cent of the population is rural), with well cultivated fields, fence rows planted to evergreens, smooth, flower-bordered roads, neat buildings, no signs of poverty—all attest a country unique.

Invariably the folk we met were contented, friendly, and hospitable. The homely virtues were theirs. We were not given keys to our hotel rooms. The clerk seemed surprised that we should ask for them. We have nowhere seen such an absence of locks and bars. No drinks, no violence, no wrecklessness. Yet Prince Edward Island is not unprogressive, behind the times. Innumerable signs of modernity and up-to-date-ness are in evidence. But it seems to have what it takes to make for keen satisfaction with life.

We may be biased, but we are simply telling what we saw, eliminating statistics. True, one man, with a trace of whisky in his breath, told us there was much "moonshine, bootlegging, and dope consumption" on "The Island." And the head of a tourist agency, we hear, doesn't see that Prohibition has done the province any good. Of course, as to local observation, much depends on the source of information—and the individual bias.

On the whole, we were impressed that many of the people of "The Island" do not realize how fortunate they are because they are so contented where they are that they seldom go abroad to observe contrasts. We are far from attributing all the wholesome attractions of the place to Prohibition, but there can be no question that legal abstinence has had much to do with utopian aspects of these Prince Edward Island communities, where life in this troubled world is at the best it can be. Some observers on the "Blessed Isle" believe that much of the wholesome harvest from Prohibition is being lost because it is not being supplemented by sufficient temperance agitation and education. But honest officials are enforcing the law; and that goes far in making the "noble experiment" a noble institution.



There are Spreees -



THIS is a preachment for those to whom life is a grind. If that word *spree* does not sound good to you, exchange it for another when you have finished reading this; but here are some facts:

Every person must be dealt with, and must deal with himself, differently from any other, for no two people are alike. Again, no one person is always the same and must be dealt with, and must deal with himself, differently at different times and in different moods. Thus the infinite and absorbing variety of life is made up.

There is a time to cry and a time to laugh. There is a time to tax and a time to relax. We would write of the laughing and relaxing, since crying finds a place for itself in this world of sorrows. Laughing must have a place made for it.

We do not speak of frivolity, but deep, wholesome joy and an abiding satisfaction with no aftermath of regrets.

The dictionary definition of a spree is a frolic. There come times for every one of us when we must go on a spree, if we would keep from breaking down in the undue strain and stress of life. In other words, play, let go.

Drunkards, and others for them, have grabbed that word *spree* to describe a letting go to do in excess a bad thing, which is bad even in moderation. Drinkers go on a spree to drown their troubles in forgetfulness or deceptive dreams. But there are entirely different sprees that drown troubles; not to ignore them, but to forget

them for a time in order better to cope with them later.

To this end there is the righteously careless spree, to drop worry when the cause of the fret can't be changed or has not yet happened.

There is the lemonade spree, of which you will not be likely to drink too much.

There is the pop-corn spree, where hearty eating does not bring dire consequences.

There is the play spree, better than medicine for adult ailments. We are surprised at the many people we meet who through economic necessity had to work too long and hard in youth, and now do not know what play is, nor do they admit for a moment the necessity of it. Better make up later what was lost in youth. We advocate simple, wholesome play, not grandstand nerve excitement nor undue rivalry.

There is the spree of excessive rest and prolonged sleep for aching muscles, roaring bones, jumpy nerves, and sick systems.

There is the fresh-air spree, the bathing spree, the reading spree, the visiting spree,—and many others, all depending on the mood and need of the moment.

Then one of the best of all is the thanksgiving spree, when a person just lets loose and thanks God and his loved ones and his fellow men for all the good things that are coming his way in life. It's great sport!

Go on a spree thrice in a while,—whatever you may call it.



- and

Spreees!