

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

THE UNCHANGED TIGER

One of the characters in the book, "Uncle Tom's Mansion," likens the "liquor traffic" unto a tiger, and gives the following description of one: "A tiger never admits defeat, never signs a truce, never gives up its purpose, and never reforms or becomes anything else. It is always a tiger, and the only good tiger is a dead one." Such is a striking analogy.

He further states, "the liquor traffic, licensed or unlicensed, linked with corrupt politics, is a vicious, dangerous tiger wherever it roams. It never will and never can be anything else. All attempts to civilize it, pacify it, control it, tolerate it, or clip its claws, have utterly failed. Those who have been foolish enough to play with it, or attempt to chain it have been mangled and destroyed by it. The only safe and sane way to deal with it is to outlaw it, drive it to the jungles, hunt it down, cripple and kill it if you can. To trifle with such a deadly enemy is to court disaster.

Again, "the entire liquor traffic is a fungus growth on the tree of life. It is a running sore, a joy killer, a home wrecker, a soul destroyer, a poisonous viper, an insatiable vampire, a monster of cruelty, a pestilence that walketh in darkness, the relentless foe of humanity and the chief usher at the portals of hell."

Still again, "Intoxicating beverages never touched an individual that it did not leave on him an indelible stain. It never touched a family that it did not plant seeds of misery and dissolution. It never touched a community that it did not lower that moral tone, chill religion and undermine law. It never touched a state that it did not multiply crime, destroy wealth, and increase the burden of taxation. It never touched a nation that it did not clog the machinery of the government, blight prosperity, weaken patriotism and encourage treason."

The above quotations give a life sized photograph of the "Unchanged Tiger"—the liquor business if such can be given in language. This word picture was given in the days of prohibition, and it is evident that they are verily true in the days of repeal. Where are those silver tongued orators who promised the transformation of the lawless, which lowering taxes, personal liberty, annihilation of blind pigs, stopping of bootlegging, cutting down national expenses, curbing of crime and the transformation of the lawless, which would follow the wake of repeal? Where are the politicians who rode into office on the wet platform? Where are the clergymen and church members who fell for the flattering words and lying deceptions of the wet gang, and voted for repeal, and loosed the "tiger" and gave him more freedom than in the days of open saloons? If such possess their right minds, it seems, that they would be ashamed of their shadow. Of course, they give as their alibi, we didn't expect this. What can you expect from a tiger? Just what we are getting, and the end is not yet.

Will Irwin, noted reporter, newspaper and magazine writer, says, thirty to fifty per cent of all liquor drunk in the United States is bootleg, despite repeal. * * * *

May God help us to herald out a warning to mankind everywhere to beware of the "Unchanged Tiger," who has, is, and will continue this ungodly business of robbing men

and women of the best things in life, and the life to come. God's Word is still true, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived is not wise. Who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 20:1; 23:29-32.—J. S. Wood in the Gospel Banner.

WHO WINS?

"We might as well get used to the idea of America being wet again," argued one of a group of merchants discussing the prohibition question in the club car of a train.

"But who is to drink the liquor?" inquired another of the group. "Will you?"

"No. The stuff puts me to the bad. I never touch it."

"Do you want your son to drink it?"

"Not if I can keep him from it."

"Would you want it to come back for your clerks?"

"No. I wouldn't hire a man who is a drinker."

"Do you want your customers to do the drinking?"

"Well, of course the money they use for booze can't come to me, so I'd rather they spent it for clothing."

"Would you want the engineer on this train to drink that liquor?"

"Fool question, of course. We don't any of us want to land in the ditch tonight?"

"Then you want the drinks for the taxi driver you are going to have at the end of this trip?"

"He'd probably run down somebody and smash me up besides."

"Well, who is going to use up that 'wet goods?'"

Dead silence.

"Good night! You win."—Selected.

THE NEW BLOOD TEST

When an automobile accident has occurred and one of the principles is suspected of partial intoxication it has been the custom at police headquarters, to cause him to walk along a straight line and watch for the drunken wobble, or some other similar crude test has been made.

The trouble with such methods is that when a man has partaken of alcohol his eyes, brain and nervous system are affected before the wobble comes into the legs. Any alcohol at all dims his seeing and slows down his thinking and reaction process. It is the split-second seeing or acting which often prevents the accident in a moment of danger. Here the one drink of beer may bring the disaster as surely as the several drinks of whiskey.

Now the drinking driver who is yet not drunk enough to stagger is to have a little more trouble to get by. A blood test has been devised by which a sample of the blood will show the presence of one or two per cent of alcohol. It is presumed that a man with so much alcohol in him is responsible for an accident in which he has had a part.

Of course the danger now is that the rummies will be able to prevent the blood tests because of the information which might get to the public.—The Free Methodist.

SOME ORIGINAL PROVERBS

By L. Gayton Hamilton

1. He that is a friend of Christ is a friend to the needy; but he who is a friend to the world despises the Poor.
2. An old adage says, and truly, "One good turn deserves another"—to which I would add, Blessed is he who returns kindness; but the friend who will not reciprocate whose friend is he?
3. Another old maxim declares, "The Poor make no new friends," to which I add, But he can keep the old ones!
4. Poverty is a sieve,—it sifts out the false friends and reveals the true.
5. A bad kind of a Separator—a whisperer that separateth chief friends (Prov. 16:28)—gets all skimmed milk and no cream.
6. He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends (Prov. 17:19); a bad kind of a Repeater shoots at both friend and foe, making no discrimination; and it is a BAD Repeater because it kills the friends, and, strangely, increases the ranks of the enemy!

TELEGRAPH WIRES

Have you ever been in a telegraph office or a railroad station where you heard tick, tick, tick? There sits the telegraph operator, sending and receiving messages over the wires that you see strung from pole to pole. What a wonderful thing is the telegraph! But do you know that you have telegraph wires (nerves) which are far more wonderful than these wires, and constantly, all day long, you are sending and receiving messages? Your brain is your telegraph office, and your nerves are the wires which carry your messages back and forth from your brain to the various parts of the body.

You wish to go to the store; you send a message to your feet to move; they obey, and you are off. You wish to eat an apple; you send a message to your hand; it carries the apple to your mouth. You wish to play ball; you telegraph the message to your feet and hands; they instantly obey your orders. But suppose your telegraph wires were injured; they could not carry the messages.

At the time President Taft was inaugurated there was a dreadful snowstorm in Washington, breaking down the wires between that city and Baltimore. It brought much trouble to many people just because these wires were injured. So it is with your telegraph wires—if they become harmed by the use of tobacco, cigarettes, or alcohol, you cannot send messages as quickly or as well, and you lose control over your body.

How necessary it is for your nerves to be under control so you can send messages at any moment to any part of your body.—E. R. H., in The Water Lily.

MY PRAYER

By Howard Rice

Take my life and use it, Master,
Take my heart, my soul, my all;
If so be Thy will, my Saviour,
For sweet perfume, give me gall.

Never let my eyes stray from Thee,
Nor my heart, my feet, my soul.
Take me, safe within Thy bosom,
When at last I reach the goal!

Though on earth the burdens press me,
Though I'm bent with illness, pain,
If I prove I'm true to Jesus,
Some day I shall rise again —Amen