

Temperance Journal.

ORGAN OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF AMERICA

OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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BOYS WANTED.

BY A GROG-SHOP DRUMMER.

Can you tell us where
They have boys to spare?
Our calling requires not a few;
We must stock our dramshops,
Or our rum traffic stops,
And nothing but minors will do.

We recruit our ranks,
And funds at our banks,
With boys, which our neighbors supply;
Were it not for the boys
That our business enjoys,
Our traffic would dwindle and die.

Old toppers grow stale,
And their nickles fail,
And we must enlist youthful recruits;
So we lay our decoys
For the unwary boys
As the only available fruits.

Our claim is but just,
And therefore we trust
Each household will furnish its share
The withholding of boys
Our rum traffic destroys;
Then, pray, give us all you can spare.

Our ranks are renewed
Not all from the rude;
We covet the flower of your flock;
Your best model of grace,
With a fine, manly face,
We'll esteem as the choice of your stock.

We've tried every kind
Of youths, and we find
Your well-bred, intelligent lads
Most attractive and strong
To bring others along,
Which weight to our enterprise adds.

Only turn your boys out
To loiter about,
And we'll lure them into our den;
When they've heard the glass chink,
And imbibed the first drink,
They'll seldom forsake us again.

We're highly endorsed
And well reinforced,
Though our calling is said to be ill;
With the State at their back,
What right can they lack
Who are licensed to poison and kill?

E'en churchmen endorse
Without shame or remorse
Our franchise involving their boys;
If we'll pay enough price,
They'll subject them to vice,
And thus hazard their eternal joys.

Then, parents, be brave,
And grant what we crave;
Pray, don't think of slighting our call,
If you ignore our claim,
We'll get them "all the same,"
Or our traffic must go the wall.

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

I am not a temperance lecturer; I am not a reformer; I am not a fanatic upon any subject, unless it is upon the superiority of Maynard and Hubb's hardware. I travel for them, and wish to say, before I go farther, that for durability and beauty I match their goods against the whole world. My route takes me through most of the Western States; the incident I am about to relate occurred in a bright little city that lies somewhat between the Atlantic and Chicago. After a long, cold ride, I reached the hotel just in season for the elaborate supper that is spread temptingly before the guests of that well-kept house. I ate heartily. I am a dyspeptic. Exercise was necessary to ensure a night's rest, and with regret, I turned down my gas, and emerged into the biting air of the frosty December night. The town had always pleased me; the fine business blocks, wide streets, rows of comfortable, if not elegant, residences, and well-kept laws, had always made it seem to me a model town. A walk without aim or purpose is to me irksome. I soon wearied of the familiar streets. I must do something. I counted the electric lights, then the lamp posts, but soon tired of this. Then I noticed the unusual number of saloons I passed in the side streets where I had wandered. Here was a new interest! I would count the saloons! Up and down, from Maine street to the Dublins of the manufacturing district and the Canada of the flats, until the time which I had limited myself had expired. I returned to my room, and, drawing my chair near the glowing grate, turned to the pile of papers lying on the table by my side. A light knock at the door aroused me, and before I could respond a tall, well-dressed man entered the room. I politely gave

him a chair, and waited his pleasure. He scarcely responded to my remarks about the weather, etc. My curiosity was aroused.

Are you the proprietor? I ventured to ask.

Well, no; not exactly, he replied hesitatingly, with a most disagreeable expression. Did he laugh? I thought so, but his visage was not in the least mirthful.

You are interested in saloons? he asked presently.

Well, yes, in a way; you have an astonishing number here. I replied. Again I heard a laugh; indeed the room seemed full of laughs of all kinds. There was the loud haw-haw of the very saloon itself; the high, nervous chuckle; the more polished cachinnation of the parlor. I arose and looked around. The room was empty, save for my companion opposite, whose unmirthful expression forbade the thought of associating the sounds with him.

I thought I heard—
In the street, in the street, my dear sir; this is a noisy corner, interrupted my visitor. We were speaking of saloons, he continued, we do a great business here, a g-r-e-a-t business.

I wonder at that, I replied. You have an unusual number of churches and—again I was interrupted by laughter so near my ear that I sprang from my chair. My companion was laughing now, and the remarkable contortion of face so riveted my attention that I sank back into my chair.

You spoke of churches, he said, when he could command his voice; they are a queer lot, a queer lot; why, sir, there's scarcely a minister that dares to lift his voice for the temperance cause. Oh, sir, how they do pray for everything but that! And again he fell off into laughter and contortion that chilled my blood. I grew uneasy for I recognized my visitor; most of us before we have reached middle age have met him. There are some who are, unfortunately, too familiar with his presence; there are others who like myself have ceased to fear his power. I was interested in his ideas upon the subject of saloons.

But there is a flourishing Y. M. C. A., I continued, that should be a power in the community.

My visitor sprang from his chair in his excitement. You saw the building, sir, a fine structure; built at immense cost; rooms fitted up to rival the finest of our cradles—we call 'em cradles, sir, because they have to do with the young, and we rock and—oh, yes, fine building; but, sir—I wish I could describe the diabolical leer that accompanied these words. I covered my eyes while he continued. They never speak of temperance there; they sing and pray—how they do pray!

What! never a word of temperance!

Look here, sir! exclaimed my visitor, drawing a paper from his pocket, I have here a chart of the town, perhaps you would be interested to examine it?

He swept the papers from the table and spread before me a map of the town. It was unlike anything I had seen. I cannot describe it. Could one look down from the stars above through luminous vapor into the heart of a city, the view might resemble this spread before me. Residences, business blocks, churches, were all sketched with masterly hand upon the canvass.

We represent our interest in blue, he said; it lights up well, you see.

The town seemed fairly burning in blue, sulphurous vapor that seemed to issue from every part of the chart. The streams from the saloons were almost dazzling.

Who is not against us is for us, continued my visitor; that accounts for the churches having our colors; yes, it's faint, but it's there. Now here's a church with a plucky little minister; he gives us trouble, but we shall oust him; he can't stay long.

The church was enveloped in a light, beautiful, golden haze. I now saw, here and there, the same light issuing from some dwellings. I pointed to one.

The president of the W. C. T. U., he remarked with a horrible sneer; an old woman. Wouldn't you like to take a walk about town? he suddenly asked.

Anything to get him out of the room. Yes, I would walk with him.

I can show you the extent of our kingdom, the wealth, etc., better that way, he remarked, as he rolled up his chart.

No pen can describe the scene that met my view as we descended to the sidewalk. The whole town seemed ablaze with the blue, luminous vapor that rivalled the electric light in brilliancy. The drug stores outshone the saloons. A little aside, where I had noticed a brewery, high, spiral flame shot up hundreds of feet; grocery and dry goods stores alike shared the general illumination.

I don't understand, I said interrupting my companion in his glowing description the immensity of the business. I don't see why the grocery and dry-goods stores should belong to you.

Who is not for us is against us, my dear sir. These men are bound hand and foot, sir; patronage, loss of trade, eh, sir? Not a vote, not a remonstrance comes from them.

I think you mistake here, I said, stopping before a fine church edifice, through whose stained glass windows the light faintly glowed. Churches surely do not support you?

I told you he replied impatiently; and I repeat it; they do us no harm. Half-heartedness only tends to bring a cause into contempt; their timidity is a subject of jest in our saloons.

We had now reached the street where most of the fine residences were located. My companion commented as we passed on.

The palatial residence, built by the owner of the brewery; father and son ours. Here owner of drug-store lives; wife feeble, built up usually by tonics. Five sons in this house: three of them sure to fill dr-r-r-un-kards' graves!

The elocutionary utterance of this sentence was so remarkably like a temperance lecturer I had recently heard that I gazed at the speaker in astonishment. Could it be that my companion sometimes assumed that guise? I will not believe it, I said, when we had passed the entire length of the street. Some of these people must be Christians, active in every good work.

In everything but temperance, if you include that, he said with a sneer.

I have not mentioned the diabolical chuckle, the mocking laugh, and the triumphant glee that had accompanied and run riot through his remarks.

Perhaps they may mildly approve of temperance, but are inactive. There are a few devotees, but they are not among the rich and the influential in this town.

I had seen enough; I had heard enough. I turned towards home. I scarcely heard his description of the new pastor, recently called to an evangelical church, because of his unobtrusive views on the temperance question; of the member of the Sunday Board who had defeated the introduction of text-books on temperance, and of the immense majority given at a recent election in favour of license.

The city deserves destruction, I said, almost maddened by his taunts, and his extravagant exultation. Like Sodom may it be overthrown by the weight of its own sin. May their sons speedily fall into the drunkard's grave, and their daughters become companions of tipplers and sots.

My companion attempted to take me by the arm. I raised my cane to repulse him, and—I awoke. My fire had burned low; a rising wind rattled a window shutter near by; a neighboring clock struck the hour of three. I raised the curtain and looked out upon the town, that lay so fair beneath my window. The electric light had been extinguished; here and there in the distance a few feeble lamps burned dimly. I wound my watch and turned off my light, but slept no more that night.—Union Signal.

THE ALCOHOLIC TRANCE.

"Have any of you ever investigated that strange psychological phenomenon known as 'alcoholic trance'?" said a prominent local physician to a group of friends the other evening. "No? Well, perhaps a little light on the subject may not come amiss to you. An alcoholic trance is a condition of the human organization, induced by prolonged and excessive drinking, where the brain works automatically and without the consciousness of the individual affected. In other words, a man suffering from such a condition will go about and attend to matters for a brief period, and afterward have no recollection whatever of occurrences during the trance.

A very strange, yes, remarkable case of this description came under my notice some few months ago, and while there were ludicrous features connected with it, it was pathetic after all.

A young man of good position and moderate means in this city became engaged to a charming girl, with splendid prospects financially, who resided with her widowed mother in a certain city in New York. This young man was certainly madly infatuated with the fair one, for her own personal attractions and worth, and then, the chink of the guinea in her treasure box was even as music to his ears. Strange to say this young lady, society belle and all that she was, possessed a most decided aversion to alcoholic beverages in any form, and it was generally known that the man who would woo and wed her must stand firmly planted on the platform of teetotalism.

"Our young man, it grieves me to say, unlike most of our young Detroiters, did periodically go on a big town-painting spree, but, of course, this fact he guarded religiously from the object of his affections, and always managed to be in the best of trim and free from a suspicion of contact with the inebriating cup whenever he made a visit to the home of his sweetheart. Well, gentlemen, after listening by the hour to the young lady's radical views on the drink question, and after hearing her assert time and time again that she would never marry a man who drank liquor, what did the convivial young fellow do, while in the last stage of a week's debauch, but go to a wholesale liquor house in this city, order a quart bottle of finest cognac securely packed and directed to the young lady, and after writing a note extolling the properties of the liquor, boxed the whole thing up and expressed it to her address!

"In three or four days he received a scathing, skin-removing letter from the recipient of the box and letter, informing him that the grief and anguish that she had experienced at first had given way to a feeling of profound gratitude that the man who had attempted to dupe her had shown the cloven hoof before it was everlastingly too late. She furthermore said that henceforth the Arctic Sea must roll between them. The young man was thunderstruck at the contents of this letter, and telegraphed the young lady to the extent of several hundred words asking if he were the victim of a heartless, practical joke, or the chosen subject of a wicked conspiracy.

"In a short time he received the box containing the bottle of cognac, and the letter that accompanied it. When he looked over the letter he doubted his eye-sight. There it was in black and white, written on paper marked with his monogram in embossed letters, and worst of all the penmanship was unmistakably his own peculiar back-hand. He immediately went to the liquor-house whose label was on the bottle and showing the same to one of the salesmen, asked if they had sold and packed such a bottle for any one within a month or six weeks. The salesman responded in the affirmative, and smiling slightly said: 'We did that very same little thing for you, Mr. Blank, about ten days ago, and at your request one of our young men

addressed the box after you had slipped a letter in it. Here on our books is your name credited with the amount paid for the liquor and fifty cents for the expressage.'

"To say that the young fellow was upset would but feebly describe his condition. In his extremity he came to me and laid the whole matter before me. I questioned him closely about what he had been doing for several days prior to the sending of the box and liquor and found that he had saturated himself with all descriptions of liquor. Six hours or so of the day he called at the liquor store and ordered the cognac shipped he couldn't account for, and never has been able to. I frankly informed him that he had been in a condition of alcoholic trance, and briefly explained, as well as I could, the same to him. Thereupon he offered me \$150 to go and explain matters to the young lady. Reluctantly I consented, and down to the State of New York I journeyed.

I called at the young lady's house, was accorded a reception by her, but whew! how chilly she was. I explained, as fully as I could, how the young fellow happened to be guilty of such violation of decency, and begged, in his name, that she would soften her heart, relent from her bitterness and regard her former lover as weak and momentarily diseased in his mind rather than wicked.

"She listened to me until I concluded, then arising from her chair walked to the door leading out of the apartment, and pointing her forefinger straight at me, said; 'Go back and tell his client that the specious words of your scientific ambassador have only increased my sense of mortification and regret at having ever permitted such a venomous reptile in human form to cross my path. Out on your nonsensical balderdash my dear sir, you are far too abstruse for such as I.' Then with a look of contempt she swept from view. Did I feel sick and small? Well, I should say I did, and I haven't got over it yet. I came back and informed the young fellow of the result of my efforts in his behalf, and he has been very dumpish ever since. I think, however, that he will survive, if his potatoes do not kill him. Such is a fair example of an alcoholic trance and the moral is, Don't drink." —Detroit Free Press.

What is their Character?

Apart altogether from the business in which they are engaged, what is the character of the saloon-keeper? And what influence does their character exert upon society? Other localities may differ from those of which we have immediate knowledge, but so far as our observation goes, it cannot be denied that the saloons are in the hands of what would be called "a hard class of men." Few of them take any interest in the affairs of the country. They are out in elections—when it suits their purpose: and we notice that they have no special party leanings—they work for their man! They do this in civic as well as political contests. The saloon-keepers are seldom owners of property to an extent that would anchor them for any time. Few of them have any care for religion. Several we have noticed to be almost perpetual drinkers themselves, and by no means fitted to control a crowd in a drunken state. In short the trade is left to-day to an element that would require much to raise them to the level of good citizenship. We recently printed the sorrowful admission of the chief newspaper of the saloons in the United States to the same effect, beyond the border. Its statement would apply with equal force on British territory.—Clarion.

In Des Moines, before prohibition, says Bishop Hurst, the license fee was raised from \$250 to \$1,000. Three months after the number of saloons had increased from fifty to sixty-five.