

# TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

## NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE ANTI-LIQUOR LEAGUERS.

Can the Disease, Known as the Liquor Habit, Be Cured—Some of the Physical Derangements Wrought by the Alcoholic Fluid.

### A Dreamer.

He is a dreamer, let him pass. He reads the writing in the grass; His seeing soul in raptures goes Beyond the beauty of the rose. He is a dreamer, and doth know To sound the furthest depth of woe; His days are calm, majestic, free; He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; all the day Blest visions find him on his way. Past the far sunset and the light Beyond the darkness and the night. He is a dreamer; God! to be Apostle of Infinity And mirror truth's translucent gleam; He is a dreamer, let him dream.

He is a dreamer; for all time His mind is married unto rhyme, Light that ne'er was on land or sea Hath blushed to him in poetry. He is a dreamer, and hath caught Close to his heart a hope, a thought, A hope of immortality; He is a dreamer; let him be.

He is a dreamer; lo! with thee His soul doth weep in sympathy; He is a dreamer, and doth long To glad the world with merry song. He is a dreamer; in a breath He dreams of love, and life, and death. Oh, man! Oh, woman! had and less, He is a dreamer, let him pass. —T. P. O'Connor's London Sun.

### Cure of Drunkenness.

The Youth's Companion says: In the constitution of the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, an association whose purpose is explained by its title, is embodied this statement: "Inebriety is a disease—it is curable in the same sense that other diseases are curable." The statement is based upon an immense number of facts which have been collected from various quarters—from asylums, from specialists in mental diseases, and from other sources. Two things seem to be proved conclusively:

First, if we include in one class all cases of habitual drunkenness, the average ratio of cures is forty per cent, a percentage which ranges higher as the condition and environment of the patient are improved.

Success would hardly be expected when the inebriate is completely broken down by a long course of dissipation. In such cases there is usually some disease of the heart or other organ sufficiently grave to be beyond the power of drugs, even though all traces of alcoholic poison should be eventually eliminated, and the will power restored.

It is undoubtedly advisable, no matter how unfortunate the inebriate may be, to enter upon treatment at some carefully selected asylum or sanitarium. No amount of contriving can offer the patient the same care at home that is to be had at an asylum, while the moral effect of being somewhat under restraint is not without benefit. The inebriate is deserving of the same treatment he would receive were he suffering from any other dangerous disease.

Secondly, other things being equal, success in the treatment of the inebriate bears a fixed relation to the time at which treatment is begun, and more especially to the length of the period of treatment.

The alcoholic poison works insidiously. The final breaking down of the nervous and physical strength is the result of years of dissipation. It is reasonable to suppose that time will be needed to make good this lost vitality.

The successful treatment of inebriety is largely a question of restoring a person's will power.

Statistics show that the great majority of inebriates have unevenly balanced minds. They are always on the verge of insanity, and not infrequently pass over the line.

### Evils Wrought by Alcohol.

The evils wrought by alcohol are dreadful. There is no other element in the material world equalling it in evil-doing. There are poisons more potent, but they kill quickly, while alcohol gnaws away life slowly, so as meanwhile to pile upon its victim the full weight of sorrow and sin. Observe its accursed work, tearing up by the roots all virtues; bringing into action the latent passions, breathing particular vigor into the vilest and most beastly; closing out heaven's light from the mind, which expires in intense darkness and heaven's grace from the soul, which loses all semblance with its Creator. It reaches out over the body its slimy hand, wresting from it strength and firmness, planting deeply in the blood channel the seeds of disease and death. O, spirit of wine, be thy name demon, for demon thou art! This the first installment of alcohol's havoc. The drunkard becomes for it an entrenched camp, from which its concentric circles it hurls its ruin upon men and women who, refusing its domination in their own hearts, are yet, despite them-

selves, brought under its vengeance.—Archbishop Ireland.

### Spreads the Germs of Death.

The blood is incessantly in movement; it passes through the millions of little arteries and veins of our body; it thus irrigates all the organs. Alcohol accompanies it in this continual voyaging, and while the one carries life everywhere the other destroys this action and spreads the germs of death. All the viscera of drinkers feel the effect of this. Among them will be always found one, of which the resistance is less, and which changes the first. Less fit to resist, it is more deeply affected than the others, and causes a disease which may carry off the drinker ten years, more or less, sooner than he ought to die. Much of the alcohol goes out of the body by the kidneys and the lungs just as it had entered by the mouth, without having been subjected to any change, without having been "burned" like the other ailments, and this fact proves the opinion is erroneous which says that alcohol nourishes.—Dr. A. Bienfait, of Liege, Belgium.

### Alcohol and Suicide.

At the recent international congress of psychology, Dr. Muller gave an interesting historical sketch of the etiology of self-murder, and, by means of an elaborate series of statistics, traced to alcohol the primary cause of its marked increase of late years. The author estimates the number of suicides in Europe at 50,000 a year, thus showing that the evil is increasing at a greater rate than the population. The favorite months for suicides is June, the least December. Early morning is chosen in preference to the night, while the mechanic class furnishes the largest number of subjects, and the peasant the least. Dr. Muller considers brandy the most pernicious form of alcohol and traces to its influence the blunting of those weapons which, in the struggle for life, are the most necessary to sustain the conflict.—Westminster Gazette.

### The Government's Treachery.

Prohibitionists of Ontario, by mass meeting and otherwise, are expressing their indignation at what is denounced as the government's treachery regarding the new license bill. It seems that in November last a strong deputation of temperance people waited upon the provincial government, laid before it a program of desired legislation and received the assurance that careful attention would be given to their requests. The government measure introduced into the legislature, however, falls far short of the legislation hoped for. While granting two of the twenty-three changes asked for by the deputation, the new license bill distinctly and directly favors the liquor party, and this in fact of the plebiscite of '94—an expression of public opinion which, declared the premier, "no government would be justified in disregarding."

### A Steadfast Faith.

A steadfast faith is necessary to steadfast conduct. According to the faith is the life. If that is uncertain and unsettled, fixed at no point, the result will be an unsteadiness in religious duty and discordant tones in the spiritual life. A lack of purpose in the man at the helm will make the course of the ship at sea very erratic and perhaps result in its ultimate destruction. The only safety for the soul, the only safety for the church, is to be found in accepting the true doctrine of salvation and continuing steadfastly in it, as did the New Testament Christians, doing the work of the Lord.

### From Day to Day.

The trouble which we have to undergo in the course of the year may be compared to a great bundle of faggots far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once! He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, then another which we are to carry to-morrow and so on. This we might easily manage if we could only take the burden appointed for us each day, but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

### Britain's Greatest Curse.

In Great Britain the annual cost of the liquor traffic in mere money is £140,000,000, no light sum to be withdrawn unproductively from the national resources, even if it were all spent on such legitimate use as only leads to harmless enjoyment. But the mere waste of money sinks into comparative insignificance compared with the harm and loss inflicted on the community by that portion of it which ministers to abuse and leads to widespread misery and degradation, poverty, insanity, disease and death.—J. Morton, M. D.

### The Salt of the Earth.

The souls of the sons of God are greater than their business; and they are thrown out into life, not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing; to have some sacred lineaments, to show some divine tint of the Parent Mind from which they came.—Martineau.

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Jack's Boomerang, Or the Story of a Little Boy Who Was Too Fond of Playing Tricks—He's a Brick—Some Tales of Peril.



An Evening Guest. In the silence of this lonely eve, With the street lamp pale, flickering on the wall, An angel were to whisper me—"Believe—It shall be given thee. Call!—whom should I call?"

And then I were to see thee gliding in, Clad in known garments, that with empty fold Lie in my keeping, and my fingers, thin As thine were once, to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck and say, "I have so suffered since—since"—But my tears Would stop, remembering how thou count'st thy day, A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then what are these sad days, months, years of mine, To thine eternity of full delight? What my whole life, when myriad lives divine May wait, each leading to a higher height?

I lose myself—I faint, Beloved, bent, Let me still dream thy dear humanity Sits with me here, my head upon thy breast, And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Jack's Boomerang. Aunt Flora was making some walnut dreams that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shelves were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the coal-hod.

"Oh, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with to-morrow, Aunt Flo. I'll stick them together and he'll think they're regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flo. "He is such a little boy, and he will be disappointed. I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells enough to make three walnuts, then he got the glue-bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts again until he came home from school next day, at noon. Aunt Flora had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining room closet, in a paper bag," said she. Jack's face had a sober look. He thought perhaps Aunt Flo didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take them out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled today, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flo did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" said he; "have some nuts?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At which Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little bit ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily, indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright new dime! It didn't take long to crack the other two; you may be sure; and there were thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"Oh, oh!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but looking up, he saw Aunt Flo smiling in the doorway, and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

"I guess I'm like the story you told about the man that threw the boomerang, Aunt Flo, and it came back and hit him," said he. "But I'm glad of it just the same."—Youth's Companion.

He's a Brick. When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble we call it a brick. He's a brick. A fellow "a brick" is as good a compliment as one boy can give. If we stop to think of it, it seems rather strange that it should be chosen for a name.

measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by locking up the origin of the expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ—all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of the soldiers, he said: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

Tales of Peril. While three men were hunting in Idaho, one gave a shout, and the others ran to his assistance. They found him clinging to some vines, that grew on the edge of a great hole in the ground, at least thirty feet in diameter. After hauling him out, he explained that he had walked into the hole while looking ahead for game, and only saved himself by the merest chance. The hunters came back the next day with ropes and lowered a man into the pit. He reported that it was nearly sixty feet deep, and half-way down was narrowed in like an hour glass, so that any living thing falling into the pit could never get out without assistance. As a proof, the floor of the pit was strewn with the carcasses of bear, deer and lesser game. The luckless animals at different times had evidently fallen into the pit, perhaps while being chased, and, of course, were unable to climb the walls, which inclined toward the narrow opening. Nobody of any sense ever hunts for a grizzly, but when one comes in sight hardly any one can refrain from firing at him. This was the case with two men in Montana, who were going over the mountains on a narrow trail, when they saw a grizzly on the rocks above. Both men promptly took to shelter and consulted. The grizzly was evidently coming to a spring nearby to drink, and was minding its own business, but one of the men thought he saw a chance, and fired. The bullet hit the bear in the neck. This merely irritated him enough to make him look around for his tormentors, and presently he was in full chase. They ran at a lively pace, but would have been caught had they not scrambled up the rocks. The grizzly scrambled up, too, but presently all sounds of pursuit ceased. Looking back, they saw the bear jammed between two rocks. Before he could back out, one of the men ran back and put a ball in the grizzly's ear, and the chase was over. It was such a narrow escape, however, that the hunters resolved to avoid grizzlies in future.

In Los Angeles, a resident exhibits the skin of a mountain lion, got in a peculiar way. He was riding leisurely among the foothills when a mountain lion crossed his path, and was slinking away, as it generally does, when he rashly fired at it with a light shotgun he carried. The lion, slightly wounded, came back in a rage and made a dash at him. The horse shied and the man was thrown, striking his head against a rock, and causing insensibility. When he came to his senses his horse was standing over him, and a dead lion lay a little distance away. He examined the beast, and found its skull crushed like an eggshell. The horse had got a fair crack at him with his heels, and made an end of him.

Ceremonial Laws of Savages. In a recent lecture on "Primitive Religious Expression" in New Haven, Conn., Professor D. G. Brinton said that ceremonial law is found to exist in every tribe, and is obeyed with surprising punctuality. It is often absurd and ridiculous, but is obeyed just the same. Among certain tribes it is against this law to roast a pig, only boiling of that animal being allowed; with other tribes no fuel from two different species of trees may be used for the same fire; and in Kamotaka a certain tribe has a ceremonial law which prohibits the scraping of snow from the boots with a metal knife, and another law which threatens with bolts anyone who kills a very young duck. It is believed that punishment for the infraction of any of these laws falls not upon the individual, but upon his tribe. Darwin found very little religion among the Patagonians, but the severest ceremonial laws in vogue.

The strikers at the Phoenix mills, Patterson, N. J., have ignored the offered services of the state board of arbitration. They have no organization, and President Sherwood says organized workmen are much easier to deal with and more intelligent.

# HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

## HOUSEKEEPING A PROFESSION.

According to Miss Talbot, of Chicago University, housekeeping is not drudgery, but one of the most complicated and difficult of professions, involving the most intricate problems in economics. She is of the opinion that few women know anything about the chemical principles involved in the proper preparation of foods, and the recent discoveries along this line have been made by men, when they should have come from women.

## HOW TO SWEEP AN INVALID'S ROOM.

We all know how untidy a sick room becomes and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse recently, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water and with my mop wrung dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up all the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop and raise no dust. With my dust cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture and the room is fairly clean."

## A HOME-MADE RUG.

Have your blacksmith bend two heavy wires in the shape of a hair pin, twenty-four inches long and two inches between the prongs. On these wind woolen rags on half an inch wide, winding them in and out as you crimp your hair. Prepare a foundation—a piece of old Ingrain carpet or a coffee sack answers well, the carpet being the best. Lay one of the filled pins on one end of the foundation and stitch down through the center on the machine. Pull out the pin and lay the other, similarly filled, in place, pressing back the loops from which you pulled the wires, so as to bring the next row close to them. The rows of stitching should not be more than three-quarters of an inch apart. The loops may be cut or left whole. Two persons can work at this advantageously, one winding the pins, the other doing the stitching. The rug thus made is very durable. Dark colors are preferable; hit and miss gives a good effect.—Detroit Free Press.

## FOOT OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

Keep the refrigerator in a cool, dry place, near a window if possible. Heat and moisture cause rapid melting of ice and decomposition of food.

Flood several times a week with cool, dry, outdoor air.

Wipe shelves, floor and ceiling of food chamber with a dry cloth daily. Once a week clean thoroughly with strong soda.

The ice-pan and waste-pipe require special care. Wash the latter with a swab, and flood with strong solution of bicarbonate of soda.

Rinse every compartment with hot and cold water once a week, and then air at least an hour.

Never attach drain-pipe to sewer or drain.

A few few pieces of charcoal in the food chamber aids in freeing it from odors. Cleanse the charcoal two or three times a week by drying in the oven; the odors pass off in vapor.

Put only cold food in refrigerator. Keep milk and butter on floor of food compartment, and well covered, as they readily absorb odors.

## RECIPES.

Pineapple Shortcake—Made the same as strawberry shortcake. Bake in two layers, and spread the chopped pineapple between the layers after the cake is cold.

Breaded Potatoes—Peel small potatoes and boil them in salted water. Do not let them boil soft. Dip in beaten egg and fine cracker crumbs, and fry in hot fat, turning frequently, that the color may be a uniform one.

Peach Meringue Pie—Slice good canned peaches into deep pie plate lined with rich crust. Sugar well and stir into the juice a heaping teaspoon cornstarch. Bake slowly. Make meringue of three egg whites for a large pie, flavoring with lemon. Serve cold with cream.

Rice Milanais—Chop fine a good-sized onion and fry in butter until a golden color, then add a cupful of rice and half a dozen minced mushrooms. Stir for two minutes, and add a quart of boiling broth. Stir lightly once. Cook for twenty-five minutes. Season with one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and half a cup of grated Swiss cheese.

Lettuce and Grape Fruit Salad—Tear a head of washed and drained lettuce into pieces. Pare and divide into carrels one grape fruit. With a penknife, slit the white skin that envelops each carrel, take hold of the two ends, bend it back and the fruit will fall out in little pieces, when the seeds may be easily removed. Pour fruit and juice over the lettuce and serve with a French dressing containing very little vinegar.

Fowl and Rice Croquettes—Put one-half cupful of rice in one pint of stock, and let it boil gently for one hour; then add two tablespoonfuls of butter and simmer it till quite dry and soft; when cold, make it into balls, hollow out the inside and fill with minced fowl delicately seasoned; cover over with rice, dip the balls into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs; fry them carefully to a nice brown, and serve hot.