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AND BE
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**VANCE
THOMPSON**




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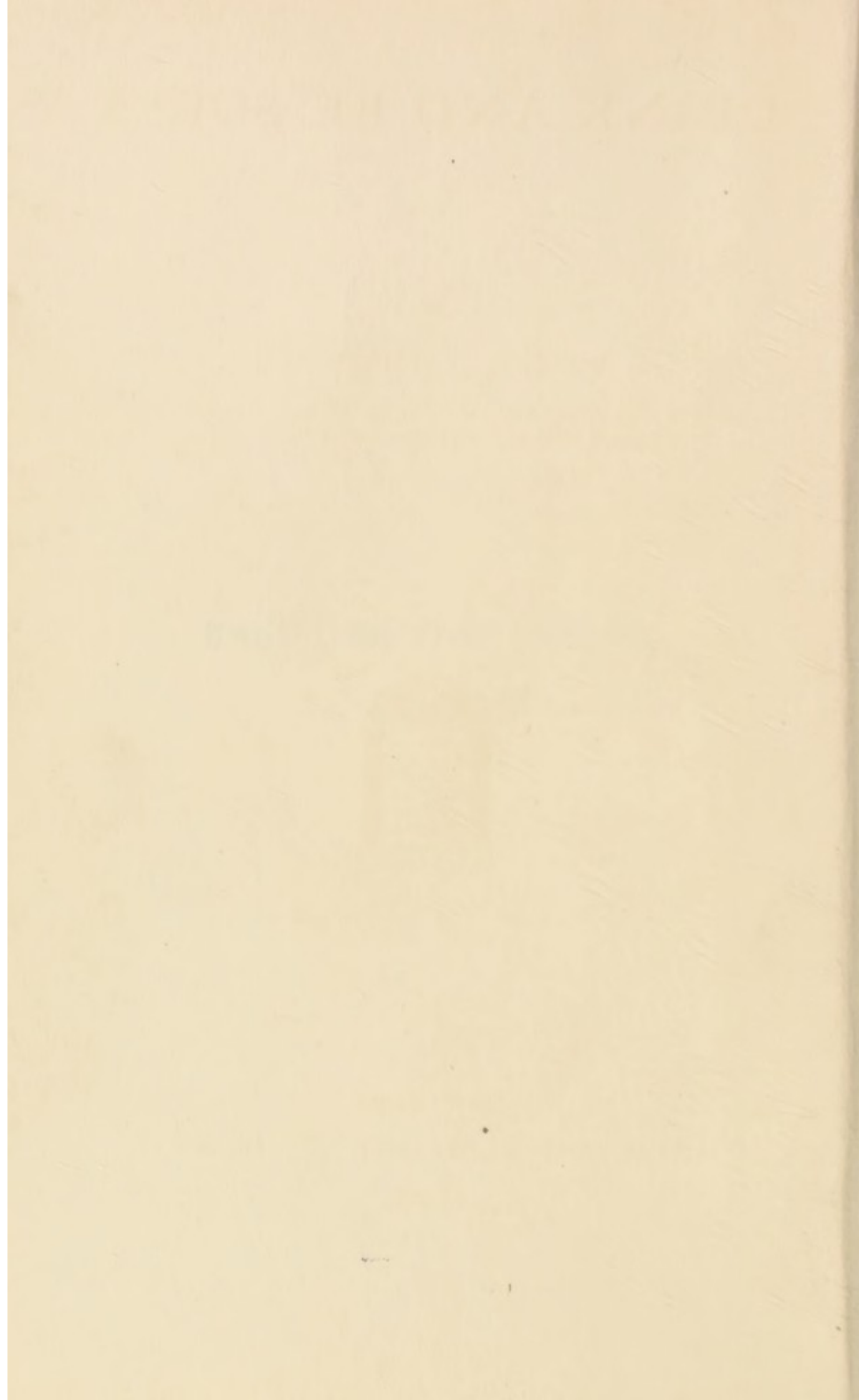
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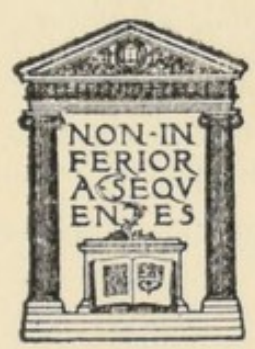


DRINK AND BE SOBER

BY

VANCE THOMPSON

Author of "Eat and Grow Thin," "The Ego Book," "French Portraits,"
"Diplomatic Mysteries," "The Life of Ethelbert Nevin," etc.



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THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
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To
A. PARKER NEVIN

My hope is that you will approve of this book—both as jurist and sociologist. One thing I know: The intention is so good—the subject is so important—that you will accept the book as a mark of my friendship and admiration. We discussed this subject many times, and because I kept in memory many of the things you said, this book is both better and wiser. And so in placing your name on this page I pay a debt and claim a distinguished friendship.

VANCE THOMPSON.

PREFACE

Upon no subject—neither upon love nor upon war—have there been so many books written as upon drink. Indeed one may say there is no significant writer, from the historian Herodotus to the wanton poet Verlaine, who has not touched upon this dark problem.

And the reason is plain: it lies at the root of success in life, even as it lies at the root of happiness in love; it colors all literature because its stain is upon every phase of life. The philosopher has seen in it the higher problem of man's free will. Is Stoic self-control to be enforced by law? And if man is to be ironed and bar-locked into a sober way of life, what of that imperial will of his? He is of slight value as a citizen and as a national unit (the philosopher declares) who has not will-power enough to keep out of the gutter.

The political economists have written thousands of books—which you will never read—on the drink question. Not even the doctors

have differed so widely as they differ. They are uncommonly fond of statistics; and on both sides of the question they have attained a demoniac inaccuracy in the statement of facts. Temperance orators of the political sort have made it an issue. And the battle is ceaselessly waged in literature. Popular novelists write their confessions; they tell you how they have solved (victoriously) the problem of drink. These are brave, personal books. I commend them. I praise the writers. But over against Jack London you find no less a man than Gilbert K. Chesterton, battling, in the name of liberty, for the wild delights and festivals of drink—*voluptas, gaudia*. (His is the old English tradition—the tradition of Smollett and Dickens, which in its time was generous and gay; in their ample pages drink and love and laughter were triune; not even Mr. Chesterton can hold them together in the haggard Bohemia of modern fiction.)

You cannot, I say, get away from the drink problem. It meets you at every turn. It goes abroad at night with the criminal. It is in the madhouse and the jail. There is hardly a home in the broad land into which it has

not made its way. In some shape or other this monstrous problem confronts you at every crossroads of life.

When war broke over the world statesmen and leaders grappled with it, as though it were the one immediate evil. And it was the immediate evil. Until drink was chained and locked away men could not even kill each other decently and with efficient certainty.

(While the young and fiery patriot brandished his sword and shouted: "Let me lead Britons!" the old, old general, out of a serious wisdom, said: "When the canteen is fifty leagues in our rear, yes!"

And he had his way.)

If the game of death can be played only in terms of sobriety it is not unthinkable that the game of life can best be won in the same way.

But how are you going to establish the laws of the game? How are you going to do it in a civil world unruled by the abrupt tyranny of military law? How are you going to do it in a way that shall preserve the highest reverence for the dignity of social life and for human liberty?

It is to answer these questions that I have written this little book.

I think there is one thing the state can do—and it is not a vision or a phantasy; it is a proved achievement—which will solve the drink problem. Not little by little, with shifts and compromises; but bluntly, compellingly and completely as Great Britain solved within her borders the problem of man's enslavement by man.

As you shall see.

But it is not for that impersonal thing, the state, I have written this book. I have written it for men and women. It is not the state, fed fat on revenues, that suffers from drink. Why should it be expected to act? It never has acted on its own volition. It has to be forced and bullied into the way of right-doing, for it is always (even in a democracy) far behind the public intelligence and the public will. That is why the drink problem is a personal problem—for the man and the woman.

Everyone must face it. I know quite well you are not a drunkard. You are not a dipsomaniac; your brain is not swept with drink-

storms. Your brother is not drinking with Pan. Your daughter is not laughing with the alcoholic girls at the country club. And yet the problem is none the less a personal one—if for no other reason than that it is a problem of state economy and the state is just what you make it. It is organized in precisely the way you want it organized—you and the others who vote.

And so it is your problem.

In New York City there is a melancholy cohort that spends one million dollars a day for drink. I admit that you are not of them—but that army of slackers, wasters and criminals exists and continues to exist by your sovereign permission. I have no desire to come at you with a sentimental appeal. This is not a matter of sentiment. There is no use in changing a man's feelings (you will admit) if he goes on being wrong-headed. I have tried to put the case in a plain way—without exaggeration, without rhetoric, with sympathetic understanding of the drinker and even the purveyor of drink. You are a man of the world, I take it, and you want to see the thing broadly. You are keenly aware of the two

sides of the question; you know there must be a choice—and all choice implies loss. Exactly what that loss is you have a right to know. I think in the end you will agree with me that a remedy is needed—and must be applied by the state; but you have a right to know the facts and all the facts. You will find them, I think, honestly stated in this book. All of them—what alcohol is, why men drink it, why some drinkers are drunkards, what predisposition of mind or body encourages them, the pathology of vice and the psychology of the drunkard—strange and interesting things are these. You shall have to go with me into scenes of darkness and violence; you shall look in the face of crime—and hear mad voices shouting; always is it that you may know what thing it is—the Drink. Hear, too, what the scientist has to say, the physician, the economist and the student (less one-sided) of life; but, above all, see for yourself just what this confused problem is. For, I think, that when you see it—you, the men and women who direct the intelligence of the state and shape its will—then only it will be solved.

You are not convinced?

Before you pronounce judgment I trust you will read this brief in the case.

And then—what is of more importance—is the immutable fact that always, in the end, a moral crusade wins. And this is a moral crusade.

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I think it should be made clear in the beginning that there is only one "drink-problem"—that of drinking alcohol. The drink habit varies with different grades of society; it changes with climate; but the drink-problem neither varies nor changes. Just as the beer-drinker takes his beer for the sake of the alcohol in it, so the wine-drinker takes his wine, the brandy-drinker his brandy. He who drinks alcoholic beverages drinks for the sake of the alcohol—no matter what excuse he offers. So the first question is: What is alcohol?

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ideal state of his; and if you meet him tomorrow or the next month or the next year, he will have ceased to be, in some appreciable degree, as moderate a drinker. For moderate drinking is a stage; it is not a fixed point. It is, as the French soldier says, an *étape*. There is no moderate drinker who is not going to the next stage of his journey, or who is not turning back.

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country the facts, carefully collated, come within measurable distance of his statement. An illustration: The famous investigation made by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that eighty-four per cent. of all the criminals under conviction in that state were drink-made criminals. As you see, it is almost nine-tenths. And again: The last census of the United States shows that the institutional cases of insanity are in almost exact proportion to the amount of alcoholic consumption. Insanity is the mad son of alcohol. Idiocy is its driveling daughter. Suicide is its despairing child.

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Ours is the drunkennest civilization the world has ever known. — For generations science, religion, statesmanship had fought this evil thing of drink; they had pelted the evil thing with tracts and tied it up in red-tape; all to no saving purpose. In a world at war, when the need of sobriety was imperative, the nations found a way of scotching the evil thing. It was simple and practical as shutting off an electric current. It prohibited the manufacture and sale of the fiercer kinds of alcoholic drink. France was first in this, as she is always first in the noblest missions of humanity. A half-measure to be sure, but a measure of immense significance by reason of the principle it lays down. There is here more than the suggestion of a remedy.

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There is no contradiction between ethics and economics. Not the wealth of a nation but the highest welfare of the citizens is the thing to be promoted. When there is such an opposition it is the economical factor—not the ethical—that must go to the wall. The chief argument of the liquor forces is a threat of financial panic, and, since “a million toilers will lose their jobs,” a threat of labor panic. The whine of the “vested interests” is more difficult to meet; but a threat is the sort of thing

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one can answer more effectively. — And the answer is here.

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The danger of studying a question so vital—a subject with such a swing and urge of emotion in it—is the tendency to become enthusiastic and slop about. The emotional way of fighting drink is obsolete. The reason is that the hour of controversial issues is past. There is no longer any dispute as to the main and primary facts in the case against alcohol. With a thoroughness of intellectual treatment none can gainsay our masters in physiology, sociology and economics have pronounced judgment. And the nation is awake to the truth. — And now comes the question? — What can the state do to alcohol?

DRINK AND BE SOBER

CHAPTER I

THE BLOOM ON THE GRAPE

I

No one has any business to go wrong; always his intelligence should be in advance of his act.

And the one man in whom ignorance is inexcusable is he who plays with the wild and shifty forces of alcoholic drink. That man should be wise above others; his intelligence should be ever on outpost duty; and his first business is to know what alcohol is. For one thing is certain: when men drink—whether they drink beer or wine or brandy—they drink alcohol. The sole reason for the existence of these beverages is that they provide him who drinks them with a greater or less quantity of alcohol. They may be disguised with fanciful perfumes and flavors, hidden in a harlequinade of colors, but the reason for their existence is always the same—it is alcohol.

An immense amount of hypocrisy has grown up about the custom and habit of drinking alcoholic beverages. It has been given a free and lordly air, as though there were something exceptionally big-hearted and unselfish about it. This lie has come, roaring arrogantly, down through the ages. It has got itself told in prose and verse; in fact, it reels through most of the second-rate literature of every country.

That is bad enough; indeed, it is responsible for more than its fair share of the evils that come (unquestionably) from the abuse of alcohol—and I shall have a word to say, in due time and place, of the physiological basis of this false emotionalism and fugitive altruism; but there is a subtler hypocrisy which makes its appeal to man's vanity.

"It's a rare good vintage," says the wine-drinker, holding up his glass.

I have heard the phrase hundreds of times—parroted in Parisian cafés, stated with a pompous air of discrimination at ornate dinner-tables, muttered by wine-drunkards in the curtained darkness of Italian wine-shops. Now two things are to be said: the first is that a

discriminating wine-palate is as rare as white peacocks are in Arizona; and the second is that such a man—a *connoisseur* in vintages—has gained his knowledge by wide drinking. It, no more than a knowledge of trigonometry, comes by nature. And when he tells you he drinks his wine because it comes from Capri—and quotes his Horace; or when he prates of the sunny hills of Burgundy or the white slopes of Provence, he is honest neither with himself nor with you. He may indeed like this flavor or that *bouquet*, but he drinks his Burgundy—not because its *bouquet* calls to him, but because there is fifteen per cent. of alcohol in the wine. He drinks for the sake of the alcohol, though it may be quite true that the flavor—the haunting immaterial poetry of the wine—makes him prefer that pleasant way of getting the alcohol into him. Why not? In other respects, too, he is a nice-mannered man. He had rather dine delicately at a well-appointed table than gorge on boiled food in a cellar. He has only disesteem for the coarse man who gulps down fiery rum. But he—just as the coarse fellow drinks the rum—drinks his Burgundy for the alcohol that is

in it. That is the plain truth; the rest is mere hypocrisy—often unconscious hypocrisy, for the lie is so ancient that men inherit it, like the gout. Of course, the well-bred man prefers a radiant and delicate claret—a petulant wine of Champagne—to the dreary, soddening gin the “navvy” swills; but his object is the same—to get the alcohol into his system. (If you were a kissing man you had rather kiss a pretty, perfumed lady in silks and laces, than the plowman’s blowsy girl; but it would be kissing all the same.)

Thus, I think, it should be made clear in the beginning that there is only one “drink problem”—that of drinking alcohol. It varies with different grades of society; it changes with climate; but the problem neither varies nor changes. The dreary “cider boy” of the Connecticut hills is brother to the flushed girl—in silk stockings—shouting for “high-balls” on the porch of the country club; and the Burgundy man is sib to the man of “mixed ale”; one and all are drinkers of alcohol.

And what is alcohol?

II

It is a simple thing, alcohol.

The chemist will describe it for you in a pretty arrangement of letters and arabic figures, from which you will learn that it is composed of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. The kind you drink—or do not drink—is ethylic alcohol; and the chemist will tell you it is produced by the fermentation of aqueous sugar-solutions and subsequent distillations.

All of which is important but uninteresting.

It is only when the chemist tells you what causes the fermentation that you listen to him willingly. Then you meet—with profound amazement—the *mycoderma cerevisiæ*.

You may think of it, not as something fearsome, but as a species of fungus, made up of minute organisms, living much as you and I do in the ordinary way of life—taking nourishment, absorbing oxygen and giving off carbon, reproducing their kind and, in due season, dying; their biography at first glance would seem to be that of ordinary men. And yet you shall see that their strange little lives have all the inevitable horror of Greek tragedy.

They are found, these *mycodermata*, in great quantities—a veritable dust of microscopic life—on the skins of ripe grapes. They are mysterious dwellers in the bloom of the grape (whereof poets have sung) and they are the mysterious soul of wine. They are the obscure alcoholic gods.

Have you seen the brown Italian girls—or the great-limbed women of Switzerland—tread the grapes? At all events you have seen a wine-press. Then you understand how the resolute little *mycodermata* get into the juice of the grape. What they do there is the beginning—the first act—in the great human tragedy of drink.

The chemist (of whom you have heard) says they take from the grape-sugar a certain part of its oxygen. This changes the chemical relations of the carbon, oxygen and hydrogen of which the sugar is composed, and, by a rearrangement of the elements, alcohol is formed. You can watch the process; it is gradual. Little by little the oxygen is consumed, until the entire quantity of sugar disappears; what is left is alcohol. With the alcohol you find water, coloring matter, flavoring substances and

(tragically) the corpses of the little *mycodermata*, who, having devoured all the sugar, die of starvation and sink into alcoholic graves. (It is a melancholy destiny, but not without parallel: In Persepolis they worshiped fire and fire destroyed the city.)

These little inhabitants of the bloom of the grape are their own victims. They are the makers of that mysterious and perplexing poison—alcohol—and they are its first martyrs. In their obscure and tragic lives you may see, if you will, a symbol; for it is as if, in inventing alcohol, they had invented suicide.

They build a house, but the house they build is death, and it falls and buries them in its ruins.

This, then, is alcohol, the chemist avers; and out of the fermented mass (wherein the suicidal *mycodermata* found drunken graves) the pure alcohol is distilled.

For the Scot who gets his alcohol from barley, the American who gets his from maize or the German who takes his from a potato, the process is the same; each depends upon the collaboration of these indefatigable little organisms. When the grain is malted and

made ready for fermentation most of the starch is turned into grape-sugar—making thus a saccharine solution akin to grape-juice—which serves as food for the *mycodermata*. (They are usually introduced in yeast ferments.)

Alcohol is a liquid, ethyl hydrate— C_2H_5OH , says the chemist; in its pure state it is limpid, colorless and the odor is suave.

III

There are two things I wish to make perfectly clear: what man does to alcohol, and what alcohol does to man. They are epic things. Pure alcohol is, as I have said, limpid, colorless and suave of odor. When man has had his way with it, its limpidity is troubled, and its colors and odors are those of a girl of the night. I am not referring here to the base falsifications and adulterations of modern spirits, wines and beers; there is a chapter for that in this book. What I would note here—for convenient reference—is the form in which alcohol is offered and the amount of alcohol the common beverages contain. They vary greatly, of course.

Brandy, which Dr. Johnson called a drink for strong men—and he was the son of a drunken generation—is produced by distilling wine and contains (when first made) about fifty per cent. of alcohol. It is your real 'alf an' 'alf. In its first stage it is a colorless liquid. It is only when it is put up in casks that it steals an amber hue from the wood. Gradually its alcoholic strength diminishes—a fair French brandy contains about forty per cent. of alcohol when it comes to market. The alcoholic strength of whisky, whether distilled from barley, maize, rye or other grains, is a trifle less; rum, a product of distilled molasses and the refuse of the cane-sugar factories, is not quite so strong as whisky; and gin, which is a distillation of unmalted grain, rectified and flavored with juniper berries, contains about thirty per cent. of alcohol. These are the commoner spirits—at least, in the white man's world.

In natural wines, derived from the fermented juice of the grape, the quantity of alcohol varies from eight to twenty-five per cent. Beer is a beverage made (theoretically) from the fermented infusions of malt, flavored

with hops. The ales and beers of commerce vary greatly in strength; in general, they may be said to contain from three to nine per cent. of alcohol.

These familiar facts had to get themselves told; one cannot discuss a thing without first defining it—that were to tug at a rope of sand. And the various forms of alcoholic drink—each having its own pleasure and pain and its own peculiar drunkenness—are quite as important as the mysterious poison they have in common; and each will demand separate consideration. But for the moment—at this point—my purpose is broader. I want to show what alcohol does to man; what it does to any man and every man, to you as to another. After all, the subject is important only because it is personal—because the problem of drink can be stated in terms of your personal relation to it.

IV

You have asked yourself—if not you are asking yourself now: “Is alcohol a good thing for me?”

Possibly you have made many experiments—or one or two. Then you have found—what every man from the honest scientist to the thoughtful barman finds—that alcohol is not a good thing for you; in certain ascertained quantities being, in fact, a bad thing.

So the problem comes to this: “How much can I take without undue harm?”

The question cannot be put in a fairer way—in a way more scientific and less emotional. It shows that you have a practical mind. You open, as it were, a profit and loss account with alcohol. You do not call it—as I have heard it called—a pandemic plague. You do not lie awake nights cursing the *mycoderma*. You go about it in a practical way. On one side of the account you set down what you lose in moral, mental and physical ways; on the other side—with scrupulous fairness—the gains.

For there are gains.

Let us get that matter clear once for all.

There are gains, or humanity had not for so many ages drunk deep—you had not been able to look back to the twilight of history and seen (everywhere) mankind at its cups.

Something, you know, these wine-stained generations gained, or they had never paid the bitter price.

What are the most apparent gains?

You set them down as social cheer, as the exhilaration that lifts dull mortality to a flashing level, as forgetfulness—that drowsy forgetfulness of the actualities of life, which is perhaps the rarest thing a man can purchase. You set them all down; for you know that not every drinker seeks only physical and material drunkenness. No; across a world of pitiful attempts at wine-born merriment, you see the poet seeking the blue flower of the *au-delà*, the dreamer hunting his dream. (I am not embellishing with rhetoric the drunkard's vice or taking away its ethical significance; for it is a sad and certain fact that those who sought the dream in wine found the nightmare—as James Thomson found it in the "City of Dreadful Night," and Poe in the "Valley of Many-colored Grass"; but to minds of this order even the visionary chase seems to be a gain.)

Set it all down in the account. What men like best about drinking in company, which is

the admired way to drink ("who drinks Hollands alone and in a churchyard") is unquestionably the social freedom—the letting down of bars. I do not deny this gain. Why should I? The bashful man, exhilarated by alcohol, loses his nervousness, the reticent man grows frank and confidential—it is only at such a moment you learn his grandfather was hanged; in fact, in such company life becomes free and unbuttoned. The historic example is that of Theodore Hook. When he went sober into society he sat silent, shamefaced and glum. His second bottle set him singing, rhyming, playing the mimic—an admirable wit. Distinctly there was a social gain there, for it made a droll, public entertainer out of a bashful unsocial man. Here the gain, as you observe, is not so much to the man who does the drinking as it is to his companions, who have the opportunity of seeing him flash and caper and throw off his buttoned-up reserve of manner. Of course, a question still to be considered is the price the drinker pays for it. For the time being set it down: the drinking man gains a certain social cheer—lawless in a way, but indubitably fascinating to the kind of man

who cannot "let himself go" when he is sober. In a deeper "mist of intoxication," to use Thoreau's phrase, that man "forgets his troubles"—not a negligible advantage.

In what you have set down you have summed up the chief gains to be got by drinking alcohol, in this coaxing form or that.

It makes a man bolder than he is by nature. I have always loved that story of the mouse who came upon a little pool of whisky spilled upon the floor; he drank, and once again; then he cocked up his head and said: "Where's that cat that was chasing me yesterday?"

I accept this quality of boldness to be got from drink, but I would reluctantly admit it as a social gain. Burke, the criminal, who gave his name to a peculiarly atrocious kind of crime, said he got his "courage" from drink; indeed, he had to have a dram of brandy before murdering a child. It is an undesirable kind of courage.—

(I know whereof I speak. I never followed Burke's way of life, but once upon a time in my green youth I was a reporter on a New York newspaper. One day I was told to interview ————. He was never a pleas-

ant, forthcoming, courteous man to the interviewer, and this day he was singularly sore-headed and gruff, owing to a smashing political defeat.

“Go ask him,” said my editor, “what he thinks of Senator ————,”—it being the hand of Senator ———— that had knifed him; and my editor—who was Mr. Foster Coates—added thoughtfully: “You had best put a pint of champagne in you first.” I was innocent and I took his advice; also the pint. Unfortunately the plan didn’t work. When I came face to face with Mr. ———— I discovered—to my dismay—that he had taken two pints!)

Gayety and social freedom and cheer, perhaps forgetfulness of unpleasant things, and courage of a sort—these, I think, are the best alcohol has to offer. They are all tolerably agreeable results. That is why you have set them down in your list of alcoholic gains. And now the question is: How does alcohol do these things to a man? Whence come the glow of good feeling, the companionable frankness, the unbuttoned freedom of mood?

First of all—

CHAPTER II

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES TO THE MAN

I

And first of all I am not writing of the drunkard.

I have in mind the practical man you were when you drew up a profit and loss account with alcohol; the kind of man who says: "I can take an ounce of alcohol a day—in so many glasses of beer or brandies-and-soda," or, being a big, stark, healthy man, "my two ounces a day"; in other words, the man out of whose mouth comes the familiar quotation: "Thank Heaven, I can drink and be sober!"

I am interested in that man.

The teetotal scientists, I know, draw horrid pictures of his stomach and his hobnailed liver. I refuse to get excited over his stomach and his liver. What interests me is his brain, for the brain—as near as we can come to it—is the man. It is the organ (and the only one)

through which I can get in touch with that strange thing, your Ego—or you with mine. There it is I get vaguely at the thing that makes you Ethelbert de Courcy (if you are Ethelbert de Courcy) and not Vance Thompson. It is in the brain that alcohol produces the effects whereof there has been something written—the social gayety and freedom, the memory blinded to the unpleasant facts of life, the courage and all the rest of it. So my interest (and yours, I trust) is in what alcohol does to this essential part of man.

Alcohol is intoxicating; that is why men drink it—and for no other reason; and he who would get at the root of intoxication—its pleasure and pain, its peril and penalty—must study the physiological effects of alcohol on the brain. There he may read its story and its mystery. It is the beginning of the entire problem and—no matter how far afield one fares into matters civic and economic—its end.

Science, not yet omniscient, is content to look upon the brain as being made up of millions of cells, each cell having two nerve-fibers—one bringing to it nerve motion and the other conducting energy from it. Certain of these

cells, having found they had similar work to do, have formed a kind of communistic society. They group themselves and work together. Endlessly doing the same thing, they become identified with one kind of work. So you have the speech-group, for instance, which attends to the mechanism of talking. These groups are not all of the same age. They were developed little by little as the varying needs arose. The modern physiologist thinks of them as layer upon layer; this is the theory of Functional Levels. They have been divided into three great levels or planes.

It is easy to understand if you bear in mind that the oldest bodily habits—which have now become automatic—belong to the lower plane. Digestion, growth, breathing, blood-circulation and the like are old established functions. The nerve-groups that control them are buried deep in the nervous system—so deep the will cannot reach them. There, too, lie the groups that feed the muscles. For example:—

I dip my pen in the ink. The muscles, as I have said, and their nutrition, have their nerve-groups on the lowest plane. The movement—the nicely adjusted muscular action with

which I dip the pen—has its groups on the middle plane. But the conception of the movement, the idea of pen and ink and the written page before me, have their home on the highest level.

It is clear, is it not?

The higher functions are on the higher level, the highest on the highest. This upper plane was the most recently acquired in evolution. Therefore, it is the least stable. It is still within the sphere of the will. You may think of it, if you please, as the physical basis of character; and it is not difficult to see how delicately complex—how easily thrown out of order—are these nervous processes which are concerned in right conduct. The older groups of nerve-cells which attend to “the automatic mechanism of the vital functions” are buried deep in the lower level and are not easily perturbed. Those on the highest plane, more recently acquired, still swayed by the will, delicate and complex, are always in peril.

And they are not isolated. Peril comes to them from every side; for they are linked by nerve-fibers to every other group of cells on all the planes. In the exact words of the physiologist,

every organ (and every function of the body) is triply represented in the nervous system—it is represented on each of the three planes. It is not difficult to imagine how extremely delicate must be the mechanism which co-ordinates them. A fragile machine—triply delicate.

Now what I would get at is the exact effect alcohol has upon it.

The man takes a drink. He takes his bottle of wine, or his glass or two or three of whisky. A certain part of the alcohol passes unchanged through the bodily system—and is, from the drinker's viewpoint, economically wasted. The rest mingles with the blood and is carried through the body. If you vivisect the man who has taken the drink, you will find alcohol in all the large organs; but chiefly you will find it in the nervous system.

This is a fierce, deep and tragic fact.

There is a sort of dark "affinity" between alcohol and the brain-tissue. They come together like cats in the night. You will see in a moment the significance of this fact.

The first effect of alcohol is on the nerve-centers, or groups, which control and regulate the blood supply. That is where the

“stimulation” comes in. The heart feels it; its action is hurried. The blood-vessels in the stomach dilate and glow pleasantly—whereby the man fancifully thinks a drink has warmed him up. Then the brain gets the “stimulation.” The nervous processes are quickened. It seems easier to think. There is a sense of bodily well-being, for “organic congratulations” are pouring in from the glowing blood-vessels. This is the physical effect—the first one—that makes men love their wine.

And now the alcohol, coursing through the system, with the blood-elements, has reached the brain; what does it do?

II

“The action induced in the brain is of the nature of a progressive paralysis, *beginning with the highest level, and its most delicate functions, and spreading gradually down through the lower. Moral qualities and the higher processes of intelligence are, therefore, first invaded.*”

And here I have got to the point I wanted to make in this chapter:

Alcohol first attacks—first, mark you, and not last—the highest part of man, his moral nature. (That is why Burke drank brandy when he would murder a child; it was not, as he thought, to give himself “courage”—it was to silence the protest of whatever poor remnant of moral nature was in him.)

From the top down—that is the way alcohol works on a man; it destroys first what is highest in him—the moral qualities so painfully acquired in the long years of evolution. It is the most delicate part of the mental machinery that is first impaired—that which has been most recently and most fragilely built up in the evolution of character: the moral part.

Alcohol, even in minute quantities, is intoxicating—that is, it is toxic—and exactly in proportion to the quantity taken is the impairment of the moral nature. Do not imagine that this pleasurable bodily glow and well-being of distended blood-vessels, which make for a fatuous kind of altruism, has anything to do with character. By just so much character is impaired. The moral standards sag and sway. The drinking man, of whom I write, has let down the bars. Morally he is a looser man.

The entire man on that upper plane is loosened and unbraced. The higher processes of the intelligence will go on with delicate precision after—and there, indeed, is the most monstrous peril—after the moral faculties are disordered and defective. If you have studied the man who drinks; if you have studied the girl—in silk stockings—on the porch of the country club, you know this to be indubitably true. Always the moral paralysis is the first physiological effect of alcohol on the brain. From the top downwards.

You will say it does not greatly matter so long as the intellect stands, in fact, on guard; but it is a physiological truth that the finer part of man's mentality is the next victim—an almost immediate victim—of the toxic paralysis. Scientific investigators notice first the loss of self-control. There are delicate psychometric instruments for measuring the loss. On the same plane is the associated group—to use the technical jargon—of judgment cells. They are next invaded. Now the man who gets drunk goes rapidly through all the stages; the restrained drinker, frugal, more than moderate, passes them more slowly—taking, it may be, years;

but always alcohol is doing the same thing to his brain.

Theodore Hook, when he drank himself into a state of talkative jollity, doubtless put himself in about this situation. The moral part of him was in abeyance; his judgment was so defective that he willingly made a zany of himself—with no thought of self-respect which ordinarily kept him a quiet man; meanwhile his imagination, still unaffected, was loose and lively. The bridle was off it. It ran blithely wild. In a little while it, too, would run down into cloudy confusion. What would be still alive would be the emotional nature of the man—quite uncontrolled now by the higher mind. He would become affectionate and hug his table companion; or bellicose and insult him; or he would weep. It is the inevitable succession of events. The emotions, unchecked and unguided, go their own way. And (always descending) the toxic paralysis touches the springs of the will and it sleeps; until, in the end, there is left only the animal man—a thing in whom only the automatic functions of life persist.

Thus, rapidly, I have sketched the physio-

logical effects of alcohol upon the three levels of the brain. And you have observed that the highest qualities are first impaired. The same law holds good as you drop from plane to plane, and through each plane. Thus the speech-group functions on the middle level.

I remember once sitting with Alfred Henry Lewis in a New York tavern, where we drank water. He was curious in the study of humanity and he had gathered round him, at table, a company of gamblers, pugilists, criminals, politicians and bad husbands. I had mentioned to him the theory (then new) that drunkenness acts from above downwards, and, as our company tiddled away, we studied the process on the speech-level. Almost all improper men affect a nice propriety of speech—notably the New York type. At first the conversation was rather formal. Our guests were respecting themselves. Little by little the speech loosened; it lost exactitude. Words were made to do double duty. Then the pronunciation stumbled and fell apart. The spoken words were deformed, slurred over, maltreated. The next loss was in intonation—as though the speaking voice were getting out

of control. And at last the conversation became purely automatic—a sort of emotional repetition of stock phrases and slang locutions, the mere parrot utterance of ready-made word-combinations that required little more than muscular effort.

Of course, the most serious stage is reached when the co-ordination between the three planes is broken, but that matter belongs to the pathology of alcoholism. For the moment our concern is with the brain of man and what alcohol does to it.

It first destroys—or impairs—what is most delicate, most complex and most important.

This is the significant fact you have to set down against the gains to be got from alcohol. It is understood you are not interested in the man with the hobnailed liver and the sodden drunkard who has got to the end of his career. But take the ounce-or-two-a-day man. Take him who can, thank Heaven! drink and be sober. Sobriety is a broad word. It includes the three planes. The body may be sober—that is, normal enough; the emotional level, the imagination, even the higher intelligence, may be unaffected and unimpaired; but of no man,

in whose bodily system there is alcohol in any degree, can it be said that his moral qualities are normal. Good conduct, like every other mental habit, must have an organic basis—a mechanism of nerve-cells and fibers. This mechanism, as you know, is recently acquired in man and is still unstable and of extreme fragility. The alcohol which leaves the rest of the man “sober,” beats savagely upon this fragile mechanism. Not perhaps, but certainly; not occasionally, but always. The first impairment is moral; the first lapse is moral; for every man who takes alcohol is *drunk at the top*.

This degeneration may not immediately express itself in immoral action; but you have only to wait. The moment the higher intelligence is touched in its turn by the toxic paralysis—when the judgment goes off guard, and the emotions are uncontrolled—that man will break the moral law. You can trust him neither with a purse or a woman or an oath. And if you are that man, you cannot trust yourself. You are drunk at the top. And so long as you drink you can not get morally sober, no matter how well in hand you keep

mind and body. For every successive dose of alcohol goes there first. And every toxic repetition increases the moral disaster. No matter how sober he may be from that highest plane downward, the man who drinks alcohol is morally defective; he may keep within the criminal law because his judgment tells him to, or because his passions do not tempt him out of it; but morally he is impotent—the very organic basis of altruism and good moral feeling in him is destroyed. It is dead of alcoholic paralysis.

Set that down in your account of profit and loss.

Do the gains seem especially attractive now you know the physiological price—the mere destruction of the nerve-elements—you are called upon to pay?

Wine warms the cockles of the heart; it clouds the brain with a pleasant mist wherein disagreeable memories are obscured; it loosens the reins of judgment and daring risks seem paltry things—life seems a sporting venture; but the first price to be paid is a moral one. What alcohol does first to a man is to poison his moral nature—to paralyze it, as the physi-

ologists say. He is a good fellow, a whimsical and jolly companion, the man who can, thank Heaven, drink and be sober. He is sober in body and sober mentally.

It is only morally he is drunk.

That is the price he pays—stated with scientific precision. This is not a new fact. Obscurely the public mind has always recognized it. Your banker may not have reasoned the matter out; but he knows that the man who drinks alcohol—even the ounce-a-day man—is morally impaired and he does not set him to guard the strong-box. Bar cases of moral insanity (which are due to exactly the same paralysis of the higher brain functions as that caused by alcohol), it may be broadly said that the crimes of the world are committed by those who have deformed—by this toxic agent or that one—the highest functional level. In plain words: the criminal begins his bad business by putting the moral man in him to sleep. And nothing does that so subtly and insidiously as alcohol.

It is one of the things alcohol does to a man.

III

There are other drugs that do the same thing alcohol does to a man. They put to sleep the higher functions of the brain and break the co-ordination of the three planes of the brain; and, in addition, they do it more quickly than alcohol does. The inventive chemists have perfected scores of these drugs, which act upon the nervous system. The less harmful ones—bromides, for instance—affect chiefly the middle plane, but certain fiercer poisons go straight to the highest point in man. Alcohol goes about its business slowly; it takes years, it may be, to do what cocaine does in a flash—but physiologically it is doing the same thing. It is merely the rapidity of its action which makes the “snow-rider” take to cocaine instead of to the leisurely stimulation of whisky. He is riding to the same goal. His “heaven dust” is quicker in its action on the brain—more rapidly annihilates the moral impulse and banishes self-control; that is all.

Only—

The drug-taker is usually a solitary. It is not for companionship that the opium-smoker

goes to a den; indeed, in him the very sources and springs of companionship are dead; even sex has vanished. It is usually only in their first, early acquaintance with the drug that cocaine-users meet in common and sniff or spray their nostrils with the "coke." Sooner or later the "snow-rider" rides alone—his fantastic ride to death. But the immensely important fact about alcohol is that it makes for a kind of sociability. There is no blinking this truth. It is not one of the mere hypocrisies of drink—like the wine-drinker's parade of connoisseurship. It is a fact.

I have shown the physiological basis for the glow and comfort that comes from alcohol—a reflex effect from the excitation of the nerve-endings in the mouth and stomach, which makes for a sense of well-being. You may safely say this lies at the basis of the drinker's desire for companionship. He is momentarily at peace. His physical body whispers congratulations. Mentally, too, he is loosened up and emotionally he is excited. He would fain talk; and he looks about him for someone to talk with.

And with whom?

When you have answered this question you will have got at the essence of alcoholic companionship.

In an early stage of drinking—almost from the beginning—a desire to talk is as automatic and imperative as a natural vital function. Moreover, discrimination and judgment being blurred, a man does not greatly care whom he talks with. His speech-centers are excited and they must function. He must talk, even if he has to talk to his wife or to the barmen. But wives and barmen are generally sober folk and soon weary of him. So inevitably he goes to his kind. There you have the reason why men drink in clubs and bar-rooms and not (like Gabriel Grub) “alone and in a churchyard.”

This habit of getting together to drink has been decorated with an immense amount of flummery. The basic physical need for expression—expansion—has been so tricked out in social prettinesses that at first glance one cannot recognize it. It is like the gypsy wench Roderick Random dressed up in silks and took into court circles. If an accurate physiological analysis of just what alcohol is doing to a

merry group of ladies and gentlemen at a supper-table were drawn up and printed on the back of the wine-card, you would have a clearer idea of what all the friendly chatter of your guests really means.

And yet you can never get at the heart of the drink problem until you have cleared away the cant of social companionship. Dr. Johnson, talking of "in vino veritas," said he would not foregather with the kind of man who had to be got drunk in order that the truth might be extracted from him. In much the same way it may be said that the ideal companion is not the man (or woman) whose social charm depends upon a greater or less degree of alcoholic paralysis.

Yet the charm is there.

It is perishable; it lasts but a little while; but unquestionably it is there. I believe that most men and boys take to drink for the sake of it. None of them ever took a first drink for the flavor or taste of it. (Even from new wine a child will turn; for it is an old law of nature that all hurtful things are repulsive.) Boy or man, he took that first drink for social reasons—and against the grain. He took it

out of an imitative impulse to do as others were doing, or a desire to get into the same loose-buttoned state of light-boasting assertiveness and irresponsibility. He, too, wanted to loosen up, get the higher man out of the way and let the lower emotional man—with his friendly caperings and tail-waggings—strut for a while in the light.

Alcoholic companionship, like alcoholic friendship, belongs to the lower level; at its highest it does not get above the emotional plane; at its commonest it is on the physical.

It is always selfish, because it is always based on the desire *à paraître*—to display one's own engaging personality. And the social charm (which clings, one must admit, to the drinking habit) exists only for those who are at precisely the same degree of alcoholic excitement or paralysis. It is not only true that the sober man—sober on the three planes—gets no persistent enjoyment out of the company of those who are not as he is; it is also true that the man who has had his three ounces is out of harmony with a one-ounce man. You get social accord only among those who are approximately at pretty nearly the

same state of alcoholic poisoning. Therefore it is that society has drawn hard and fast rules round the drink habit. It is bad form—it means ostracism—not to drink and be sober in a certain grade of society. One must take one's wine at table, or one's whisky-and-soda in the billiard-room, or one's gin and water before going to bed, in a moderate and decorous way. In other words, in really nice society it is considered improper to befuddle all three functional levels of the brain at once. So the rule is: Get drunk on top—on that plane where the fine moral standards of good conduct have been perfected in the years; but keep sober on the middle level—where the speech-function has its home; and, above all, do not paralyze the lowest level which keeps in order the automatic functions of the body. This is the rule in the kind of society a decent man can go about in. One may unbutton morally; but the mental unbuttoning—the physical sprawling of unbraced muscles—is not at all a nice thing and leads ultimately to being thrown out of doors.

It is in this society—and at this stage of alcoholic impairment—that the social charm of

drink is most apparent and indeed is at its best.

Why does an attractive woman seem for the moment—thus flushed and liberated by alcohol—the more attractive to a certain order of intellect? It is because she is indeed free. She is freed from the old moral law of her being. The guardian, who makes his home on the highest brain-level, is drugged and asleep. All the other qualities of the woman flash out, rejoicing in the new-found liberty. The mind tastes the sudden joys of lawlessness. The emotional nature laughs and takes the air. And what you see is the real female animal, which is a strangely wonderful thing. Here it is—frank as sunlight or running water. And you watch it as you would a slim, wild colt at play in a meadow. Riderless it runs, without bit or bridle. And makes for fascination. Do you wonder men look at it with approval, in that one glad hour of its lawlessness? This is no longer woman, aspiring to perfect the higher part of her nature—working consciously on the upper level, or, it may be, merely yielding to atavistic impulses toward right conduct; she is the female animal,

living downward, beautiful and unaware of sin, as a thing that runs lightly in the forest.

Social charm?

Of course it is there; but it is there only for the man who has put himself (like Theodore Hook) in approximately the same untrammelled state. For both of them—for him and for her—alcohol must have abolished the higher faculties and moods, if they are to find a common pleasure in companionship.

IV

Quicquid agunt homines—

All that is done by men in drink—revels of the voluptuous, festivals of triumph, gladiatorship of the wit—has never wanted someone to praise it. No one in our day praises it so lustily as Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton; no one is so eloquent an apologist for the life that is neither sweet nor reasonable, being indeed tumultuous, riotous and full of mirth. He finds in drink, as others have, a blazing element of excitement—as though it made men sons of the gods, summoned to a high festival. And in verse and prose he has proclaimed the

essential virtue of strong drink, which is the virtue of placing men on a democratic level of boon-fellowship. If this were true—even though the level were a low one—there might still be a saving truth in the argument. But the altruistic plea is (as you have seen) merely one of the hypocrisies which have grown up round the drink habit. All poison habits (your physician will tell you) are progressive. For the man who drank yesterday there is discomfort in abstinence today. It is always true; it is a rule of life; the repetition of a process in which you find pleasure tends to become less and less voluntary. The will gets out of its way. The nervous mechanism acts of its own accord and becomes, as it were, automatic. Indeed, it becomes so automatic that desire itself sinks out of sight and an irrelevant pretext takes its place. And the man who tiddled yesterday will tell you he has no desire to drink to-day; not at all; what he wants (he avers) is boon-companionship. The force of habit is on him, but he knows it not. What he thinks he wants is the fellowship of Davidson, Pratt and Bennett, with whom he tiddled at his club. He has read himself

awrong. He has deceived himself. He has misinterpreted a plain physiological impulse into a social want. What he really wants to do is to abate the physical discomfort, due to an unsatisfied, automatic demand of the body for the poison it has come to need. The boon-fellowship of drinking men and women is a lie. It is the excuse for drink and not the cause. Drink does not make for altruism. On the contrary, it sets up a pathological process which gradually destroys altruism. If you glance ahead at the man who has got beyond his ounce a day, you can see the way the road is trending. In the drunkard the rule of being is selfishness; he will sacrifice everything worth while in life for the sake of drink. A prattler and a liar, he is above all a man in whom selfishness is supreme.

But the beggar, you say, turns first to the drunken man? Barrooms and saloons are haunted by the lassies of the Salvation Army and the pale nuns, questing charity? And the "generosity" of the drunkard is proverbial? It is not altruism. Two things enter into it: the drinker's desire of display and the sheer lack of judgment which makes him give away

the very money he needs for his drink. Not altruism, then, but imbecility.

These things, therefore, alcohol does to a man on the higher levels of him. Your most moderate drinker is poisoned at the top. Already his morals are in retreat.

I am interested in that man—the moderate drinker; and I want to follow him for awhile.

CHAPTER III

THE MODERATE DRINKER

I

You may have met this important person, the moderate drinker. In the discussion of the good and ill of alcohol, no one is more conspicuous. A library of books has been written about him. He is the whetstone of every argument. There was never an old family physician who sang the praise of wine and abused the "unscientific twaddle" of the enemies of alcohol who could not tell you of an esteemed uncle who lived "to be within four months of a hundred" and "never drank less than a bottle of port every day of his life." That old gentleman is the famous moderate drinker. I have met him in many lands. Sometimes he is indeed old; usually he is young; but there is one extraordinary thing about him—always he is going downstairs. Always he is getting away from that ideal

state of his; and, if you meet him to-morrow or the next month or the next year, he has ceased to be, in some appreciable degree, as moderate a drinker. This is not an assumption. It is a fact.

I knew a learned old man in Scotland; I knew him for many years. With unfailing regularity he took his bottle a day—but it was a quart bottle of whisky. In the afternoon he used to jog round his estate on a safe pony; and when day faded out he would come into dinner and his third drink. One dined well in his house, and when the cloth was taken away the servants were called in—from stables, gardens and offices—and the old man read prayers. Then the bottle of whisky and a jug of water were set before him and, filling his glass, he began his moderate drinking. If he had a guest, he had another bottle for the guest—he stood for no poaching on his. So he drank. He had a rare fund of talk, for in his youth he had been a student and a traveler; and always he read books worth discussing. Hour after hour I have listened to his talk, as, automatically, his memory gave up what had been impressed upon it. He had a hard-

surfaced, Scottish memory that had retained much he had learned from men and things. It would be eleven o'clock before the intelligence went out of him; always at midnight the gardener and one of the house-servants carried him up and put him in his bed. He was a moderate drinker. A score of times he proved it to me—with many fine quotations from his Latin authors. This was the way of his argument:—

“There is only one bad thing about drink—the fact that the habit grows on you. Now in order to drink with safety, convenience and delight, all you have to do is to see that the habit does not grow on you. The man who sets a limit—whether it be one glass or one bottle—and keeps within his limit, is a moderate drinker. He stays at that one point. I call him,” said the old Scottish gentleman, “a moderate drinker. He does not go beyond the limit of moderation he has set for himself. He is drinking the whisky—it is not drinking him.”

I used to think it was a good argument; I still think it is a good argument. The man who says: “I will drink so much”—glass or

mug, pint or quart—and sticks resolutely to the determination is, one would fancy, a moderate drinker. His will is not yet destroyed. At some point it steps in and asserts itself, with its: “Stop here—this is your limit.”

But there is one weak place in the argument—a fatal flaw in the logic. Alcoholism proceeds along two roads. The first is the tendency of the poison-habit to demand larger doses. Assume, if you will, that the moderate drinker places a barrier across this road, displays the sign of: “Thus-far-and-no-further.” He will drink only so much and not a gill or thimbleful more. And thus he takes his stand at a fixed point in the downgoing road—the point of moderation. What he overlooks is the significant fact that alcoholism has another way of getting to him. The brain-tissues of the man, the nerve-centers, are not what they were when he began his moderate drinking. They have been progressively impaired. Morally, mentally and physically he has become less and less the man he was, as each dose of alcohol was sent to do its work on the nervous system. He drinks no more, but the drink acts upon weakened and degenerated tissues.

Honestly and willfully he has kept to a stated moderate quantity of alcohol, but meanwhile, and with steady progression, the sensitive body, into which he pours the drink, has advanced in alcoholic dissolution. What was moderation yesterday is not moderation to-day.

And here we have touched the edge of a great truth.

Moderate drinking is a stage; it is not a fixed point. As the French soldier would say, it is an *étape*. There is no moderate drinker who is not going on to the next stage of his journey, or who is not turning back. The *New York Sun*, in one of those sane and witty editorials of which it has the secret, says the "evils of moderate drinking have not been established to the satisfaction of any but a few reformers," but it takes the iron out of the statement by adding: "What does seem to be pretty well established is that few of those who drink can be classed as moderate drinkers."

Few, or you might say, none; for the moderate drinker is either coming or going. He is coming back toward the norm of sobriety, or he is going on toward drunkenness. One or the other. The pathological progress to-

ward alcoholic degenerations is continuous; it goes regularly on, though the drinking man holds himself grimly to his one bottle a day. And he reaches the same end, though not so quickly, as he who drinks with careless, hopeless immoderation. The moderate drinker takes his tippie at a half-way house. His safety lies in the hope—*spes vinosa*—that death will get him before he goes further on his journey.

By temperament and by social convention there are many men and women—more than the *Sun* fancies, perhaps—who seemingly halt at this half-way house. They are those who have no predisposition to alcoholism; who have no desire for cerebral stimulation; whose moderation is so definite that the bodily habit is in its infancy. They may go on for a long time, even to old age, and keep the poison habit at so low a point that slight daily doses may satisfy it. I think there are many such people in whom the progress of the alcohol habit is so leisurely that mind and body go to the grave less deeply scarred than one would fancy; but what is impaired is the finer brain atop—the home of the moral qualities. That

price the most moderate drinker pays. His moral deterioration is very subtle; in a world where right conduct is still an unachieved ideal it is not notoriously perceptible; but, great or small, it is the price he pays.

II

After all, what is a moderate drinker?

The "navvy's" moderation in gin-drinking is not that of the college don sipping his port. Bernard Shaw has pointed out that as "most people seem to prefer the boozy sort of life" so "society is organized to suit boozy people." The doctors have, for the most part, fallen in with society's ways; hence their estimate of what is moderation in the drinking of fermented liquors is anything but niggardly. For years they regulated the daily allowance of alcohol—for the moderate drinker—by what was called "Anstie's limit."

According to Anstie, the right quantity is "equivalent to one and a half ounces of alcohol; three ounces of ardent spirit; two wine-glasses of port; one pint bottle of claret, champagne or other light wine; three tumblerfuls

of ale or porter; or four or five glasses of light ale or beer."

The life insurance offices used to accept this calculation. Only when Anstie's amount was exceeded did they see a risk to health. Those were the days when doctors talked (cheerily ignorant) of alcohol as a "food." Never did the moderate drinker stand so high in the world's esteem. Indeed, the total abstainer was looked upon as a maniac who was playing a dangerous, suicidal game with his health. One of these obstinate non-drinkers, a Quaker, applied to an English life insurance office for a policy. The directors held a meeting; the learned doctors were called in; and this was the decision: the policy would be granted only if the Quaker paid ten per cent. more than the ordinary premium, because "he was thin and watery and mentally cranked in that he repudiated the good things of God as found in alcoholic drinks." This was in 1840; life insurance was a new thing, based on the general average of medical and financial ignorance. (The Quaker annoyed the prophets by living until he was eighty-two.)

In the three-quarters of a century that have elapsed something has been learned. A convention of the Presidents of the American life insurance companies was held in New York in 1914 and the chairman of the Central Bureau of Medico-Actuarial Mortality Investigation, representing forty-three companies and covering the records of over two million policyholders, made a report in which he classed moderate drinkers as "decidedly unsafe and exhibiting a higher mortality than total abstainers."

Of course; the physiologist could have told him so in the beginning; but it took seventy-four years of investigation—economic, sociological, medical, ethical—to convince the Medico-Actuarial man of the plain fact that alcohol, even in minute, moderate quantities, is a destructive poison.

So long as medical science—so long as the old-fashioned doctor, living hazily "the boozy sort of life"—gave approval to moderate drinking and "Anstie's limit," the reformers had a hard time of it. Business life, as well as social life, was "organized to suit boozy people." Now you are not going to destroy

the pandemic plague—if you want to call it that—of alcohol until you get both the social organization and the business world on your side. What was most vehemently done in the past was to attack the alcohol habit on its social side. There has been an immense amount of emotional eloquence poured out on the evil wrought by alcohol upon the social structure. That was good work in its way. Pictures of the drunkard's home—its squalor and cruelty—doubtless frightened many a man from drink. And photographs (displayed on a screen) of the moderate drinker's indecent liver did something to turn men to sober, euthenic ways of living. But the battle against alcohol could not be won in this way. You cannot fight a poison habit with rhetoric or with pictures on a screen. You cannot frighten a man away from a social peril by appealing to his sense of fear. The best and starkest kind of man goes forward to meet the fear and put it to the test. Youth is not to be daunted by a picture of the hobnailed liver. You cannot terrorize a boy—in the forth-going valor of his youth—with prophecies of the madhouse or the cell. He knows

he is not going there; he has taken, he would tell you, the safe road of the moderate drinker.

It was not until "big business"—cold-blooded, unsentimental, mathematical, rigidly scientific—stepped in and told him that moderate drinking was not safe, being, in the Medico-Actuarial phrase, "decidedly unsafe," that he was content to listen. Then he said: "There must be something in it."

You can see him going jauntily into the life insurance office.

"It's all right," he says confidently, "I'm a moderate drinker—I can drink and be sober—in fact, I keep well within Anstie's limit."

"Anstie's limit," says the Medico-Actuarial one scornfully—"that belongs to the dark ages of medical science, to a period when society was organized to suit boozy people. Let's have a look at you!"

And with phlegmatic immodesty Medico-Actuarial science goes through him with a lighted candle—peering at his lungs and lights and liver, at heart and brain—notably at the brain and its functional levels; then throws

him out or bets (in terms of insurance) that he will live so many alcoholic years and no more. I am assuming that this young man was not in an extra-hazardous way of life. Had he belonged to the following classes he had never got so far as the examination room, in the more conservative insurance offices:

“Retail liquor dealers—not accepted.

“Employees in distilleries—not accepted.

“Saloon-keepers and bartenders—not accepted.

“Traveling salesmen for liquor houses—not accepted.

“Only in special cases are wholesale dealers and restaurant keepers, who sell liquor, accepted.”

And the list might be extended, for brewery salesmen, collectors, mechanics, bottlers, laborers and the like are heavily penalized when they take out life-insurance policies.

In the report of the Bureau of Mortality Investigation to which I have referred (it was published in the *Outlook*) this statement is made, concerning the moderate drinker:

“With regard to men who had used alcoholic beverages daily, but not to excess, the experience of the companies was divided into two groups: (a) men who took two glasses of beer, or a glass of whisky, or their equivalent a day; (b) men who took more than the foregoing amount, but were not considered by the companies to drink to excess. The mortality in the second group was fifty per cent. greater than in the first.”

Here you get a comparison between two classes of drinkers—both moderate, both within the risk limits set by the company; yet the man who took a few extra glasses, beer or whisky, paid for it, on an average, with four years of his life. These are interesting facts and they are significant because they are those upon which “big business”—as you shall see—has based its campaign against drink. A comparison between the moderate drinker—for no other drinker is, of course, accepted by the insurance offices—and the abstainer, is found in the reports of the British companies, which I take from the same source.

Here are the figures for the moderate drinking men:

Total number of years of exposure to risk, all ages	466,943
Expected deaths by Om table	8,911
Actual deaths	8,947
Per cent. of actual to expected	100.4

And here are those for the abstainers:

Total number of years of exposure to risk	398,010
Expected deaths by Om table	6,899
Actual deaths	5,124
Per cent. of actual to expected	74.3

What was the scientific expectation? Of the moderate drinkers 8,911 were due to die; they paid in 36 lives more than were expected. On the other hand, 6,899 abstainers were statistically expected to die; and 1,775 simply refused to keep the appointment—and went on living. You can figure it out; the differences between the percentages of actual deaths to expected deaths, as between drinkers and non-drinkers, was 21.6 per cent.; the death-rate for drinkers was 35 per cent. higher than it was for non-drinkers—which makes for thought. On an average the moderate drinker pays from ten to thirteen years of

his life for the pleasure he gets out of his small tipples of beer or wine or whisky.

Thus speaks Medico-Actuarial science, cold-blooded, stating the statistical facts.

As I have said, their interest, for me, lies in the discovery that "big business" has pondered them to some purpose.

III

Whether "big business" is cold-blooded or not is beside the point. It is certainly scientific. What it tries to do, with scientific accuracy and mathematical exactness, is to get the best it can out of man and machine. Mr. Henry Ford, a prominent manager for "big business," says that he looks upon "the man as tremendously more important than the machine."

Altruism? Possibly. But you are not to take the word altruism in its frothier and more sentimental sense. Mr. Ford is one of those entirely sane men, "functioning"—to quote the psychologist—"with perfect co-ordination upon all the three brain-levels." He is sane on top and for such a man moral sanity shows

itself in respect for human life and sympathy with human suffering. It is a need of his altruistic nature to set the man above the machine. Therefore, when one of his laborers goes wrong, he does not throw him out on the trash-heap of life. He does for the human machine what he would do for the thing of copper and steel; he calls in experts who do their best to set it right. When a man in the Ford factories is found to be out of order from having absorbed alcoholic poison—or fiercer drugs—he is sent to a repair shop and refitted for use. As you suggested, Mr. Ford's original impulse may have been altruistic; but I am inclined to think he finds it good business. A workman trained to his work is worth saving, just as it is folly to "scrap" a machine when there is still efficiency in it.

Of course, any manufacturer would prefer machines that did not need tinkering; and sooner or later the defective one will be cast aside. For a while, however, it is worth repairing; it repays the infinite care expended on it. And what is true of the complicated machine is true, in a higher degree, of the trained workman. Yet the time comes in-

evitably, when the warped and dirt-clogged machine is "scrapped"—the warped and poisoned man thrown on the trash-heap.

The moderate drinker, who shortens his working-life from ten to thirteen years, is not a good economic investment. That is what "big business" has discovered. And in spite of their sane and humane desire to help the under-dog—to make efficient the defective man—the managers of "big business" have found they cannot afford to employ the drinker. The drunkard has been exiled from the world of affairs; the moderate drinker is in the way of following him. Already he is a negligible factor in the world's work.

I would state the case fairly.

There are still fields of opportunity for the drinker, even for the drunkard, here and there. One of them I have in mind. It lies up in the bleak and windy hills of New England. There a sober man has a large farm. He employs many men; but he will accept no man who is not a drunkard. Wages he does not pay, but he gives his laborers board and lodging and all the hard cider they want to drink. Apples grow thick in his windy or-

chards and out of them he crushes a potent alcoholic cider—a score of barrels a year. When age is on it, it is a frightful, nerve-gripping and heady drink. You will see his helots going afield in the morning, each with his can of it.

Where do they come from, these cider-boys?

They are young for the most part, a sulky and weedy lot of loose-stepping lads. (The beverage is one that makes for sulkiness, and begets emaciation—not the bloat of beer.) They are not the Yankees native to the hills. They seem to have come up from the little cities and manufacturing towns. Their time of moderate drinking belongs to a dirty, youth-poisoned past in streets of brick and stone and wood. They are not part of the hills. Had not the shrewd and evil Yankee farmer discovered how to get a by-product out of this wreckage of life, they had died naturally in the cells or madhouses of their cities. Here they die drunk in the hills. You see them by day, plodding about their dingy toil—ridding the lean fields of their yearly crop of stones; flogging the wretched farm-horses along the furrows;

tossing hay or humoring the tough soil, where the potatoes grow painfully—stopping now and then to tilt the can of acrid cider.

And by night you hear them—you hear their hoarse clamoring in the hills, or their wild cries as they reel along the moon-white roads.

This is one of the few economic uses to which the drunkard can still be put—drunken slavery on the hills of wind and stone. In a society which is being organized less and less “to suit boozy people” there are few other places for him. Nor are there many of these refuges left. Even for the wastrel and the scamp the end does not seem a desirable one; but the drunkard who would still keep an economic place in the world can look for none other. Slave to a Yankee peasant—chained by poverty and drink—his bed straw and his food pig—his death a derision; it is a bad destiny even for a drunkard; but it is about the best he can find in a society that is organizing itself for sober people.

The drunkard is negligible.

He has long since been eliminated from the ranks of business. The tipsy carpenter and the tipsy clerk have gone the way of the tipsy

“statesman” and the drunken lawyer and boozy prize-fighter. (Even green reporters, bearding ill-tempered statesmanship, do not do it on the hazy “courage” of champagne.)

From an economic viewpoint the drunkard is non-existent. What “big business” is fighting to-day is “moderate drinking”—the ounce-and-a-half-a-day kind of thing. With the exception of those connected with the trade in alcoholic drinks—and their hangers-on—the entire world of business and industry is lined up against alcohol, and the battle (since drunkenness is self-confessed defeat) is being waged against moderate drinking. It is with the man who can drink and be sober, thank Heaven! that industry is picking a quarrel. The physiologist has shown that he is morally defective—poisoned atop; the Medico-Actuarial man has shown that he is physically depleted, warped, defective, and throws away from ten to thirteen years of his imperfect life; and “big business” has learned that economically he is so bad an investment that only in rare cases is it worth while to bother with tinkering and repairing him.

In your own city, in your own town, what-

soever of "big business" abides there has put its ban on alcohol. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company employs only non-drinking men; and it has stopped the sale of liquor in all property owned by it. What this company has done all the great employers of labor have done—the list would fill many pages of this book. One of them, the American Car and Foundry Company, has gone so far that it will employ no man who has even signed a liquor-dealer's application for a license, showing thus a sneaking kindness for the thing, even though he does not drink it himself. Nor was labor much slower to act than capital. Many labor unions have barred intoxicating liquors from their meetings and entertainments, making thus a stand for sobriety even upon occasions of good-fellowship and outside of working hours. They are lining up with the economic law and with the best thought of the day.

How long can the moderate drinker face successfully this battle-line?

Not long; almost everything is against him. And that world-power, Public Opinion, is against him. There is nothing so amazing, I think, as the attitude toward drink of the press

of the country. In Pennsylvania alone thirty-eight newspapers bar all liquor advertisements. In other states five hundred and twenty important daily journals keep to the same rule. But more noteworthy is what the newspapers have to say for themselves. In leaders and cartoons, in verses and special articles, the far-flung and vehement Hearst newspapers print daily sermons against drink. A prize-fighter, like "Jess" Willard, sets himself to tell in print the story of his career in the "ring" and his articles turn out to be smashing arguments for total abstinence from alcoholic drink. The baseball players are total abstainers, if they are successful ones like "Ty" Cobb and Collins, McInnis and Barry and "Home-Run" Baker; and the newspapers never weary of iterating the fact. The press of the day, echoing public opinion, reads like an old-fashioned temperance exhortation. And it means one thing: Society is no longer "organized for boozy people." The entire social fabric is trying to clean away the alcoholic dust and rust which have clogged and befouled and hampered it.

Slowly but irresistibly the tide is setting to-

ward the sober way of life. Mankind has found that the science of eugenics, which is the science of being well born, was worth studying; and now it is finding that the science of euthenics, which is that of right living, is of equal—and more immediate—importance. Firmly, in multitudinous voices, mankind is asserting the will to be sober. Voices from the factory and the prison, from the play-field and the home, demand the right to sanity of body and mind. Against this formidable outcry the voice of the “old family physician,” over his bottle of port, rises small and thin. The world is entering the sober way of life. And the moderate drinker must face about and march with it—or be left behind, among the defectives, the ineffectives, exiles from their generation.

All moderate drinkers?

Each in his degree; for alcohol is a poison and, just in proportion to what he takes of it, the moderate drinker is degraded from his normal state; and by every repetition of the dose the degradation is automatically increased. The statement is axiomatic. He is not standing still at a mythical half-way house—he is

going on. Even though he does knock ten or thirteen years off his life, the chances are he will be thrown on the trash-heap before death steps in, compassionately, and takes him. Economically there is no place for him. And, since he is morally—if not mentally—impaired, society, striving for sanity, looks upon him without approbation.

He's the one-legged man in the race.

CHAPTER IV

WINE AND BEER AND THEIR LITTLE RURAL BROTHER

I

Jack London, thinking of himself (which is misdirected genius), wrote a quasi-biographical book, "John Barleycorn." Its purpose was to show the way drink had with him. It was written in his powerful and angular prose; and, like his other books, with its fitfulness, its flashiness and shouting emphasis, seemed less a piece of literature than the improvisation of a man of genius. But it was a rare and good book; being made rare and good by its sincerity. It showed you the boy he was, in what must have been a rather barbaric California. In the first scene he was a tiny, roistering child, swaggering off with his adult, Spanish-blooded companions to a dance; and the child, in savage emulation, drank the crude and heady wine of that country until he fell at death's door.

(Some brown girl, if I remember, dragged him back to life.) A little later you see him, still a boy, taking his beer—always in the bravado of boon-fellowship—at the 'longshore taverns of a desperate city on the Western ocean. What promise he was making to the future you can see, for the quasi-biography of his book sends him rioting down the road of drink. It was a wild career, for his life ran fierce and swift and touched high and difficult places.

You will say that Jack London, being a man of genius—genius rather lawless it may be—cannot be taken as a criterion for the normal, duller man. You will add that the stimulant habit—like certain poison plants—flourishes most in an over-rich soil. All of which may be true. The difference, however, is merely one of degree. The way of the boy in "John Barleycorn" is the way of every man who drinks—bar those unhappy victims of heredity, who come into life with vitiated brains (such an one is Oswald, in "Ghosts," who lives a half-told tale). The way is the same, the beginning thereof and the end.

It is a maxim, melancholy in its veracity, that

the road to drunkenness is paved with mild stimulants.

Unless he is a lunatic, no one begins by drinking spirits. The mere physical conscience revolts against the indignity. The stomachic conscience turns over in disgust. It is only when alcohol is forced into it in pleasanter wine-y ways—in suaver disguises of malt—that Nature compromises, saying: “Oh, well, if you insist!”

Nature is always amenable to compromise; it is her supreme law to preserve existence at any cost; and she prolongs the poisoned life by adapting the organism to the exigencies of abnormal habit. Gradually she learns to accept the alcoholic doses in the beer or the wine; and slowly she hardens the physical conscience—it was what Mithridates did—until it can take its brandy neat. And there is no other way of making a drinker; no other method of making a drunkard; it must be done gradually and by degrees—or the physical conscience will belch a frightful protest.

Social environment, whether of the “greaser” *festa*, or the ’longshore tavern; this, and a slowly progressive accustoming of the bodily

system to the action of the alcoholic poison, are the normal methods of perfecting a seasoned drinking man.

In the quasi-biography of "John Barley-corn" you see both methods conjunctly at work; that is why I have taken the book as an illustration, but the life of any man would serve as well.

I remember—who does not remember such things?—a man I knew at the famous old University of Jena in Germany. He was young; he was calm; and he had come into Germany from an American college, where drink was not a compulsory roaring part of the curriculum—it was, as you might say, "elective"; and had a furtive, low-browed way of consorting with rake-helly gamblers and fellows of the baser sort. When he got to Jena he joined a *student-corps*. It was not alone that he wanted to get his cheeks scarred with saber-cuts and to boast—like his fellow-students—a monstrous belly; he was clubbable, as well, and wanted boon-companionship. The club of the "corps" was his 'longshore tavern. So he was taken in and, being a mere *fuchs*, was put to the test of the beer-duel. It was a pale beer they drank

in tall wooden mugs, a pint deep. And when the beery president (a tun of a man) challenged him, with an "*Eins, zwei, drei!*" he set the measure to his lips and drank manfully; but what gullet had he to drink against that tun of a man, down whose throat the beer ran torrent-wise? He had not got a gill down before the president turned up, exultantly, an empty mug. They jeered the defeated *fuchs* and sang songs about him—there in the ancient smoky hall of the corps—and filled him his mug again. And after every song up started some beer-soaked student in *kanonen-stiefel*, and challenged him anew to the duel. Ten defeats, twenty defeats, saddened him; and he loved the derisive, fat president less than any man he knew. So in desperate bravado (as John Barleycorn swigged at the wine of the *fiesta*) he summoned the pale, sweaty *knabe* who served the drink.

"Bring a quart of brandy," said he.

The corps sat silent, lifting fat-lidded eyelids in a common query.

Slowly he brimmed his wooden mug with brandy—a pint of it; then he went to the head of the table where the huge president swelled in his chair. Slowly he poured a pint of

brandy into that man's mug. Then he challenged him, with an *eins, zwei, drei!* and, closing his desperate eyes, he drank his own mad drink. His physical conscience was stricken dead with amazement and heaved no protest. The drink went down. A faint noise of cheers—incredibly far off—rang in his ears; then he fell—dead as his physical conscience—dead—in all the glory of the white-gallooned uniform of his corps and the truculent *kanonen-stiefel*, as ever drunkard fell. What clamorous welcome they gave him to the Saxon corps he knew not at all; nor the procession, wherein they bore him shoulder-high, through the midnight streets of the old town, to his chambers in the Holz-markt; these things he knew not, but he woke to the cold and greasy light of a winter dawn. He was on the couch in his study, booted and cloaked, like a warrior taking his rest. He started up abruptly, for he had heard the *réveillé* of his physical conscience—rumbling its despairing: "We can't get 'im up, we can't get 'im up, this mornin'." An interlude; a duel in which physical conscience won. And empty he went out into the empty town. Overhead a queasy dawn flapped to and

fro like a ghostly flag. Just such a dawn was in his brain, but foggier. And he took to the road. A long road, a naked road, the road that leads to Weimar, a road of fourteen miles, with haggard plum-trees dancing along the side of it. In an hour, in three hours, in five hours (for there was no time) he came to the ruins of an old castle. It was the castle of Goena; and he sat upon a rock, gloomily, as Job sat upon the dunghill of his thoughts and scratched himself wi' a broken pot. How long he sat there he did not know, for, as I have said, there was no time. Suddenly he looked up into a pair of pale-blue eyes.

The eyes were on a level with his nose, as he crouched there in his Job-like attitude. They belonged to a small, weather-beaten little girl in a ragged cloak. She was bare of leg and head; and she carried, like some outcast and vagabond fairy, a mysterious wand. Behind her loitered, victims of the wand, a flock of grey geese. The student and the goose-girl stared at each other. Curiosity in her eyes gave way to sympathy.

“What’s the matter with you?” she asked.

He wagged his head drearily (like Job) and

even as he moved it his physical conscience (down in the hold) stirred uneasily.

“You’ve been sitting here for two hours like a stone—*lieber Gott!*” she said.

“I think,” said he, and the words tasted like a forgotten promise, “that I am hungry.”

The little girl knew what hunger was; she said “ach so!” and laid down her wand, but she still looked like a fairy as she opened her cloak, untied a pocket in her petticoat and produced a piece of black bread.

The man did not want her dinner; but was there a place where food could be bought? She pointed to a peasant’s house down the road, where her master dwelt.

“I don’t dare to take you!” said the goose-girl, “but if you’ve got money it will be all right.”

She picked up her wand and waved it, perhaps, for in some witchcrafty way the student found himself in the peasant’s cottage; and he was sitting at a wooden table in front of a stone vessel filled with acrid beer; and, from the noonday pot, a blowsy woman was bringing him the oily thigh of a goose that swam in a dish of bubbling grease.

Hungry? He was empty as a drum. Thirsty? He was parched as a bean. He would have given the *kanonen-stiefel* off his legs for a fill of food and drink. And he lifted the mug—

At the mere gesture his physical conscience got to its feet and reelingly protested. "Down!" he whispered, but it would not down, until he took it out of doors into the wintry air. Still empty he plodded back along the naked road to Jena—and from afar the goose-girl watched him as he went.

Now, what I would have you heedfully notice in this adventure of the physical conscience is this: Nobly and resolutely it sounded its warnings, as it always does. It said: "Of course, you feel like the deuce and all—alcohol did it—I won't have it—take it away!" It had risen in violent protest against that mad drench of fifty-per-cent.-alcohol brandy. (It was by error that it included fat goose in its protest; and from that day to this—if he is still alive—that young man could never look at goose, boiled in its grease, or fried in its fat, without a twinge of the stomachic conscience.) Had the student gone slowly and

methodically about the business of drugging his physical conscience with small doses of alcohol in beer—if, unheeding the first warnings, he had forced the beer in, little by little—Nature would have compromised. She would have done her best to adapt the organism to the exigencies of the abnormal habit. In time she had not only tolerated the alien intruder, she had admitted a degrading and persistent need of him. And at that point your man had reached the alcohol habit. This methodical way of adding small dose to small dose is the only manner in which a sane man can prepare himself to be a drunkard. Violent drenches of alcohol merely turn the stomach over in disgust. One must pave the road to drunkenness with mild stimulants. Instinct furiously resists a sudden alcoholic raid. One must cheat Nature by the modest advances, seemingly harmless, of perfumed wines and mild-faced beers; and then, when one has crept to close quarters, one can knock her about the head and have his will of her.

Every drunkard has begun with wine and beer; never, in a normal man, did Nature primarily accept alcohol save in its most veiled

and delicate disguises. Boys and women, in their clean-stomached, sensitive way, always go in for the sweetest wines, when they begin to drink. It is inevitable; it is nature's law.

Therefore, if you will, let us have word with wine and beer; not overlooking that little alcoholic, rural brother of the twain, cider.

II

The greater part of my life I have lived in wine countries, attracted not by the casks in the cellars, but by the sun overhead. France, Italy, Spain—they have an implacable charm, which it is difficult to define save in terms of sunlight, wine and song. Sunlight sifting through the olive-trees, or gilding the chestnuts; songs echoing in the night; the must foaming under brown feet or the wine, brooding mysteriously in dark cellars—brooding there, or sent round in great flagons to set a village dancing mad—these are the things that haunt the memory of one who has spent decades of his life in the land where the vines grow. Always one remembers the best of life; the dirty and tragic parts slip out of mind. Of

one's youth, for instance, one keeps in memory not what was wild and sad and dirty, but what was best and sweetest; until a haze of vague poetry covers it.

And so with the wine lands. Go to the real facts of life—banish the haze of poetic fancy—and what you see is not the cannikin-clinking merriment of comic opera, but a sadder, drearier way of life.

I am speaking of lands where the grapes grow, where wine is "natural, pure and cheap." It is there at its best. The alcohol, always a poison, is, in its least harmful form, concealed in the beneficent juice of the grape—hidden in suavity and perfume. And what it does to the race of men, dwellers in sunlight, you know; for you have shuddered at these crippled and distorted generations, with their beggars and idiots, bearing one and all—to the eye of the physiologist—the stigmata of alcoholic penalties.

No drunkenness in Southern Europe?

He who makes that statement speaks out of deep ignorance. He has never dwelt in the villages of Provence, or wandered over the white roads of Italy. You do not, I admit,

see so wild and manifest a drunkenness as in the harsh, northern, spirit-drinking lands; but the southern drinker, making up in quantity what was wanting in the alcoholic strength of his beverage, reaches the same stage of physical impairment, begets the same poisoned offspring, dies in the same kind of alcoholic dissolution—to use the technical phrase. His moral corruption, as his physical degeneration, is slower in its progress; but statistics might be piled hospital-high to show it reaches the same end.

Spain was “sober Spain” when it was poverty-stricken Spain; Italy was sober when her peasants were too poor to drink the wine they made; in France sobriety went with frugality. What is the meaning of that? Simply this: Wine-drinking has always made for drunkenness; the check on excess was merely want of opportunity. The vice grows by what it feeds upon. Alcohol taken in wine breeds the same disease of mind and body that it breeds in its more fiery disguises. And the habit demands stronger doses, more persistent stimulation. In forty years, for which the statistics were kept, the consumption of alcohol in France was tripled. This was in the old wine-drinking

days. But your nation is like a man; it is the macrocosmic twin of man; and the wine habit led straight to stronger ways of drink. It was in my horoscope to watch for twenty-years the growth of the alcohol habit in France. I saw the nation weary of the too feeble intoxicant of wine and take to strong drink. During those years the drinking of absinthe alone rose from an annual consumption of one million gallons to over five million gallons. The wine-shops of Provence, as I knew them in my green youth—the shady arbor and the dancing-floor—vanished quite; in their places were dreary *cafés*, the shelves lined with gaudy bottles of *apéritifs*—high-colored, swift-acting decoctions of alcohol. The French race, with dangerous deterioration, turned from the slow poison of wine to the fiercer and more active of alcohol poisons—to the wilder alcohol of *amers* and *absinthes*.

(With what fine spiritual energy, born of battle-peril, France drew herself back from the abyss of racial degeneration, you shall see; but assuredly she was going—even as the wine-boy is making for whisky drunkenness—toward the alcoholic deterioration which is national death.

Shall I say she was saved by the scarlet and terrible energies of war? I shall not say it here.)

Let there be no doubt about it: the wine way to drunkenness is a way like any other. You say it is cleaner, with gayer prospects and brighter skies? Nine-tenths of that is cant and the cheap apologia of second-rate, brandy-loosened poets. It is not a clean way; if you have followed the trail of the wine-drunkard, home-faring. The drunkard of ancient Rome was your real wine-drunkard; in order to get into his bodily system all the alcohol he craved he had to have his *vomitorium*—that the poison might force its way to his brain in relays.

I say that the wine-drinker differs no whit from any other drinker of alcohol. His attempt to poetize his vice—a vice which has, too, its pathology—is only a kind of apologetic hypocrisy. And take this: In this day no man drinks only wine.

The last man who claimed to be a “Burgundy man” died a few years ago in Nice—his blood-vessels exploding with amazing suddenness and drenching with alcoholized blood his shining dinner-table, his little daughter and

his guests. He was a dear man, for all his clouded brain and twitching tempers, but his boast of being a "Burgundy man" was sheer rubbish; the Burgundy was merely a fat, red parenthesis between the morning "bracers" and the midnight spirit cups.

He was like another; wine was his pass-key to spirits.

The other day I was given a statement, issued by a California viticulturist; I was asked to read it; and I read it. You may care to look at the more attractive part of it, for it is typical—in its adroitness, in its pocket-appeal and its hypocrisy—of the literature the wine-artificers are sending abroad. Read here:—

"The viticultural industry of California has increased from year to year, and it has now reached a point where it produces from forty to fifty million gallons of fine wine per annum—but this is a mere bagatelle to what the wine industry would become in the future if it were fostered. We see that Italy and France, each having about the same extent of territory as California, produce over 1,000,000,000 gallons of wine each year, from which they derive in the neighborhood of \$200,000,000 per annum—

and giving employment to several million people.

“Now California has the same soil and sunny clime as possessed by those two great wine-producing countries, so that when our good American people will be accustomed to the use of the delicious juice of the grape at their meals, following the example set by the wine countries of Europe, both by old and young, then this state will be able also to produce 1,000,000,000 gallons of wine per annum, which will give a production of about \$200,000,000, and *by which we will be able to turn our sheep ranges into valuable vineyard properties*, creating new towns and cities, and giving employment to several million happy families in this state, after the methods employed by the grape-growing countries of Europe.

“In order to arrive at this stage of development we must do as the families in Europe—*add a little wine to the glass of water for the children—educate them to use wine at their meals*, and in so doing we will achieve two great blessings by removing the two greatest evils with which our country is afflicted—drunkenness and prohibition—for it is a well-

known fact that in the countries where every man, woman and child use wine at their meals, drunkenness is almost unknown."

The two familiar lies; as to the economic lie I shall have more than a little to say. For the moment let us leave the viticulturist's dream of "sheep-ranches turned into vineyards" and the money that will pour in upon him. Take the other lie. "It is a well-known fact" that in countries where every man, woman and child use wine at their meals, drunkenness (so far from being almost unknown) has increased within the last two prosperous generations to such an extent that it has become (as in France) not only a national problem, but a matter of life and death. That is the precise fact; denial can come only from ignorance or greed. And knowing what you know of the unfailing progressive action of alcoholic poisoning, whether the doses be minutely small or brandy-large, it would be interesting to hear your opinion of this man who would fain breed a drunken race by poisoning it (with deftly watered doses) in the cradle. I know what I think of him. I know what I would do to him, if I came upon him "adding a little

wine to the glass of water for the children"—by the grace of my football days, I know what I would do to that smug baby-poisoner! Verily.

But how's he to sell his wine—turn horrid sheep-pastures into delectable vineyards—unless he breeds the wine-want in the coming generation? The wise old trader! He knows, none better, that the alcoholized race dies fast—thirteen years too fast, even for the moderate wine-drinker; and with thrifty foresight he would breed a race that took to alcohol from the cradle. There has been a hideous waste; babies have played, sober, in the nursery; children have gone, sober, to school—years of juvenile sobriety that have brought not a penny to this viticulturist, Heaven help his purse! Wasted years! Now millions of gallons of his "fine wine per annum" can be delicately injected into the youth of the land, if only generous parents will "educate them to use wine at their meals." Well, that is one way of making money; possibly it seems to you the dirtiest way a man ever befouled himself in.

All the fashionable lies about wine are in that statement save one. The viticulturist for-

got to urge that wine, "moderately taken," brightens a man up.

Does it? You have seen that the effect of alcohol is merely that of loosening self-control and unbuttoning the discriminating judgment, so that imagination may run more lightly aberrant; thus the man is the freer for it—at a certain stage the mind soars, but it soars into the clouds. It is a question whether he is the better for the liberation of the lower, emotional nature—with bit out and bridle off; whether *paucum vini acuit ingenium*.

Anyway, that kind of man is not worth brightening; he has too shockingly low a flash-point. He were best left dark.

III

Every kind of alcoholic beverage has its own peculiar method of acting upon the nervous system and the brain. Wine is the blithest and headiest excitement. Beer does not make for gayety, though it begets a loosening and enlarging kind of physical cheerfulness. It swells and sways and rumbles pleasurably in the stomachic cavity. It does not quicken the

brain and unfrock the imagination, as wine does. It teases more persistently the nerves, so that your beer-drinker is always touchy, querulous and hysterical, until he has flooded his stomach.

One of the fundamental errors is that beer makes for stolidity.

It is a fashion to speak of the stolid German, as though he were braced and made steady by his beer. There is no truth in it. He is unbraced and made first dull and then hysterical. If you have spent your nights in the great beer-halls of Munich, for example, you have observed that there comes an hour when one-half the beer-soaked populace is beating the tables in beer-anger, while the other half is in varying stages of beer-boorishness, beer-melancholia, beer-lunacy. These are all emotional stages. They are unfailingly found in the beer-drinker. The symptoms are always broadly the same: dullness, diminution of the power of effort and the inability properly to associate ideas and use them with reference to the outside world. Beer disorders the middle functional level of the brain. And the beer-drinker's gaiety is hysterical, just as, when he sinks into

dullness, his dullness is one of rugged quiescence. Stir up a soddenly brooding beer-drinker and he explodes into lawless hysteria. This is a characteristic of, for example, the beer-drinking German race—a sane discussion with a beer-distorted German is quite impossible. His brain is not functioning on its highest level; over that level an alcohol cloud lies thick; he is functioning on the emotional plane—a plane broken, dislocated and fissured by off-repeated small doses of alcohol. And so, argument, for him, is a mere series of emotional explosions. You cannot argue with such an one, whether he is exploding on the lecture platform or in a student's club.

There is one rather attractive point at which the beer-drinker poses lightly as he goes up and down the ladder of his emotional excitement. It is when he is midway between tears and laughter; when the bodily glow and sense of fullness are at their medium point; when the bodily organs, hopefully dilated, telegraph their "organic congratulations" of well-being to the flushed brain; then, for a space, he loves all the world, because only pleasant impressions from without come to him—and he sings. Son

of the land of song! He sings of love and friendship. Harmless visions of girls and children haunt him. Until the emotionalism, which has found expression in simple, sweet-bodied *lieder*, drops and coarsens and he roars aloud, with his chorusing fellows, for the sheer joy of noise—as madmen shout. But the medium point, where the beer-drinker is sentimental, musical, forthgoing, is the best that beer can give. It is not to be left out of the reckoning. The whisky-drinker has his moment of similar kindliness; but it is of shorter duration. That of the beer-drinker is more slowly reached and lingers on with him in more leisurely enjoyment; but the states differ not at all. One is due to the fifty per cent. of alcohol gulped in a glass of whisky; the other to the three or five per cent. of alcohol sopped up in half a score of beer mugs.

Old-fashioned medical practitioners—I have in mind one particular old-school doctor, addressing the annual convention of the Brewers' Association—still sing the praises of beer. Of course, Dr. ——— belongs to a generation other than ours. How far it is behind the scientific thought of the day you may see

from the fact that it still clings pathetically to "Anstie's limit"—a standard long since abolished even by the Medico-Actuarial men. And Dr. ———, with the wistful, unteachable dogmatism of age, told his brewers that beer was a food as well as a drink; that alcohol "in moderation" was a good thing; that "it may be taken in moderation throughout life not only without injury, but under certain circumstances with positive benefit, and so long as the quantity does not exceed the equivalent of one and a half or two ounces of absolute alcohol, it is innocuous."

Anstie's limit, you see, Sharpe's limit; and the like. Precisely what this two-ounce quantity of alcohol does to a man you already know. It produces alcoholic paralysis on the higher levels of the brain, exactly as it makes for alcoholic dissolution. That old lie of the "harmlessness" of two-ounce intoxication—which the old-fashioned medical men parade for the brewers and which the brewers parade in the press—needs no refutation to-day. Science has killed it; and the Medico-Actuarial man has stamped upon its grave. A younger physician—a modern authority—Dr. Woods

Hutchinson, dismisses it as "incredible." Indeed it is well-nigh incredible that it was ever accepted by studious, unprejudiced, scientific observers.

And you notice that the "beer-is-food" lie still sticks up its head at the annual convention of the brewers.

Here (for the sake of the man behind the words) I shall quote Dr. Woods Hutchinson:

"The myth of its food-value as fuel to the body-engine was, of course, exploded long ago, but the idea still persisted, and persists that it in some mysterious way increases working power.

"The first 'teetotalers' who declared they could do their work just as well and even better without it were greeted with jeers and derision as deluded fanatics.

"But the number of these 'milkshops' kept steadily increasing, and finally, some five or six years ago, experts decided to give the question a thorough laboratory test and tryout.

"Groups of workers were selected from various industries whose tasks were piecework or whose output could be accurately measured.

The test was confined to moderate drinkers, habitual drunkards or heavy imbibers who were obviously the worse for liquor being eliminated.

“The work done by the men—for instance, the number of ems set by printers—on their usual allowance of beer or wine was first carefully measured for three days. Then the men were induced to cut out liquor in all forms for three days, and when thus fairly settled on the water wagon their output was again measured.

“Then they were allowed to resume their usual rations of beer and their work again measured. Many of the men complained of this enforced ‘fast’ and ‘felt much better’ when they got back to their regular beer, but the actual results in cold figures were astonishingly uniform in all ten of the trade and occupation groups tested. The men during the days of abstinence turned out from ten to twenty-five per cent. more work than they had been averaging before, and as soon as they got back to their liquor and ‘felt so much better’ their output fell right back to the old level.”

The tests to which Dr. Woods Hutchinson refers were made in Munich, by Dr. Emil

Kraepelin, professor of mental diseases in the university of that city. A full report of the tests lies before me. Their interest to this chapter lies in the fact that the tests were made in a beer-land upon beer-drinkers. What they demonstrated was that alcohol, taken as you will, is not a stimulant; that it is first and last a narcotic; that the stimulation is purely imaginary—that one does less and poorer work under its influence, although curiously enough he thinks he is turning out more and better work. Moreover, Kraepelin and his co-workers proved that the narcosis is progressive, that it is not the fourth or fifth drink that intoxicates—it is the sum of the first, second and third.

A man is “drunk, or under the influence of liquor to a demonstrable degree,” says Doctor Kraepelin, “when his muscular or mental speed or endurance limits have suffered a diminution as a result of his having imbibed. This condition may be clearly shown by mechanical devices of the laboratory, whose testimony is final, no matter what the man himself has to say about it. There is no appeal from their decision.”

You cannot fool, for instance, the ergograph, a laboratory device invented by Professor Angelo Mosso; it records the muscular deviations of the beer-drinker after one glass, two, three and so on. The Munich tests spoke irrefutably. The demonstration was convincing; it proved conclusively that the beer-drinker is living only a small part of his normal life. His beer is not a food—not a stimulant; it is degrading his powers, not increasing them. It is doing to him exactly what alcohol in any and every form is doing to man—poisoning him from the top downwards.

IV.

And cider?

This hard and dirty little brother of the family?

I know best two cider-drunken lands, Normandy and those bleak New England hills, whereof I have written. In Normandy the peasant may make and drink all the cider he pleases, without the excise laying hand upon him. Cider he may not sell. Often I have come, of a sun-hot day, into a Normandy cot-

tage, where a peasant sat swigging his hard, yellow cider—and he dared not pass me the glass, though his avaricious eyes danced at sight of the coin.

It is a bad drink, hard cider. It does not broaden a man out as beer does, or set him dancing-gay like wine. It hardens him and corrodes. In the end it makes for the madness, so common in the cider-countries, of melancholia, which is a darker, down-going madness; but before that end it acts curiously on the man. It begets none of the wine-y and beery “generosity”—the carelessness of possessing—of which I have written; it breeds, rather, a curious, ingrowing selfishness. It is the father of avarice. They are tight folk, in a twin sense of the word, these cider-drinkers. And it is the “father of livor,” as the Latin poet said; for this form of alcoholic poisoning produces a harsh and crabbed kind of envy—they are an envious, hard, ill-contented lot, and avaricious.

These are the psychological effects of taking one’s alcohol in the form of cider; and the drink makes for the nastiest kind of physical drunkenness. It is worse than wine, it is more fatally active than beer—it is, in a word or two,

the worst of the three brothers. Men may drink wine to be gay and beer to be emotionally loosened; but he who drinks hard cider drinks it for the one compelling reason that he would fain be sourly drunk.

On that dirty little rustic brother of the "mild drink" family the law should lay a heavy hand.

CHAPTER V

ADULTERATION AND FALSIFICATION

I

We have been told often enough by the "viticulturists" that the wine-makers are moved by the most philanthropical motives; it is to save the race from drunkenness that they want to be permitted to dose the baby and the child with "wine and water." And the advertisements of the beer-brewers will tell you what rare philanthropists they are—providing beer as "a food" for the poor man who has no mutton twirling at his fire.

Thereupon the question emerges:

If wine be so good a thing—if pure beer be so beneficent a food—why, in the name of philanthropy, do they not sell pure wine and pure beer?

Here I shall ask a question—calmly, with-

out emphasis, tranquilly, as a teacher to a student in rectilinear geometry:

Were a monument erected to every distiller in the United States who sells unadulterated whisky—to every brewer who sells a bottle of pure beer—to every wine-dealer who sells unfalsified wine—how many such monuments would be erected?

Injurious as pure beer is, the beer-drinker does not get it; dangerous as wine is, it is not wine the wine-tippler buys; and fatally poisonous as unadulterated whisky is, the whisky-drinker is poisoning himself with a deadlier compound.

All hard liquors (except rum) are virtually colorless; they are colored and flavored to suit the taste. In all of these liquors there are two kinds of impurities. Among the natural impurities in whisky, for example, the only one which is really harmful is fusel oil. This can be eliminated, but it is almost always, if not always, merely hidden. The artificial impurities are legion. The distillers can add chemicals which can give the whisky any desired "age"—so far as the palate can tell. Take so-called Scotch whisky. The creosote

in it is carried over from the peat, in the natural Scottish way of making it. In the "Scotch whisky" sold in huge, unimported quantities in the United States, the creosote has been artificially added. (What creosote does to the bodily organs you may gather from the knowledge that it is used to preserve ham—giving it the smoky odor ham-eaters admire.) Most of the "Scotch whisky" sold in America is a "fake"—a chemical decoction of various poisons added to the primitive poison of alcohol. An authority (whom I am quoting largely in this chapter) assured me that the amount of real Scotch whisky imported into this country would not supply even the bars of New York City. Nine-tenths and more of what is dispensed under that name is "fake"—alcohol colored and flavored with cheap coal-tar products and glycerine, or cheaper glucose substitutes, to give it "body."

Bear in mind also that even the unadulterated whisky—and a little is to be had—contains usually the natural impurities, such as fusel oil and creosote; for, although they can be eliminated in the process of manufacture, it is cheaper to let the poison impuri-

ties remain. Against these the palate can protect you, but it cannot protect you against the artificial impurities and adulterations. You may think you are taking one poison—the alcohol you are accustomed to take; with it you are taking whatsoever poisons the conscienceless, greed-bitten adulterator wills you shall take. His dirtiest dishonesty leads him to use, as a basis for his liquor, wood-alcohol, a deadly poison, and to impose upon the palate by various flavors and dyes.

At an investigation held recently at Albany, by the state authorities of New York, a chemist (a great man—I know him; he is my friend) showed the commission the “tricks of the trade.” The distillers and their experts and tasters and lobbyists were sent into an outer room. Then the chemist filled a score of glasses with wood-alcohol. (The commissioners looked on.) In each glass he dropped different chemicals, making for color and odor and flavor. The expert whisky-men were called in. Their tasters took up the glasses, one after the other; and they said: “This is gin—this is Holland—this is rye whisky, three years old—this is new Bourbon whisky—this

is rum—this is brandy, five years in the cask—this is Scotch or Irish”—and so on.

Each of the liquors was wood-alcohol, flavored and “faked”—wood-alcohol, the deadliest poison that can be sent against the bodily tissues.

And said the chemist: “An overwhelming per cent. of the liquors sold in the United States are made just that way.”

Poison added to poison; and the drinker is given his alcohol with fierce, degrading, tissue-destroying poisons on the side!

Come, fill up the cup and fill up the can and toast the merry distiller!

II

The wine-“fakers” are no whit behind the distillers of strong liquors. It is well-nigh impossible to purchase pure wine. And there is a profligate outpouring of “wine” that has never seen a grape or a grape-skin—made entirely out of chemicals.

I know a wine-forgery who—among his friends—makes no secret of his business. “Give me good water,” he used to say, “and

I will turn you out a bottle of any kind of wine you like to name—while you wait.”

A dispensing chemist could not make up prescriptions more quickly than he manufactures his “wines.” With a gill of cheap California wine, water, a few drops of vinegar and twenty-five per cent. of potato-alcohol, he will make you a quart of “claret” while you stand at his elbow. If you want a hock or Sauterne, he takes a little real sherry as a base, adds a little citric acidity, an astringent, like tannic acid, to dry it, spirit and water in proportion; and there you are. Substitute white sugar syrup for the tannic acid and you have a “Chablis,” and to “age” it add a little glycerine or glucose.

What’ll you have?

Here’s a brandy made of silent spirit and ænanthic ether, colored and sweetened with caramel—wood-alcohol as a basis. An old dry champagne? Chemicals with a little aërated water added to the potato spirit.

And what will you top off with?

Your forger ranges his bottles of benzoic acid, benzoic ether, acetic acid and ether, ænanthic ether and glycerine or glucose; a

drop or two of each—then fills up the glass with wood or potato alcohol and, lo, it is Maraschino! Do you prefer Kirchwasser? A drop or two of cochineal will “do the trick.”

Liqueurs and wines; nine times out of ten, in this country, you are drinking the product of the forger—a product that has never seen grape-skin or grape.

But the Americans are not (despite the efforts of the cheery California viticulturist) a wine-drinking race. It is chiefly for the snob that the wine-forgers forge. Nor is the wine-propaganda so loud and noisy as that made by the brewers and dispensers of beer. Turn, then, to beer.

III

Can you buy a glass of pure beer, made of malt and hops, in the United States?

I doubt it—since a little old man, a beer enthusiast, died over on Staten Island a little while ago. He was of German extraction, having been painlessly extracted from Germany in his earliest youth. He came to Staten Island long ago. In the little garden behind his house he set up a domestic brewery; and

there—in this age of adulteration!—he brewed a real beer. But he is dead, the little man, and he left no son.

I say it is doubtful if you can buy a glass of pure beer in any American “saloon”—or drink it at any brewery.

There are nineteen hop-substitutes; there are fifteen malt-substitutes; so the brewer has his choice. And what does he not choose? Aloes to give a bitter taste, soapstone for frothiness, catechu for astringency.

There is one infallible test for honest beer—stand a bottle of it in the sun! What this test means I shall make clear in a moment.

A few years ago the advocates of pure food—and drink—tried to get through the legislature at Albany a law compelling the brewers to hold their beer in *lager* for three months. What happened? The brewers rose, screaming with beer-hysteria; armed with clubs and financial sandbags they slew the bill. Why? What was their objection to the measure? In France, in England, in Germany, beer must (so runs the law) be lagered—that is, it must be stored for three months. There is no objection to the law there, because the brewers are

occupied in the relatively honest business of making beer out of malt and hops. In this country—in the ordinarily careless way in which they are permitted to make beer, without any supervision or standard—in this country, I repeat, the ferment the brewers use is accompanied by a large amount of other bacteria, which set up putrefactive fermentations in the organic matter accompanying the starches—and even in the starches themselves. Do you see the point? The ferment is not inspected and it is always—not occasionally—impure. As a result the beer ferments putrefactively. These putrefactive changes go steadily on. In order to overcome them, the brewers add what they are pleased to call “preservatives.” These “preservatives” range all the way from arsenious acid, or what is known as white arsenic (a deadly poison), to salicylic acid, which causes many pathological injuries when used over a period of time—attacking notably the kidneys and irritating the liver.

The “preservatives” are poisons and they are in all American beer—not to mention the large number of substances added for pur-

poses of taste-deception, such as those employed to give "body," "grip," the after-taste and so on.

Now pure beer could be kept indefinitely.

It could be kept even in the sun.

Whereas if a bottle of impure beer—or American beer with its "preservatives"—were left in the sunlight for a few days, it would explode into rottenness.

A fact, a dire fact.

The proposed law, enacting that beer should be kept in lager for six months, would have put every brewery out of business—and the beer they make, kept thus in lager, would have ended in an explosion of rottenness. It could not be kept for three months—or two. That law would have forced them to brew honest beer.

One of the authorities called in by those behind the bill stated that a hundred per cent. of the beer brewed in the United States was bad. Do you want to test the thing? Buy a bottle of beer and stand it in the sun. You do not need to take the brewer's word for it. Put it to the test—and sunlight, that ancient chemist, stands ready at your call, to make the

test and pronounce the infallible judgment. The bacteria that set up the putrefactive fermentations, working busily in the sunlight, will rot it before your eyes—till the putrefied mass explodes.

There is an advertisement which is appearing in newspapers all over the country:

“ LIGHT BOTTLE BREWERS GUILTY

“ They confess publicly the crying need for protecting their beer from light—they admit that the instant the case is uncovered, danger from light begins—causing a chemical change resulting in decay, and rendering it unfit to take into the stomach.”

The brewer behind that advertisement states that the remedy is to sell beer in brown bottles! It is one solution of the problem. Another solution would seem to be a law forbidding the use of “preservatives” in beer and making the “lagering” of beer compulsory—so it may rot, if it be impure, in the cellars of the brewer and not in the intestines of the citizen.

My authority tells me imported beer is well-nigh as bad, because, when beer in England, France, Germany, Austria is condemned as bad,

those governments still permit it to be exported. And we get it—as this country is the chief one which has no inspection.

A law decreeing that beer must be stored a definite period would do much to halt the beer-adulterators. Were they compelled to lager it for six months, the stuff they make would—at the end of that time—be a stinking mess, unsalable. With the exception of the arsenic and one or two other of the “preservatives” they make use of, all undergo a process of disintegration and last—as a rule—only two or three months.

Beers and ales alike; you have but to let the sunlight at them to discover that they are foul, putrescent messes—their so-called “preservatives” a poison-lie.

What even good beer does to a man you know; what the beer the unguarded American is forced and coaxed into drinking does to him is a matter for the pathologist and (I should like to think the law will make it so) for the penologist.

CHAPTER VI

WHY SOME DRINKERS ARE DRUNKARDS

I

There are two kinds of drunkards.

The one with whom I am immediately concerned is described, with scientific exactitude of phrase, in the words: "a dissolute man." He is one whose moral character is being disintegrated.

I need lay no further stress upon the signs and phenomena of intoxication. The thought you are to take with you is that they are accompanied with coincident physical changes. In other words, the vice, as it progresses, trails with it corresponding diseases of the body. The origin—the cause—of these physical degenerations is twofold. In the first place, there are the well-defined effects produced by the direct action of alcohol on nerve-tissue, and by the impoverished quality of the blood-

supply. Your physician—if he be not that dear, old-fashioned port-wine-y person for whom alcohol is still “a food”—will tell you what this means. Roughly, it means a degenerative breaking down of the nerve-elements, thickening and inelasticity of the blood-vessels, and an overgrowth of the tissue-elements which normally serve as a mere groundwork in which the nerve-elements are imbedded. (I have used almost the exact words of the distinguished Scottish physiologist, Dr. George R. Wilson.) This is the first causal factor; the second has an importance of its own—it is, indeed, the *causa causans* of drunkenness. And here I shall ask you to bear in mind the statement, already made, that good conduct, like every other mental habit, has an organic basis. It has a definite mechanism of nerve-cells and fibers. And—since the higher morality in man is a late acquisition—the mechanism is recent, unstable and early injured. (Brain trouble is always first indicated by moral lapses.)

Now, of your two drunkards, one is morally defective from the start—a moral imbecile of a sort; that was the cause of his taking to drink. The other drunkard had to set up a patho-

logical process which would bring him to the same state of moral imbecility. The one was born to his drunken inheritance, the other prepared himself for it. The one was diseased at the start; the other took his self-appointed way, through vice, to the identical degenerative condition of disease. What that degeneration is should get itself proclaimed here, with clarity and emphasis; therefore, I shall make use of Dr. Maudsley's authoritative words:

“ Good moral feeling is to be looked upon as an essential part of a sound and rightly developed character in the present state of human evolution in civilized lands. Its acquisition is the condition of development in the process of humanization. Whosoever is destitute of it is to that extent a defective being; he marks the beginning of race-degeneracy; and, if propitious influences do not chance to check or to neutralize the morbid tendency, his children will be actual morbid varieties. Whether the particular outcome of the morbid strain shall be *vice or madness or crime will depend much on the circumstances of life*; but there is no doubt in my mind that one way in which insanity is generated *de*

novo is through the deterioration of nature which is shown in the absence of moral sense. It was the last acquisition in the progress of humanization, and its decay is the first sign of human degeneracy.”

What is the first sign of chronic alcoholism?

Deterioration in character.

And, with the drunkard's vices and defects in intelligence, his physical degenerations make equal and coincident progress. They go together; but moral degradation has the *pas*.

You have noticed how drunkards come together, irrespective of cast and class conditions. It is because all drunkards are alike. They are members of a dreadful freemasonry. When you have pictured one you have pictured all; for the merry drunkard is merely at a different stage from the lachrymose drunkard—the brawler is a drunkard at a different *étape* from the amorous drunkard; that is all. It is the same man, going through the “seven stages” of drink—through elation, and depression, through irritability to mellowness, or to the tearful stage of collapse and incapacity; the last stage of all is the sort of death you

know. Fictionists and dramatists like to picture him at the mellow stage, but that is deceptive. The truth is the drunkard goes through every one of the stages in his drunken day; and your moderate drinker (a thing to be noted) does precisely the same thing in a fainter, less emphatic manner. Thus degenerating atop, every man who poisons himself regularly with alcohol is petulant and morose, selfish from organic ill-being, talkative and a liar—

(An axiom: Every drunkard is a liar and usually a bad liar; even your moderate drinker is fatally doomed to inexactitude of statement. He can, thank Heaven! drink and be sober; but less and less is it possible for him to drink and state a precise, unshaded truth.)

He is a liar; he began, it may be, in gay and imaginative distortion of facts; then he built his lies for self-protection—the lie of the “sick friend” and the like; but inevitably he went easily to cruel and needless lying; he lied for the lie’s sake, because his whole habit of mind—the standard of right conduct being destroyed—was toward dishonesty. And he knows he is a liar; knowing which he has no

faith in any man—and he winks his skepticism, when he hears mention of the common honesties of life. Always there is the arrogant glorification of self and the sneering vilification of others. He can't see above his own low level. And he goes his way to the one vice which usually, in modest-spoken society, stands for all the others. It is not my business to discuss sexuality in this book; but the social evil is so kneaded into the alcohol evil—in a oneness of vice—that they cannot be dissociated. Drunkards and prostitutes fall together like a shock of oats. Drink and unchastity are unholy, inseparable twins.

Before I sat down to write these pages today, I looked over the morning newspaper; and in the autobiographical article of "Jess" Willard, the prize-fighter (and there is a clean-minded, right-thinking man for you—a man sane from the top downwards!), I read these words:

"Vice and drunkenness! The two always go together, and wherever they go you'll find sickness and disease and misery.

"All this may sound funny from a prize-fighter. But just remember I was a husband

and a father before I entered the ring. And, because I am champion, I figure that maybe boys will listen to me when they would give anybody else the laugh as a 'sissy.'

"You can't be strong and well unless you *live right*. When you go up against nature you get the worst of it every time. And nature doesn't stand for whisky and lust."

"The word of a sane-minded, sane-bodied man," said I; and I turned the page. What I found was a report of the annual meeting of the International Congress of Viticulture, held at the "Old Faithful Inn" in San Francisco. Just as the brewers paraded Dr. ——— at their annual convention, the viticulturists paraded what notable apologist for wine they could capture. They captured a woman. I shall not write her name here, though the newspapers display it in big type. She is described as a famous woman, old and vehement, "the mother of suffrage in the state of Oregon." And, with this, I shall quote what she is reported to have said about her sister-suffragists who are working for prohibition in the United States; the report reads:

“ ‘Pussy-wussy,’ ‘white-ribboned sisters of virtue’ were some of the epithets applied to these agitators by Mrs. ——.”

I was going to quote her speech in favor of drink, at the conclusion of which “the entire assembly rose to its feet and drank a toast to her,” but why should I quote the wine-y commonplaces you have so often heard roared in song? Let it be as it is. But I would ask you to compare these unwomanly sneers of “pussy-wussy” and “white-ribboned sisters of virtue”—think! a woman sneers at her sisters of virtue—compare them, I say, with the frank and beautiful moral courage of the prize-fighter.

I know whose hand I had rather take in mine. I know in whose house I would more proudly sit at table. And I know that drink—the perfumed alcohol of wine like the rest of it—begins its work of moral degeneration at the top. That scene at the convention of “viticulturists” is proof sufficient. And you may have your own opinion of those who set the poor old “mother of suffrage” to plead their poisonous cause. (How did the words run? “Add a little wine to the glass of water

for the children"—breed your drunkards in the cradle.)

And so no more of the subject. All I had to say of that unchaste twin of drink, the prize-fighter has said in his rough, honest man's voice—unafraid of being laughed at as a "sissy" or a "pussy-wussy," unafraid of the sneers of man or woman at his "white-ribboned virtue." His words are those of a noble and brave man. It is pathetic that the sneer came from a woman.

II

All drinking men and women are broadly alike, when you take them at an equal point in their journey toward alcoholic dissolution. Of course their emotional vagaries differ. The way of life, the mental habit, make for various exhibitions of unchecked emotion. Just how the aberrancy—moral and mental—will express itself depends upon education, environment, predisposition. In one alcohol demands emotional expression—and he writes verse. In another a dark, brooding sense of religion is born, and, like Kit Smart, he prays aloud in the street. In a third the two impulses may be

combined, and you have Paul Verlaine's wild passion of poetry and prayer. (Days of youth—and the dark tavern of Francis the First, and Verlaine, over his tenth glass of rum-and-water staring into the abyss of his life; and shrieking! *Hélas, pauvre Lélian!*)

Wantonness or hilarity, shuddering gloom or bland, mindless optimism, are foreshadowings of the same pathological condition. Self-control is weakened and judgment is gone; and what each drunkard exhibits is himself—his characteristic emotions—but he differs from his brother-drinkers only in the color of his coat. It is the same degeneration, variously expressed.

Two kinds of drunkards.

In one drunkenness is a neurosis—a dark brother of epilepsy and insanity.

In the other it may be no more than vice—a failure to live up to the ethical standard his generation, at its point of evolution, has fixed.

Both, victims of alcohol, are going the same road of moral insanity and mental death. It is Nature's protest against the poison-violence that has been done her; it is her indefectible sentence upon the criminal. Do you remem-

ber Goethe's grim statement of this natural law? It is echoing in my memory as I write: "Wenn die Natur verabscheut, so spricht sie laut aus: das Geschöpf, das falsch lebt, wird früh zerstört. Unfruchtbarkeit, kümmerliches Dasein, frühzeitiges Zerfallen, das sind ihre Flüche, die Kennzeichen ihrer Strenge." Ay, to the drunkard nature speaks aloud, decreeing that he who lives with a false life shall be soon destroyed—unfruitfulness, needy existence, early destruction, these are her curses, the tokens of her displeasure.

Why, then, are some drinkers drunkards?

Why not all?

Why can some men drink and be sober, at least on the lower functional levels, while others go swiftly toward alcoholic dementia?

It is for the physiologist to answer these questions. He will tell you that the causation of drink falls apart into two divisions—the organic cause and the environmental cause. In plainer words, the causes of the vice are: Thirst and its Opportunity.

In the United States the opportunities and facilities for drinking alcohol are tolerably

complete. The saloon and beer-hall and "café," the country club and the road-house, the *cabaret* and the brothel open their doors at all the crossroads of life. The historic association of boon-fellowship and drink; the palate-cheating disguises of luxurious "mixed drinks" wherein eggs and fruits and herbs hide the hard, repellent edge of alcohol; the ostentatious "have-one-on-me" habit; the dance-mania—these are the more conspicuous environmental causes, though you can add a dozen more.

Here, then, is the opportunity. Here, then, is the soil in which the rank weed may take root. Every man—every child and woman—is given the chance to become a drunkard. And yet not all drinkers, we know, reach (ere death steps in and takes them) this end and climax of alcoholism. Many, some, not a few can, thank Heaven! drink and be sober—relatively. They have not the same organic bent toward drunkenness; slowly, by long-continued absorption of alcohol, they have to create artificially those subjective conditions which make for drunkenness and which the readier drunkard is born to as to a tragic inheritance.

“Every human constitution has an inborn bias toward some form of ill-health.”

The potentiality is there, though the malady may be kept under by good habits of life; the proclivity is there. This bent toward a certain disease is called, by medical men, the diathesis. And your diathesis may be toward gout or tuberculosis or any one of a hundred maladies. For every human constitution there is a malady which must be held at bay. The alcoholic diathesis (like those of insanity and epilepsy) is a predisposition to certain forms of nervous disease. In other words, there is a kind of brain that reacts (more readily than others) to alcohol. It is more susceptible to the poison, lends itself more readily to alcoholic dissolution. It may be in many respects a good brain. It may be the brain of Edgar Allan Poe, or that of James Thomson or Paul Verlaine or Alfred de Musset. (Verlaine's confession you know; and Poe, in a profoundly sad page, analyzed his dark neurosis—his drink-storms were the explosive signals of disease, not of vice.) What it lacks is stability—a sound co-ordination of the nervous system—an equitable adjustment of the func-

tional levels. They are an excitable race, impatient of the commonness of life—its quotidian regularity; they crave cerebral stimulation. These men come into the world apt for drunkenness. They are organized for it. Given the opportunity—placed in the environment of drink—their predisposition leads straight to alcoholism. Where other men are drinkers, they are drunkards.

Is this a hereditary curse laid upon them, you ask?

Is it because his father was a drunkard that he, too, is drink's victim?

By no means; drunkenness is not hereditary; the reproduction of our kind is well-nigh independent of our environment and it is uninfluenced by changes set up during the lifetime of the individual; acquired conditions, morbid or otherwise, cannot be transmitted to posterity—modern science avers it.

But (a but of emphasis) what can be transmitted is a peculiar nervous organization, favorable to a certain diathesis—a certain predisposition; and environment does the rest. You cannot transmit vice—defective morals—to your son; that he must acquire and must

personally answer for; what you do give him is a nervous organization in which your peculiar vice most readily takes root. That is the real truth about heredity. You pass on an unstable nervous system in which the potentiality lies—whether that potentiality shall be developed or checked is within the will of your son. Were not the environment there—had not your son to walk abroad in a drink-poisoned world—that potentiality would never bear its poisoned fruit of drunkenness and degeneration. His was the choice whether he should be a drunkard or a free man; only he had to fight a stronger tendency than other men. The thing that slays him is not an inborn thirst; it is the social environment—the smell of drink and the drunken cry of boon-fellowship at all the crossroads of life that pull him down.

Have I made it clear why some drinkers are drunkards? Why they go swiftly to an end the moderate drinker reaches more slowly—though it be the same end? They are born to nervous disorder; they have it thrust upon them in the cradle; and that identical nervous disorder (which in its last stage produces

alcoholism) the moderate drinker is determinedly, artificially, inexcusably creating for himself. For the diathetic drunkard one may have a kind of pity—he is the victim of a civilization, boozily organized for his undoing; as for the others, whose imbecile aim in life is to drink and be sober enough to escape being hauled up before the “beak” as “drunk and disorderly,” one has only an amazed sort of contempt. They are, by profession, an unprofitable and disreputable tribe. The man who comes, a moral imbecile, into a world too drink-laden for him to resist demands a fool’s pardon; but the man who sets about making himself a mental imbecile—who poisons himself atop, willfully and in cold, unclamoring blood—is deliberately criminal. My word, he’s the worse of the two! Of his own will, untempted and unforced, he has taken to that alcoholic kind of poison, which is of all poisons the most subtly dangerous.

Dangerous? It has filled more graves than sword and famine and plague—more than all the hostile powers of nature.

III

Women and babies——

Men still alive and not incredibly old remember when the social habit of the United States was tolerably sober. Notably the women did not drink—nice women did not drink; women of the lower, the middle and the upper classes took a social pride in being sober brides and sober mothers. The old eighteenth-century habit of putting the bridegroom drunk to bed, which is so prominent in the English fiction and memoirs of the period, never obtained in this country. The early Puritans, who cast the matrix of the nation, were a sober lot. Indeed, the larger part of them was made up of total abstainers. As the villages grew into towns and cities, society became more and more boozily organized. Immigration furnished, also, a race of mothers more definitely given to the alcohol habit than was the native stock. The result has been startling, for exactly in proportion with the increase in the consumption of alcohol, has been the lowering of the birth-rate. In the year ending 1914 the birth-rate in the United

States diminished eleven and four-tenths per cent. And there is a corollary to this grim fact: in spite of fewer births—in spite of the efforts of science and philanthropy to enforce euthenic ways of life—there is a steady and measurable increase in the tendency to alcoholism and its accompanying racial degeneration. It is the “last word of science,” according to that unimpeached authority, the *Lancet*, that “alcoholic parents are liable to have children who are degenerate—weak in body and feeble in mind, with a tendency to become paupers, criminals, epileptics and drunkards.” They inherit a tendency toward vice—though the impulse may not be especially toward the drunken form of viciousness. And in this weakening and degrading of the race the alcoholic mother bears a heavier responsibility than her mate. The reasons for this fact go back into an embryology which there is no need of discussing here. The point I would make is this: abstemious motherhood does much to offset the grave results brought upon the children by alcoholic fatherhood. For the child of a drunken father there is little hope; if the mother, also, is poisoned,

more or less, with alcohol there is no hope. The future of the race depends upon the mothers.

A commonplace, you say?

Unquestionably; and a "commonplace" is merely a recognition of one of those dominant truths which need no formal demonstration. This particular commonplace cannot get itself too often stated. Upon the mothers depends the future of the race. And the mothers who accustom themselves to alcoholic poison, even before they are ready for their children, are preparing a race, doomed—in heedless anticipation—to the madhouse, the prison, or dingier and less tragic forms of social failure.

If the mother drinks, even before she is ready for her children, she is preparing for them a physical inheritance of degeneration. Do not take it too seriously. It may be, to be sure, merely a predisposition to some form of degeneration. It may be so slightly vicious an inheritance—especially if the father be a clean man—that the child's handicap is negligible to a degree in this boozily organized world. But, great or small,

it is there—a handicap to be weighed and measured like the lead-pad on a race-horse. Her drinking of alcohol does not foredoom her unborn child to drunkenness; it merely handicaps the child in its life-race.

It is, however, possible for a child, born of parents eugenically fit, to be started on a career of drunkenness in the cradle. Many are so started.

These are strong words, but behind them is ample authority. The physician who has had much to do with the failures in life—the mental and nervous wrecks, the victims of drugs and drink-storms, dissolute and immoral women—always looks carefully into the “early history” of his patient. It is of first importance for him to learn how, as a baby, the unfortunate one was nursed, fed and soothed. Dr. William Lee Howard has specialized in the study of baby drunkards, and has made an admirable statement of his investigations. Read here:

“Friends and relatives are frequently puzzled and shocked to find a young man of excellent parentage unable to conform to the conventionalities of life. He goes on sprees,

lies, is unable to hold a business or social position, and, as a rule, ends his disgraceful career in a sanatorium or jail. A young woman whose family has been known for its moral and physical balance, whose mother, grandmother, father and all her kin have been of the best stock and habits, secretly takes to drink. She becomes uncontrollable. Some day the public is astounded by a scandal—the young woman has gone wrong through drink. And right here I wish to say that our cursed prudery and hypocrisy have prevented our girls knowing the real truth about the danger of taking the smallest sort of alcoholic drink. Nothing on this earth, and probably nothing off it, will so quickly stimulate a young woman or girl to wrong impulses, so powerfully paralyze good moral instincts, as alcohol. Especially true is this in the girl from fourteen to twenty years old. Ninety per cent. of the girls who go wrong will tell you that they fell before the teasing effects of drink.

“In tracing the early life of most of these cases of habitual drunkenness, incompetency and drug habits, we find the child was, dur-

ing its nursing period, kept on alcohol or drugs."

The physician followed the career of many of these cradle drunkards. Death was busy with them. He noted that many deaths, attributed to malnutrition, to anemia, intestinal troubles and convulsions, were in reality due to alcoholic poisoning. The stark children, eugenically born, lived through the years of baby drunkenness and they came to the "play age," with its wonderful recuperative power, fresh air and freedom from brain and nerve worry. They could get along without the stimulant. Nature supplied a better one. "But nerve- and brain-cells," I am quoting Dr. Howard, "are not strong; they have lost forever those elements which in childhood go to nourish them. They can never get back these destroyed vital elements. Now comes the time in life when nerve balance, brain power, all the God-given forces in man are needed. Many of these unfortunates are ambitious, moral, determined to succeed in life's struggle. They try, try. They fail, fail. It is not possible for them to stand the strain—the forces are not there. Then comes the cry

—that old cradle cry for relief. Alcohol gives them such false power that it is tried again. In the woman it is generally morphine. We all know the end of these pathetic cases.”

There is another and subtler way in which the nursing mother may administer alcohol to the child. She has but to take her “fortifying tonic,” her bottle of stout, her much advertised “malt liquor” and just as surely the baby will take in, with each meal, a quantity of alcohol. And your modern physician (not rosy from port) asserts that the result, when it comes to manhood or womanhood, is just the same as is seen in the other kinds of infant drunkenness.

This is a dismal picture; but it does not picture the facts with perfect accuracy. There is another side to the question. In fairness to the “viticulturists” and the brewers it should be stated. Precisely as one may fend off smallpox by injections of a smallpox vaccine, so one may breed a race which can absorb alcohol. There is no apter illustration than that of Mithridates, who made himself poison-proof by daily increased doses of poison. Nature does not (as I have insisted)

transmit a craving for drink. Had she done so the world had long ago been depopulated—perishing in wild, alcoholic dissolution. What Nature does, in a patient way, is to try and increase the power of resisting the poison-effects of alcohol. She tries to produce a body upon which alcohol will act with the least possible effect and the least possible injury. Thus you get your man who is not so much affected by alcohol as is your normal unpoisoned man. Generation after generation she goes on perfecting that kind of man, until to him alcohol is not a swiftly fatal poison. Her method is a singular one. Its tendency is to weed out of the race the individuals who find the highest pleasure in alcoholic exhilaration. The survivors are those who have a weak tendency to alcoholism. The survivors are those, who, poisoned on the higher functional levels, are dulled to the keener excitements of alcoholic stimulation. They are—it is true—"vaccinated" against alcoholic explosions. They have acquired a feeble but persistent state of alcoholism, which insures them against the more violent forms. It is something of this sort you get in Southern

Europe, where dwell the races which have had the largest experience of alcoholic drink. Alcoholic degeneration is more uniformly spread over the race; it does not reach—so often as in the less experienced North—such high points of mania and crime. Nature there has done her best to develop a kind of human animal that could live and propagate in spite of his indulgence in poison; and she has kept the race alive. It can be done. You can breed a race which, though it be not wholly immune to the poison, can live. It lives, though on a lower level. It lives merely by the survival of those who are fittest to cope with a poison that eliminates the finer and more susceptible part of the race. That is the Sibylline price paid.

Why are some drinkers drunkards?

The answer, as you see, is tripartite.

Your drunkard may be one who is morally defective from the start—a moral imbecile. Given a boozy environment and his end is certain and evident as a rock. And your other drunkard may have an organic weakness that predisposes him to drunkenness or any other form of vice which comes most readily to in-

fluence him. Your third drunkard, eugenically born, is the most pathetic victim—poisoned at the breast, fitted for alcoholic degeneration in his cradle.

And were you to ask why (conversely) some drinkers are not drunkards, one finds two good reasons: The first is that they die in time; the second is that, by racial inheritance, they can live, seemingly normal, in a subdued state of alcoholic poisoning in which a clean man would frightfully perish. And possibly that death, for a man of moral aspiration, were the cleaner and nobler end.

CHAPTER VII

THERAPEUTICS

I

You have seen, I think, with tolerable clearness, what drink does to the man. We have been considering him as an individual, not as a unit in the state, with duties civic and social. In a succeeding chapter I want to look at him in a broader way, for his degeneration is symbolic—it is the measure of a nation's degeneration. For the moment the question is: Has science found a cure for the drink evil in the individual man? Can it cure the dipsomaniac, that unhappy man who is beaten upon now and then by wild, fierce and fleeting drink-storms? And, of more real importance to this inquiry, can it cure the so-called moderate drinker—he who does not seem to be abnormal—whose palsies and toxemias are safely hidden from the casual observation? Is there a cure for that pathetic

optimist who can drink, he avers, and be sober?

Drunkenness is more preventable than curable. If you look back, merely for a generation, you will see how wide a field has been left open to the quack and the adventurer. Your morning newspaper brings you the advertisement of more than one nostrum for "destroying the drink-habit." All of which is tragic—like Lear's fool—in spite of its buffoonery. One charlatan prints his challenge to cure drunkenness by hypnotism. Another—no less a charlatan, because of the fact that he is consumed with spiritual zeal—aspires to pray it away, or bury it in platform rhetoric. And the medical man has his sanatoria. The reformers would whip it as a vice. They see that one evident result of drink is moral deterioration. And they would punish the individual for this moral lapse. (With similar logic the Middle Ages lashed the maniac because he showed signs of his madness.) The difficulty here is that the popular mind has an instinctive reluctance to attribute moral defects to physical causes.

And the medical men?

I think the man who has made the most special study of inebriety is Dr. Crothers, of Hartford. In a paper which he read before a recent convention of the American Medical Association, he touched upon this illusion of the popular mind. With a great deal of justice he holds that it is one of the chief obstacles in the way of the scientific treatment of alcoholism and inebriety. Here is his argument:

“The so-called moderate drinker is always more or less a paretic and toxemic, with degenerations and depressions of every organ of the body. The premonitory symptoms may be localized in deranged metabolism, circulation and psychic capacity.

“Laboratory studies show that the continued use of spirits, even in small doses, is anesthetic, corrosive and cumulative; that toxins from without and within are constantly present and being formed. Bacterial infections and inflammatory conditions always follow in various degrees. The premonitory symptoms are so general and are often so masked as to be overlooked.

“The common congested face, furtive eye

and diminished muscular activities of the alcoholic indicate an internal condition which is increasing constantly. The final conclusion I wish to make prominent is that the neurosis of inebriety and the toxemias of alcoholism constitute a distinct field for medical practice, which has not yet been occupied. *To-day the quacks with their boasted discoveries are doing the work which the educated physicians should do.*

“Every physician has patients of this class, who need care and treatment, and yet he is rarely able to understand their condition, much less to give proper means and measures for relief and help.

“There are hundreds of these neglected men and women in every community who could be restored and permanently cured who now, through neglect, drift into the ranks of criminals, paupers and dependents, becoming incurable and burdens. *Physicians themselves furnish a proportion of victims, which is pitiful, because preventable.*

“If our medical schools would teach the facts that are at present known, a revolution would follow at once. The few workers on

this frontier land realize possibilities that are startling in the study and treatment of inebriates and alcoholics.

“What we need is to put aside the traditions of the past, which have come down to us as settled facts, and when examined in the light of modern science are delusions of the most pronounced character. Teachers, leaders and varied interests, both commercial and otherwise, hold us back from scientific investigation and the application of means and remedies that will effectually clear away the fog-banks of delusions and traditions that hang about this great modern plague.”

In this statement there is no real blame laid upon medical science; and if the physicians were, in old days, too slow in popularizing their medical learning that reproach is no longer just. Their modern therapeutical literature is ample and lies ready to the hand. Only the more elderly doctors fail to recognize that the measure of a man's drunkenness is the measure of his mental impairment and his physical degeneration. There is no disagreement as to the symptoms of the disease; there is slight diversity as to the treatment.

And here is the main fact.

Your inebriate—swept by periodic drink-storms—is ill; your moderate drinker, tipping diurnally, is ill; now the kind of treatment demanded by his alcoholic state depends upon his general health; and—I would emphasize this—only the qualified medical man can prescribe the special medicinal treatment suited to his case. (And by the “qualified medical man” I do not mean the rosy, obese, port-wine-y physician, whereof there has been mention; I distinctly mean the physician who is an expert in the disease of inebriety, exactly as his *confrère* is an expert in pulmonary tuberculosis or in diseases of the eye.) In such a patient one thing has been assumed. It has been taken for granted that he has the Will-to-be-Sober. The assumption is that he wishes to check the degenerations due to alcohol. Whether he can ever be the man he was, physically, mentally, morally, is a question only his physician can determine, but unquestionably medical science can put him back among sober men. It may be the drink obsession will vanish—in obedience to what laws and forces I know not—merely that other

psychoses may take its place; or the physical degenerations and disorders may persist, long after the alcoholic causes have been abolished. So, possibly, there is a sad price to be paid; but if he have the Will-to-be-Sober, science can take him in hand, make him sober, keep him sober—exactly as it can mend a broken leg, though not perhaps without leaving a scar and a limp.

And so I am leaving the therapeutics to the qualified men of medical science, for each case, as I have said, is an individual one. There are no cure-alls.

There is, however, another side to the treatment which falls within the purpose of this book; and that is the moral side. It is of equal importance. Indeed, without it the medical treatment is a mere crutch. The problem is not without its difficulty.

Here, for example, is the man who does not get drunk. He is not one of those who

“Go mad and beat their wives,
Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards.”

He takes his drink in a gentlemanly way, at home, in his club; he is always, more or less, in a low-keyed state of alcoholic stimulation. Both in the legal and social sense of the word he is "sober"—maintaining, that is, a fair level of equilibrium. Of all drinking men he is the hardest to cure. He has not the Will-to-be-Sober. He has not yet incurred the savager penalties—physical and mental—of alcoholism. And, therefore, he can still laugh at the dark forecasts of the qualified medical man. Moreover, you cannot appeal to his moral nature. That part of him is confused and darkened. His very way of life strips him of the qualities that make most for moral discriminations. If you appeal to him on moral grounds, he stares at you; it is like arguing about color with a blind man.

And here psychology has a word to say.

Drunkenness, psychologically considered, is a kind of monomania—what is called a perversion of attention. The drunkard can give his attention only to one series of suggestions—like your hypnotized subject. So far as other suggestions are concerned, his senses are dulled. His interest is centered on that one thing. In

a lesser degree the same thing is true of the moderate drinker. Consciously or subconsciously, too large a part of his life is centered in that ounce-or-two-a-day of alcohol.

How are you going to shift his interest?

He is deaf to the moral appeal. Indeed, before he can even hear it you must rebuild his character, which his way of life has degraded. It is only by making him alive to new interests that you can shake him out of his dull absorption in the pleasure to be got from the warmth and glow and excitement of drink.

You must put something else into his life.

How true this is—how one interest drives out another—you might have seen in the first few months of the war, had you been in Europe. A few days after the storm broke I was in one of the great hotels in Lucerne, where a cosmopolitan “smart set” was gathered, idling in hundreds. Now, the basis of that social life was drink—from the rosy Briton who marked the time of day by successive whiskies-and-soda, and the graceful Frenchman for whom five o’clock meant absinthe, to the beer-drinkers for whom time did not exist.

War came; and a strange thing happened. The series of drink-suggestions was broken in upon by the vivider and more compelling thought of war. And men stopped drinking long before the nations put the ban on drink. I have still in mind a red-faced Englishman who stood one day in the deserted bar of the National. It had been his boast that he had been weaned on brandy; and, though he had never been "drunk" in his life, he said, he had never gone without his five "tots" of brandy a day. A glass of it stood on the bar in front of him. He lifted the glass and set it down again.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Somebody has put a corpse in the barrel," he said, and went away, leaving the tall glass on the bar.

A mightier interest had slain in him the old, habitual monomania for alcohol. There was a discord between the dirty exhilaration of drink and the high and splendid vibrations wakened in him by humanity's peril in a world at war. And what was true of that man was true of every man in the war-zone. In the first two months of the war, in all that tragic

world behind the three-hundred-mile battle-line, I saw only one man drunk. And universal reprobation pursued him as he reeled along. It was as though humanity had been blasted into sobriety by the mere horror of war.

A new interest.

And with your drinking-man—especially your moderate drinker—a similar rule holds good; *there must be a new interest to drive out the old one.* You must bear in mind that you can expect little aid from him. In him unselfish interest is at its lowest. The power of attention in him is weak. His energy, too, is at low ebb. Any influence must be from without.

II

You can't knock him on the head.

It is not being done, although the medical books are full of instances of men who have been accidentally knocked into a new way of thought and action. There is a notable case of a burglar who was regenerated by a chimney-pot falling on his head. A "new area of nervous mechanism" was called into being and it

was cerebrally impossible for the man to go on being the burgling kind of man he was before the accident. Now you cannot knock the drinking-man's head about, but you can knock at his heart. *You can give him a new interest.* And at last analysis you will find that every attempt at getting him to be sober is based upon a recognition of this old truth, which is known as the physiology of change. It is a truth and it is a law of organic evolution: whatever is new prevails—at least for the time being. A shift in the kaleidoscope—a new view of life—awakens a new and exclusive interest. The invention of the moving-picture took thousands of men away from drink, for it absorbed their attention in a new line of thought. They got their exhilaration through the eye instead of by way of the stomach. A new enthusiasm drove out the old monomania. This is the kind of "reform" brought about by the vehement rhetoric of the Billy Sunday sort. This is what happens in the slum-mission when some degraded wretch stumbles forward, dazed with the sudden blaze of new interest, and "gets religion." A wilder emotionalism has swept away the old monomania.

Now it is exactly true that often the old habit is thus destroyed—as though a chimney-pot had fallen upon it; and that the new interest builds up strength of character, purpose, honor.

The love interest is quite as potent. You will have observed that the man in love—if his love be of the finer sort—usually, in fact always, turns away from his cups. The moods and emotions of altruistic love are incompatible with the coarser and more selfish exhilarations of drink. The true lover foregoes even his ounce-a-day. This high enthusiasm of a new-found love may not last any more than the slum-drunkard's fiery absorption in religion, but even though it pass away it proves the point that the drink-interest can be driven out by a stronger interest. And this is what you must give your alcohol-habited man. You must give him some stark form of self-interest that will appeal to him more than alcohol does—an interest which is either more intense or, on the other hand, more extensive. Men have found it in love, in religion; men have found it in socialism; one man finds it in pugilism and another in politics; but until he has found

it there is only absurdity in supposing that he will give up the one satisfying interest he finds in a life which is otherwise dull and flat-leveled.

Drunkard and moderate drinker alike, you have got to give them a new interest in life or you cannot expect them to desert the old one. It must be given to them. For centered in a selfishness, which increases in steady progression, they cannot reach out themselves and get it. Sometimes, you say? There have been instances, of course, where men exerted the Will-to-be-Sober and became sober; but in almost every case you will find the impulse came from without. Love went by in the street and called to them; or ambition knocked loudly at the door; and the dull senses heard and woke. And you, if you would win a man from drink, must first find the one interest compelling enough to tempt him from his monomania. Only through an intimate knowledge of his character—or his type of character—can you succeed, just as only the “qualified medical man,” who has made a study of his physical body, can decide upon the suitable medical treatment. The problem is personal

to each man. The way back to sobriety is not a beaten highway; it is made up of infinite bypaths.

Some years ago a fantastically named "cure" for the drink habit was widely advertised. It originated in a dreary little town in the Middle West. And thither were drawn many pathetic victims of alcohol. The story of one of them was as tragic as the dark undoing of Edgar Allan Poe. Old New Yorkers will remember him, for as "Felix Oldboy" he wrote, in many a lovable page, the story of that old New York which has long been a part of the romantic past. He had been a soldier—colonel, I think, in the United States Army. Withal he was a gentle, scholarly man, a writer of charm and distinction. And for twenty years he was an inebriate—a dipsomaniac, swept every now and then into dark abysses of drunkenness. He drew frightful prose-pictures of that descent—down-going into a gulf comparable to the depths of the sea, into the "habitation of the monsters of silence." He heard of this new "cure" and determined to try it, as he had tried so many others of the kind. In him the Will-to-be-Sober never

wholly died. And he went, a thousand miles from home, to the dingy little prairie village. There he found hundreds of others, men like himself, haunted by hope of liberation—"My comrades were lawyers, physicians, editors, merchants, three judges, the attorney-general of a Western state, an ex-congressman and an assorted lot of state senators." In due time he returned to New York "cured." In the *North American Review* he proclaimed his victory over drink and signed it with his name, John Flavel Mines, LL.D. It was a pæan of joy; it was a hymn of regeneration; and it was the most pathetically tragic page ever penned by a hope-haunted man. The article was still new from the press, was still making its sensational way over the land, when the end came. One night the police picked a drunkard out of the gutter of a New York street—a thing plunged in mud and coma. They picked it up and carted it away. It was all that was left of John Flavel Mines, LL.D. He died the next day in a public hospital. He had made the last fight of his Will-to-be-Sober; he had buried his dream in the gutter.

This fragment of history has a meaning. It

is pertinent to what I have tried to state in this chapter. In this "cure" there was one of the elements upon which I have laid emphasis. You may call it the physiology of change—its psychology, if you will. There was the journey of a thousand miles, the change from high activities of his life in New York to the shabby quiet of the prairie village; there were the new companions, "lawyers, physicians, editors, three judges and the ex-congressman"; above all, there was the new interest—the hope born of the very mystery in which the weird alchemy of the cure was enwrapped. Here was change—itself a mighty alchemist; here was the new compelling interest which rode down the monomania of drink.

What was lacking was the second element of the cure—the special medicinal treatment which only the qualified medical man, knowing the patient as an airman knows his motor, could prescribe. For it was the physical man who was ill. Assume, if you will, that the obsession had been driven out of the house; still was the house a battered and tottering thing—the doors on broken hinges, swinging to any

dark psychosis (of drink or madness) that cared to shoulder its way in.

The case of that poor, dead man of alcohol is an exceptional one; but in it are the general and essential facts which have to do with all attempts to cure a drunkard. And in a lesser degree they are applicable to the moderate drinker, as he is called. The drink must be got out of the man and a moral tone got into the man; but all this will lead no whither at all, unless the poisoned body be set right.

And the conclusion is plain:

Drunkard or light-tipling man, he can be brought back to the sober way of life if there can be awakened in him the Will-to-be-Sober. And then a new interest driving out the old will serve to hold him to his purpose; new activities will help to transform his desires; but all this is a mere beginning. Only the qualified physician, who knows the etiology of the case and the physical peculiarities of the man, can complete and affirm the cure.

And I would point out one thing:

Just as alcoholic poisoning begins at the top, paralyzing first what is best and finest in

man, so must the cure there begin. The weak and heedless will must be wakened—the attention directed to higher interests—and then there must be made for this regenerated Ego a clean and safe physical home. Of course in cases of darker degradation and disease the treatment must be reversed and the bodily tenement cleaned out first in the uncertain hope that a decent guest may take possession of it. These are the cases that demand external control—since will is dead; and they belong to the penological part of the subject. What is true here is this: The man in whom the Will-to-be-Sober still lives and asserts itself (be he inebriate or a cleanlier, clubbable, socially-possible alcoholic) can go back to the sober way of life—even though he limp a bit, in token of his adventures, to the end of his days.

A thing worth knowing.

CHAPTER VIII

CRIME, DRINK-STORMS AND DEGENERATION

I

What alcohol does to the individual you have seen—the picture is a gloomy one.

There is, as you know, a tragic side to the law of evolution; for, while it works for the type and not for the mass, for the individual and not the collectivity, yet it has chained the two, indissolubly, together. The individual is required, "under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development," to carry others along with him in his evolutionary progress. In other words, your good is conditioned in the good of all. Of course it is a law of life that the strongest shall survive; but here is the point—step by step with the evolution of the organism (man) there must go on an evolution of environment. Civilization (a pretty word) is merely the pro-

gressive modification of social conditions, so that the weak may survive and grow out of their weakness. You may prefer to define civilization in other terms and phrases; but you cannot get away from the essential fact that it is an evolution of environment, always coincident with human evolution.

And what, then, does alcohol do to the state?

I shall try and put the case for the United States in a critically just-minded way, without color and (as the lawyers say) without coven.

The statistical abstract of the United States for 1913 has some staggering figures.

For instance the annual drink-bill of the United States amounts to \$2,336,662,338.00.

Of course that is a meaningless progression of numerals. One cannot open one's mind to them. A more understandable statement is that the city of New York spends one million dollars a day for drink—precisely three hundred and sixty-five million dollars in the year 1913. Back in 1870, with a more largely native population, the consumption of liquors was just under eight gallons "per head"—the report states; to-day it has risen to over twenty-two gallons for every individual counted in

the census. This is an enormous fact, not easily realized. The statistical mind tries to think of it as a flood of intoxicants, filling a channel in which the American navy—and merchant marine—could float in easeful roominess. A grimmer way to read the lesson is in terms of crime, insanity, vice. That million a day New York City spends on drink is the lesser expense. She pays more than that to foot the bills for damage done.

Crime and drink are almost one and the same thing; almost.

When a Lord Chief Justice of England said: "If sifted, nine-tenths of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink," the statement had a repellent air—as though it were born of the uncritical fervor of a popular orator. I put it by. But in this country the facts, carefully collated, come within measurable distance of his statement. The famous investigation made by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that eighty-four per cent. of all the criminals under conviction in that state were drink-made criminals. Almost nine-tenths, as you see. Were Massachusetts not boozily organized, nine-tenths,

almost, of her prisoned criminals would be free men, innocent of crime, fit for the service of the state. It is not merely that the social customs of Massachusetts make for drink—and crime; she is knowingly and willfully making criminals in her state-licensed institutions, which she euphemistically calls saloons, cafés and public-houses. In return she gets a certain number of dollars and a definite amount of crime, which ranges from theft to murder.

And you do not need to take only the statistics of that Eastern commonwealth. Every state tells the same story. Every community—every social class—bears confirmation. Crime is the progeny of drink—nine-tenths of it, almost. I take the word of a man who is an authority. His way of life has been such that he knows well one definite class of men—the United States Army. And he says that practically “all the crime committed in the army, directly or indirectly, can be traced to alcohol.” That man is Colonel L. Mervin Maus, who has just retired after forty-one years’ service in the medical corps. He is the man who organized the public-health service in

the Philippines and cleaned Manila of bubonic plague, leprosy and smallpox—of most bad pests save that of drink. If any man be an authority he is an authority. A nation's crime is in exact proportion, he says, to its consumption of alcohol. You cannot get away from it; crime is imbedded in alcohol, like a triangle in a circle.

“During the past year there were about 2,000,000,000 gallons of wine, beer, whisky, brandy, gin and other alcoholic drinks consumed in the United States, which cost the people as many dollars. The expenditure of this vast sum of money is not only materially responsible for the misery, poverty, robberies, murders and crimes of our people, but for hundreds of thousands of deaths and the large army of ‘intellectually dead,’ who are to be found in our insane asylums, feeble-minded and epileptic institutions.

“Recent studies of the vital statistics of the country have revealed an alarming increase in the diseases of degeneracy, and it has become necessary to take an inventory of the moral and physical stock of the people. This condition is principally due to intemperance,

immorality and vice diseases, and unless there be a general reformation in the moral conscience and habits of the people our great republic, like ancient Babylon, Nineveh, Greece and Rome, will in turn wither and die.

“From a careful study of the statistics of the country, it is believed that America is inflicted with nearly a million degenerates and criminals at a cost of at least \$250,000,000 annually.

“Among these unfortunates we find:

Insane	200,000
Feeble-minded	250,000
Deaf and dumb	100,000
Blind	100,000
Juvenile delinquents in institutions. . .	50,000
Paupers	100,000
Prisoners and criminals	150,000

“Which gives a grand total of. . . .950,000”

Thus Colonel Maus, writing in the *Medical Record*; and for this widespread racial degeneration he holds responsible alcohol—“our racial poison.” And out of this degeneration comes crime, as pus comes from a sore.

I admit that statistics are dreary things. They never seem to be alive and talking to one; the numerals file by like mutes at a funeral. But this army of one million drink-begotten criminals and degenerates is impressive. Only fourteen per cent. of them, remember, are plain criminals—men and women of whom it may be said that crime delights 'em; crime-delighting men, who bag their trousers at the knee praying for more crime; only fourteen per cent.; the others were draughted into the army of crime and degeneracy by drink.

“But I, thank Heaven! can drink and be sober,” you persist in saying; “just as I can drink and be honest.”

And I admit that you do not belong to this wastage and refuse of our boozily organized society. You are a decent man fain to live in a decent state, but you cannot get that decent state in which you fain would live so long as the drink-bred million prowls in the mews and alleys or squats on your doorstep. The individual is linked to the mass; and you are tied to the million. (The rotten bees foul the whole hive.) Why should you laugh

lightly at the suggestion that you—and yours—may be swept away into that criminal percentage of the victims of alcohol? Of course the odds against it are heavy—from a statistical viewpoint. And you can take the long chance, because your special environment is not one that fosters crime. Your instincts are anti-criminal. (Even as a boy you never robbed an orchard or threw stones at the parson's cat.) And so, though alcohol may hob-nail your liver, it cannot put the leg-irons on you and lock on you the door of a cell. Probably you are right. Like most moderate drinkers you will probably die before degeneration has had its way with you; and your poisoned progeny will put up a tombstone over you, on which the uncynical may read: "*He Has Stopped Drinking.*" But alcohol is a curious thing. It is, often, as lawless in its manifestations as electricity. Its ordinary way of work is to degenerate its man, making for general mental and organic degeneracy, with progressive waning of the intellectual faculties. Now and then it has another way. Instead of slowly undermining its man, it attacks him furiously at intervals. Now and then; at an

unforeseen moment, out of the blue, a drink-storm beats upon him and sweeps him away from his moral moorings. (You know all about that dipsomaniacal person; usually he is the man of finer brain and more delicately adjusted intellect.) The best man, who drinks, is never sure that crime may not get him; that, when his moral discrimination is put to sleep by the drug, a strange new criminality may not start up in him.

The chance is one in a hundred?

If it be only one in a thousand, it is a bad chance to take and it is on the edge of this peril that one finds the most awful and the most sad tragedies of life. One such adventure in life haunts me. It has haunted me for many years; and will, I dare say, so long as I remember my life on this planet. So I might as well put it down in this book.

Youth's friendship for youth is very beautiful.

The youth I loved most was an undergraduate at one of the English universities. Destiny had given him birth in a famous English family—near the head of it. He was a tall, slight boy, with the dreamy blue eyes of the

mystic. I remember his long, white hands and a way he had of ruffling his grouse-colored hair. He was to be a statesman; it was a tradition in his family; and as we walked the road—"at Trompington, not far from Cantebrigge, there goeth a streme and over it a brigge"—he built his dream. What a dream of world's work it was! And what a Utopia he was to establish in the fair land where Sir Thomas More built up that earlier dream! Withal he took life on its hedonistic side. Once, I remember, we had wandered far afield, debating the old Utopian book, and a winter night shut down on us. We went into a little wayside inn for dinner; and took what we could get. It was an ale-house and there was no wine to be had. And I remember his pathetic exclamation:

"How can a gentleman dine without a half-pint of claret?"

Now in the horoscope of this grave and gentle lad there was the maddest night ever written by the stars. I did not witness it; I was not even in England; but what happened I know and I know the end. He had been studying hard, and late in the afternoon he

rode out for an hour or so—those were the days when youth took its pleasure on a horse; and he came back and dressed to dine in town with some friends. There you have him at a trifle before eight o'clock. He had never been drunk in his life; he was the half-pint-of-claret sort of man; the man who wets his pipe with a glass or two of whisky-and-soda; a clean-mannered man who had as soon think of drinking to excess as of rolling in the kennel like a dog. Where he went that evening I do not know. The bolt from the blue struck him. At ten o'clock he was a drink-mad maniac, scouring the streets of the town, with an American revolver (Heaven knows where he got it; I have forgotten) in his hand; and five minutes later he shot and killed a constable who expostulated with him in the kindly British way. They hanged that boy. In spite of the mighty weight of his family name, in spite of his dazed defense, in spite of the evident madness of that drink-storm, they hanged him on a gallows. I have no quarrel with the stern equity of English law; but on a higher gallows I had hanged the man who sold the poison that maddened him.

“I don’t remember anything about it,” was all he could say. How could he? Science to-day would have made clear that he was in an alcoholic trance. When he went out to kill, the real man in him—the man I knew and loved, the dreamer of Utopia—was dead and blind. I do not care to write any more about this boy’s life and death; only this: No man, who plays with the lawless forces of alcohol, knows where or when the bolt from the blue may strike. No man knows. For inexorably as a triangle is imbedded in a circle, there is hidden in alcohol the swift potentiality of crime. At just what period of super-saturation it will flash out neither your physiologist nor your psychologist can tell. (Wherefore drink, dear man, and be sober, and bide your time.)

I knew another man—

You may be aware that the medical men have studied with extreme attention, in recent years, what they call the periodicity of the drink neurosis. It is another way of talking about the bolt from the blue. There is, for example, the drink neurotic who abstains for distinct periods and then suddenly breaks out

into drunkenness, which science can but attribute to unknown (as yet) cyclic degenerations. And one of the alienists says:

“To the unreasoning public and the foolish theorist this is simply vice—an outbreak of the animal instincts and the beast part of the man. The most delusive and stupid theories have begot a great literature in explanation of these two widely differing conditions. The statement that it is simply a gathering and breaking of morbid energies and activities of the brain and nervous functions, governed by distinct physical laws, is not recognized to any great extent.”

Had it been recognized—this scientific fact—many a man who has gone to the gallows had gone, more justly, to an asylum for the insane; and science must find a solution for the perplexing and menacing problem of those crimes for which alcohol, and not the man, is responsible.

II

I knew another man who was hanged.

(I would not have you think that an undue number of my acquaintances have gone that way.

There were only these two; though when I think of some of the men I have known I wonder how they escaped it.) I cannot tell you this man's name. He was a man of breeding and scholarly culture; and all this was evident when I saw him, first, in the filth and darkness of a jail. It was in a dreary town of West Virginia, whither I had gone to see him hanged. The town comes back to my memory. It was a town a hundred years old—perhaps more; it was a town of twenty thousand inhabitants—perhaps more; and in it there had never been anyone who was not just like everyone else; not a hero in the past, not an artist, not a man so slightly distinguished he was worth emulating or envying; a town as undistinguished as a clay road. Collarless citizens, in slouch hats and frock coats and black trousers and muddy boots, lounged in the streets and spat tobacco juice at each other. The women seemed to spend most of their time pulling their stockings up. And I came to the jail and found my man in the cell. He had been convicted of murder and was to be hanged in four days. Facile journalism had dubbed him, "The Man of Mystery," for he had re-

fused to give his name and had been tried as John Doe. He had answered no questions. He had made no plea. Sullenly he had let them sentence him to death without a word. The sheriff, sprinkling me with tobacco-juice the while, had told me the story of the crime. A tramp in rags, the-man-to-be-hanged, had come into town begging for food. He was an amusing tramp from the viewpoint of these slouch-hatted West Virginians; in the first place, he was English and his pronunciation of the language, differing from that of West Virginia, was screamingly absurd; moreover, round his ankles were buttoned ragged spats—dirty insignia of fallen gentility. Whereupon the tavern-wags had sport with him; and filled his empty belly with the kind of whisky drunk in those parts. Then they kicked the gentleman in dirt and rags out of their town—which was equally distinguished both for dirt and rags. A few hours later they found him in a drunken sleep by the railway tracks. And thirty yards away, at the door of his shanty, lay murdered the old man whose duty it had been to watch the crossing—or switch the trains—at that point. So

they tried the tramp (always sullen and silent) for the murder and ordered him hanged; and from forty miles about the interested natives were swarming in over the muddy roads to be on hand for the festival.

He was crouched in the back of his dirty cell. I think what brought him forward to the bars in the door was the fact that I did not speak to him in West Virginian—a language he had taken a dislike to, it would seem. After a while the man who had been dumb so long spoke. Before the day was done he told me all he was ever to tell on this earth. There wasn't much in the story—except that bolt from the blue. What had happened to him was due to two things: First, he had come into two thousand pounds—a sum of no importance in itself, but full of possibilities when one is young; and, second, certain real-estate speculators in the Southern States were printing glowing advertisements in the English newspapers—and he read and believed. He brought his money to the "New South," with the pleasant hope of building a home and making a career. It took the sharpers of that part of the world exactly six months

to get his money away from him. He was ashamed to write home. A few months more—living on his rings and watch and clothes—and he was in the street. And he set out to tramp to the seashore, or some port where he might find a ship he could work his way home in. By what devious routes I know not he wandered into West Virginia. It was afternoon by the time he had told me this much of the story. My influence with the sheriff had grown during the day and now the cell door was open and the murderer and I were sitting together in the cell on the bench that served him for a bed; and smoking.

“Tell me about the tavern-wags,” I said; and he told me about the tavern-wags.

“After that,” said he, “I remember nothing—nothing at all—until I woke in a cell. I think someone kicked me in the face and I woke.”

“Did you kill the old man?”

“God knows,” he said, and took his hairy head in his hands, “I do not know. You see, I used to be a gentleman and I was never drunk before—I do not know.” He kept re-

peating that the horror of it was that he did not know.

Drink neurosis; alcoholic trance; the bolt from the blue—call it what you will. It is quite true; he did not know; in this world he never was to know; drink and the tavern-wags had plunged him into a cloud of nescience, and who was to say that murder had not happened in the cloud?

I wanted to do something; I wanted him to give me his name that I might telegraph to his ambassador; I wanted to get a lawyer and try for appeal; and his answer was: "What could I do with life now? Death is kinder than a cell for life." He would have nothing done. John Doe was name enough to be hanged in. One thing he said at last.

"There is one favor you can do me," he said.

"I'll do it, John Doe."

"You see, I don't mind asking you—you are the only man of my class I've met since——"

He was not a snob and I was not a snob; he meant that we belonged to the bathing class. His request was that I should persuade the

sheriff to let him have a bath. I got it for him, though the sheriff laughed like a loon—to him the bath habit was as ridiculous as the spat-wearing habit. And I had a barber sent in who cut his tangled hair and shaved the hair off his face—what looked out at me was a pale, tragic-faced boy not more than twenty-two years old.

I said: “Good-night, I’ll come as early as I can in the morning.”

He stood looking at his rags.

“And I’ll bring you some clothes,” I added.

He laughed briefly in a sort of timid way.

“Have you got a suit of evening clothes?” he said foolishly. “It would remind me of something. Perhaps you will understand.”

I did not have evening clothes with me; in those days one did not take that sort of thing to West Virginia; but I telegraphed for them and they came. What the working of his mind was I do not know; I do not know what memory of another hour and another place was in his mind; but that winter morning he stood up to be hanged in white linen and the livery society has ordained for evening. A few hours later they put his body,

still dressed that way, in a pit of lime; and slouch-hatted men, as they covered it up, spat tobacco-juice on it.

It was a grey morning, I remember, without rain. I went with him to the gallows; and together we looked out over the throng that filled the square—farmers and their wives and children in picnic-wagons, negroes, slouch-hatted men and lean women—stooping to pull up their stockings; a throng and a mob. It was a gallows with a trap. He stood erect while they tightened the fastenings on his legs. He threw back his head and looked away toward the East—over the mob, beyond the horizon, to the sea and the home beyond the sea. And from his mouth there came a cry so strange and compelling that still at night I hear it ringing in my ears and wake with a start—a wild cry, fierce and sudden as trumpets:

“Good-by, Nellie—Nellie—Nellie!”

Three times; and in some far-away English village it beat, I know, upon a woman's heart, and struck her down.

Then the trap fell; the boyish figure in its grotesque livery of black and white dropped

out of sight into the strangling horror of death; and underneath the scaffold the hangman clutched the dying legs and hung to them with all his weight to make death sure.

A bolt from the blue; that's the way it struck one man I knew. His name was John Doe. Of course you, being Richard Roe, are not John Doe. You can drink and be sober, and are smilingly incredulous of these mythical bolts from the blue.

Well; there is one thing worth thinking over; alcohol has two ways of getting its man—by increased doses and by the progressive poison effect of the same small dose regularly repeated; but even if you dodge those two ways, no man can say he is safe from the third wild, lawless and crashing way that strikes the brain into sudden confusion and makes for crime. Even the alienists have not uncovered that secret of alcohol; and who are you to boast that you are immune? Richard Roe is not a whit safer than John Doe—with his black moment of neuro-psychiatric alcoholism.

III

Madame Tarnowsky—who is an honor to Russia and to the wider world of science—found, in her study of “Female Offenders,” that eighty-two per cent. of sinning women were brought to vice by alcohol. An old and dark truth; let it stand here without comment. For these unhappy victims alcohol is that river Bulicame (in truer sense than Dante knew) whose waters were portioned out among the sinful women. Were it not for alcohol eighty-two women out of every hundred of the damned—would have pure faces and sinless eyes. That was the madness they drank of, ere they had the desperate courage to sink womanhood in vice. A fact without comment.

You have read this book to little purpose if you have not learned that the certain harvest reaped by drink is insanity. I do not wish to knock you about the ears with statistics; that is an unattractive way of driving the truth home; but let me put it as an axiom:

In the United States the proportion of insanity is in exact keeping with the consumption of alcoholic drink.

The ratio is unfailing.

Take New York State; one in every two hundred and ninety of the population is insane. Behind this army of mad men, mad women, mad children stand the thirty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-five liquor dealers. Look to the West and the Southwest; there in fifteen states there are only twelve thousand drink-vendors and in these states the insane are in the ratio of one to every eight hundred and eighty of the population. What do you think of the contrast?

The last census of the United States shows that the institutional cases of insanity are in almost exact proportion to the amount of alcoholic consumption.

New York with a population of 9,113,000 has 31,265 cases of insanity, that is one out of every two hundred and ninety sons and daughters of the state. Then look at droughty Kansas; you may not like to look at Kansas, but in this connection a study of Kansas will be for the good of your soul; it is, as you know, a drinkless state—to a certain, unideal extent; and here are the data:

In ninety-seven out of one hundred and five

counties there are no insane. In fifty-four of these counties there are no feeble-minded—non-alcoholic parentage being eugenic. In ninety-six counties there were no inebriates—not one. And thirty-eight county poorhouses were empty. In the entire state there are less than six hundred paupers. The jails in sixty-five counties were empty; and sixty-five counties sent up not one prisoner, convict and criminal, to the penitentiaries.

The relative proportion of insanity in the various states is in exact keeping with the legislative policy concerning the sale of intoxicants; thus:

KansasI	to 873
IndianaI	to 609
MaineI	to 590
New HampshireI	to 473
OhioI	to 449
IllinoisI	to 437
Rhode IslandI	to 436
MichiganI	to 419
WisconsinI	to 376
VirginiaI	to 375
ConnecticutI	to 311
New YorkI	to 290

And so enough of statistics if this truth has been driven home: insanity is the mad son of alcohol. Idiocy is its driveling daughter. Suicide is its despairing child. (The estimate is that seventy-eight per cent. of the suicides are due to alcohol.)

Upon my word that man who called drink a racial curse—even he who called it a pandemic plague—spoke without exaggeration and with measurable reserve.

And I hear a voice as from very far off; it is your small persistent voice, repeating: "I am a moderate drinker; I can drink, thank Heaven! and be sane." Dear man, with your ounce or two a day, you may be mentally hale enough to keep out of a madhouse; but on the higher functional levels you are already mad—morally you are as mad as a hatter.

CHAPTER IX

DRINK AND NATIONAL CRISES

I

One of the wisest men of our generation—though he has chosen to wear the cap and bells of a public jester—is Finley Peter Dunne. Following the bad example of Thackeray—and with a wit as keen as his—he dresses his wise, far-seeing philosophy in antic and grotesque spelling; but Mr. Dooley's philosophy is always a transcendent form of common sense. Were I writing a social history of the United States for the last two decades I should go for documentation to Mr. Dooley; from him I would best learn what has been the nation's thought on all the great national questions, as one by one they rose above the horizon. Now Mr. Dooley when he pondered the war problem saw that the fact of most startling significance was that the nations at war had placed the ban on drink. And

in that bad spelling (which annoys me) he said:

“It’s sthrange, Hinnissy, how th’ wurruld has turned again its lifelong roommate, Jawn Barleycorn. Afther rollickin’ with th’ old fellow f’r cinchries th’ fickle public has rounded on him an’ is rapidly chasin’ him off th’ map. I’ve told ye how it is in England. It’s th’ same ivrywhere. In Rooshya th’ polis has stopped th’ sale iv vodky, which is th’ name iv th’ Rooshyan naytional brainstorm. In France they’ve f’rbid th’ cityzin to take his tumbler iv absinthe. I niver tasted th’ deleeryous dhrink since I was a child an’ we got it fr’m Mother Winslow, but it was in great favor in France. . . .

“Jawn Barleycorn might have gone on f’r years if it hadn’t been that th’ wurruld begun to suspect that he was no good in a fight. That knocked th’ last leg fr’m undher him. I cud’ve told th’ wurruld so long ago. I’ve seen him start a millyon fights, but niver seen him win wan. He’s lived f’r years on his repytation as a warryor. No army was supposed to be anny good without him. He was welcome in th’ sojers’ tent an’ th’ gin’ral’s headquarters.

People said about him: 'He's a scamp an' a false friend, but he's a divvle in a scrap.' An' now they know he aint anny good at that ayether. His bluff has been called."

And that is truly said. The first enemy the warring nations had to fight was drink. They had to kill that enemy before they could go about their business of killing each other. Men with drink in them cannot even fight. That mouse (of the anecdote) was not really a match for the cat. Drink does not give courage, as you have seen; all it does is to destroy the moral nature in the man. Unless I said a word or two of the atrocities committed in the early weeks of the war the black record of drink were incomplete. The way of the Germans through Belgium and Northern France—above all, through the tragic province of Alsace—was marked by rapine, murder, mutilation, looting and incendiarism. There need be no doubt of this; there can be no denial; I know whereof I speak. But these amiable, beer-drinking, song-loving Germans, you say, are not fiends? Man, man, they were drunk. They looted the cellars of Louvain before they set about murdering old men, mutilating children,

violating women. The loot of the wine-cellars of Champagne fired the maniacs who sowed destruction in Northern France. I know a village in Alsace. With pathetic gayety it welcomed the French liberators when they entered the province. When the French were driven back the Germans loosed a "punitive expedition" on the hapless village, with orders to punish the traitors. And they punished them. They rode into the village square and (while the terror-stricken people took refuge in a church) they drank their fill at the tavern. Then, savage with drink, they fired the poor little cottages of the village. At the door of the church stood the old priest. He said there were only women and children and old men in the church and he begged for their lives. And the war-drunkards killed him where he stood. They rushed into the church and drove out the wretched villagers—hounded them through the burning streets and out into the meadows; murder, mutilation, violation, infamy beyond speech were the toll of the day. And what happened there happened over a twenty-mile strip of territory. Now these "punitive expeditions" were made up of men

—but of men drunk and lust-maddened by alcohol. That is the real explanation of the atrocities. Germany had never been able to force her brave soldiers to carry out the “policy of frightfulness” unless she had first let them lap at the drink. There was another side to it.

I saw it in Alsace and Baden when the German officers and soldiery were trying to handle the fierce, panic-stricken crowds that swarmed, from both sides, across the frontier. These soldiers, slashing with swords, thrusting with rifle-stocks, screaming contradictory orders, were plain hysterics—hysterical from overdoses, or from interrupted doses of alcohol. The German war machine had been driven more swiftly over Brabant and Flanders had it been driven by sober men. And when Germany realized this fact she, too, put the ban on drink in the army. What happened in Dinant could not happen in any town seized to-day by German troops. What happened in Dinant? It was typical of the drunken days of the war—those first four weeks or so. There was no more picturesque city in Europe—lying beneath the mighty, church-crowned bluffs,

with the white river at its feet. Beyond the bridge was the village square. Into this village square the Germans drove all the women and girls. On the terraces of the taverns sat the officers, drinking and looking on. The drunken soldiers were loosed on the women; each seized the one he would; and for hours they hauled them about in a mad dance—until darkness fell. And when darkness fell there were horrors unspeakable in the darkness. Then at dawn the drunkards fired Dinant and marched away.

I do not think this was the reason Germany put the ban on drink in the army; it was because she discovered—with Mr. Dooley—that “Jawn Barleycorn was no good in a fight.” After those first crazed weeks she fought sober; with what dark success you know.

A boozily organized army cannot fight; a boozily organized nation cannot efficiently produce war material or establish an efficient transport service. The danger of drunkenness in time of peace becomes in time of war a monstrous peril. Every soldier realized it; every statesman saw it.

But what was to be done?

For generations science, religion, statesmanship had fought this evil thing; they had pelted the evil thing with tracts and tied it up in red tape; all to no saving purpose.

But when, in a world at war, the need of sobriety was imperative it did not take the nations long to find a way of killing the evil thing. It was as simple and practical as shutting off an electric current. It prohibited the manufacture and sale of the fiercer kinds of drink. (By way of compromise it left, to those so habituated to alcoholic poison they could not do without it, the less harmful solace of beer and wine.) Over the drunkenness of the soldiers in the field a death penalty hung. As for the peasant, the workingman, the citizen whose duties lay behind the lines, they were kept sober—by the prohibitive fact that they could not buy enough alcohol to get drunk on.

France was first in this, as she is always first in the noblest missions of humanity; she is the light-bearer. France was first. The day after war was ruthlessly and lawlessly declared upon her, she prohibited the sale of absinthe in all France. This was a mere military de-

cree; but as soon as the French parliament met it passed a law prohibiting forever the manufacture, importation and sale of that worst kind of alcoholic drink.

You cannot exaggerate the importance of the rôle played by absinthe in the drama of alcoholic degradation in France. The records of one institution (Charenton, I think) show that out of nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-two cases of alcoholic alienation four thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, or approximately half of the entire number, were caused by absinthe. The serious element in the statistics is that they reveal an increase (merely taking ten years) of fifty-seven per cent. in the number of insane in the thirty-six departments of France. Long ago the fight on this bad kind of drink began; but insurmountable obstacles stood in the way. One obstacle was, of course, the banded forces of the drink-makers and drink-vendors; another was that absinthe paid a revenue of hundreds of millions of francs a year to the treasury—and the ministers of finance stood, greed-centered, against giving up this spoil of drunkenness. Indeed, in every country state-finance has been

the rock behind which the poisoners took shelter. "Without the liquor-tax what a deficit there will be!" War gave swift answer to that cowardly plea. What was the tax-gain from liquor when dropped into the war-deficit of a billion a month?

War gave the sudden lesson that you cannot measure a nation's needs in terms of money.

Torn away from petty considerations of greed, the state was forced to face the great question of the conservation of the race—the health and purity of its people on which the future depends. And in spite of distillers, drunkards and financiers France decreed the great reform—a half measure to be sure, but a great measure, because it lays down the principle of state prohibition.

Then the voice of Russia—that mystic home of sacrificial brotherhood—was heard. By a signal *ukase* the Czar shut up all the factories where vodka was made and all the shops where it was sold. This was his own reformation—one of the reforms that strange, little, bearded dreamer has been able to bring to pass in the face of his iron "advisers." Let

it be to his credit. It was he, and no other, who prepared the way for this great step, by taking the traffic in vodka away from the dirty retailers who passed out the poison. I remember Russia as it was in those days before he set up that reform. You could go into any village; there was the posting station, joined to it the tavern. And that tavern was the plague spot of the *Mir*. There the peasants drank; and when their money was gone they pawned their plows and carts, their tools and their clothes—pawned their unsown crops and mortgaged all they owned. The drink-shops and pawn-shops were one. And when the government stepped in to save the slaves of the pawn-ticket and the bottle—when the tavern leeches were driven out and went wandering over the land wailing of persecution—there was the beginning of a new day in Russia. The government took over the sale of vodka—and sold it, like postage-stamps, at government dépôts. It could be got only in bottles; it could not be drunk on the premises; and it was a pure liquor—without base adulterations; and in a way it checked drunkenness. Of most importance was the fact that it set the

whole bad business in one hand, so that when the hour struck one hand could throttle it. For years that has been the dream and purpose of the Czar. Against him were the liquor "interests"; against him was the official protector of drunkenness, the Minister of Finance, who argued that one-third the revenues of the state came from vodka; but war gave the patient little Czar his chance—and he struck. For the safety of the state, for the preservation of the race, he struck down the monstrous evil.

War is sacrificial.

It demands of a nation the supreme sacrifice. At such a time a nation more readily yields the lesser sacrifice. It throws into the melting-pot not only its jewels and fine gold, but its vices as well.

I do not assert (one were a fool to assert) that France and Russia have gone abruptly to sobriety. A generation, drink-poisoned from youth, cannot be dragooned into clean living. Drunkenness has not vanished from Russia nor France; in spite of tolerably severe laws murder, forgery, adultery, false-coining still exist. But this is true: The great reform has been

accomplished. The state is no longer an accomplice in the boozy organization of society. The official drink environment that bred drunkards—as a swamp breeds malaria—has been swept away. The drunkard is no longer state-bred; he is no longer a necessary creation of a poisoned environment. And now, definitely, he belongs to the penologist or to the alienist—exactly as the murderer or the madman. The state has not destroyed the drink habit. What it has done is to make it difficult for the citizen to satisfy it. Precisely the same thing it does for the man given to theft—it makes it a difficult trade for him and an unprofitable one.

England, more timidly, attempted a similar reform; but in England the rights of the state have never been so emphatically declared as the rights of the individual; and the proposals of the government for dealing with the mischief of drink were framed on conservative lines. Their one object was to remove an obstacle to the more efficient production of war material. It attempted no broad “solution,” as it is called, of the drink question. And yet Parliament, in its slow-moving, cumbrous but

effective way, is working toward just such an end. It has faced the problem; thus:

“Clearly it would be an enormous gain if the direct personal financial interest of the liquor trader were eliminated, and all pushing of the sale of drink and all inducements to the seller to evade the law were abolished. That can only be done by taking the trade out of the hands of those who now conduct it and placing it under the control of persons whose only object would be to promote the public well-being, and who would have no interest in pushing the sale or conniving at breaches of the law: that is to say, by placing it under disinterested management.”

This is the road to the state control of the manufacture and sale of alcohol, which is, after all, the simplest and most efficacious means of curbing intemperance; and it is well within the rather rigid lines of English policy.

Why is it—let us put a question to each other—why is it that the first great problem of the nations, tested in the fire of war, was that of drink? That was not true of other huge wars, Grantian, Napoleonic or Cæsarean. If you answer the question, you will get close

to the heart of what is rottenest in our civilization.

II

Ours is the drunkennest civilization the world has ever known.

Oh! I know, there are wonderful temperance movements, teetotal crusades, high and strenuous attempts to win mankind back to sanity of mind and body; I know. You have seen how decent society is pulling that way; how the Church is pulling that way. Glancing back at the memoirs of the Georgian period, even those of the early Victorian age—glancing back or listening to the hectic recollections of your great-uncle who lived and drank in the last century—you may fancy that was a drunken world. And you see and hear only a part. The duke and the brewer got drunk; the richling got drunk; but the average man, being a poor man, stayed sober—reluctantly it may be, but at all events he stayed sober. Look up the facts. The annual output of drink was so small that the consumption “per head”—to repeat that dreadful phrase—was necessarily small. There was not enough liquor made in

England, for example, to keep the population drunk. There was only a certain quantity—on the hither side of drunkenness—for each individual; and the man who got drunk was taking the share of five men, who were ordained, thus, to be sober.

With the rise of the age of a harsh and savage materialism, that was neither to bind nor to hold, there came strange things to pass. Some of them are doubtless in your mind. Science made wonderful discoveries; and in the trail of the sane laborious scientists there thronged all the mountebanks of thought—the Huxleys and Haeckels, who beat the drum in front of the booths of science. Came, too, the harlequins of a dirty and materialistic literature, from Zola (whose appropriate death was that he should be drowned in the vomit of his dogs) to that bad and sneering old man, Anatole France. Morality was kicked out of philosophy, as idealism was thrown out of literature. The world's thought became at once mean and dirty. (In poor old England the most conspicuous "intellectual" was the dreadful Bernard Shaw; one nation fared no better than another.)

Now it was in trade, manufacture and commerce that materialism expressed itself in the most grotesque and irresponsible way; until, as a final illustration, you had the colossal Kultur of Germany—an iron monster splashed with blood.

My business here and now is with the making of drink in a ruthless and materialistic age. Of old a nation made its drink; and drank it. Wine did not go far from home; or it went with difficulty and at an expense which made it a drink only for the rich. Beer was brewed for home needs. Liquors the same. Then began the "boom" in the manufacture of all things for man's needs or vices—intoxicating beverages like the rest. Easy transport carried them everywhere; but in spite of easy transport there was over-production. Creating intoxicating drink in huge quantities, the industrial world had to find means of making the people drink it. It had to find consumers. It was not, you note, providing drink to satisfy the thirst of the nations. What it supplied was far in advance of the demand. Like every other industry, its one aim was to increase its output. And there followed the grim need

of finding new markets. It poured its torrents of wine, beer and alcohol into the home-markets and sought for markets abroad.

(An illustration; I take it from the *Boston Herald*:

“After waiting three days for favorable winds, the four-masted schooner *Orleans*, Captain Rutledge, sailed to the relief of the natives of the west coast of Africa with two hundred thousand gallons of rum in her hold. The vessel had been loading for two weeks with hogsheads, casks and kegs, and when she set sail every available space below hatches was occupied. There was scarcely room for casks of water for the crew. It was thought they would have to live on rum. When this was noised about there was a great scramble for berths. A complement of men was signed up, but all were made to sign the pledge before the boat left. The underwriters demanded it.”

Without comment.)

What were they doing, these “industrials” of beer, wine, spirits?

Building up wealth, they would tell you. It was the slogan of their materialistic genera-

tion. They were doing what other manufacturers did—producing all they could and forcing the people to consume. Side by side with the making of drink went a crusade of advertisement to force the drink down. Wealth-building went on apace—at the mere cost of public health, sanity, morality, safety of the state. And that the profits to brewer and distiller (these “industrials”) might be greater, fraud was called in to do its work. Chemistry found dirtier and more poisonous compounds. Industry hailed with approval the German chemist who found a way of “distilling brandy from sawdust.” In floods torrential the alcoholic poison was poured over the lands. Waste and abuse. The governments, one and all, looked on without disapproval. Indeed, they shared gleefully in the plunder. Often they knowingly permitted the poison adulterations that their share of the unclean profit might be the greater. (Go, buy a bottle of beer made anywhere in the United States, set it out in the sunlight and see what will happen.) The conscience of the nation was as torpid as that of a brewer. It was blunted and deformed as the conscience of a

distiller. Until war came and woke it. Said the State: "I have the right to ask of each man his life and goods in the face of this fierce aggression—now the Uhlans are at the gate—and surely I have the right to ask him to sacrifice his profits and his vices, even in time of peace, when they destroy the welfare of the state."

It had learned a lesson. You have seen the beginning. You have seen two great nations toss lightly overboard the private advantages of the distilling few for the sake of the general welfare. There had come home to them the plain truth that to abolish alcoholism it had but to stop the manufacture of alcohol.

But the vested interests?

I am going to say more than a word or two or three about these vested interests all in due time. Here let me make one blunt statement:

There is no contradiction between ethics and economics.

I say there is no contradiction between ethics and economics in a civilization which is not based upon greed, industrialism and a corrupt materialism. I will admit that the generation out of the influence of which we are pass-

ing—with splendid strides—held to that bad conception; but it belongs to an ante-bellum past. We have gone back to Plato in this—not the wealth of a nation but the highest welfare of the citizens is the thing to be promoted. And where there is discord between economics and ethics, it is the economical factor that must give way. The United States settled that question when she swept slavery off her map; and paid in blood. England, in no less noble a fashion, freed the slaves under her flag, and paid in gold.

I do not see how there should ever be any debate as to which is to be destroyed—the huge profits for a few, or the immense losses in health, character, happiness, wealth for the many. I, for one, shall never consent to weigh dollars against human welfare. No sane man would, did he understand the situation. Behind the whole economic argument against interference with drink-producers there is one lie that I want to bring out into the light. It is one of a dirty battalion of lies, for the brewers with their venerable scientists, the distillers with their “health-apostles,” even the viticulturists with their parade of poor hectic women,

are prolific in false arguments. The one I have in mind, however, is the worst of them all, for it has a grave air of sincerity. It is the argument that "the abolition of the liquor traffic will create a financial panic" and, since "a million toilers will lose their jobs," it will create also a labor panic.

The simplest answer would be a calm, indifferent, ethical retort:

"Well, what if it did?"

But, there is an ampler reply, which may find place (with your permission) in another chapter.

CHAPTER X

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS

I

To abolish alcoholism you have but to stop the manufacture of alcohol.

But men, you say, will drink in spite of law; in some furtive way they will get their alcoholic poison. Possibly. Probably. There are stern laws against murder, but men kill their fellows. There are laws against theft, but bad men go on stealing. No law succeeds in prohibiting the crime against which it is enacted. All it can do is to set that particular crime outside the law and to punish the outlaw. Only when the social environment is favorable to prohibition will prohibition prohibit; only when the social environment is against lynching will lynchers cease to lynch—be the law what it may; only when the social environment is unfavorable to white-slavery will that bad business cease—no matter how repressive

a Mann law be enacted. That is self-evident. In these instances, the nation, as exemplified in its laws, is against lynching and against white-slavery. It has not, with all its power, been able to suppress them wholly. Until a clean social environment has been created they will exist, though in an obscurely vicious way. In an imperfect stage of civilization one does not expect a governmental law to prohibit crime—but largely to prevent it and certainly to punish it. A law to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages could be enforced as completely as any other law.

In two-thirds of the territory of the United States the saloon has been abolished. And this is not an empty territory; it houses fully sixty per cent. of the population. How did these wise and civic-sane citizens get the kind of prohibition they have won? They got it in spite of the national government; they won it in local battles in township, county and state; and their mightiest enemy was the Federal Government. To-day when they have established local laws of clean-living and sobriety—when they have closed the saloons and barrooms and prohibited the sale of drink, what, think you,

the government does? Over the heads of the local authorities it issues licenses for the traffic in alcohol. And it uses all the forces of the interstate commerce laws to force the sale of drink in these states which have declared they would fain be sober. Maine is a prohibition state. It forbids the making and selling of alcoholic drinks. Does Washington respect this declaration? In spite of the state—in spite of the will of the people, their royal Will-to-be-Sober—the Federal Government has issued in Maine four hundred and thirty-four retail licenses and has licensed one hundred and eighteen druggists to dispense liquor. That is what “Uncle Sam” has done in Maine in the face of a state’s protest. More discreditable is the fact that the Federal Government has issued, in Kansas, licenses to the very criminals—“boot-leggers” and the like—who have been arrested and convicted for violating the Kansas prohibition law. And in these dry states it is using the United States mails for advertising drink.

How comes this to pass?

Washington is the headquarters of the alcohol forces of the nation. There are mobilized

the congressional defenders of drink. Two-thirds of the nation has declared for the abolition of the pandemic plague of drink. In two-thirds of the nation the saloons have been closed. Against the will and purpose of these two-thirds stand the distiller-owned and brewer-fed congressmen. What states do they come from?

Four states in the union contain more than one-half of the saloons in existence. And these same states, mark you, are the homes of more than one-half of the congressmen who voted in the House of Representatives against national prohibition. And one state took the lead in this battle to thwart the will of the nation. That state was New York, which contains to-day more saloons than all the thirty-six states whose legislatures have the power to ratify and make effective a federal constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic.

One-half of the representatives who voted against national prohibition came from the six largest and drunkennest cities in the country—from cities brewer-ruled and distiller-directed. In other words, the final destruction of the liquor traffic has narrowed down to a contest

with the vicious and immoral voting mobs of the great drink-controlled cities. It is in these cities the distillers and brewers are making their last stand. The drunkard's vote and the corrupt congressman alone stand in the way of the nation's will to be sober. Nothing else—save, of course, the tainted financial interests behind this traffic in poison.

In Russia you had a government which held in its hand the entire business of drink—sale and production; when the nation's life was at stake it closed an iron hand and throttled the bad business. In spite of protest—in spite of the outcries of the drink-bought press and drink-bought agitators. In the United States the situation is reversed, for it is the people that is straining forward towards sober living, while the national government—by its system of federal licenses and mail-carried drink—is trying to whip the nation back into drunkenness.

So stands the case.

What is certain is that in the end the people will have their way. The progress is steady. Already a "wet and dry" map of the United States shows that two-thirds of the territory

has been written over with state or local enactments of prohibition. And the movement goes on? It cannot be stopped. Public opinion has spoken. What the war-startled nations did in their peril will be done in the United States—in the slower ways of peace.

Against the will of the nation stands only one force: It is the dirty army of those who make a profit out of alcohol—and their dirtier political hirelings.

Who makes that profit?

You are a reasonable man; and by grace of your sane reason you know that there is no profit in the business for anyone save for those who make and sell the stuff and for the gamblers, prostitutes and parasites whose profits come from the drink-fuddled citizens. You have heard a great deal of the losses that will fall upon brewer and distiller, saloon-keeper and the owner of property used by the drink trade; I do not fancy you are much perturbed at the thought of these losses. You have heard before a similar wail from the red-light district, for the white-slaver whines as whined the black-slaver of Jamaica. Money loss in the face of moral gain is negligible; in a clash

between ethics and economics it is the latter that must go to the wall.

But with the whine of the liquor dealers there goes a threat—a threat of national economic disaster. They hold in hand, they assert, “the most disastrous panic in all history,” which they can loose upon the country if it goes against them.

It is a serious thing, that threat. France heard it when she banned absinthe; Russia heard it when she prohibited the sale and manufacture of all alcoholic drink; it was inevitable that it should be heard in this country.

Let us hear the threat. At least it is the sort of thing one can answer. The whine is more difficult to meet—with its specious plea for “human liberty,” for man’s “inalienable right” to break any social law of which he does not approve. A whine is an illogical emotional appeal; but a threat to create an economic disaster can be met.

II

There is an official spokesman of alcohol. His title has a full-fronted pomposity about it,

which should not be abbreviated. Joseph Debar is the "Secretary of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America"—a ten-word pomposity. I shall let him state his threat and argument in his own words.

Thus:

"Put as briefly as possible, the different effects of nation-wide prohibition may be stated as follows:

"Abolition of business representing a capitalization estimated at from \$3,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000.

"Absolute loss of a large proportion of the assets of this industry and tremendous depreciation in value of the remainder.

"Closing up of over two thousand four hundred plants manufacturing distilled, malt and vinous liquors, having a capital, by the 1909 census, of \$831,000,000, purchasing raw materials valued at \$169,000,000 annually and turning out a product valued at over \$630,000,000 annually.

"Closing up of over two hundred and three thousand retail liquor establishments with an investment running up into many millions of dollars.

“Bankruptcy for thousands of these manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, who will find themselves facing a tremendous loss on property, the value of which is either wiped out or greatly depreciated and a large proportion of whose debtors in the same line of business will be unable to meet bills due.

“Switching thousands of these dealers to other lines of industry, where they will come into competition with their brains and what is left of their capital with manufacturers and merchants already in those fields.

“Loss to railroads of the country of revenue on traffic running up into millions of dollars, netting them a considerable percentage of their income from freight. According to the United States Statistical Abstract for 1913, the total movement of manufactures of the wine, whisky and beer industries in 1912 amounted to over seven million tons, or two and a half per cent. of the total traffic of all manufacturing industries of the country. This does not take into consideration the shipment of grain and other raw materials to the distilleries, breweries and wineries, nor does it take cognizance of by-products like dried feed, which, when shipped

away, represents from twenty to forty per cent. of the bulk of the grain going to these plants; nor does it take notice of shipments between wholesalers and retailers and retail dealers and customers.

“Loss of billions of dollars to wholesale grocers, hotel-owners, restaurant-keepers, druggists, both wholesale and retail, most of whom ordinarily are not classed by the public with liquor industries.”

And Mr. Debar goes on to argue that there would be “billions of dollars” of loss to barrel-makers, bottle-makers, printers, truck-manufacturers, builders, yeast-makers; that the millions worth of grain and fruit used by the liquor-makers would go to waste—that everyone from the bag-man to the farm laborer would suffer financially, since brewers and distillers would have no money to pass on to them. And he notes:

“Loss of \$230,000,000 annually in internal revenue and over \$18,000,000 in customs revenue; a grand total of nearly \$250,000,000, over one-third of the total annual income from all sources.

“Necessity of raising this vast sum in other

directions. The difficulty of this will be apparent to all who recall the stress attendant upon the imposition a short time back of a \$1,000,000,000 war tax."

Gloomiest of all is his apprehension of the cost of the maintenance of "a vast army of United States officials to enforce the law"—which is the prettiest argument ever advanced. I may suggest that one might merely take the police now occupied with the crimes and criminals, created by drink, and set them to watch the liquor-dealers who did not obey the law. There would be plenty of police for the work, since it is a statistical fact that eighty-four per cent. of their work is due to alcohol-begotten crime. They would have plenty of time on their hands to look after the "enforcement of the law" against dealing in liquor—ample time, Mr. Debar. And I am not of the opinion that the nation would grudge the price it paid for that sort of police protection.

Read on:

"Loss to the state of many millions; to countries of other millions and to incorporated places having a population of two thousand five hundred and over, of \$51,955,001, a

grand total running up into the hundreds of millions every year in liquor license and tax receipts.

“Greater burden of direct taxation to fall upon all the population instead of upon those who now voluntarily pay the tax indirectly when they see fit to purchase liquors.

“How many banks would be forced to the wall along with the crash in other directions no man would undertake to say. How many millions of unemployed would walk the streets for months and possibly years there is no way of figuring.”

There is the argument, put as strongly as it can be put by the shrewd, alarmed secretary of the traffickers in alcohol. When you analyze it you see it is only a threat—a money threat. In lesser proportion it is precisely the argument of the “red-light district,” which showed how house property would suffer if the law were enforced—how thousands of employees would be thrown out of work and how the neighboring vendors of food and musk and rouge and silk kimonos would suffer. The argument of Mr. Debar is quintessentially the same.

And it smells bad.

Unclean as the argument is—immoral as it is—it has been effective in terrifying the voter, especially the laboring man. So men of foresight and intellectual probity have deemed it worth answering. They have pulled to pieces its fallacy. They have carefully abstracted from it what was true and sought and found a remedy. Indeed, a group of important sociologists, of which Mr. Charles Stelzle is the head, has made a comprehensive survey of the economical aspects of the liquor problem. As clearly as Mr. Debar, they recognize that “there may be dislocation of a temporary kind in the labor world because of the change”—the words are Mr. Roosevelt’s words—and they have formulated a plan to meet it.

Three things they set themselves to do:

To demonstrate that the abolition of the liquor traffic will not create a labor panic.

To assist in establishing temporary labor exchanges to find work for those losing their jobs through prohibitory legislation.

To promote the organization of adequate social centers as substitutes for the saloon.

III

First the demonstration; and I would ask you to read carefully this victorious reply to Mr. Debar's money threat; it was written by Mr. Charles Stelzle and printed (for five million readers) in Mr. Hearst's newspapers:

"The argument that the abolition of the liquor traffic will create a financial panic is based entirely upon the absurd proposition that if the liquor dealers fail to get the money now spent for beer and whisky nobody else will get it.

"It is assumed that if a man doesn't spend a dollar for booze, he will throw that dollar into the sewer or into some kind of a bottomless pit, instead of using it to purchase some other commodity, which will do good instead of harm, which will have a permanent value, and which will give the workingmen of the country more work, more wages and greater prosperity every way than if the same amount of money were spent for beer and whisky.

"Every workingman knows that we are not suffering from over-production, but from under-consumption. He is painfully conscious of the

fact that he doesn't live as well as he should in comparison with others who do not work as hard as he does, and that he cannot give his family the benefits which they deserve. Therefore, it will not injure him particularly if the brewery and distillery owners were to put their 'brains and what is left of their capital' when the liquor business is destroyed into the production of materials which will give him more of the comforts of life here and now, and less of the torments both here and hereafter.

"As for the 'poor farmer' who would suffer so grievously, according to the defender of the saloon, because the brewers and distillers would fail to buy his grain and grapes, his apples and cherries—there is no fear that he will buy fewer automobiles and less farm machinery, and all the other modern conveniences which he now enjoys, because somebody else will buy his apples and cherries, his grain and grapes—besides, economists and farm experts are even now afraid that the American farmer will soon be unable to raise enough grain adequately to supply his country.

"Regarding the railroad man who would no longer handle the '2.5 per cent. of the total

traffic of all manufacturing industries of the country,' which the liquor business now furnishes—nobody doubts for a single moment that the railroad man will get as much business and as much money from the transfer of a given amount of grain, whether that grain is shipped to a brewer or a baker. As for the transportation of the finished product, as well as the raw materials which the liquor industry now furnishes, other industries which would benefit through the transfer of trade from liquor to some other commodity would undoubtedly supply as much business for the railroad man as the brewers and distillers do."

The harshest edge of the liquor argument is turned towards the workingman. The liquor business, Mr. Debar avers, is the fifth in importance in the United States; and its abolition would throw out of work one-fifth of the nation's labor, you are to assume. The suggestion makes for misconception. There are 6,616,046 workers in the industries of the country. Of these only 62,920 are employed in the liquor industry—only about one per cent.

"Taking five leading industries in this country—namely, textiles and the finished products,

iron and steel and their products, lumber and its manufactures, leather and its finished products, and paper and printing, and comparing them with the liquor business (including the malting industry) with regard to the number of wage-earners employed, capital invested and wages paid, we arrive at some interesting conclusions. Based upon the figures found in the Abstract of Statistics of Manufacture, we discover that the number of wage-earners for each one million dollars invested in each of these industries was as follows: Liquor, 77; Textiles, 578; Iron, 284; Lumber, 579; Leather, 469; and Paper, 367."

In plainer words, every million dollars invested in the drink industry gives employment to only seventy-seven men—while a similar sum invested in lumber, for example, gives a living to five hundred and seventy-nine men.

What is all this boast about what the liquor industry is doing for labor? The ratio of wages paid to the workers in proportion to the capital invested is so criminally small that it should not stand for an hour—in the face of this sociological investigation which Mr. Stelzle and his associates have made. In the textile indus-

tries—and that fairly represents all the other industries—the ratio of wages paid to capital invested is 23.9 per cent.; a fair ratio; in the liquor business the ratio is 5.6 per cent.

It is not much that the laboring man gets out of the millions invested in alcohol. Small indeed is the financial harm he would suffer were it taken away.

What of the two billions the country spends a year in drink?

Simply this: Were it spent for food and clothing, it would give employment to nearly eight times as many workers, who would receive collectively five and a half times as much in wages.

So absurd is that threat of a "labor panic." In fact, the only workers who would be thrown out into a society in which there was no demand for their work would be the *bona-fide* brewers, maltsters, distillers and rectifiers, whose occupations are peculiar to the liquor industries; they would have to find new trades; but, in all, there are only fifteen thousand of them—and they could easily be fitted into a sober commonwealth.

One point more: the loss to the state of the tax in the making and selling of drink.

“All choice implies loss;” and over against this loss to the state there should be set the gain, which would come from the abolition of the crime, pauperism and insanity which is caused directly and indirectly by drink. Indeed, the loss in revenue, even were it one-third of the nation's income—as in Russia—could be lightly borne by a nation that had regained the sober way of life.

The saloon is an economic loss. There is no profit in alcohol for the laborer or for the state. The only profit goes to those who manufacture it and dispense it—to them and their hangers-on, the Falstaff army of wasters and criminals, the vice-ridden and the morally impotent. Nor is this evil profit a thing that may not be touched; neither law nor equity nor convention has drawn round it a magic circle of protection. The traffic in alcohol is inherently criminal. Every man who has engaged in the traffic has done so with the knowledge that the state has reserved the right to abolish it when and how it pleases.

It is a maxim of law that impossibilities shall

be required of no one; I am, therefore, under no obligation to convince the traffickers in drink of the dark fact that they are poisoning the springs of our national life. Of more importance is the fact that the nation has been convinced and, by vote and enactment, seventy-one per cent. of the nation has recorded its conviction. But what I trust I have made clear, even to the brewer and distiller, to vendor and divekeeper, is that their threat of "a national economic disaster" is an empty menace; and if, by any chance, the disaster does fall it will fall exactly where it should fall—on them alone.

CHAPTER XI

MEASURES REMEDIAL

I

And this shall be a short chapter; for we have nearly reached the end of our little journey in the highways and byways of alcohol.

The danger in studying a question so vital—a subject with such a surge and swing of emotion in it—is the tendency to become enthusiastic and slop about. This is especially true when one's concern is with the individual and not with the larger and colder aspects of national reform.

Civilization after all is a fight; and while this fight against alcohol is humanity's fight, it is also—you know it bitterly—a battle for the life of many a man who is dear to you, of many a woman you love and for the life of the boy at your hearth; that is why the heart cries aloud in it. And thence come the wild emotionalism, the large, enveloping shallow-

ness, which have confused and distorted the subject. All sorts of imaginative postulates have been set up. There has been strident and meaningless agitation against facts. You can understand the passionate anger of those who have been injured by drink; you can appreciate the sterner and more dangerous anger of the psychologist, the physiologist and the sociologist who have traced a major part of the nation's crime, insanity and degeneration to alcohol; but you find it difficult to study fair-mindedly the arguments brought forward by the apologists for drink. And, for my part, I admit that it is not easy to listen cold-bloodedly to the arguments of the viticulturists and the vendors of alcohol. Their skill in darkening facts—their shifty and greedy apologies for the traffic that brings them wealth—make for anger rather than acquiescence.

And so, in discussing the alcohol question, the besetting danger is that of making a noise—of preaching and declaiming—instead of taking it as a matter for scientific research and for adjustment by scientific authority.

I trust that in this little book I have gone round that peril. I am as convinced as you

can be of the wild objectionableness of mere denunciation. Doubtless at one time it was necessary. Honor should be paid the men of days gone by—the men of to-day—who stormed against the evils of drink. Many of them were great men, stamped with the seal of fierce, swift and terrible eloquence. But their day has gone by. The emotional way of fighting drink is obsolete.

The reason is that the hour of controversial issues is past.

There is no longer any dispute as to the main and primary facts in the case against alcohol.

With a thoroughness of intellectual treatment, which none can gainsay, our masters in physiology, sociology and economics have pronounced judgment.

The physiologist informs you that alcohol, even in the smallest quantity, is a poison, which begins its bad work of degeneration on the highest functional levels of the brain—which destroys its man from the top downwards. You have read what he has to say, for I have tried to make it both clear and emphatic. But let me add one fact. It will show you how even the

conservative medical men have broken away from an old habit of respect for alcohol as a "drug." Hitherto whisky, brandy and the like figured officially as "drugs" in the United States Pharmacopœia, which is the authoritative list of medicinal preparations recognized by physicians. The list is now being revised and the committee in charge has voted to remove from it whisky and brandy. Neither of them will be used in the future in making up medicines. The physicians, as you see, have lined up with modern science.

The physiologist has declared against alcohol; and the men of social science have found in alcohol the cause—the very *causa causans*—of the greater part of the nation's pauperism, crime and degeneration. And lastly comes the economist, demonstrating that "the saloon represents an economic loss."

The case, you note, is tolerably complete.

Modern science—always skeptical, always restrained in judgment—has investigated and pronounced: alcohol is a poison for the individual and for the state. It is a pest like any other, and should be fought as one fights a pest. In this pronouncement of science there

is no weak and untrained vehemence; there is the cold and steely veracity of scientific statement. You cannot get away from it. It is plain as a rock—as a fact. What common sense saw long ago science has affirmed in words unmistakable.

And the nation is awake to the truth.

This is the immense implication of the local enactments against drink which are driving alcohol out of two-thirds of the territory of the United States. It means the nation has learned the truth about alcohol and that it is using the makeshift weapons it can lay hands on to fight it. The remedy is not a perfect one; so long as the Federal Government does not collaborate it will remain imperfect; but it implies that at last the people have broken the bad inertia of the habit which puts up with an evil because it cannot be wholly destroyed.

There is something almost pathetic in this struggle of a nation to free itself from alcoholism. You may study it from one end of the country to the other. Everywhere you see the Will-to-be-Sober asserting itself—oftenest in ways irrational and pathetically grotesque. One

is to post up in public the names of those who drink too much for social quiet; another is to hold the drink-seller responsible for the pauperism and crime of his clients; while in a third state there has been built a "dipping-vat" for the ducking of drunkards; and there are many such grotesque attempts to palliate the evil done by drink. It is not by such makeshifts that a sober civilization will become possible. They make only for sadness and derision.

What, then, is the remedy—and I mean a remedy, possible of application, in the existing stage of evolution?

For mark this: Man is not perfected; he is something that is trying to be. The race is working itself out. It is going somewhere. And through war and plague and alcoholism evolution is working exactly as it is working in its interlocking atoms that whirl and quiver at the very heart of matter. In human nature it is working to make man more humane; it is striving to make a better race; and man's first duty is to help on that evolution. But evolution does not advance by jumps. It goes forward by steps and degrees. You cannot

expect to get any remedy that will safeguard the individual against alcoholism or sweep it out of the state. That is what should be done; that is the ideal end; and it is what science declares must in the end be done. To-day any practicable remedy must fit the times; it must be in harmony with our stage of national and individual evolution. I have shown you what therapeutic and psychologic way there is of regenerating the individual victim of drink, whether he be the conspicuous spree-victim or that masked victim who fancies he can drink and be sober.

And now comes the question: What can the state do to alcohol?

You have seen how Russia, quietly and in time of peace, took over the entire manufacture and sale of alcohol, so that when the time of crisis came she could strangle it with her autocratic hands. There is a lesson there. State prohibition is a step on the right road; local option is admirable; but one and the other are defective so long as the Federal Government refuses its collaboration. Only the power at the top can fight so big an evil. A federal monopoly of the manufacture and sale of alcohol

is the certain remedy for the worst evils of the whole, bad business. It would insure against the awful adulteration which is to-day universal; it would shut up every public drinking place—for it should dispense alcohol only in sealed packages *à qui le droit*; and when the hour struck—when public opinion got itself heard in the houses of congress—it would close its hand and throttle the entire iniquitous trade. It could destroy this *gift-quelle* of a nation's degradation with one gesture and one act. That is an ultimate ideal. I do not say that government control of the making and selling of alcohol would stop (as one stops a train) the evil of alcoholism. There are forged bank-notes and false coins abroad in spite of the fact that the government issues the money of the land. There would still be fraudulent liquor and furtive alcoholism; but the ban would be on them and the law could act. It would not stop the sale and the drinking of alcohol, you say; no, it would not stop it; but it would make it more difficult for the drinker to get drunk—a distinct gain. Moreover, to a great extent, it would prevent the making of drunkards. There would be sporadic drunk-

ards—whereof the alienist has spoken and for whom the asylum waits—even as there are sporadic murderers; but the state would not be in the dreadful business of making them. Its object would be to guard this poison and keep it from the race. What the alcohol industry is doing to-day is precisely the opposite. Like every other industry it is tempted by profit to produce more and more; and so it must force it into reluctant markets at home and abroad. While it sends cargoes of rum to Africa, it forces on the sale at home by every hypnotic suggestion of advertisement—by every pretense of health-making and food-value—by every temptation it can invent from the music of the tavern to the dance of the *cabaret*.

Where the devil can't go himself he sends a woman.

Where the distiller and brewer could not sell his poison unaided he called in the poor, painted, unhappy girls of the night to brisken up his trade. He has produced such torrents of drink that he cannot get it sold in normal ways of supply and demand; so he has called to his aid the lie that looks like an advertisement

and the dreadful collaboration of sinful women. He has taken vice into partnership. This is his way of forcing drink on a nation that would fain be sober. Now all this wretched business of temptation would be halted were the government to take over alcohol—as France has taken tobacco. Such a system would not take away man's liberty (of which the brewers are so jealous), but it would put an end to the present method of coaxing, forcing and dragooning him into vice. It would indeed give man back his liberty—his essential right to stand for freedom of mind and body. It would in an hour destroy the drink-compelling environment which the brewers and distillers have created in their dives and brothels, in their *cabarets* and dance-halls, in their bar-rooms of gilt and glass.

I say that state control is only a stage on the road to a nation's regeneration; but it is an *étape* that has to be gone through, if one may take example from other nations which are at almost the same degree of national evolution. Once the state has got the traffic out of the hands of the conscienceless traffickers who hold it now, a sterner reformation can begin. It

can stop at once the poisonous adulteration on which the distillers and brewers found their profits. It can strip the drinking place of its infamous vice appeal. It can hold the evil down until such time as the voice of the nation can make itself heard over the clamor of the interests that fatten on drink—and over the oratory of the corrupt and purchased politicians.

A step on the road: I do not say I am against any method of fighting alcohol in the nation; I do not say I am against any of the devised forms of prohibition and abolition for which earnest men are striving; I distinctly say I am for them all—for any way of destroying the pandemic plague of alcoholism; but the first necessary step is to give the government (which is, or should be, and may be the people) full control. It is a method which has been tried; and more than any other it has succeeded. It offers the fairest hope and the greatest certainty.

Why should the government issue a license to any man to make or sell alcohol?

If the government is to issue any license, it should be a license to the individual who has

proved that he can safely drink his alcohol—and that revocable license should be issued to him only so long as he is at the safety point. When he can no longer drink and be sober—this side of social injury—the license should be withdrawn. Thus, his cherished liberty to poison himself would be in his own custody. He would forfeit it only when his progressive degeneration had made him obnoxious to family, friends, enemies and the community.

The drink question is a national question; it is a question of the nation's health—of its welfare and of its life. And the nation should settle it. Not here and there; not in scattered efforts toward local abatement of the evil; the remedy should be national; the state should take the whole bad business into its hands that it may—when the hour strikes—strangle it.

An hour that has not yet risen over our dark intellectual horizon?

The dawn is nearer, I think, than you fancy. The public mind is angrily awake. New laborers are going forth to a new seed-time, whereof the harvest shall yet be.

And then—just a moment—who is the worst

enemy of the immediacy of this reform, for which you and I are looking so largely?

Believe me, he is the man for whom this little book is written; he is not the rowdy drunkard, already marked with the plain stigmata of alcoholic dissolution; he is, rather, that smiling, dangerous man who can drink and be sober, thank Heaven! and who, checking alcoholic degeneration in himself, passes on a deadlier degeneration to his daughters and his sons. He is in the forefront for all the arguments for drink. And proudly he poses there and does not see the ignominy of his position.

How should he see?

Already he is poisoned atop; morally he is blind-drunk. And mentally he is darkening into irrationality.

Dear man, you can drink and be sober on the physical level, but you cannot drink and be good and you cannot drink and be wise.

When I had written this sentence Oliver Herford leaned over my shoulder and read it.

“I see what you mean,” he said, “even the man who drinks soberly is a fool.”

“To an extent—he is mentally impaired.”

“You shouldn’t be too hard on him,” said Mr. Herford, “when he puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, it is only a petty larceny he is guilty of, anyway.”

A thought I leave with you.



