

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Margaret Chase Smith
SENATOR FROM MAINE

AMERICA HAS

198,878 Schools¹

253,762 Churches²

482,033 Retail Booze Outlets³

approximately two and a half liquor retail outlets for every school, and nearly two and a third retail liquor dispensers for every church. The latest available statistics are as follows:

The total number of farms of all sizes in America in 1945 stood at 5,859,169.⁴ They ranged in size from less than three acres to more than one thousand acres. There are nearly as many alcoholic-beverage retail places as there are three-to-nine-acre farms in the United States.

The 1940 census of dwelling units lists a total of 34,854,532 occupied dwelling units throughout the country. Allowing for an estimated net increase of 3,708,108 homes during the period since the last available census figures would leave one liquor outlet for every eighty American dwelling units.

Compared with other types of retail business, we find that the booze traffic retail outlets exceed that of the following classifications of retail establishments.⁵

In our nation there are approximately:

1 1/4	of the 387,337 grocery stores
2	of the 241,858 filling stations
More than 2 1/2	of the 169,792 public eating places
More than 4 1/2	of the 106,959 wearing apparel stores
More than 8	of the 60,132 automotive dealers and accessory outlets
More than 11	of the 43,390 confectionery stores
More than 33	of the 14,559 jewelry stores



We evidently have approximately 283,155 more alcohol beverage retail places than we have educational institutions and schools, and 228,271 more booze outlets than we have places of worship.

Foundation Says calls attention to the fact that the nation's liquor outlets exceed the combined total of its schools and churches by 29,393. Education and worship together do not have as many centers of influence upon the youth of our nation as does the liquor traffic.

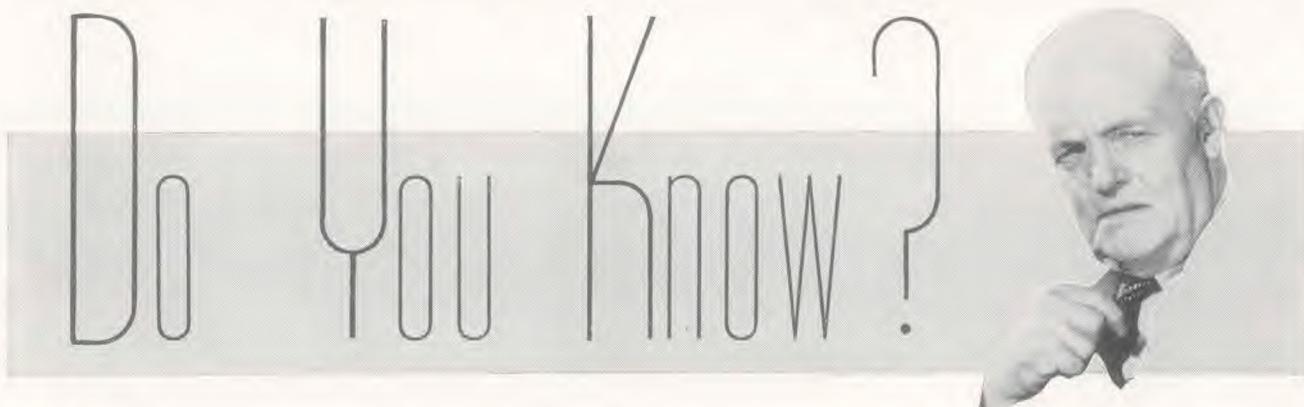
THIS TOTAL REPRESENTS APPROXIMATELY:

1 liquor retail outlet for every 12.15 farms.

1 liquor retail outlet for every 80 homes.

¹ Federal Government listing as of June 30, 1949. ² "Statistical Abstract of the United States," 1948, page 129. Latest census available, 1944.

³ Ibid., p. 60. ⁴ Ibid., p. 604. ⁵ Ibid., pp. 967, 968. Classification of the 1939 retail business census, latest figures to hand.



A Swedish inquiry commission has found that the accident frequency rate of total abstainers insured in the abstainers' insurance society, "Motorforarne," is 37.08 per cent lower than that of all motorists' insurance societies taken together. It was also found that the average cost of the damages was 38.74 per cent less for the vehicles insured by the abstaining society.

* * *

A "Cosmopolitan Three Feathers Hat" is one of the latest fashion innovations resulting from the year-long fashion campaign by George Linck, advertising manager for one of the sales affiliates of Schenleys. The fashion campaign is apparently seeking to have the three-plumed trade-mark prominently displayed in the design of jewelry, fabrics, suits, and necktie wear. Here is more subtle advertising associating poison with fashion.

University of California authorities, in an effort to save the student body from being victimized by drink, have placed a ban on the drinking of alcoholic beverages at student social functions, including fraternity and sorority parties. A letter from President Robert G. Sproul accompanied the circulation of "house rules" and appealed to students "to observe the commonly accepted standards of 'morality, behavior, and good taste.'" The alcohol beverage prohibition reads: "No intoxicating beverages shall be served by such groups at any function, regardless of where it is held."

* * *

After a lapse of 400 years, England has revived the bulk manufacture of mead, England's oldest heady drink of fermented honey, and hopes to sell it in the United States.

The National Safety Council's Committee on Tests (for intoxication) recommends the definition of the phrase "under the influence of intoxicating liquor" as expressed by the Supreme Court of Arizona in the case of Steffani vs. State:

"The expression 'under the influence of intoxicating liquor' covers not only all the well-known and easily recognized conditions and degrees of intoxication, but any abnormal mental or physical condition which is the result of indulging in any degree of intoxicating liquors. . . . If the ability of the driver of an automobile has been lessened in the slightest degree by the use of intoxicating liquors, then the driver is deemed under the influence."

* * *

According to *Foundation Says*, the nation's consumption of intoxicants has tripled during the fifteen years since repeal.

COMING NEXT ISSUE

The following features will help to make next quarter's *Listen* the best yet:

Edward J. McGoldrick's article on New York City's "Bridge House," illustrated by a special picture story from Three Lions.

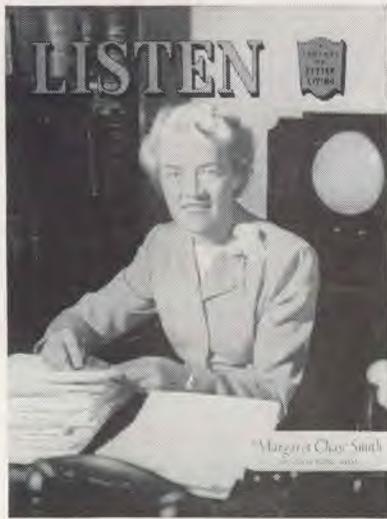
A column from Jonnie Lee McFadden, wife of Bernarr McFadden, on "Long-Lasting Youth and Beauty."

Illustrated medical feature on "Alcohol's Effect on the Heart and Liver."

The report from *Listen's* research department on an extensive survey of Western penitentiaries.

OUR COVER

Senator Smith smiles from across her desk as Photographer Clifford H. Adams from Three Lions Studio catches her in the act of tackling the pile of work before her. Proficient and energetic, the Senator is being mentioned frequently as a Presidential possibility. Her personal message to *Listen* readers, beginning on page 5 of this issue, is one greatly needed in these days of puzzling and disturbing events.



LISTEN, published quarterly, is the voice of the AMERICAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY—J. L. McElhany, president; W. A. Scharffenberg, vice-president and executive secretary; C. S. Longacre, J. A. Buckwalter, associate secretaries; W. E. Nelson, treasurer; H. H. Cobban, assistant treasurer. Membership in the Society is open to all who are interested in its objectives. Junior membership, \$25; regular membership, \$1.00 (Canada, \$1.25; other countries, \$1.50); contributing membership, \$5.00; sustaining membership, \$10.00; life membership, \$100.00.

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LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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You Can Master Life

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE's assertion, "You do not need to be defeated by anything," proclaims the thrilling truth that the complete mastery of life is within the possibility of every human being. Power, possibilities, privileges, abound for everyone.

In the increasing attempts of multitudes to drown their worries in the social glass we have an obvious need of a philosophy of self-mastery that refuses to succumb to life's problems. In battling frustration and defeat, you can conquer both yourself and your problems by applying the simple principles of a philosophy of life that has made countless numbers the masters of circumstance.

When life's challenge becomes too great for what you already are, the thing to do is to change yourself. Tackle all tasks with faith and a fearless determination to make the goal. You can refuse to yield to the temptation to sink into dull and gloomy attitudes. You can shake off depression by refusing to consider the possibilities of defeat or the disheartening feeling that there isn't much use to fight. Circumstances, obstacles, opposition, calamities, frustrations, all give way before the union of human and divine resources.

The mastery of frustration is one of the acid tests of character. Only times of crises can make heroes of men and women. Extraordinary circumstances call for extraordinary living. The men who can still believe when apparently every circumstance of life appears to be against them are the men whose faith conquers circumstances. We need to recognize that faith is stronger than fear, that moral force can conquer a defeated personality, that spiritual thinking is far superior to material advancement.

Thousands of successful folk have learned how to relax from the tension and strain of life in a quiet moment of prayer and meditation and in the peaceful mental stimulus of Bible reading, and have found in such moments of communion the strength to march to personal triumph. If Lincoln found strength in prayer, why should you be ashamed to make use of this source of help?

Yes, you can master life. Not with the bottle, but with the Book; not in alcoholic escape from reality, but in escape to the reality of the imparted strength of your divine Friend who gives man the mastery of life.

Remember, a man who can control his thinking is well on the way to self-mastery. Expel thoughts of doubt by substituting thoughts of faith. Forget every insult, slight, or unfairness. Remember every kindness and encouragement, and, especially, the faithfulness of a friend. Dedicate each day's work to God, to a righteous cause, and to your fellow men. Subordinate self, live for others, achieve results. Be honest with yourself and with others. Honesty will help you to face life's problems squarely.

Turn yourself to your tasks and apply all the physical, mental, and spiritual energy you are capable of. Seek to develop ingenuity and efficiency. After you have done all you can with the problem, let faith and trust take care of the rest. God is love. You can trust love and rely on love.

Remember, redemptive love is the most curative and powerful influence in the world. You can radiate that love. Above all, you can share with that love in the healing of the wounds of the human race.

Root out purely materialistic and selfish motives, build a philosophy of faith that has mastery over circumstances and not a philosophy of doubt which gives way to despondency because of adverse circumstances. This is the faith that reclaimed an alcoholic and saved another from the fate of suicide. It can do wonders for you, too.

If Christ, by trusting all to His Father and yours in the lonely agony of Gethsemane, could mingle His bloody perspiration with the chilling dews of night and face an ordeal that brought suffering even to the heart of God Himself, and still come forth calm and serene and triumphant to meet and conquer in life's greatest trial hour, there is no reason to deny God the opportunity to give you the mastery of life. Nothing is impossible for you and God. You can master life!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. F. Buckwalter".



MORAL FORCE

the Cure for Frustration

SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH

THE American Temperance Society is leading the fight for the preservation of the wholesome fundamentals that are so necessary to preserve and glorify the greatest of American traditions—the family and the home. With the courage and the determined will that so few of us possess, it is waging a relentless *war on those insidious habits which can wreck our family life and our homes*. It is doing it in the face of formidable opposition—not organized opposition, but laxness, indifference, and misguided “smartness.”

War and immediate postwar times are marked with great maladjustments that stem from an intensive feeling of individual insecurity. During the war we were subjected to physical danger. After the war we had the difficult transitional period of returning from a war effort back to civilian life to try to pick up where we left off and to tie our threads of life back where they were before war interrupted them. The trouble is that we never can return to where we were before. In the first place, four or five years have intervened. Secondly, we have changed, and so have others.

The over-all result to many people is a feeling of frustration. Therein lies the danger; for, in attempting to solve that problem of frustration, many persons actually try to run away from it. *Since frustration is a mental condition, it is easy for mental escapeists to turn to means of dulling their mental capacities in the false hope of forgetting or driving their frustration away.*

But when they do this they make a self-attack on

A symbol of the finer qualities of statesmanship seeking to apply life's moral principles to the problems of the nations, Senator Margaret Chase Smith combines womanly virtues and natural efficiency in the administration of her office. A nonuser of alcohol and tobacco, she personally adheres to the basic principles of truly successful living.

themselves, morally, mentally, and physically. And they not only fail to conquer their frustration, but aggravate and accelerate that frustration. They become obsessed of living only for today—of thinking only of themselves—of developing a complete obsession of defeatism.

America is going through a most trying period now, when the forces of frustration are at their peak strength. Many of the families that the war wrecked have not yet been salvaged. Juvenile delinquency and divorces are at record rates.

The thought is increasing at an alarming rate that the crime is not in what one does, but in getting caught at doing it. This means that a "wise guy" attitude of immoral cynicism has developed of "do whatever you can get away with."

The greatest need of America today—and of the world today—is the total mobilization of our moral forces. We have been stressing physical force to the exclusion of moral force in our zeal for peace. Yet history shows that, in the long run, physical force never satisfactorily settled differences, and certainly it never prevented wars and brought peace; but, to the contrary, it bred wars.

Placing such an emphasis on moral force is exactly what the American Temperance Society is doing. We need more groups of a similar nature.

* Some might ask, "What is moral force?" It is nothing more than the application of reason, common sense, and the golden rule. It is the will to see the other fellow's viewpoint. It is the will to give specific and concrete examples of unselfish purpose, good will, and sincerity. It is the cure for frustration and fear.

Moral force is the expression of the will to peace. It is placing the guidance of God above nationalism. It is the conscience of men and women. The members of the American Temperance Society are among our foremost soldiers in our army of moral force.

Today there is too much hate between races, creeds, colors, and even inside the groups themselves. *The moral and psychological basis for world peace does not yet exist even here at home. There must be a profound change in human attitudes if we are to succeed in establishing a just and durable peace.* We cannot afford to give way to frustration.

No longer can we afford the luxury of private indul-

gence in hatred, prejudice, and contempt for other human beings. If the preparation of the necessary moral and psychological basis for world peace seems impossible, then world peace itself is impossible.

We all must start behaving as though we intended to live together in a world organized for peace. Cultural and industrial isolation must be ended as rapidly as possible. Organizations such as the American Temperance Society, our universities, our churches, our industries, our service associations, and our labor unions must be encouraged to resume contacts with similar organizations abroad.

The broad objectives of peaceful living cannot be accomplished by diplomatic and governmental contacts working alone. They must be supported by the establishment of relationships among individuals and among their cultural and commercial organizations.

It is plain that there will be no lasting peace in this world unless there is a basis for peace among the world's most powerful nations. It is plain that the leaders and the people of all nations must turn their minds to discovering what common interests may exist among them.

It is equally plain that the mental climate for making that discovery is not the climate of prejudice and hatred, but the willingness of all the people to look and see; the desire to know, and to understand; the tolerant acceptance, on every side, of the idea, live and let live.

We need to watch lest frustration should lead us to succumb to insidious enslaving habits which can wreck our lives, our homes, and our nation.

We need to take our eyes off the vague shapes and shifting shadows in the fateful valley of decision, so that we can begin to turn the light of trained intelligence upon the real objects casting those fearful shadows.

What we need, and what the world needs, is the simple old-fashioned neighborly good will to get along. We need the fearlessness to lay aside our comfortable old prejudices. We need the tolerance to let others live by their lights as we try to live by ours. We need to stop living by fear.

I repeat for emphasis: We need to stop living by fear. We need to strengthen our moral forces as the cure for frustration.



SAVE THE FLAG

JAMES I. ROBISON

*Our flag, our own! How gallantly
It flutters out against the sky!
How glorious it is to see—
A flag for you, a flag for me,
All bound in one, united we;
Long may it from the steeple fly!*

*Our flag is pure, and ours to keep
Unsoiled, unshamed, and waving
high;
Our trust unfeigned, our courage deep,
Our hope fulfilled for us to keep
For those whom, after we shall sleep,
It shall inspire and glorify.*

*The flag our fathers died to free,
And left unstained on history's page,
Now calls their loyal sons to see
A grander, nobler land to be,
A land of true sobriety,
A Union true throughout the age.*

*So may these sons now right the wrong
And free our flag from liquor's blight;
May loyal henchmen, thousands strong
Arise to join the victors' throng
And drive this slavery out headlong,
By voice and vote and godly might.*



"June Barlow
Miss Utah 1949"

"I do not smoke, nor drink intoxicating beverages, because a woman can only be as beautiful, lovely, radiant and happy as she is in mind, heart, body and soul. Smoking and drinking of intoxicating beverages deprive her of such blessings and deprive her children of a birthright to health inheritance."

This feature special to "Listen."

Illustrious Youth Live the Alcohol-free Way of Life

"I do not partake of intoxicating beverages, because I prefer to enjoy life without the dulling effects of alcohol."

Sylvia Canaday
"Miss Colorado 1949"





The Author
H. J. ANSLINGER
United States
Commissioner of Narcotics

INTERNATIONAL

THE Federal Government, in the interest of public health and welfare and in execution of the obligations imposed by certain international conventions, has provided a special system of control of the traffic in narcotic drugs. The importation of processed narcotics, such as morphine and cocaine, is absolutely prohibited, and only such quantities of the crude forms, opium and coca leaves, are authorized to be imported, under special permit, as are determined to be sufficient to supply medical and scientific needs, the crude drugs being processed, after such importation, into the forms adapted for medical use.

Domestic manufacture and subsequent distribution of the drugs are controlled through a system of registration, record keeping, and requirement of the use of official order forms, until the drugs are acquired by the dispensing professions—the qualified practitioners and druggists. These practitioners may make the drugs available for consumption only for a bona fide medical purpose; the practitioner may dispense the drug directly to his patient or may issue the patient a prescription which may be filled by the druggist, but in either case—dispensing or prescribing—the tenets of "professional practice" must be observed.

A dispensing or prescribing merely for the purpose of maintaining or gratifying drug addiction is not "professional practice," and such action subjects the offender to the severe penalties provided by law.

Synthetic Substitutes

In recent years other pain-relieving drugs have been discovered which, although synthetically prepared and not obtained from, or bearing any chemical relationship to, opium, morphine, or cocaine, have been found to have a quality of habituation similar to that of morphine. Examples of these drugs are dolantin (also known as demerol or pethidine) and methadon (also known as dolophine or adanon). As such drugs have a potential danger from the viewpoint of habituation comparable to that of morphine, they are made subject to the control provisions of the Federal narcotic laws. Therefore these synthetic substitutes for morphine are legally available only to a patient for a bona fide medical need, through direct dispensing by, or upon a prescription of, a qualified practitioner, as is morphine.

Marijuana

Another very dangerous drug, which is not technically within the narcotic category, but which is subjected under a separate Federal law to a different but equally effective measure of control is marijuana. This drug is represented by the flowering tops and foliage of the hemp plant *Cannabis sativa*, the stalks of which are used in the



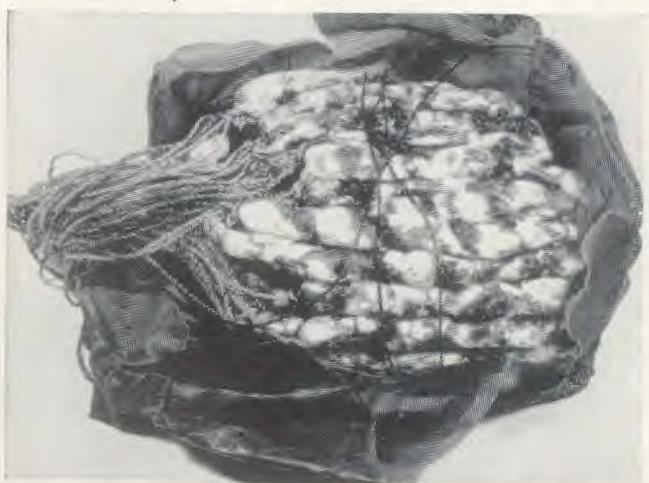
© UNDERWOOD
A customs official points to a hole drilled by a sailor in the stave of a tub of live turtles en route to United States. The sailor accidentally ran into a cleverly concealed cache of opium, which was in every stave.

The Abuse o



ACME
Opium loot valued at between \$4,000 and \$5,000 is displayed at police headquarters in New York while Hom Gee, in whose apartment the drug was discovered, glumly considers the probable coming penalty.

Wide-awake detectives discovered concealed narcotics in this shipment of smoked sausage, in this way foiling the attempts of dope smugglers.



LISTEN, 1950

\$30,000 worth of opium, morphine, heroin, and marijuana is seized in a series of raids in Washington, D.C., a favorite haven of dope peddlers. More than two hundred persons, mostly Chinese, were arrested.

ACME



Narcotic Drugs

Heroin is one of the most potent of narcotic drugs. The photo below shows implements used in the illicit manufacturing of heroin pills.



This huge cache of pure cocaine was found in an apartment in Jackson Heights, Long Island, New York. The black-market value was rated at \$3,195,000. A captured dope ring told police of the cache.

ACME



production of hemp fiber. The tops and foliage of the plant secrete a physiologically active resin which, when the material is smoked in the form of cigarettes,—the usual method of abusive use,—gives results that are extremely deleterious to the smoker. Whatever may have been a medical use for the extract from Cannabis resin in past years, the drug has little use in modern medicine and it has been dropped from current editions of the *United States Pharmacopoeia*. For all practical purposes marijuana may be considered as a vice drug and should be treated accordingly.

The evil results of the abusive use of narcotic drugs and of marijuana are now so generally known that it is unnecessary to outline the degree of mental, moral, and physical degeneracy that seems inevitably to be concomitant with continued indulgence in either habit.

It is important at this point to distinguish between what may be termed the indispensable use of narcotics, i.e., the more or less regular prescribing or administration by a physician to a patient of morphine or a similar drug for the relief of severe chronic pain incident to such a disease as cancer, and the use of narcotic drugs merely for the gratification and perpetuation of the habit. The first type does not constitute the abuse of narcotic drugs, but the second type unquestionably does.

Rehabilitation of Addicts

To deal effectively with the problem, efforts must be directed toward bringing about the permanent cure of those presently addicted, and the prevention of formation of the habit by others. To affect a permanent cure of the average drug addict is admittedly a difficult task, and it certainly cannot be accomplished by the so-called reductive ambulatory treatment, where the addict is expected to "taper off," although he is entirely free of any restraint and able to use all his ingenuity to seek other sources of supply. It is the experience of the Bureau of Narcotics, as corroborated by a special committee of the American Medical Association, that there is almost no likelihood of an addict's being cured of his addiction unless he is confined in an institution where scientific treatment may be given him without opportunity for the acquisition by the addict of a clandestine supply which would defeat the purpose of the treatment.

The Federal Government has established two Public Health Service hospitals, one at Lexington, Kentucky, and one at Fort Worth, Texas, which are dedicated to the scientific treatment of drug addiction, particularly on the part of Federal prisoners. Experts at these institutions have had some success in dealing with the problem of curing drug addiction, and they have acquired and published much data on the medical and scientific aspects of the problem.

Forming the Habit

Prevention of the formation of the habit by others is obviously the more important aspect of the problem. One occasion for the formation of the habit is that arising out of previous medical use, where a physician has been prescribing or dispensing a narcotic drug to a patient for the relief of pain incident to a disease or injury which has been cured or ameliorated to the point where a narcotic drug is no longer medically necessary, but the patient desires nevertheless to continue the use of the drug for its

euphoric effect. The patient has thus formed the habit in greater or lesser degree, depending perhaps on the nature and extent of the prior use and his own personality make-up.

Drs. Vogel, Isbell, and Chapman, Public Health Service experts writing from Lexington, Kentucky, in December 1948, issued the following warning to the medical profession in connection with treatment of patients where the use of narcotic drugs is medically involved.

"Physicians should keep the danger of addiction to analgesic drugs in mind and should exercise caution in prescribing them. These drugs should never be used when other drugs or other measures will suffice. The dosage should be held to the minimum compatible with adequate pain relief, and the interval between doses should be as great as possible. The drugs should be discontinued as soon as the need for pain relief has passed. They should never be used primarily for their sedative actions. In chronic cases they should be administered orally whenever possible. Self-medication with a hypodermic should not be allowed. The drugs should not be given intravenously unless the need for rapid pain relief is great, since this method produces maximum euphoria and carries an increased risk of addiction. The drugs should not be administered to persons with known neurotic personalities unless definite indications for the use of a potent analgesic are present. Narcotic drugs should never be used for the relief of symptoms due to alcoholic excess, since alcoholic persons are very addiction-prone. Analgesic drugs should rarely, or never, be used in the treatment of asthma, since asthmatic persons are very susceptible to addiction. It is significant that in many cases of morphine addiction and several of the cases of primary addiction to meperidine hydrochloride observed at Lexington, addiction resulted from its use for the relief of asthma."

Another occasion for the formation of drug addiction results from the association with persons already addicted. The Public Health Service experts have expressed the opinion that the great majority of addicts become addicted under the influence of other addicts, and the experts conclude that addiction is "infectious." From the enforcement experience of the Bureau of Narcotics, we have no doubt that many drug addicts became addicted by association with other addicts, and we heartily subscribe to the viewpoint that addiction is "infectious." Of course, a contributing factor may be the personality maladjustment of the individual.

The existence of this important contributing factor of personality maladjustment emphasizes that each individual should resist the temptation, "Try this stuff, for it will make you feel good," and it also underlines the warning issued by the Public Health Service experts to their brothers in the medical profession who have occasion to prescribe or administer narcotic drugs for medical purposes. One cannot afford to gamble on whether he or she can resist the formation of the habit after one, two, or any given number of doses of a narcotic drug.

It has previously been indicated that it is of transcendent importance that such effective restrictions be imposed that no narcotic drugs shall be available for non-medical purposes, i.e., the creation or gratification of drug addiction. This is the function of (Turn to page 34)



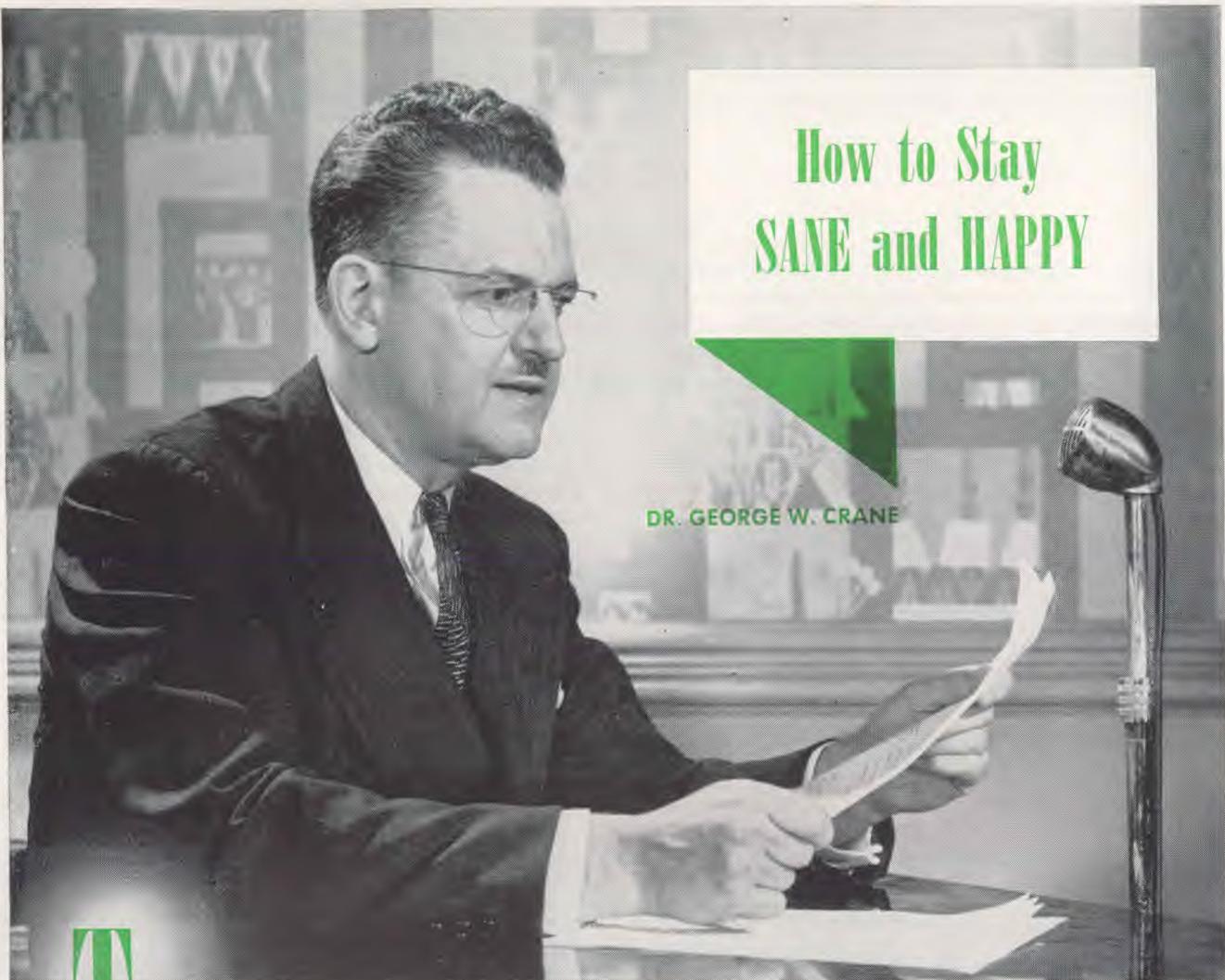
KEYSTONE
Close-up of the marijuana plant, Cannabis sativa, the active resin secretion of which is commonly smoked in the form of cigarettes and produces results deleterious to the mind and body of the smoker.

Customs inspector views \$50,000 worth of opium discovered aboard a ship arriving from Chinese and Japanese ports, docking at Staten Island.



ACME
These 235 bottles contained 334 ounces of paregoric purchased by one addict in Detroit, Michigan, from 74 drugstores during a three-month period, for his own use. Drug addicts will resort to almost any means to satisfy the craving which has fastened itself upon them.





DR. GEORGE W. CRANE

THE most common type of mental derangement is called "schizophrenia." It arises, apparently, as an extreme introversion of the personality. People who permit themselves to develop shy, timid, wallflower personalities are the potential groups from which the eccentric, peculiar, or definitely psychotic patients arise.

Silas Marner was a classical example of an introvert. Wrapped up in himself, he hardly knew that other people existed. He was a true social Robinson Crusoe. Surrounded by human beings, he didn't respond to them. Snail-like, he withdrew into his shell to gloat over his gold.

Too many people are Silas Marners. They may not daydream always about gold, but they revel in imaginary scenes of some sort. They have their love affairs in their dreams. They imagine fame or fortune that will eventually come to them. But they become so pleased with the act of gloating or imagining, that they fail to buckle down to hard reality and make their dreams come true.

Emotional equilibrium consists of keeping a wise balance between our daydreaming and our accomplishments. It is good to dream about a future goal, provided we set to work and make our dreams a reality.

Unhappy persons are usually addicted to self-pity. They think of themselves too much. They are selfish. If this were not so, they would attend church. They would volunteer to serve on committees and help do things. They would teach classes of young people, assist with scout work, visit a sick neighbor, send a greeting to a friend. But they fail to avail themselves of such invaluable factors in personality development, whining that they are afraid to speak before a group, or that others are better educated or wear nicer clothes.

Insanity may be viewed as simply a mental rut that deepens so far that we are shut in with ourselves. Most of us would probably soon be crazy if we had to live with ourselves alone. Our friends and relatives keep us sane.

A Silas Marner, however, has no friends. To be sane and happy, therefore, it behooves us to make friends. How? First of all, by getting out among people. Then we can train ourselves to become a social detective, analyzing our associates for good points, for virtues and talents. Having detected such an asset in our neighbor, then we must tell him about it in the form of a sincere compliment.

Dependents also extrovert our attention. If we have

children, they mellow and stabilize us. One great trouble with people around the age of forty to fifty is the fact that their children are grown then, and instead of taking on new interests, these middle-aged men and women withdraw from reality. It is no wonder, therefore, that they are miserable and develop all sorts of so-called menopausal complexes.

Learn to argue with yourself and work up enough emotional fervor to lift you out of a rut. Drive yourself into doing something each day that you know you ought to do. Dramatize your tasks, ascribing human attributes to the obnoxious work, and then work up enough ire so that you can pitch in and get the hated tasks over with. Often the tasks which we so dislike are the gateways to opportunity and success.

Attach yourself to your environment by a multitude of emotional roots. Have many friends, several children, a host of interests and obligations. Join societies and clubs. Don't stop until each tomorrow holds many interesting things toward which you can look forward. Unhappy people are usually those who have no interest in tomorrow. Why? Because they have invested nothing that should bear interest. Spend yourself in unselfish participation in good causes and constructive societies devoted to humanitarian objectives.

The figure in the next column illustrates the distorted emphasis of the shy self-centered introvert.

HAPPINESS E. G. White



HE harmonious, healthy action of all the powers of body and mind results in happiness; and the more elevated and refined the powers, the more pure and unalloyed the happiness. An aimless life is a living death.

The world is full of dissatisfied spirits, who overlook the happiness and blessings within their reach, and are continually seeking for happiness and satisfaction that they do not realize. They are constantly on the stretch for some expected, far-off good, greater than they possess, and are ever in a state of disappointment.

Do not shut yourselves up to yourselves. Seize every opportunity to contribute to the happiness of those around you, sharing with them your affection. Words of kindness, looks of sympathy, expressions of appreciation, would to many a struggling, lonely one be as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul. A word of cheer, an act of kindness, would go far to lighten the burdens that are resting heavily upon weary shoulders. It is in unselfish ministry that true happiness is found.

That contentment of mind, that affection, gentleness, and sunniness of temper which will reach every heart, will reflect upon you what your heart gives forth to others. Simplicity of character and lowliness of heart will give happiness, while self-conceit will bring discontent, repining, and continual disappointment. The mind should be drawn away from self; its powers should be exercised in devising means to make others happier and better.

Those who are always busy, and go cheerfully about the performance of their daily tasks, are the most happy and healthy. Take hold of the work before you; and, in the faithful performance of duty, you will forget yourself, and will not have time to muse and become gloomy, and feel disagreeable and unhappy. It is not wealth or intellect that

Figure 1. The Extreme Introvert.

SELF

Lives too much in the past. Vivid imagination. Clam type of personality. Few friends. Avoids social affairs. Talks of self or of his operations and honors. May have had imaginary playmates in childhood. Caustic tongue and holds a grudge. Dislikes sales work. Prefers dealing with nonhuman entities, as engineering, science, accounting, fiction writing, art, music, agricultural machinery, et cetera. Likes to be alone. Has introverted hobbies, as solitaire, crossword puzzles, fishing. Poor conversationalist. Shy, blushes easily. Worries over health.

Self is magnified.

OUTSIDE WORLD

Includes friends, sweethearts, or mates, dates and social affairs, athletics and group activities, clubs and fraternal organizations, church and job. Mind is directed to the present and to the future.

Outside world is dwarfed.

The introvert is afraid of people, and he lives in his dreams. Silas Marner was such an extreme introvert. So was Scrooge. Such a person glorifies self and worries or daydreams his life away. His environment is correspondingly dwarfed. He doesn't expand his life to include his environment, but lives within his shell, much as does a clam.

When the introvert flees from a painful situation he is more inclined to draw within himself and nurse his hurt. He broods and dreams. The extrovert, on the contrary, flees into the outer world when he wishes to obtain



gives happiness; it is true moral worth and a sense of duty performed.

Giving away to the natural appetites will only injure the constitution and tear the system to pieces. So closely is health related to our happiness that we cannot have the latter without the former.

Home should be a place where cheerfulness, courtesy, and love abide; and where these graces dwell, there will abide happiness and peace. Troubles may invade, but these are the lot of humanity. Let patience, gratitude, and love keep sunshine in the heart, though the day may be ever so cloudy. Thankful hearts and kind looks are more valuable than wealth and luxury; and contentment with simple things will make home happy if love be there.

Our happiness depends upon this cultivation of love, sympathy, and true courtesy to one another. The reason there are so many hardhearted men and women in our world is that true affection has been regarded as weakness, and has been discouraged and repressed. The better part of the nature of persons of this class was perverted and dwarfed in childhood, and unless rays of divine light can melt away their coldness and hardhearted selfishness, the happiness of such is buried forever.

But the greatest happiness experienced will be in doing others good, in making others happy. Such happiness will be lasting.

forgetfulness. He flits about from night club to night club, or tavern to tavern. In extreme cases the introvert withdraws so far as to become insane or psychotic. His insanity is likely to be schizophrenia. The extrovertive type of insanity is the manic-depressive psychosis.

Figure 2. The Extreme Extrovert.

SELF

Shuns sedentary pursuits. Gets the jitters when alone. Dislikes reading except the comics, humor, and sports. Likes people and group amusements. Forgets debts and past obligations.

EXTERNAL WORLD

Is too much a slave to his external environment. Must always be surrounded by people. Gets panicky when alone. Is often popular and the life of the party. More of the typical salesman type. Can sell and also be sold very easily. Readily picks up fads and fashions, new slang and humor. Dislikes details and confining work. Prefers to talk instead of write. Careless regarding the past. Lives mainly in the present and future. Gets in and out of love easily. Seldom embarrassed. Not worried much about money. Makes friends easily. Mirrors his environment. Trades in his car each year.

The inventor and engineer, the composer and artist, are more likely to be introvertive, while the politician and salesman, the promoter and executive, tend toward extroversion. Both types have distinctive social contributions to progress. But when we psychologists hear complaints of unhappiness, we usually urge the victims to emphasize their external contacts and to make more social connections. The more habits we have with reference to our outside world, the less likely we are to become swept from our moorings by the death of a loved one, or some other major emotional accident.

The best adjustment for maximum happiness is represented by the ambivert in figure 3. Such a person has enough friends and social connections to keep him interested in his external world and the future, but likewise can enjoy many of the introvertive recreations and tasks.

Figure 3. The Ambivert.

SELF

Can enjoy himself alone. Likes to read a book occasionally or stay at home with his wife. Can develop his own entertainment. Reasonably conscientious about his obligations. Likes occasional introvertive hobbies. Can perform detail work without getting the jitters.

OUTSIDE WORLD

Has a reasonable number of friends and social obligations. Likes people and is reasonably tactful and popular. Belongs to several social groups, as a lodge or luncheon club, the church or P.T.A. Obtains much of his happiness from the present and the future.

If you are a shy introvert, a timid wallflower, then resolutely force yourself to make more social connections. Train yourself to look for happiness in your surrounding environment.

Finally, take inventory of yourself and see if you are living in the past or have a reasonable number of future pleasures to which you can look forward. For example, do you have a date for next week? Any mail from friends or loved ones to which you can look forward? Any parties? A Sunday school class or attendance at church? If not, then force yourself among people until you develop such habits and interests. It will require work until you develop the new habits. Happiness must be earned, not yearned for. You must go where happiness is to be found.



Hollywood's famed make-up expert, Perc Westmore, in refusing to accept as a client of the House of Westmore Beauty Salon on Sunset Boulevard, a socialite heiress whose name is famous on two continents, gave the following reasons, reported by Inez Wallace in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer":

"Her trouble is that all these years she has been drinking steadily every day, not a lot, mind, perhaps only two or three cocktails a day, but steadily. She is not a dipsomaniac,—some would not even call her 'a chronic alcoholic,'—but the fact remains that whatever claim she had to beauty has been ruined by liquor. That puffiness in her face gives her a matronly look she never had before, her movements are nervous and jerky—and beauty should be poised. . . .

"We don't take clients who have had any anesthetic, because ether is intoxicating—the same as alcohol. A permanent will not take well if there is ether or alcohol in the system. Nobody knows why, it's just a fact. Somebody told her she can lose the bloat in seventy-two hours. That's wrong; alcohol can leave the blood stream in that time, but it will not leave the tissues. It would require sixty days in a hospital to get that girl back to her normal good looks—and we do not run a hospital. . . .

"Actually, I can walk into a room and in two minutes pick out the girls who drink cocktails. I can also tell you the ones who, because they know that every cocktail is 150 calories, drink but do not eat. Those are the cases which show bloat first under the eyes.

"Contrary to general opinion, girls in pictures do not drink much—they can't. The camera won't lie for them, and they know liquor would shorten their careers.

"Look, Inez, when our camera starts to grind out close-ups of a star, who's responsible for her appearance? Perc Westmore—period.

"Either she photographs, or she doesn't. And I'll have no truck with women who drink. Furthermore, do you know that the other day a very young girl came in here and admitted that she was taking 'Moscow mules,' a cup of dynamite composed of vodka and root beer. She is not in pictures but, when asked who taught her to drink, she said, 'Mother.' Can you top that?

"She told me, quite nonchalantly, that her mother said she should learn to drink 'like a gentleman.' The trouble is that no female can ever drink like a gentleman—and even the gentlemen would do better to soft-pedal their liquor, if they treasure their waistlines and expect their overnight bags to be in the luggage room instead of under their eyes. Male stars are not permitted to drink. I can assure you of that, also.

"Take the new stars like Ruth Roman, who never took any drink and never intends to—all we do for her make-up is lipstick and eyebrows.

"Honestly, I don't mean to preach, but beauty, once ravished, is hard to get back. Why not keep it in the first place? It's cheaper in the long run."—Courtesy Sunday Edition, Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

(A TRUE CASE HISTORY OF

AN EX-ALCOHOLIC)

He Hit the Bottom of the Bottle—

and Came Back!

Hank

Hank was one of the most promising boys in all his classes.* He was an accomplished actor until drinking excesses fogged his mind and he could not remember his lines. He then took up a less remunerative but less demanding job with a publishing house in its circulation department. Only for the grace of his boss's understanding of alcoholics was he able to hold on there for as long as he did, but he had to leave there while he was in his middle thirties.

From then on he hit the skids down to the lowest level. Hank became a Bowery bum. For almost a year he wandered aimlessly, and was perpetually drunk with cheap, killing wine corroding his stomach.

Fortunately for Hank, his stay in the Bowery was interrupted by the rehabilitation efforts of some ex-alcoholics, particularly a Harry Irving of New York City's AA, who founded his own group to take care of the really down-and-out alcoholics and called it the "Twelfth Step House." He was particularly instrumental in redeeming Hank for society.

After a period of rehabilitation (including three days in a sanitarium), during which Hank was given fresh clothing, a place to sleep for the night, and sufficient food to meet the peculiarly small requirements of an alcoholic, he was ready to go out on job interviews. Luckily he was able to return to his former boss and get his job back.

Today, at the age of thirty-eight, Hank is more than fairly certain that his chances for continuing sobriety are good—as good as the thousands of others who have joined the redeemed ranks of Alcoholics Anonymous to redeem others.

*Hank is the fictitious name for this pictorial review of a true case history of the alcoholism and the redemption of a man.

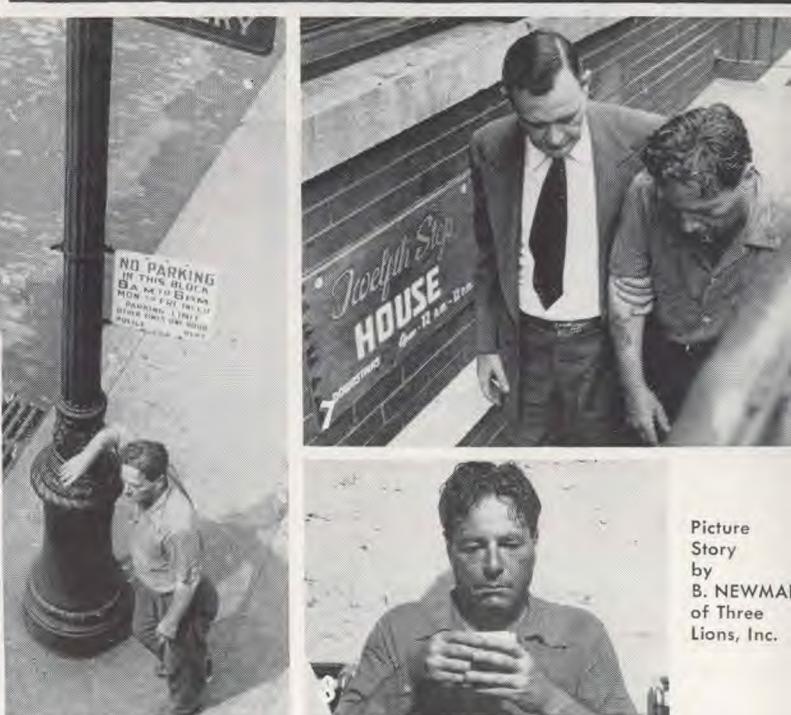




1 "Sneaky Pete," the type of cheap wine that works with such harmful results on persons who indulge in its use, has overcome Hank on New York City's Bowery, where he was brought to the depths of alcoholism after more than fifteen years of supposedly "drinking like a gentleman."

2 Hank had had a good job with a sympathetic boss, himself an ex-alcoholic. Because of this Hank's little indulgences in the bottle had been allowed for. But there had come a day when Hank was requested to go. His boss knew that Hank had to hit bottom before he would co-operate in his own rehabilitation.

3 To "celebrate" the loss of his job, Hank went to his favorite bar, where he was known as a "gentleman" drinker. He was so respected there, in fact, that they used to put the bottle on the table for him, something they did only for the more esteemed customers.



4 Hank drinks as much as he can get, even though he usually resolves to take only enough to make him feel "good." He becomes offensive when the management refuses him more liquor. They have no further use for him, since he has no job nor money.

5 For weeks he is engulfed in despair, without resolving to do anything about his condition. Weeks move into months, and Hank has gone through everything he owns. He has sold his clothes and his furniture. He will soon have nothing left.

6 Hank doesn't remember how he got to the Bowery, the notorious hang-out of derelicts, for the first time. He only knows that he practically lives there now. He has lost all contact with his old friends and with his family. Now alone, Hank has only one thought—how to get a bottle of "Smoke" or "Sneaky Pete."

7 A former alcoholic, Harry Irving, who has founded "Twelfth Step House" in the basement of an apartment house in the Greenwich Village area, comes to the Bowery from time to time to seek out prospects for rehabilitation. He finds Hank. In this photograph he is shown escorting the trembling Hank to headquarters, which are open daily from noon until midnight.

8 At the "Twelfth Step House," where he finds many other alcoholics in the acute stages of drunkenness and remorse, Hank receives a cup of coffee. He is also offered something to eat, but, like most other alcoholics at this stage, he has little taste for food.

9 The sponsors of the "Twelfth Step House" arrange to send Hank to a sanitarium for a three-day recuperation. Cleaned up, he responds to the care on the second day when members of AA, including Mr. Harry Irving (left), come to visit him.



Picture Story by B. NEWMAN of Three Lions, Inc.

10 After his recovery, Hank is convinced that the only way he can retain his sobriety is to foster it in others, so he makes visits to the Bowery and tries to bring other alcoholics back to "Twelfth Step House."



HANK'S REHABILITATION

Hank's rehabilitation is another living testimony to the efficacy of human friendship and divine power in the rehabilitation of alcohol-broken lives. Such a new life constitutes a modern miracle of grace and is a source of hope to the unnumbered victims of the bottle.

Many alcoholic life tragedies do not end so happily. For thousands it is the jail, asylum, or morgue—a dark commentary on the drink-engendered social decline within a nation that seeks to rationalize its perilous drinking situation in terms of dollars and cents, apparently unaware that alcoholic beverages are costing it in excess of twenty billion dollars a year for drink and for relief of the human misery caused by drink. The cost in blasted careers and broken homes and broken hearts is infinitely greater.

11 His boss, having learned of the hard circumstances Hank has experienced, is now willing to take him back. He knows that Hank is now convinced that he cannot drink at all—not even like a "gentleman."

12 Now Hank gives freely of his own time, whenever he can, to consult with alcoholics who come for help.



NO man or nation ever drank itself into solvency or social security. Canada is not likely to have established a precedent when, young, richly endowed, but slightly developed, and faced with heavy needs, her twelve and a half million people sustained last year an outlay of practically \$600,000,000 on alcoholic beverages. That is \$48 to \$49 per capita of her people.

It does not lighten the picture much to say that some part of this was paid by tourists, for the total population of Canada which could legally purchase these beverages (that is, those over 21 years) is between seven and a half and eight millions. Therefore, the actual per capita of sales to those legally eligible would be between \$75 and \$76 a year.

Item I—For every dollar each Canadian paid in direct taxation, he or she paid 75 to 80 cents for liquor.

Item II—The Dominion Government's surplus of \$575,000,000 is not quite equal to the drink bill of close to \$600,000,000 this last year. Can we afford this social drain?

Item III—High as were government outlays, they ran as follows:

1. Dominion, \$1,909,000,000. Consequently, our drink bill ran to more than 30 per cent of the total Dominion outlays. Can we afford it?

2. All provincial and municipal governments spent \$1,350,000,000. So our drink bill ran to more than 45 per cent of all provincial and municipal outlays. Can we afford it?

3. All costs of governments thus totaled \$3,260,000,000. So for every dollar spent by all governments, for all purposes, we spent 20 cents, practically, on "the drinks." Can we afford it?

Item IV—The Dominion is involved in a heavy welfare outlay. Last year it cost \$338,000,000, and our expenditures on all Veterans' Affairs, \$184,000,000—a total of \$522,000,000. We spent on alcoholic drinks \$80,000,000 more than on any other form of welfare paid by the Dominion and every obligation to our returned fighting men.

Item V—On all forms of education in all costs at all levels we spent more than \$200,000,000, or about a third of what we drank. Socially, are we secure when we spend \$1 on equipping our young life to carry on, for every \$3 we spend an alcoholic beverages?

Item VI—More arresting is the fact that the endowment and trust funds of all our universities do not exceed \$100,000,000; yet we drink nearly six times that much every twelve months. Put it another way, our highest seats of learning, after 175 years, have not been able to accumulate as endowment as much as we spend on drink every 175 days. Is that the way to stability and greatness for men or nations?

Where Do We Get It?

So much for the social cost in relation to our social outlays. What of our ability, as a rich nation, to go on this jag, every day of every year? Remember, the drink bill we pay every twenty-four hours now is nearer \$2,000,000 than \$1,000,000. In fact, we are drinking at that rate, Sundays included.

*Excerpts from an address by Dr. Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E., of Ottawa, prominent Canadian sociologist, at a mass meeting of five thousand Ontario women at Massey Hall, Toronto, November 3, 1949, sponsored by the Provincial Council of Women.

Canadians,

Can We Afford It?

by DR. CHARLOTTE WHITTON, C.B.E.*

"We got the money?" Where do we get it? Here are a few facts that should be as sobering as the morning after.

Item I—Wheat

Last year we had a great wheat crop; it brought \$550,000,000; that was \$50,000,000 less than the drink bill.

Item II—Dairying

We are a fine dairying people; our dairy produce totaled \$324,000,000. It would have taken another \$275,000,000 to pay for the drinks.

Item III—Mining

Mining output was worth \$534,000,000. The oil output would have to be added to meet the drink costs, and it would not have left much over.

Item IV—Automobiles and shipbuilding together yielded only \$50,000,000 more than we spent on liquor, and the huge clothing industry only \$60,000,000 more. All we could produce in house furnishings would not have paid half of it.

Item V

In summary, it takes roughly \$1 to every \$5 of the output of our fifteen major industrial undertakings for the "pay-off" in alcoholic beverages. Is this social well-being?

The Challenge

Surely the inroads of the traffic in alcoholic beverages in the social, moral, and economic structure of this nation are sufficiently evident, and indeed proved, to warrant a diagnosis before it is too late for anything but a post-mortem on this young, strong, vigorous people so full of promise, this mighty Dominion.

Surely it should be a matter of counsel and agreement among us all, and of equal concern to the four great institutions on which Christian democratic society rests—the church, the home, the school, and free and ordered government.

When I
t



Jacque Mercer,

the brown-eyed brunette daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Mercer, currently reigning Miss America, is an energetic and enterprising young lady with numerous attainments. A graduate from North Phoenix High School, she has attended Phoenix College in preparation for Stanford University.

Jacque has studied dramatics for five years, and while in high school she won an award for the most outstanding dramatics performance and was a member of Thespians (National Dramatics Honorary) and Quill and Scroll (National Journalistic Honorary). She was secretary of her freshman class.



Jacque is the first Miss America to be married during her reign as national beauty queen.

She is a graduate of Estelle Compton's Modeling School and has had four years of work with fashion and photographic magazines and modeling for local and nationally known merchandising mediums. She

has had training in fashion design and interior decoration.

Jacque is a practical girl with a knowledge of what it takes to make a go of life. She earned money for vacation by operating a tractor for a cotton ranch. She herself designed and made all three of the formals she wore at the Miss America Pageant.

and Miss America of 1949 in Atlantic City last September, I was fully aware of
that I had been selected because I was a typical and representative American girl,
and not a beauty. I have never thought that I was beautiful or more talented than other
girls, but merely that I have the honor of representing
the girl who might be your next-door neighbor.

In winning this great honor I felt a keen sense
of appreciation to my parents, who had trained me
to believe that clean living and clean thinking are
the greatest assets a girl can possess.

Success or popularity I never felt it
to use intoxicating beverages,
nor have I had the desire to do so.

This is my sincere belief, which I am only too happy
to pass along to other American girls, in an earnest
effort to show them that the adoption of wholesome
ideals can produce great honors and success.

Jacque Mercer

This message to American youth is
written especially for "Listen."



WORLD



For many years the Bratt system of liquor rationing has been in effect in Sweden. Prior to legislative controls it was common for Swedish peasants during their long dark winters to use a portion of their abundant potato crop to distill their own spirits at home. These household distilleries brought about such a large consumption of "potato spirit," with its high alcoholic content and so much drunkenness, that by the year 1855, legislation was passed making the right to manufacture and sell spirits dependent upon permission granted by the government.

Since 1855 the Swedish Riksdag has experimented with various systems of regulation aimed at checking and reducing the consumption of intoxicants.

Sweden's brief period of prohibition came about in 1909 as a result of a general strike. For the six weeks of this strike the government forbade the sale of spirits or hard liquors. The results were so favorable that the temperance societies sponsored an independent nationwide referendum on prohibition, which resulted in 1,900,000 votes for and only 17,000 against.

At this juncture Dr. Ivan Bratt, a Stockholm physician who was actively interested in the liquor problem, came out against prohibition. He admitted that the six-weeks period was a success, but held that it was so only because such adverse forces as bootlegging and smuggling had not had time to enter the picture.

Each Buyer Must Have a "Motbok"

Dr. Bratt's views prevailed and were incorporated into law in 1917. The law was modified in 1937. The Bratt System aims at a control of individual consumption. The companies (now 41) selling liquor are owned jointly by individuals and the government, but all

Sweden's Bratt System of Liquor Rationing

C. AUBREY HEARN

profits above 5 per cent go to the government. Anyone who wants a bottle of hard liquor must have a permit from the company in his district, which, within the limits fixed by law, decides on the quantity which each person is allowed to buy. The customer can buy only from one store, which is assigned to him, and a register is kept of all persons admitted as buyers. If a person wishes to buy liquor he is investigated. If he passes the investigation he receives a ration book, called a "motbok," containing a number of forms bearing his signature, which are to be handed in when purchases are made. Liquor is not sold to anyone under twenty-five years of age, or in quantities exceeding three liters (slightly more than three quarts) a month. A woman is permitted to buy only one liter a month, but if she is married and her husband has a motbok she is not allowed to buy liquor. A person convicted of drunkenness must surrender his motbok and cannot get another one within a period of some months or years. Quotas are determined, therefore, on the basis of age, sex, whether head of a household, financial condi-

tion, and record of sobriety. There is no restriction upon wine containing less than 14 per cent alcohol, or beer, by the bottle, sold in restaurants. A motbok owner may buy as much wine as he likes, but everything he buys is registered. If he buys large quantities he may bring himself under suspicion.

So commonplace is drinking in Sweden that the motbok is said to be published in a larger edition than is any other book. In March, 1949, more than 1,888,716 Swedes owned motboks. The book is similar to a checkbook. One form is torn out for each purchase. The quantity that may be purchased is stated in the book.

Ration book purchases apply only to hard liquors. There is no rationing of beer or wine. The sale of spirituous liquors at restaurants and cafés is not affected by the rationing system. That is, no coupon is required. The motbok covers only home consumption, but since Swedes consume only one tenth of the stronger spirits and only one fifth of the wine away from home, the quantities bought on the book are quite large.

Is the Bratt System a Success?

Leaders of the Swedish delegation who attended the International Congress on Alcoholism at Lucerne, Switzerland, in 1948, feel that the Bratt system has proved to be a failure, as evidenced by the prevalence of alcoholism. Because of the great amount of bootlegging, about 70 per cent of those convicted of drunkenness in Sweden have no motboks. The Bratt System has not prevented alcoholism from being a problem in Sweden.

A children's camp sponsored by a Swedish temperance society. Such camps sponsored by temperance organizations are not unusual in Sweden.





Liquor Consumption in Denmark and Norway

H. MUDERSPACH, "Listen" Overseas Correspondent

In 1947 the four million people of Denmark drank 569,000,000 bottles of beer. If these bottles were to be placed in rows, there would be eight lines of bottles reaching from North Cape in northernmost Europe to Gibraltar, and there would still be 2,000 bottles left over.

This same year the Danes spent 800,000,000 kroner (approximately 160,000,000 American dollars before the devaluation) on alcoholic beverages. This is 40,000,000 kroner above the 1946 figure.

A recent issue of the Danish daily paper *Politiken* states:

"A most alarming move in the use of alcohol in Denmark has taken place. . . . It is not only men, but also women, who are brought to the hospitals with severe alcohol poisoning, and in addition to this we have seen many cases where even children have been intoxicated."

The article quotes the following case from the previous day's lecture by

Professor Dr. med. Einar Thomsen. "One of my acquaintances, a higher policeman," said the professor, "questioned a ten-year-old boy a short time ago. He had stolen about twenty bicycles and then a moneybag with some money. When the police asked him why he had done these tricks, the boy shook his head and answered just like a grownup, 'I can't help it. It happens when I am drunk.'"

John Strom, the Danish Minister of Labor, is a temperance man. On his fiftieth birthday Mr. Strom was interviewed by a reporter from the Copenhagen newspaper *Berlingske Tidende*. The first thing the reporter noticed when he entered the office of the minister was a bottle of "root beer" ("hvidtol," a nonintoxicating drink) on the table. He asked the minister if he always drank that kind of "beer."

"I drink that kind of 'beer' all the year around. I am a temperance man and have been all my life."

"What do you do when you as a

minister have to attend great dinners?"

"Then I drink 'pop.'"

"How does that affect the host?"

"What shall he say? I never visited a place where they did not take it for granted that a temperance man does not drink."

"Do you on the other side consider it a natural thing, that the rest of the party empty their glasses?"

"No!"

"Then you are intolerant."

"It might be called so. If a person is temperate, he of course prefers that as many as possible of the rest of the company are the same. The only way in which it is possible to put an end to the drinking business is to encourage everybody to stop drinking."

"Do people drink very much?"

"They undoubtedly drink much more than they ought to. You can read about it in the papers. And if one, as the case is with me, has to deal with social matters, he very often comes in contact with the misfortunes of drunkenness."

Conditions in Norway

The Salvation Army's Norwegian paper *Krigsrøpet* states that "more than 45,000 Norwegian homes are under the shadow of alcohol," and that alcoholic beverage purchases have risen from 196,000,000 kroner in 1939 to 550,000,000 kroner in 1947.

In connection with the last world championship skating matches at Oslo, the broadcasting station deplored that the contests were marred by the presence of drunken people. Increasing intoxication in Scandinavia calls for an awakened citizenry to cope with the situation.



Personnel of the Colorado Flying Squadron, organized by James E. Chase, the state "Listen" representative (third from the left), who toured the state "in the interest of a better America," presenting a dynamic youth program, "America at the Crossroads," setting forth the principles of total abstinence and better living. From left to right: John Bogdanovich (an oratorical contest winner), Betty Lou Williams, James E. Chase, and Lavina Tibbets.

The Heart of Friendship

Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew;
And kneels with us when sorrow, like a pall,
Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all
The midnight gloom with more than human faith.

Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath
No censure for our frailty, but doth woo
By gentle arts our spirits back into
The way of truth; then sheds upon our lives
A radiance that all things else survives.

You Mustn't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but never quit!

Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out;
Stick to your task, though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with one more blow.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt—
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

LITTLE POEMS WITH

BIG MEANINGS

By ANONYMOUS AUTHORS

Our Influence

He little knew how many eyes were watching him each day;
He little knew how many ears caught all he had to say.
He thought it mattered not at all when petty things he did;
He fancied that his virtues showed, and all his flaws
 were hid.

But this one fact of life on earth to him remained unknown,
That no man, be he great or low, lives to himself alone.

Youth heard his careless speech at times, and passed along
 their way,
And soon repeated every phrase that they had heard him say.
Strangers observed his every deed, witnessed his frown or
 smile,
And later did as he had done, and followed in his style.
He thought men shaped their lives themselves, and never
 dreamed he knew
That others might be influenced by the things he chanced
 to do.

Yet cheerful men who pass along leave cheerful men behind,
And kindly men rouse other men to helpful ways and kind;
For each man is an influence for good or for the bad.
We but reflect from day to day the lessons we have had;
And so the greatest failure that can come to man today,
Is not to live so other men may safely tread his way.

House and Home

A house is built of bricks and stone,
 Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds,
 That stand a thousand years.
A house, though but a humble cot,
 Within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich
 In love's eternal gold.

Because of Some Good Act

Let me today do something that shall take
 A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
 Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
 'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man—
 The world is better that I lived today.

Erasers

Erasers are the nicest things!
 Of that there is no doubt.
We write wrong words. A few quick swipes—
 And big mistakes fade out.
And you will find erasers,
 Of a very different kind,
Extremely helpful, if you will try
 To bear these facts in mind:
When you bump someone in a crowd,
 And almost knock her down,
A soft "I'm sorry!" may bring smiles
 And rub out that old frown.
Apologies, invariably,
 Obliterate mistakes;
And three small words, "I love you!"
 Can erase the worst heartaches.

ARTISTS' STORY OF THE SOCIAL GLASS



A British Midnight Drinking Bout. Engraving From a Painting by William Hogarth.



Great Britain



THE art of making beer, Dorchester, a historian, supposes to have been introduced into the British Isles by the Romans under Caesar. Others contend that since the British were a tribe of the Gauls at the time of the immigration from the neighboring Continent they doubtless took with them the customs of their fatherland, which would include the manufacture and use of beer. The Roman invasion, however, brought wine to Britain.

Drinking habits of the Britons were further intensified by the Saxon invaders, who were noted for their excessive drinking, and they bequeathed to the British "a perfect legacy of corruption."

Historical records imply that drunkenness as a national vice was planted in England largely by Danes and Saxons. The Battle of Hastings was fought between sober Normans and Saxons who had spent the night before the battle in revelry and drinking. The Normans had prepared for the fray with prayer and confession of sins. The English soldiers, badly demoralized by drink, were easy victims. However, wine was a favorite beverage with the Normans and, residing in England, they soon joined the English in their excesses.

By the time of Henry II in 1154, England began to be fairly inundated with the products of the Bordeaux wine market. French, a writer on English affairs, called this the "light wine period." He pointed out that the results of the increased wine drinking in England at this particular time might well serve as an object lesson to latter-day legislators who would eliminate drunkenness by suppressing distilled liquors in favor of light wines. Dissolute clergy of this period indulged their pampered appetites to excess in their choice vintages. Wycliffe denounced the clergy of his day, for, said he, "they haunt taverns out of measure, and stir up laymen to drunkenness," and because of their example "the ignorant people supposed that drunkenness is no sin." During the reign of Henry II it became necessary to bring all inns under state supervision in an effort to prevent their becoming the rendezvous of criminals.

The art of distillation was probably introduced into England in the time of Henry II. It is interesting to note that the great bill of human rights known as Magna Charta, 1215, contained a clause providing a standard measurement by which ale and wine should be sold.

One of the earliest instances of legislation against the



"The Constitution—Gentlemen."
Satiric Print by G. M. Woodward,
about 1750.



The facile brush of William Hogarth, the great painter and satirist, vividly portrayed the insidious inroads of the inebriety of his day. This engraving of 1751, "Gin Lane," London, illustrates the intolerable situation of drunkenness resulting from the national passion of that period for gin drinking.

Tavern Scene in England. Engraving From a Painting by William Hogarth.



use of grain for the manufacture of alcoholic liquors as a food conservation measure in time of national distress was the royal decree of 1350, to the effect that no more grain should be used for malt until the emergency had passed.

A unique punishment for drunkards at this time was to parade the inebriate through the town in the drunkard's cloak, which was a tub with a hole for the head to pass through and two small ones at the side, through which the hands were drawn.

The earliest general licensing law in English history was entered in the statute books in 1496. This act empowered any two justices of the peace to reject and put away common ale selling in towns and places where they would think convenient.

Drunken feasting was common on both ecclesiastical and secular occasions. The immortal bard Shakespeare is quoted as saying, "Your Dane, your German, and your swag-belly Hollander . . . are nothing to your English."

Robert Burton in his famous book, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, written in 1621, describes "immoderate drinking in every place," with people flocking to "the taverns as if they were born to no other end than to eat and drink."

In 1635, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal called the alehouses "the greatest pests in the kingdom."

Following the Revolution of 1688, which placed William of Orange on the throne, spirit drinking began to increase greatly among the English. William's drinking habits were notorious. He was especially addicted to Holland's gin, and this beverage was consumed in immense quantities in England from that time.

In the year 1689 the government prohibited the importation of spirits from all foreign countries, and home distillation was encouraged. In consequence England's production of distilled spirits rose from 527,000 gallons in 1684 to 4,947,000 gallons in 1734. By 1743 the consumption of spirits in England and Wales, E. H. Cherrington says, reached 19,000,000 gallons.

About 1724 the passion for gin drinking infected the masses of the population. The situation with regard to drunkenness became so intolerable that a petition was presented to Parliament on February 20, 1736. The petition came from the magistrates of Middlesex and asserted: "The drinking of distilled liquors had for some years past greatly increased." "The constant and excessive use thereof had destroyed thousands of His Majesty's subjects." "Great numbers . . . were by its use rendered unfit for useful labor, debauched

in morals, and drawn into all kinds of wickedness." Stirred into action by this petition, the government introduced the bill known as the Gin Act of 1736, aimed at the destruction of the traffic in spirits. The act failed, however, because the moral tone of the populace had fallen too low.

In 1743 the Gin Act was repealed and superseded by a more moderate act known as the Tippling Act. In the following years Parliament was petitioned again and again to devise adequate measures to cope with the drinking situation.

The government further sought to curb the evils of gin drinking and its resulting pauperism in the so-called Beer Act of 1830, by which it hoped to wean the people away from gin and spirituous liquors by encouraging the consumption of beer and ale. The act greatly increased the consumption of beer; but while beer drinking increased 28 per cent, the consumption of spirits increased 32 per cent. By 1869 the act was repealed, and the Wine and Beerhouse Act of that year again brought the sale of wine, beer, and cider under the control of the justices.

A Parliamentary investigating committee of 1834 recommended further drastic changes. The demoralizing influence of the public house among children was given official recognition as early as 1854. By 1872, Parliament prohibited the supply of spirits to youth under sixteen years of age, and by 1886 the sale of beer to children under thirteen was made illegal. The Licensing Act of 1904, however, took from the justices their control and offset much of the good of the Beer Act.

The first world war restrictions on the liquor traffic began with the Intoxicating Liquor (Temporary Restrictions) Act of August 31, 1914. On March 29, 1915, the Honorable David Lloyd George, then premier, made his famous statement, "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink, and as far as I can see the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink."

The social betterment resulting from war restrictions was remarkable. Convictions for drunkenness alone dropped from 153,112 in 1913, a year before the war, to 21,853 in 1918, and the consumption of absolute alcohol was reduced from 92,000,000 gallons in 1913 to 37,000,000 gallons in 1918. Following the war, convictions for drunkenness soon increased to 95,763.

The century-old effort of Great Britain to extricate itself from the entangling octopus of drink demoralization has written one of the most interesting chapters in the struggle for national sobriety.



Mother Louse, the Alewife. A Broadsheet of the Seventeenth Century.



Hogarth's engraving, "Beer Street," London, exposes the national drink demoralization of those times. The fallacy of encouraging malt-liquor drinking in lieu of hard liquors was exposed by the concomitant increase in the consumption of both.

National Contrast. An Early Eighteenth Century Broadside Illustrating Luxury and Poverty.





THE ARCHSABOTEUR OF HISTORY

History in no uncertain language portrays the evil effects of intoxication upon the health, morality, and prosperity of the nations. Before the bar of human experience, alcohol stands condemned as the archsaboteur of history.

England: The Toast of the Five Kings, 1356. One of the most famous ceremonial toasts—that of the vintners' "Prosperity to the Vintners' Company"—was drunk to the accompaniment of five cheers in memory of the occasion when five crowned heads dined with the vintners—Edward III, king of England; David, king of Scotland; John, king of France; the king of Denmark, and the king of Cyprus.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For source material for the historical review accompanying the artists' portrayal of drinking scenes of the past, we are indebted to the monumental work, *Standard Encyclopedia of the Alcohol Problem*, a six-volume set of 2,939 pages, of which Ernest Herst Cherrington was the editor-in-chief; *The Liquor Problem in All Ages* by Daniel Dorchester; *The Temperance Movement* by former United States Senator Henry William Blair; and Funk and Wagnalls's *Encyclopedia of Temperance*. Statistics to date have been taken from *Statistical Abstract of United Kingdom*, the *French Statistical Journal*, *Statistical Abstract of the Deutsches Reich*, and the *Standard Encyclopedia of the Alcohol Problem*.

The Rumbling Storm

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG



OMEN, as a general rule, are patient, long-suffering, and slow to anger, but when their patience has been exhausted, and their endurance has reached the breaking point, something happens. That is exactly what happened in Gary, Indiana, and is happening in Ontario today.

In Gary, 2,000 furious women besieged Mayor Eugene Swartz and the aldermen in the city hall and demanded action in cleaning out the gambling dens, the vice, the gangs, and the racketeers. They refused to leave the city hall until they got it. The mayor capitulated. Mayor Swartz remarked:

"This city will be closed as tight as a drum if that is the way the people want it."

Fifteen hundred of the women then assembled in Seaman's Hall for a mass meeting at which a resolution was passed calling on Governor Stricker to step into the Gary situation if local authorities did not sponsor an immediate cleanup. Then they marched down the center of the street to the city hall, where the city fathers were holding a meeting. They were joined by hundreds of other citizens. Every inch of the city hall was soon jammed with milling protesters. The resolution was passed to the mayor.

A leading clergyman declared:

"If they (referring to the city hall and police department officials) won't step down, these officials should be forced out by the public. A lawless ele-

ment is telling them what to do, and in our weakness we allow them to do it. Vice and crime definitely are encouraged and go unchallenged.

What happened in Gary is happening in the province of Ontario, Canada. In Ontario the Provincial Council of Women called a rally of women in Massey Hall, Toronto, for the purpose of making a "concerted protest against the inroads which the liquor traffic is making on the homes and lives of the people in our province."

The new liquor license board, instead of curtailing, restricting, and eliminating the number of liquor outlets, actually issued from April 1, 1948, to December 31, 1948, an additional 198 licenses. The total outlets for the sale of liquor on December 31, 1948, included 847 hotels, 121 taverns, 382 public houses, and 13 restaurants, or 1,713 public establishments where liquor was sold. The amount of liquor consumed is dependent to a great extent on the number of liquor outlets. The more drinking facilities provided, the more the people drink; the more the people drink, the more they want.

The average citizen of Ontario consumed 450 glasses of beer, 200 glasses of whisky, and 25 glasses of wine, or a total of 675 glasses of alcoholic beverages during 1948, at a cost of approximately \$77.28 per capita, or \$275.14 a family. The Ontario drink bill for the year ending March 31, 1948, was \$222,454,900.

The inevitable result of more drinking is more drunkenness, more disorderly conduct, more poverty, more broken homes, more wrecked lives, and more crime. This giant monster—ALCOHOL—if not held in check, would invade and wreck every home in Ontario.

The women of Ontario were aroused, their patience was exhausted, their endurance had reached the breaking point, and they demanded action on the part of their lawmakers.

The meeting held in Massey Hall was addressed by Dr. Charlotte Whittton, C.B.E.; Mrs. Edgar Bates, dean of women at McMasters University, Hamilton, Ontario; and by Mrs. J. R. Fletcher, president of the Federated Institute of Ontario. Resolutions were passed demanding that the government of Ontario—

"Appoint immediately a special body to study and review the whole question of the terms and operation of legislation governing the sale and use of alcoholic beverages in Ontario. This body should be granted all powers, funds, and facilities necessary to the proper execution of its responsibilities and be instructed to bring in an interim report before the opening of the 1950 legislature, and its final report before the end of 1950."

They also specified: "No member of, or candidate for, any kind of public office, nor civil servants, should be eligible for membership."

What the women in Gary did, and what the women of Ontario have done, is an indication of the rising storm of protests against the evils of the liquor traffic. Substantial citizens, judges, clergymen, educators, and law-enforcement officers are demanding of their lawmakers that a stop be put to this infamous traffic that is demoralizing the home, the state, and the nation, and is undermining their very foundations.

THREE are certain fundamentals necessary for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness on which we can all reach unanimity.

Thousands agree that the one and only solution to this world-wide problem is just an old-time revival of the old-time religion. We must have a revival. It is America's greatest need.

The greatest social barrier to a national or world-wide revival today is the liquor business. It's an individual, national, and world problem. Liquor creates an appetite it cannot satisfy.

Only a few years ago when we went to Europe and saw Europe's barmaids serving liquor, we would say, "Thank God, we can go back to a country

where that will never be." With all their influence in a community, we thought our saloonkeepers would never descend to a level so low that they would want to debauch our splendid young women. But today one of the most attractive features of most of our saloons is the charming girls who serve as magnets to attract men.

Until this last war our country never served liquor to soldiers. During the first world war it was a criminal offense to give or sell liquor to a man in uniform. When our boys went overseas they found beer and liquor rationed to European soldiers.

In spite of petitions by church bodies, in spite of the pleas and tears of moth-

LISEN, in presenting to the youth of the nation the scientific and factual information relative to the inherent dangers of alcoholic beverages and narcotics, recognizes the supreme value of spiritual mores in strengthening the moral force of America. We are therefore happy to present this pointed statement from America's beloved spiritual song leader, Mr. Homer Rodeheaver.



SECOND QUARTER

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED

HOMER RODEHEAVER

ers, our government yielded to the appeal of the liquor interests to sell beer in the camps, and to allow officers to disburse liquor in their clubs.

The brewers, in their *Journal*, came out with this hilarious, happy statement:

"This is the greatest opportunity ever given to the brewing industry. It gives us a chance to create an appetite among millions of boys who never knew the taste of beer."

Our government can never undo that wrong. No pensions or benefits can dry the tears or ease the sorrow of broken-hearted mothers and fathers.

You are saying, "Well, what can I do about it?"

First of all, you can become a total abstainer yourself. Try to persuade your neighbors to do the same thing.

Second, get the facts for yourself and begin to spread them around among your people.

Third, refuse to patronize stores and gasoline stations that sell liquors of any kind, and tell them why.

Fourth, commend your newspapers whenever they say anything in favor of total abstinence and the principles of better living, and protest the liquor advertising that is coming into your home, both in newspapers and over the radio, and enticing your boys and girls.

Fifth, try to interest the young people of your community. Get them interested in doing something about it.

Young people will rally if we give them a plan and then help them to work out their plan.

Yes, America's greatest need is an old-time revival of the old-time religion, and liquor drinking engendered by the liquor traffic constitutes the greatest single social barrier to that revival.

EVERYONE'S BUSINESS

CALVIN T. RYAN



It was good to be home again after another day at the office. I swung open my living-room door, and there sat a man, all alone, apparently waiting to see me. The family obviously were occupied elsewhere.

An attempt to greet my visitor brought not even an upward look. He began to mumble incoherently, and then broke into vulgarity and snarls. I sensed the situation quickly and slipped out of the room to have the family call the police.

The poor man was an alcoholic. In moments of apparent sanity he told me "Too much whisky! Brother, too much whisky." It was pathetic. He showed no signs of violence, and made no effort to rise from his chair until the policeman arrived, when he arose obediently and went out the door with him.

Uninvited, the poor fellow had come to my door, found it unlocked, had walked in and sat down. He could have been dangerous, or violent, and all of us might have suffered the consequences. He did frighten the family. Neighbor women in the block became alarmed when they learned what had happened.

How can one maintain indifference toward such experiences with their mingled pathos and danger? I do not see how anyone can say that it is none of my business as to who sells whisky to whom. I do not see how anyone can say that it is no business of the church, no business of any individual or group, if Tom Jones, Mary Brown, and John Doe want to drink. *Whisky by its very nature becomes everyone's business.* The unfortunate alcoholic, call him a sick man if you want to, deserves pity, but if whisky and whisky drinking are none of my business, why should I make it my business to look after those whom it makes sick? Why do not those who sell the whisky assume responsibility? I do not know who else could be more definitely concerned. The poor man who wandered into my house was no friend of mine, and when he appeared in police court the next morning

he had no friends to show their interest. Where were the men who made the man sick?

It is the business of American citizens to do something about this liquor business. The degrading of men by the power of drink becomes our business. What are we doing to try to prevent others from falling so low? *All should recognize that the whisky business is everyone's business since it affects everyone.* Not drinking the stuff does not wash one's hands from responsibility.

Drink is the major problem of the law-enforcing officers in our cities. The charge against the man arrested may be gambling, it may be speeding, or it may be disorderly conduct; but the real cause of it all is drink. The officers of the law have to be paid, and the jails have to be kept. From what source? The taxpayer's money. Again the whisky business becomes everyone's business.

A drunken soldier was found on the fire escape of a girls' dormitory. Imagine the alarm when the parents of those girls heard what had happened! It became the business of parents hundreds of miles away. The myriad

A LITTLE WORD

MARJORIE LEWIS LLOYD

There walked one weary at the close of day,
Yet in his heart was joy to share,
Till someone said a thoughtless word
That left its bit of doubting there.

That little word so filled his fainting heart
With gloom and bitterness and doubt,
That every trace of happiness,
Forgotten, soon was crowded out.

A little word was such a mighty thing
To hurt the soul of him who heard;
My friend, I wonder, are you sure
You did not speak that little word?

There walked another at the close of day,
Within his heart no joy to spare;
But someone said a thoughtful word
That left its bit of trusting there.

And it so filled his fainting heart
With courage for the task ahead,
That he forgot how dark the way
Before that little word was said.

A little word was such a mighty thing
To cheer the soul of him who heard;
My friend, I wonder, was it you
Who spoke that one inspiring word?

—From "The Basket of Words."

tentacles of the whisky monster are limitless in length and power. We should know that. We do, but for some inexplicable reason we endure the monster, and even by popular vote say he is harmless. Harmless, that is, if you know how to treat him! If a man is allergic to alcohol, he should not use it. Of course he should not. How does he find out he is allergic? By the time he makes the discovery, liquor has him. He is ready to wander into peaceful homes, frighten college girls, and break up families.

The industry knows its power and feels its influence. If you think otherwise, try to close a saloon on your street, or try to persuade *Life* or some other magazine not to sell advertising space to whisky interests.

In one of our states a study was made of the children in orphanages. Yes, you guessed it. Most of them came from homes where strong drink had killed off, or broken up, the family. It is a tragic thing to deprive a child of his home, more tragic to deprive him of his parents. One cannot measure such things in terms of expense. A dollar sign and a little child are on two quite different levels of being. Nevertheless, when the whisky business fills our orphanages it becomes everyone's business. No amount of "intelligent" drinking, no amount of "safe use" of strong drink, no amount of the "clean saloon" will ever make the whisky business anything other than everyone's business.

Liquor Advertising Is Our Business

Since it is difficult to advertise an idea, far more so than to advertise a "thing," a product, the manufacturers of strong drink have the advantage over the drys. By skillfully appealing to the better buying motives, a whisky advertiser can reach his thousands. He always gives the "before" but never the "after" of what his product will do. He makes it appear "the thing" for social gatherings, for prominent executives; and during the war the beer manufacturers claimed that beer drinking kept workers on the job and made them more capable of "winning the war." Furthermore, these advertisers know the value of the "feeling response." They use this favorable attitude in the individual advertisement, and then they have the advertisement tucked in between food products. We look through the advertisements, get the required build-up for some essential foods, and while in that favorable mood, we turn the page to a whisky advertisement. Clever, isn't it? But it is my business to know what has been done. And why. However, when the Capper Bill to curtail advertisements of strong drinks was up before Congress the concern of the public was ignored. Those who made money from the advertisements, and those whose products were advertised, were little concerned with the harm their advertised products were doing. This liquor advertising business is everyone's business. It is your sons and daughters and mine who are reading these ads.

I am quite willing to work with those who are making a study of the alcoholic and of alco-

(Turn to page 34)

The SCAR

Turn the next pages
for LISTEN'S serial review of
Dr. Charles Holding's book,
THE SCAR.

The Story Thus Far

No sooner had Dr. Daniel Wright, with spectacular skill and courage, successfully completed a delicate valvular heart operation at the General Emergency Hospital, than Dr. James Greenway began plotting how he could bring about Dr. Wright's downfall. One man stood between Greenway and the position of chief of staff at the hospital. That man was the hospital's ablest surgeon, Dr. Wright.

Greenway had heard Dr. Robert McCloud, the retiring chief of staff, tell the board that Dr. Wright was his first choice for his successor, and that Dr. Greenway was his second choice. Greenway, ready to stoop to anything to bring about Wright's fall, plotted how he could shrewdly fan Wright's desire for drink into alcoholic slavery. Posing as a friend, he threw a staff party in honor of Dan's surgical triumph. At the party he fortified Dan's drinks with pure alcohol and later had another doctor drive him home and leave him slumped over the wheel of his car in his own driveway.

Thus began Greenway's battle to bring about the fall and disgrace of Dr. Wright and the desperate struggle of Dr. Wright's lovely and brave wife to save her husband from a terrible fate that threatened him.

Read this heart-stirring saga of courage, of victory and defeat, of tragedy and success, with plot and counterplot. As we begin the second installment, the night before had been a nightmare for Laura, Dan's wife. But her love, faithfully and prayerfully, kept its lone vigil—and then morning dawned...



THE SCAR

BY CHARLES H. HOLDING

CHAPTER IV

THE morning dawned gray and chilly, with a slow rain falling. The weeping skies seemed to mirror the state of Laura's mind and heart.

Her face was pale and haggard, her eyes deep pools of sorrow. But she was calm. Sleeplessness and grief had left their mark on her, yet she never appeared more gentle nor more beautiful as she ministered to the wants and needs of her little boy and her sick husband.

Dan was sick—wretchedly sick, in body, in heart, and in mind.

Laura called the hospital and reported Dan's illness. Dr. McCloud, to whom she talked, was deeply concerned and truly sympathetic. He requested her to keep Dan quiet and asked that she call him frequently as to Dan's condition, promising to see them both soon.

Laura could not tell him the real trouble, but left the good man believing that Dan was suffering from nerves.

The day seemed endless for Laura, who drove herself unmercifully as she went about her household tasks. Her aching heart felt dead in her breast, her brain seemed numb. Oh, if she could only awaken to find it all a horrible dream!

Dan's eyes followed her, mutely pleading, as she moved in and out of their room. He was suffering, too, from remorse and self-reproach.

"Oh, God, forgive me," his heart cried in agony of spirit, as he moaned aloud. What a fool he had been! What a mess he had made of things. Shame wrapped its dark mantle about him, and regret bore down upon him and haunted him.

In the late afternoon, Laura, who was completely worn out by work and worry, lay down to rest. Dan bathed and shaved, and prepared himself to meet her at dinner, and to ask her forgiveness. He was deeply sorry. He knew she was sorely hurt. All he cared for at the moment was to banish her sorrow

and restore her confidence in him, to see her smile again, to see her dear eyes light with the deathless love that he knew that she bore him—to dry her tears and wipe away those cruel prints that the fingers of worry and sorrow had written on her sweet face—just to love her.

Restlessly, but quietly, he strode through the house. One hour, two hours, he walked, alternately cursing himself and praying for forgiveness, for courage, for strength, planning atonement—fighting despair.

At last he could stand it no longer, and, going to the room in which Laura slept, Dan quietly entered. There she lay, pale and beautiful. Her face, even in slumber was drawn with suffering, her cheeks still wet with tears. Dan gazed upon those beloved features in silent anguish, then, with a cry, he knelt by the bed and gathered the dear form into his arms. Their tears mingled as he sobbingly begged her forgiveness and pledged anew his love. The tears that dimmed their eyes laved their souls and washed their hearts clean again. After a while peace came, and love and understanding.

There was no word of reproach from Laura. She loved; and, oh, what a divine healer is love! After the storm had passed, she said, "Dan, oh, Dan, I prayed, and my prayers are answered. We have awakened from a terrible dream that we must both forget."

Reverently Dan bowed his head as if in the presence of something holy, as indeed he was, God's holy of holies on earth, the loving, forgiving, tender, merciful heart of woman.

The evening was spent in quiet enjoyment. Little Dan was deliriously happy to have daddy well again, and they retired with a feeling of security and strengthened love that was beautiful.



Dark was the night and late the hour when Dan awoke. Laura lay by his side, sleeping. The night light revealed a smile of infinite sweetness and peace upon her face. But Dan's heart was cold with fear and blacker than the night. A thousand demons seemed to possess him. Hammering at his head, tearing at his vitals, driving him, urging him, demanding, pleading for liquor. Oh, for one little drink to quiet them, to silence their insidious clamor!

He needed liquor—he must have it! But where, how? Restlessly he rolled and tossed until, fearful of waking Laura, he crept from the bed. He dressed and slipped out of the house.

The morning sun coming in a blaze of glory found him walking the yard and driveway, pale and exhausted, a prey to dark thoughts and darker desires. Laura's voice, clear and sweet as a promise of life, called him to breakfast. With an effort he controlled his voice and composed his features and went into the house. He doubted his strength and dreaded the day and the temptation he knew it would bring.

CHAPTER V

Dan forced a smile to his dry lips to hide the bleakness of his heart, and bravely choked down a seemingly tasteless breakfast.

What to do next? What to do, what to do? The question hammered through his throbbing head like a din of doom. He was afraid to go to the hospital, ashamed not to. He hated to confess his weakness even to himself, yet he knew in his heart of hearts that liquor had become his master. How had it happened? He had never drunk to excess. How easily had this insidious monster taken charge of his very being, holding him a slave to such craving torment as he had never dreamed could be. And now, he wanted alcohol—needed it—more than anything or everything on earth!

Laura, watching him closely, knew that a bitter battle was being waged within him. Her heart ached for him with pity, sympathy, and fear. She knew what power drink could wield, knew its destructiveness, its heartlessness, the ruin it could do. She loved deeply and faithfully, and determined to fight with Dan for what the world held most dear for both of them.

"Dan," she cried gaily, "I have a gorgeous plan. Let's go on an outing. We both need a change, and Danny, too."

"Where would we go, and when?" asked Dan.

"Let's go to Mirror Lake, Dan, rent a cabin, fish, swim, hike, rest, and play for a while, and let's go now," she cried eagerly.

The idea appealed to Dan. The an-

surer, perhaps, to all that troubled him. Just the thing! He loved the great outdoors, and the Mirror Lake country was beautiful. Why not?

"Let's do," he shouted.

How hurriedly they packed, what fun it was rushing here and there grabbing and snatching! Little Dan, with his parents, was supremely happy.

The ringing of the telephone interrupted them. Dan answered the call. It was Dr. McCloud speaking.

"How are you feeling, my boy?" he asked kindly.

"Not so good, doctor," answered Dan truthfully. "Laura and I are just preparing for an outing; we thought it would help both of us."

"Fine!" said McCloud heartily. "I was going to suggest something like that for you, myself. When and where are you planning to go?"

"We're packing now," replied Dan, "and we're planning on a cabin at Mirror Lake."

"Just the place, Dan," cried the doctor. "Run down to the office before you go. I want to check up on some cases before you leave."

"Yes, sir, you may expect me within thirty minutes," answered Dan.

"Thank you, my boy," said the older man, hanging up.

Laura was pale and her voice trembled as she asked, "Aren't we to go, Dan?"

"Sure, darling, we're going. Only I must run down and check over my cases before we leave. You get all ready and we will soon be rolling."

As he stooped to kiss her, Laura clung to him a moment almost desperately. She whispered, "Hurry back, my love, I'll be waiting and praying, and I'll be ready to go on our trip." Dan's voice was low with emotion as he returned the embrace.

"I won't be long, Laura dear, not very long." He knew now that Laura knew the desperate straits he was in. He knew and he thanked God for the knowledge that whatever might come, he had Laura, if all else failed. His heart was filled with gratitude, and, breathing a new prayer of thanksgiving, Dan hurried away.

James Greenway had overheard Dr. McCloud's telephone conversation with Dan. A few casual questions had informed him as to Dan's plans. Angrily he rushed to his own office to try and plan some way to carry out his evil designs on Dan. With a curse, he took a quart bottle of whisky from his medicine case, wrapped it carefully, and placed it in his desk. Then he called the office and requested that Dr. Wright be asked to call at his office before leaving. This request was natural, as Green-

way was to take over Dan's cases during his absence.

Greenway knew that Dan would come. Hardly an hour had passed until Dan, having made his rounds and conferred with McCloud, appeared at Greenway's office.

"Hello, Jim," called Dan hastily. "What's on your mind?" He did not dare linger here nor did he want Greenway to mention the party. Greenway was too smart for that.

"Hello, Dan!" cried Greenway with evident delight. "I hear you are off for the open-spaces." A searching look into Dan's face had told him all he wanted to know. Greenway could read men, and he saw how hard and bitter the battle raged in the big body of the man before him.

"Yes," answered Dan nervously, "we are leaving for a few days. I have checked the cards on all cases, you will find them all filed."

"That's fine, Dan, you lucky dog," said Greenway enviously as he turned and in so doing knocked a bottle from the edge of the desk to the tiled floor where it broke into fragments filling the room with the rank smell of alcohol.

"Clumsy fool," cried Jim in seeming anger, as he shot a swift look toward Dan, who, pale and trembling, stood licking dry lips with a parched tongue and whose suffering showed plainly on his haggard, clammy face.

Dan, with a shudder, collected himself and said, "I'm off, Jim, take care of tricks." He started for the door. Greenway called him.

"Dan," he said confidentially, "you

can't fool me, you need this rest all right, but you need help as well. I know how overworked you are and how shot your nerves are. I know that you suffer. Nature can't do it all. Here is some tonic I fixed for you. Don't go too strong on it and it will be of great help to you." He handed Dan the quart of whisky from the desk.

Dan was genuinely touched by Greenway's interest and grateful for his offer of help. With a smile he took the proffered package and left the office. Greenway laughed as he turned back to his desk. *Sure, it will help you, Dan, my boy, but I hope it will be of greater help to me.*

Mirror Lake was a large and very beautiful body of water lying between low, heavily timbered hills. It stretched for three or more miles up the winding valley. It was well stocked with fish and was privately owned, making it an ideal place for rest, recreation, and sport.

Here and there along the shore in likely places had been built log cabins, far enough apart to assure privacy, yet near enough to permit neighborliness and friendly intercourse among the tenants.

The sun had set, but the lake, hills, and woods were yet bathed in the mellow afterglow when Dan and his family drove up to an attractive cabin placed on a low knoll overlooking the lake, and took possession.

They were tired from the long drive, and hungry and happy. They ate a hastily prepared supper and made ready for bed. Little Dan, fast asleep, was tucked away for the night. Laura,

Be Glad Today

by J. A. BUCKWALTER

Oh, be not sad, be glad today;
Stir hope within, throw gloom away.
With courage strong, and gladsome song,
Come, show your faith in God is strong!
Your prayer is heard, have faith alway,
Just trust in God, be glad today.

drowsy and happy, lay planning for the morrow. Dan walked to and fro before the cabin door, smoking.

Dan continued his slow pacing to and fro until he knew that Laura was fast asleep. He then hurried out to the car and got the bottle of "tonic" Greenway had given him. Even as he feared, yet secretly hoped, the bottle contained whisky. Dan took a stiff drink, hid the bottle in a hollow tree, and slipped into his cot.

His conscience hurt him. Yet his nerves were once more quiet. He was worn out physically. Weariness and the drink he had taken soon lulled him to sleep.

CHAPTER VI

For five days they stayed at the lake—days filled with perfect joy for little Dan, who played in the water, roamed the woods, and engaged in strange, daring, and wonderful adventures. Those days were filled with mingled emotion for Laura, and with hours of hope and hours of despair. Her faith now blazing with intense fire, now feebly glowed in her troubled breast. For she, watching and waiting, seemed to see the moral fiber of her husband crumble further day by day.

They were days of agony and uncertainty for Dan, who felt himself waging a losing fight, with less and less hope, and with weakening will power. He had used the last of the whisky on the third night. Now every tortured nerve in his body screamed for more. He tramped the hills until exhausted, swam furiously, fished listlessly, and went to bed to toss and moan and sleep fitfully, rising with the morning more worn and exhausted than on the night before. He avoided Laura as much as possible, much to her distress, and in solitude sought strength and power to overcome the curse of his life.

"Laura," he said, on the fifth night, after little Dan had gone to bed, "we must go home tomorrow."

He was calm and composed, and for a time the demons of desire had stilled their clamor.

"I am cursed, Laura, cursed by drink! I cannot tell you how, or why, but before God, Laura, I go almost crazy for the want of whisky. I would gladly die rather than submit to this unnatural desire. Oh, Laura, Laura, I love you and our dear boy. I am almost crazy. I need help. I must see McCloud. I must do something."

Dan almost screamed the words, so intense was his feeling. Laura, brave, loyal Laura, rallied her faltering courage. Taking the sobbing man by the hand as if he were only a little boy, she walked with him along the lake shore talking aimlessly, soothingly, quietly,

gradually calming him with her sympathy and high courage.

After a time, worn by the ordeal through which they had passed, they sought their beds. Strangely, the imps had ceased their tormenting cries and Dan's tired body begged for rest. He slept as one dead, the night through.

Laura, torn and shaken, bruised and heartsick, lay the long night, dry-eyed, wakeful, suffering, and silent.

The following day they went home.

At the hospital, James Greenway went about his duties carefully and efficiently, but his mind was in a turmoil. He wondered about Dan. What was his condition? How hard would he fight? What would be the outcome?

Fearful that his plans might yet fail, he determined to add more fuel to the fire of Dan's undoing. He knew that

Dan's car would need servicing after the long drive from the mountain camp.

Greenway knew the station patronized by Dan. He called one of the attendants that he knew there, and gave him some strict orders. He then called his friend Harry Blakely to his office. Handing him a roll of bills, Greenway talked to him earnestly for several minutes. Harry seemed not to agree at first, but finally decided to do Jim's bidding.

It so happened that, a few hours later, Dr. McCloud overheard the following conversation between Blakely and Ned Allen, another interne who had been present at Greenway's party but who had left early on that night:

"Ned," asked Harry slowly, "when do you suppose Dan will be back?"

"I don't know, Harry, why?" asked Ned innocently.

A B S T I N E N C E

the only absolute preventative of all drinking evils, including alcoholism.

an absolute guarantee of the personal freedom resulting from the alcohol-free way of life.

an insurance against drink-caused broken homes and juvenile delinquency. an insurance of the longer life expectancy.

a basic principle of a genuine Christian life.

promotes -

real self-confidence and respect.

good health and freedom of body, mind, and soul.

good character, thoughts, words, and deeds.

the building of better homes, a better society, and a better nation.

respect of family and friends.

prevents -

the dangerous psychological effects that lead to continued drinking.

all misery, crime, and harm resulting from drinking.

economic loss brought on by drinking. loss of will power and competence endangered by drinking.

anyone who is allergic to alcohol from becoming an alcoholic.

P. E. SELBY.

"I hope he will keep sober now, we need him," said Harry seriously.

"Oh, he will be all right, Harry. Even if he did get a little plastered that night at Greenway's," laughed Ned.

"A little, nothing!" answered Harry. "He was as drunk as a lord before Greenway and I finally got him home."

"He was?"

"Sure, and he has been after Greenway for more liquor ever since," added Harry.

"Aw, shucks, I hate to hear that, Harry," said Ned. "Wright is a prince, a fine surgeon; why man, he is the tops—you know that."

"Sure I know it," answered Harry. "Greenway knows it too, and that is what makes it so hard for him. You remember how Jim tried to keep Dan from drinking at the party, and how he blew up?"

"I know," answered Ned slowly. "Say, let's talk to Dan when he gets back; maybe we can help him. He knows that we are all his friends."

"Not me," said Harry hastily, "remember how he got on Greenway that night? I don't want him to unload on me."

"I am going to talk to him, anyway," said Ned.

"O.K., Ned; that's your business," answered Harry as he left the room.

Scarcely had Harry gone when an inner door opened and McCloud stood framed in the doorway. His face was pale and marked with disbelief.

"Allen," he asked abruptly, "when and where was this party you and Blakely were talking about?"

Ned told him.

"You were there? Did you drink?"

"No, sir," replied Ned.

"Did you see Wright drinking? Was he drunk?"

"Dr. McCloud—" began Ned.

"Answer me, sir!" the old man shouted.

"I saw him drinking, sir; but he wasn't drunk when I left the party," answered Ned.

"Did Greenway try to prevent his drinking?"

"Yes, sir, he did; but it made Dan mad."

"Send Greenway to me, Allen, and see that Wright sees me as soon as he gets in," ordered the chief as, with a droop in his erect old frame, he softly closed the door and made his way blindly to his chair.

Greenway received his chief's summons with mixed emotions. Fear and joy battled for supremacy as he made his way to the old man's office.

McCloud did not keep him waiting, but after greeting him came quickly and directly to the point.

"Tell me about your party, Greenway." His piercing old blue eyes were flashing. Greenway hastily answered him, omitting Dan's name.

"Was Wright there?" McCloud asked.

"He was," replied Jim quietly. "The party was given in his honor."

"Did he get drunk?" again McCloud questioned.

"I think he drank some, sir," Greenway answered.

"*You think so,*" thundered the older man. "Don't evade my question, sir—you know it, since you supplied the stuff and Blakely and you took him home."

"Yes, sir," stammered Jim.

"How long has he been drinking?" asked McCloud.

"I couldn't say, sir," Jim answered.

"How about yourself?" snapped McCloud.

"I drink a little wine occasionally, sir, socially."

"Oh, you do? Well, watch your step, sir. That's all." And McCloud dismissed him.

After Greenway had gone, McCloud sat lost in thought. He loved Dan Wright deeply, felt something like a father to him. He had watched him closely for six long years, had encouraged him, helped him, and had even favored him. Oh, he loved the boy, and now the hurt was deeper than he cared to admit. He shuddered with feeling as he saw the plans he had so carefully laid falling like a house of cards about him. His thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of Dan himself.

Dan had reached home late in the afternoon, tired, cross, and irritable. He had helped Laura carry their bundles and baggage into the house. Then, while his car was being serviced, he would run down to see McCloud.

The attendant at the service station following Greenway's telephoned orders called Dan into the rest room and offered him a drink. Dan's high resolves, his noble promises, his resistance broke down under the temptation and he drank deeply.

The liquor instantly affected the high-strung system of the man, and when he entered McCloud's office Dan was half-drunk. His face was flushed, his eyes bright, but shifty, his speech blurred, his mind clouded.

"Hello, Dr. Mac," Dan called loudly.

"Sit down, Wright," growled the older man, hurt and angry. He could hardly believe his eyes. Disappointment hardened the broken old heart.

"How long are you intending to make a fool of yourself?" he asked sharply.

"Who, me?" asked Dan in surprise. "I'm not a fool, really."

"Yes, you are a fool, sir," roared the old doctor, "a blind, silly, crazy fool."

"Do you really think so, sir?" asked Dan solemnly.

"Think so? No, I know so! But answer me, how long do you intend to keep this up?"

"Dr. McCloud," answered Dan, drunkenly. "I am of age. What I do off duty, when I do it and how I do it, is my own business."

Dr. McCloud, hurt and angry himself, failed to take into consideration Dan's condition. His answer had but hurt the old man more and made him angrier still.

"It just happens, Wright," he said sarcastically, "that our positions make it some of my business. Answer my question, sir."

"Nothing doing, Doc," drawled Dan.

"Dan Wright," said McCloud sternly, "I give you one more chance to justify yourself. I have had high hopes for you. I have entertained plans for greater honor and opportunity for you. I cannot and will not endure the use of liquor in you or anyone else, especially when it may affect your usefulness here. Now will you talk to me, Dan?"

"Don't make me cry," answered Dan plaintively.

Dr. McCloud stared in amazement for a moment. Then leaping from his chair and striding in front of Dan, he shouted, "Daniel Wright, as chief of staff, I suspend you for the period of one year for insubordination and actions unbecoming a doctor."

Dan looked vacantly at his chief for a moment; grinned sheepishly, then, as the full import of the older man's words filtered into his befogged brain, he, too, became angry.

"There are plenty of hospitals in this country, but only one Daniel Wright," he snarled. "I consider your leave or suspension to mean simply that I am fired. O.K! Why, you doddering old fossil, there will be plenty of offers for Dan Wright when it becomes known that I have quit here; for I do quit here and now." Laughing wildly, he staggered to his feet and to the door.

Had he looked at McCloud he would have seen his hands reaching out to stop him, the old eyes filled with pleading, and would have heard the old voice begging, "Come back, come back. Oh, Danny boy, Danny boy."

Rushing out of the building, Dan dashed madly back to the filling station, where he bought some more liquor from the bootlegging attendant. Another deep drink, then on home.

Crazy drunk—it must have been the hand of Providence that guided his car home and into the drive. Night had fallen as he staggered into the house shouting curses upon McCloud, and threatening every type of vengeance his

burning, befuddled brain could invent.

To the heartbroken wife and frightened child it seemed that he raved for hours, going from room to room, wildly abusive, crazily destructive, until finally he fell in a drunken stupor across his bed, in a state of utter mental and physical collapse.

Laura was shocked and stunned by the wild outburst. Mechanically she followed him on his wild rampage, picking up the articles of furniture he overturned and the smaller things he threw about. She tried to talk to him, to reason with him, but he would not listen.

After he had fallen across the bed in a stupor, Laura hurried through the house in a frenzy of action; she dared not stop, dared not think.

Under the hall stairs, she found little Dan, frightened and crying piteously. Gathering him to her, the gates of her grief were loosed, and upon his curly head the merciful rain of her tears fell, pouring out a message of lost courage and lost hope from a broken heart. What did the future hold for them?

The long night passed somehow. In the morning Dan, without waiting to shave or to eat his breakfast, started for the door.

"Breakfast will be ready in a moment," called Laura.

"Don't want any," growled Dan.

"Dan, where are you going?" cried Laura as he made his way to the door. The door slammed behind him. He was gone.

Laura gave little Dan his breakfast and forced herself to eat a few bites. Her evasive answers to little Dan's questions, "What is the matter with Daddy?" "When will he be back?" "What is the matter?" "When will he come play again?" and more, left her weak and trembling.

Dr. McCloud called on Laura around ten o'clock, and to him she poured out her heart full of misery, fear, and woe. The old man was deeply hurt and touched by the tragedy.

"Dr. McCloud, why, oh, why, should it be Dan, my Dan?" sobbed Laura.

The old doctor shook his head sorrowfully. Tears unheeded coursed down his seamed and weathered cheeks.

"Laura dear, I don't know. Alcohol strikes at the best, the finest, the most noble men and their better natures first. Why? I don't know. The most brilliant intellects, the keenest minds, are the first to feel the scourge of drink. The most capable often are the first to fall.

"My experience, as a physician, teaches me that this is so. Dan was, yes, is the best surgeon I ever knew, the keenest mind, the surest hand, the most healing touch. My own father was much like

him; highly emotional, quick, nervous and impetuous. He, like Dan, took one drink and—lost. Do not despair, Laura; you love Dan, and so do I; we will fight for him together."

The doctor soon left the saddened home. His visit and wise counsel had comforted Laura. It was with higher courage that she went about her household tasks, counting the hours until Dan's return.

He did not return home that day, nor the next. The third day Laura could bear the strain no longer. She called

EVERYONE'S BUSINESS

(Continued from page 29)

holism, but I am seriously aware of the danger of having our attention taken off the cause of the disease while we become wrapped up in trying to find a cure. More than likely, after years of investigation, we shall rediscover the evident truth that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, even in this horrible disease.

If the whisky business is everyone's business, and I certainly know that it is, then everyone should be concerned with every effort to blot it out. Some can write, some can speak, some can teach the dangerous effects of the narcotic alcohol, and all who are eligible can vote. We put up a red light on the street when a manhole has to be left open overnight. But we put up alluring fronts to whisky stores, and furnish music for the "guests," and open wide the manholes into the cesspools of corruption and degeneration and hope that Providence will overlook our selfishness and save our youth from falling into the traps of our own devising:

THE ABUSE OF DRUGS

(Continued from page 10)

the various international conventions on the subject, and the Federal narcotic laws administered by the Bureau of Narcotics.

There is, and there must continue to be, unrelenting vigilance on the part of this enforcement authority and of co-operating agencies to prevent smuggling, interstate and intrastate distribution of the drugs for improper purposes, as well as to prevent diversion of the drugs from legitimate channels to serve such purposes. It is believed that progressively effective results have been obtained particularly in a sharp reduction over the years in the estimated numbers of the addict population. Every opportunity should be given to the drug addict as an individual to become cured and rehabilitated, and to remain free of the drug habit; but we must never condone or compromise with drug addiction as a habit.

Dr. McCloud and together they set out in search of their loved one.

They found him in a low dive, asleep, dirty, and drunk. Laura went down in the filth of the room upon her knees and took the loved form into her arms as if he had been an angel. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She had found her love. God alone knows how many other wives and mothers have fought such a fight to save a dear one, armed only with their love.

Laura rushed Dan home. With McCloud's help she began her ministry of care and healing over the broken, soul-sick, whisky-sodden wreck.

Laura was happy again. Hers was a labor of love, and love carries on—however heavy be the cross it is called to bear. Having him home, her faith burned bright again. In service and sacrifice, through time and trouble, she would gladly do anything to save him.

(To be continued)

The *National Grange Monthly*, during forty-five years of publication has never accepted a liquor or tobacco advertisement. Recently the magazine turned down a ten-thousand-dollar contract for tobacco advertisements. The *Grange* welcomes boys and girls into its juvenile department providing they are willing to take a pledge not to drink or smoke.



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

THE QUESTION OF SOCIAL DRINKING

The question before us is quoted from the October, 1949, number of "The Reader's Digest."

"Who is the moderate drinker? He is the so-called 'social drinker' who can stop at will. . . . On occasion he may take enough to become slightly injudicious in speech or action. But he does not lose self-critical judgment, and he does not end up in embarrassing brawls with strangers or the police."

This question and answer naturally stimulate further questioning, for obviously the whole story has not yet been told.

If he never loses "self-critical judgment," why does "the moderate drinker" "become slightly injudicious in speech and action"? One does not become injudicious when he has full possession of "self-critical judgment." It is when we lose that from any cause that we become injudicious, whether it be from alcohol, temper, or any other cause.

Because alcohol produces a thirst for itself, moderation is a difficult state to attain in drinking alcoholic beverages. One wills to take the first drink; but, after that, the will becomes more or less dulled (according to the personality of the drinker) and moderate drinking becomes a difficult condition to maintain.

Doubtless every alcoholic once thought himself to be a moderate drinker.

We read this authoritative statement: "The consensus of investigators is that the alcoholic content of the blood of the intelligent moderate drinker is seldom more than .05 per cent."

Many "intelligent" persons drink who cannot remain "moderate" in their drinking. The statement is misleading in that it will cause many a person who thinks himself "intelligent" to venture on the road to drinking, thinking he can control the amount he drinks.

Grace Clifford Howard.

Margaret Lockwood, one of England's leading film stars, in an interview with *The People*, said, "I get on the scales regularly, and my weight (8½ stones, or 119 pounds) never varies. I never drink any alcohol. That is probably why it remains the same. And I also put my decent skin down to the fact that I am a teetotaler."—*Vanguard*, May-August, 1949.

* * *

C. M. Ford, the "Queen Elizabeth's" temperate captain, stated, "I gave up even the mildest drink after taking over the 'Queen Elizabeth.' There's so much entertaining to be done in New York, Southampton, and on shipboard. We would all be better without it."—*London Daily Mail*, quoted in *Vanguard*, May-August, 1949.

* * *

Duncan Wright, British Empire champion marathon runner, said, "There are more teetotalers in the athletic world than in any other walk of life.

"I could go through the whole list of British and world Olympic champions and find that 99 per cent were teetotalers."—*London News Chronicle*, quoted in *Vanguard*, May-August, 1949.

* * *

Apparent Consumption of Absolute Alcohol. The apparent consumption of absolute alcohol has risen since 1934 (the first year of our present methods of handling the sale of intoxicants) from a low of .58 gallons per capita to a high of 1.75 gallons in 1946. Consumption decreased to 1.64 by 1948, but showed an upward trend in 1949 to 1.67 gallons.

Thus by midsummer of 1937, repeal had seen the consumption double, and by 1946 triple. This applies to legally manufactured intoxicants, and some evidence exists that illegally manufactured beverage alcohol may increase these figures by 20 to 30 per cent. (From *Foundation Says*, October-November, 1949.)

* * *

Din Mohammed, governor of Sind, in warning European officers against party drinking, said, "Islam has prohibited drinking, and as servants of an Islamic state the European officers must respect the sanctity of Islam and refrain from drinking, or they may choose their future elsewhere."—*Evening Post*, quoted in the *Vanguard*, May-August, 1949.

"BEER
BELONGS"



MAJOR CLAYTON M. WALLACE

"Beer belongs," the brewer tells us.

Beer belongs? Yes, let us see

All that flaunted beer belongs to:

Beer belongs to tragedy;

Beer belongs to drunken driving.

Beer belongs to highway wrecks—

Bodies bruised and maimed and bleeding,

Broken arms and legs and necks.

Beer belongs to family quarrels,

Hatred, infidelity;

Beer belongs to childhood blighted,

Doomed to insecurity.

Beer makes dad act queer and foolish;

Beer makes mother silly, too.

Children ask, "Why should folks drink it?"

"Beer belongs!" That's why they do

Beer belongs to rape and murder—

Bestial crime of every sort.

Beer belongs to jail and prison;

Beer belongs to crowded court.

Beer belongs to cheapened morals,

Stolen virtue, loathed disease,

Heartaches, tears, remorse, and sorrow.

Beer belongs to all of these!

Beer belongs to wealth-mad brewers,

Caring not for God or man!

Beer belongs to filthy taverns

Breaking every legal ban!

Beer belongs to gross corruption;

Beer belongs to bribe and threat;

Beer belongs to all that's sordid!

Truly "beer belongs." And yet—

If our land to beer surrenders,

Nor forsakes the flowing bowl,

Nor condemns its power to ruin

Human heart and mind and soul—

Never shall we come to greatness.

Ne'er our destiny fulfill!

Beer destroys the strongest nation!

Help us, Lord, to do Thy will.

Moments of Decision



I

If my good friends had known what I knew about myself, I wonder how many of them still would have been my friends. That was back in those days when I was drinking liquor. When I started, drinking seemed "smart" at an occasional party, as in the liquor ads. But I got so that I had it in the house for a "lift" every morning. I was "getting by" with it, I thought, until that "lift" let me down—hard. What our doctor told me brought me squarely to my *moment of decision*.

"Stop liquor--or else."

That was many months ago. I stopped. Now I feel as though I had been born again. No more guilty feelings. No more compromises with conscience. When our little Judy puts her arms around my neck, my heart fairly sings with joy. I see now that when the first drink was offered to me, that was my *moment of decision*. I should have said *No* right then and there—and stayed by it.

H. E. NORTON