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Sidelights from Shakespeare

ON THE

Alcohol Problem

CHRISTINE I. TINLING

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FOREWORD

"My Shakespeare!
Thou art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give."
—BEN JONSON.

Alcohol is on its trial. It has been arraigned before the bar of public opinion on at least a dozen counts. It stands accused of murder in the first degree and of every other crime. Many are the witnesses who bear testimony every day to its evil deeds; on the other hand there are those who argue in its defense.

Let us hear from a few of these as they speak to us from the pages of the immortal Shakespeare, giving faithful testimony to their innermost thoughts and feelings on this important subject. They are as much alive as they ever were. We pass them on the street, and we live with them in the home, for human nature remains ever the same, and as for Shakespeare it has well been said of him, "He was not for an age but for all time."

It is true we cannot call these witnesses into any court of law. Did we attempt to detain them they would "vanish into air, into thin air," and "like the baseless fabric of a vision leave not a rack behind." They are such stuff as dreams are made of, but they are none the less real for that. Nothing is more real than thought; it remains as strong and vital as ever when the brain that gave it birth has been moldering for centuries in the dust.

In order to secure the testimony of these people we must catch them unawares. We must wait our opportunity and listen to their speech as they talk among themselves of their joys and sorrows, the "mingled yarn" that forms the warp and woof of life.

Let us take five witnesses for the defense and five for the prosecution and listen to them with an open mind, considering carefully, not only each individual testimony but also the character of the witness. If we have learned the priceless lesson "to delight no less in truth than life," let us weigh the evidence pro and con as fairly and dispassionately as we may. Then in our own minds let "even-handed justice" prevail, as we pray that it may ever prevail in the greater court of our national government.

CHRISTINE I. TINLING.

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SIDELIGHTS FROM SHAKESPEARE

I

CALIBAN AND HIS GOD

"That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him."

Caliban has been sent by his good master Prospero to fetch some wood. As usual he goes slowly and unwillingly for he hates the duke for having dispossessed him many years ago. Formerly he lived here alone with his mother, a foul witch who for mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible was exiled from Argier and took refuge on this desert island.

He is a strange looking object as he waddles along; dwarfed in stature, "legged like a man" but with fin-like arms, and with long claws for nails. When Prospero and his little daughter Miranda, cast adrift by their enemies, were stranded here, the duke pitied Caliban and took him to live in his own cell. The creature could not even speak in those days, but only gabbled like a thing most brutish. Prospero, however, did not let an hour go by without teaching him one thing or another, so he gained after a while such simple knowledge as how to "name the greater light and how the less." Prospero allowed him to share such scanty comforts as he himself enjoyed. He trained him on the other hand to build the fire, bring in the wood and make himself useful in various ways.

The kind man's efforts, however, have been in vain. Caliban is incorrigible; he cannot take any print of goodness, being capable of all ill. He is one on whose nature nurture will never stick, and as with age his body uglier grows, his mind cankers in like manner.

As he loiters along bearing his load of wood he suddenly sees a man in an odd, variegated costume advancing towards him. But as no one lives on the island except himself, Prospero and

Miranda, and as he has never seen any human shape except these and his witch mother, he thinks this must be a spirit sent to torment him. He falls flat on the ground hoping thereby to escape notice.

This is no spirit, however, but the jester of King Alonzo's company. They have all been wrecked and cast upon the island and are scattered here and there. A thunder storm is brewing and a huge black cloud is ready to burst, so this fellow Trinculo looks around for a shelter.

There is not a tree in sight, no, not so much as a shrub, and he knows not where to hide his head. Suddenly turning he espies Caliban. "What have we here?" he cries, "a man or a fish? Dead or alive?" Though the form is suggestive of a fish, the dress makes him conclude this must be an islander recently killed by a thunderbolt. The "monster" is a curiosity surely, and if Trinculo can only take him to England he will make his fortune. But his immediate concern is to shelter from the storm, so he creeps under the creature's rough cloak or gaberdine and hides there. There they lie, presenting the appearance of a four-legged animal and looking between them even more monster-like than Caliban did before.

Soon there comes along the drunken butler of the ship's company, Stephano by name, bottle in hand as usual. He pours some of his liquor into the mouth of the strange animal, with what object we shall consider later.

Let us see what impression it makes upon him. This is of interest to us because Caliban is no mere ugly oddity; he stands as a type of man at his lowest, only slightly raised above the brute. He is of the earth, earthy, and represents the animal nature, just as Ariel stands for thought and rejoices in the free air as his natural element.

Caliban is delighted with the draught. Hear what he says: "That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?" he cries. "Out of the moon, I do assure thee," says Stephano. "I was the man in the moon when time was." "I have seen

thee in her," replies the credulous Caliban, "and I adore thee; my mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush."

Caliban cannot do enough for this lord of liquor; he promises to show him every fertile inch of the island, pluck berries for him, catch fish, dig for pig-nuts, in fact, do everything in his power for the "wondrous man" who has brought him this celestial boon, this more than earthly beverage, tasted and enjoyed now for the first time in his existence.

No wonder that a poor monster, more like a tortoise than a man, is amazed when he first makes acquaintance with alcohol. It mystified the alchemists in the Middle Ages, who at first thought they had discovered the elixir that would give perpetual youth. They called it "aqua vitae" or water of life. The name "alcohol" was given to it because of its volatile nature. It is from two Arabic words signifying "most subtle." A few drops poured out would almost immediately disappear. Surely it was a strange substance! It gave peculiar sensations, too, a feeling of exuberance that was very pleasing. So, like Caliban, they considered it a celestial liquor, a beverage fit for gods.
days with the process of distillation; they extracted what they called the "spirits of wine" from a fermented liquid. It is prob-
things the art was for a long time forgotten. Albucassis, a Moorish physician, rediscovered it in the eleventh century and it was improved somewhat later by a certain Raimundus Lullus, a theologian of distinction. He lived in the island of Majorca and learned to love a girl who, alas, was suffering from an incurable disease. He threw himself into the study of physic and chemistry in order to save his sweetheart. This was impossible but he became a famous alchemist and specially busied himself with the improvement of distillation.

Though the alchemists learned by means of heat to separate this volatile substance, this *al kohl,* they had no idea of its origin. This was shrouded in mystery. Mankind had, of course, known since Noah's time that when grapes were crushed and exposed to the air something was formed that would produce intoxication. But aeons were to roll by before men could read "in Nature's infinite book of secrecy" the story of how this came to pass.

At last Louis Pasteur in the nineteenth century announced to the world that fermentation is due to a minute plant, the yeast cell, which lives and grows in solutions of sugar, and gives off alcohol as a waste product. Another scientist, Buchner, a few years later, submitted the yeast plant to great pressure and extracted from it a ferment which he called zymase. He showed that this is the agent that does the work of breaking up the molecule of sugar into two molecules of carbon dioxide and two molecules of alcohol. So now it is clear that alcohol is a waste product formed in connection with the splitting up of sugar. In other words it is a result of decomposition. The work of the yeast plant is thus the exact opposite of that of the green plant cell. The green plant takes carbon dioxide and water and builds them up into a useful food, sugar, whereas the yeast plant uses sugar and breaks it down into carbon dioxide and alcohol.

This excretion, like others, is injurious to the cell that produces it and to all higher forms of life. It is well known that the bodies of all plants and animals, including man, are composed of the minute masses that we call cells. Cells have a few essential needs. One is water; another is oxygen. Alcohol has an affinity for both of these substances; it readily combines with them and thus deprives the cell of part of its supply.

Cells consist largely of protoplasm. It resembles the white of an egg, but is a very complex material consisting chiefly of the class of compounds known as proteins. Alcohol is hurtful to protein and causes it to coagulate or clot. These three simple facts are sufficient to explain in large measure the injurious effects which follow its use.

As regards its character this toxin is narcotic, that is, if taken in sufficient doses it causes narcosis or stupor. In the days before chloroform was known it was often used in operations to deaden the sense of pain. It belongs indeed to the same group of substances as chloroform, ether and chloral, and is classed as an anesthetic. Therefore, by reason of its very nature it cannot be suitable for beverage use.

Because, however, it gives a temporary feeling of elation those who are ruled by impulse rather than by reason will nat-

turally be in favor of it. Caliban stands as a representative of that great host who live for the satisfaction of the lower nature, the animal appetites. All these must be counted among the Pros; if they say anything they will bear witness for the defense.

We shall soon hear from others of a very different type, some of them persons of intelligence and influence. All the supporters of alcohol are not Calibans by any means, but practically all the Calibans are supporters of alcohol, and this is to be expected.

Their cry is "Liberty," and here again our poor monster perfectly represents them. Having tasted the joys of alcohol he determines to break loose from his master, Prospero, the benefactor to whom he owes so much. Hear him sing:

> "No more dams I'll make for fish
> Nor fetch in firing
> At requiring,
> Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
> Ban, Ban, Caliban,
> Has a new master; get a new man."

He will not serve Wisdom as it is personified in Prospero; he prefers to serve Appetite.

"Heyday, Freedom!" he shouts, "Freedom, Freedom," and all the time he is a miserable slave, ready to resign every advantage of civilization for the new-found joys of the bottle. Nay, this "thing of darkness" will kill if possible the man to whom he owes everything, even the very gift of language, and will cast himself down in abject submission before the one who can supply him with strong drink, crying, "I prithee be my god," and protesting that he will be for aye his foot-licker.

What a picture of humanity reduced to its lowest terms! Such is our first witness for the defense of alcohol, Caliban, the deserter of Wisdom, the willing slave of Appetite.

II

STEPHANO PRACTICES MEDICINE

"He shall taste of my bottle; it will go near to remove his fit."

Let us now look a little more carefully at Stephano and inquire why he is so ready to share his precious liquor with the strange creature he has found upon the shore.

The ship's butler prides himself on not being easily frightened; no man can make him give ground. But he is considerably startled when he sees prone on the earth this four-legged animal in a man's clothing. "What's the matter?" he exclaims. "Have we devils here?" Caliban has been quite scared at the sight of Trinculo, taking him, as we have seen, for one of his master's spirits come to punish him. Now, as the jester has crept under his gaberdine, his fears increase and he cries out in dread, "Do not torment me, O!" Poor creature, he is trembling in every limb, and no wonder. He knows from experience how effectually Prospero can punish and how his invisible ministers can fill his skin with pinches.

Stephano concludes he is no devil but a monster of the isle with four legs. He can talk, too, and he speaks Italian. Wonder of wonders, that wrecked on a desert island Stephano should find someone who uses his own mother tongue. "I will give him relief," he says, "if it be but for that." But not for this reason alone does he apply the precious bottle to the monster's mouth. He begins to think as Trinculo had done a few moments before what a curiosity this creature would be in his own land. But the poor thing is evidently very sick; he is still shaking violently. He has a fit of some kind, probably the ague. "If I can recover him and keep him tame," soliloquizes the butler, "and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather."

Caliban's terror does not diminish. He knows not what this being who has wormed himself into his gabardine is going to do next. "Do not torment me," he begs, "I'll bring my wood home faster."

"He's in his fit now," thinks Stephano, "and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. Open your mouth," he says, with rough good nature, "here is that which will give language to you. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend"; and as Caliban responds to the invitation he continues to encourage him, "Open your chaps again."

But now Trinculo recognizes the voice of his old chum and cries out in fear and wonder. "Four legs and two voices," exclaims Stephano, "a most delicate monster. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him I will help his ague. Come, I will pour some in thy other mouth."

In short, Stephano is a firm believer in the efficacy of alcohol as a medicine. It will cure a fit be it ague or what not, and by this panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to he will restore the monster and make his fortune.

It was inevitable that through the centuries mankind should look on alcohol as a help in sickness. It removes pain, lessens fatigue, and gives a sense of well-being. These effects, as we now understand, are delusive; they are simply due to the fact that it is an anesthetic. It is because alcohol narcotizes the nerves that the sense of pain is diminished; the trouble remains the same, if indeed it is not increased.

Until shortly before Shakespeare's time the science of medicine was in its age-long infancy. We obtain a faint idea of how great was the lack of scientific knowledge if we examine one of the statutes passed a few years before the poet's birth:

"In the parliament holden at Westminster in the thirde year of the King's most gracious reigne for the advoyding of sorceryes, witchecraft and other inconveniences it was enacted that no persone within the Citie of London should take upon him to exercyse and occupie as Phisician and Surgeon except he be first examyned, approved and admytted by the Bishopp of London."

That a cleric was the chief authority in matters of medicine and that sorcery and withcraft were means used by many who

called themselves doctors, are two facts sufficient in themselves to give us a picture of the ignorance of the time.

In the Dark Ages the monks were the dispensers of physic. They had a few recipes which they prescribed for the most common diseases and if people did not recover on account of taking them, they often did so in spite of taking them and gave the monks the credit. Doubtless, too, they sometimes deserved it.

With the sixteenth century came the revival of learning in all the European countries, and among the many studies which received new impetus medicine was one of the most prominent. Men began to read the works of the ancient physicians in the original instead of trusting as heretofore to translations from the Latin and the Arabic. Better still, they began to explore nature's secrets for themselves. The brave Vesalius in spite of derision and obloquy dissected the human body and laid the foundation of the science of anatomy. Harvey, whose name marks an epoch in the history of medicine, was a contemporary of Shakespeare. He may be said to have instituted a scientific method in physiology but his great discovery was not given to the world until after the poet's death.

This, then, was essentially a transition period. The light of science was indeed breaking, but the mists and vapors of ignorance had not been entirely dissipated. Great discoveries were being made and at the same moment men in high esteem in the medical world were writing the most utter rubbish.

The doctors were still to a large extent alchemists and would sell charms and philtres that were supposed to possess mysterious power. They long believed in the medicinal value of gold; when it was acted upon by lemon juice, honey, salt and alcohol, and repeatedly distilled, it was said to "heal every disease that is thought incurable in the space of seven daies at the furthest." We find "mummy" mentioned in Shakespeare. That was a magical mixture, whose name is suggestive of its source, and both long before and long after the poet's time it was used as a medicine. The charming and chatty writer, Sir Thomas Browne, says that Francis the First always carried mummy about with him and relied upon it as a standby in all disorders.

Shakespeare's medical knowledge was remarkable. His marvelous mind would appear to have assimilated practically all the learning of his age on this subject. We are even tempted now and then to wonder if he saw beyond his time, so scientifically true are some of his statements regarding matters which were then only partially understood.

Compared with the follies above mentioned, the use of alcohol as a medicine seems almost sensible and certainly it was entirely natural. Theoricus, a German writer of the sixteenth century, says: "It sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it cureth the hydropsia, it keepeth the head from whirling, the teeth from chattering, the throat from rattling, the heart from swelling, the hands from shivering, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumbling and the bones from aching."

Long has alcohol held its place, but our own day has witnessed a remarkable change in medical opinion. Modern conviction is expressed in a nutshell in the words of Dr. Norman Kerr: "Alcohol is the pathological fraud of frauds." Sir Victor Horsley says: "It is of no more use in disease than it is in health." No one pretends in these days that it will go near to remove a fit.

One of the things of prime importance in sickness is the elimination of poisons, and the presence of alcohol retards this process because it reduces the amount of oxygen in the system. Add to this the fact that it is a depressant, interfering with all the vital functions, and it will hardly seem necessary to mention in further detail the ways in which alcohol acts as an ally to disease.

A canvass was recently made among American physicians in order to determine their present attitude towards alcohol and to compare the medical opinion of today with that of a few years ago. A number of hospital authorities stated that practically no alcohol is now used as a medicine in their institution. Several said there had been a decrease of seventy-five per cent in the last five years and others put it as high as ninety per cent.

One somewhat amusing reply was to this effect: "Alcohol is sometimes valuable in fractional doses to allay the anxiety of patients and friends." That is, though the doctor knows it is worse than useless he may feel obliged to prescribe it because the patient in his ignorance so desires.

The weighty words of Dr. Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins University are a warning to all who in the medical faculty or out of it are inclined to tamper with this insidious poison: "It is clear, in the light of experience and of recent research work, that alcohol should be classed in the list of dangerous drugs, along with morphine, cocaine and chloral. On the basis of experience I appeal to my colleagues everywhere to abjure its use."

Alcohol will ere long be relegated to the same limbo as mummy, and remembered only as illustrating the follies of a bygone age.

III

FALSTAFF IN PRAISE OF SACK

"If I had a thousand sons I would teach them to addict themselves to sack."

London in Shakespeare's time was a very different city from what it is today. Could we be carried back three hundred years and set down in the midst of it we should hardly know it for the same place. The Tower would, indeed, be there, and away in the distance, separated from the city by miles of meadows, we might recognize the Houses of Parliament. But even St. Paul's would not be the same cathedral that we are acquainted with today. Old London Bridge would attract our attention with its high gate-tower at each end and perhaps some traitor's head looking grimly down from the wall.

The streets of those days were narrow and very dirty. It was only in the reign of Henry the Eighth that the work of paving them was begun. Round stones were used and were placed in the

most irregular fashion so that walking and riding alike were more of a penance than a pleasure. This was especially true after dark as there were as yet no street lights. The sidewalks were narrow and crowded and a gutter ran down the middle of the road into which refuse of all kinds was flung.

There were few vehicles to be seen. The rich went on horseback, followed by footmen; pack animals carried the merchants' wares, and porters hurried to and fro laden with sacks of coal and vegetables.

We may still see a street named Eastcheap but the original one of that name was done away with, together with many other courts and alleys, when the neighborhood of London Bridge was renovated years ago. Long before that time the Boar's Head, dear to Falstaff, had disappeared. It was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 after having been famous as a hostelry since the days of the Plantagenets, if not before. There are records telling of a riot there two hundred years before Shakespeare's time. After the fire the inn was rebuilt on the old site and when at last it was pulled down one stone from between the front windows was preserved as a relic. It bears the carving of a boar's head and is still to be seen in the Guild Hall Museum.

The Elizabethan age was characterized by a spirit of sociability and the taverns were the general rendezvous of all classes. There the courtiers were wont to wile away the time, and there the poets, artists and wits discussed all subjects under the sun. In these social gatherings they disposed of vast quantities of liquor of various sorts, both home-made and imported.

Among the English beverages, besides the immemorial ale and beer, were mead made from honey, strawberry drink, cider and cherry wine. Some of them were concocted with exceeding care; for instance, a drink named white meath contained no less than twenty-three different herbs.

Many wines were imported from Spain, Italy and France, fifty-six varieties from the last named country alone. The favorite of them all was sherris sack, made forever famous by its connection with Falstaff. It obtained the first part of its name from

Xeres in Spain, and the second from the French word "sec" which means "dry."

Falstaff is never happy unless he is drinking sack. He is always calling for a cup of sack or a quart of sack or a bottle of sack. The word seems to be oftener than any other on his lips. He puts sugar into it and sometimes also toast. He gets very cross when he finds lime therein, which the makers occasionally used as a preservative. In short he and his sack are inseparable, so that "if sack and sugar be a fault," he feels he is certainly in need of mercy.

Falstaff has been characterized as "the wine god of merry England." He is a sort of Bacchus, knowing none of the considerations of propriety that act as a restraint on society in general. He is utterly without conscience and utterly without shame, and lives simply to gratify his lower nature in every possible way. But he is so irresistibly witty that we are captivated in spite of ourselves, and his fun is doubly funny emerging from this absurd looking ton of flesh. So in spite of his evil deeds and his worthless character, he remains the prime favorite of the comic stage. Of all those who testify in favor of liquor he is the most weighty witness. Let us hear what he says:

"A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.

"The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing with-

out sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use."

A very clear testimony this, naturally divided into two parts. Sack gives wit; sack gives warmth. As warm blood means courage and cool blood cowardice, it follows that sack gives valor. If this can be proved true, it must surely be a precious boon to humankind, and for want of it the total abstainer is suffering grievous detriment to both body and mind. Let us examine more carefully this claim of the fat knight.

Strong drink goes to the brain, he says, and dries up the fogs that dull it, so that it becomes nimble and alert and the imagination is quickened. Then, when the tongue gives birth to the bright ideas thus engendered, we have wit. He seems to have a pretty good conception of the physiology of his age. It was taught by Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and still believed in Shakespeare's time, that the brain, being of a spongy texture, sucked up the superfluous humore of the body. "The head," we read, "being hollow and round, draws incessantly, like a sort of cupping glass, the moisture from the rest of the body, which rises in a vapor." Such was the old idea.

Modern science tells us that alcohol does indeed readily combine with water, for which it has an affinity. So far Falstaff is right. But the dull, crudy vapors of which he speaks of course do not exist. Alcohol combines with the water in the tissues. Every tissue consists largely of water and the delicate soft substance of the brain is no exception. Alcohol withdraws water from it and thus has a hardening effect, more or less apparent according to the quantity used. For this reason the great anatomist, Hyrti, said that he could distinguish in the dark, by one touch of his scalpel, the brain of a drunkard from that of a sober man.

The idea that liquor stimulates the thinking powers and makes the user more brilliant and more witty than he would otherwise be, is one of the many misconceptions that have long persisted but are now dying out. It may be explained very simply. Alcohol narcotizes those higher centres of the brain

that are concerned with judgment, and so a man is more easily satisfied with himself while under its influence. He thinks himself witty and indeed wonderful because the power of criticism is temporarily dormant. Naturally, when all the members of a group partake of the same illusive draught they are apt to be a highly self-satisfied company. It has been well said that "drink creates the conditions in which any sort of conversation seems good conversation, any sort of wit seems good wit, any sort of company seems good company, and it may be added any sort of drink seems good drink."

To return to Falstaff's oration in praise of sack. He says the second thing this excellent sherris does is to warm the blood; it causes the spirits to muster to their captain, the heart, and hence results courage. This may be explained by reference to another belief that was held in Shakespeare's time. It was thought that the arteries contained no blood but only vital spirits. This notion obtained because they were found empty after death. The very name artery is from two Greek words meaning to "keep air" and it was taught that if they did hold any blood at all it was but a small amount mixed with the vital spirits. The veins were considered to be the chief blood vessels and in them the current was supposed to move to and fro. The blood was said to be propelled from the heart by the act of inspiration and brought back again by each expiration. Thus the medical men of the sixteenth century taught that the blood flowed, but it remained for Harvey to announce later that it moved in a circle. The old idea was that of the ebb and flow of a tide.

Falstaff holds that alcohol helps this movement and increases the heat of the body. It was quite natural to suppose that liquor warms the blood, for it does indeed give a sensation of warmth, and in those days people had little besides sensation to go by. As a matter of fact it reduces the temperature, sometimes only a little, sometimes as much as five or six degrees. This explains the fact that men who have been drinking and stay out all night frequently die of exposure.

The blood vessels, as we now know, are regulated by nerves. In cold weather these nerves cause the vessels in the skin to

diminish in size and thus reduce their capacity for holding blood. There is therefore less blood in the skin and more in the internal regions and heat is in this way conserved. Alcohol paralyzes these vaso-motor nerves and they cease to control the blood vessels. The latter are thus not lessened in caliber as they ought to be, and so blood flows freely through them. As blood is warm this gives the comfortable feeling the drinker desires. He does not understand that, far from gaining heat, he has only brought it to the surface where it is largely abstracted by the cold air without. Alcohol causes the user to lose heat to so great an extent that the modern Arctic explorer does not dare to include it in his kit.

So it seems that after all sack does not give wit but only makes a man think he is witty; it does not give warmth, but only makes a man think he is warm. How about the claim that it imparts courage? Multitudes would back up Falstaff in this assertion and not without reason. Take, for instance, Trinculo who says: "Was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today?" Liquor does indeed infuse into its patron what is known as "Dutch courage," a bravado that renders him ready to fight, often on no pretence whatever. He feels "very hot and valiant" even though he be by nature far from pugnacious. It is for the same oft-repeated reason that the higher centers of the brain are benumbed and he cannot judge of the matter in hand, neither does he realize the risk that he runs in fighting. He thinks he is brave whereas he is only stupid.

Sir Jack, however, has no right to be talking about courage. Indeed it is an instance of his consummate impudence that he can take the word upon his lips at all. He is laughing in his sleeve as he does so, for he knows very well that he is as arrant a coward as ever was born. One time only does he gain a reputation for valor and that is when he stumbles into camp bearing the body of the redoubtable Percy whom he says he has slain. It was the Prince, however, who did that deed, and Falstaff steals the honor from his chum because he is utterly incapable of winning renown by any exploits of his own. Sack's claim to be

a courage-giver would win scant credence, indeed, if Falstaff were its only exponent.

One thing, however, that this witness says is incontrovertible, namely, that sack illumineth the face, making it resemble a beacon or fire. This is an illustration of the effect on the blood vessels just mentioned. When the nerves controlling the minute vessels in the skin are deadened by the narcotic poison these latter become distended and the result is the well-known appearance of the drinker's face. But this is hardly to be reckoned as a point in favor of the excellent sherris sack.

One thing, however, is clear. Falstaff enjoys his drink. If his physiology will not stand the test of modern science that is not of the smallest consequence. We are almost ashamed to take him seriously even for an instant. He does not drink his glass because the doctor says it is good for the heart and liver and brain. He drinks it because he likes it and likes the good times that are associated with it and the jovial company. He stands before us as the representative of a great host who are bent on enjoying themselves. Pleasure they seek and pleasure they obtain. But before we let Falstaff go we will ask him how much they pay for it.

IV

FALSTAFF AND THE PRICE OF SACK

"This gout plays the rogue with my great toe."

"Pleasure will be paid." In these four words Shakespeare reminds us of a truth that is too apt to be forgotten. It holds good of all sorts of pleasure without exception. Intellectual enjoyment can be obtained only through hard work; the rewards of the spiritual life are won through sacrifice; and this is equally true of the physical pleasures that mean so much to a Falstaff. They have their price.

He is an extreme example of the devotee of enjoyment. He lives to have a good time, eating and drinking and making

merry. He has nothing in the world to do but minister to himself, and he attempts nothing else, for we certainly cannot take his soldiering seriously. Moreover he is not in any way hindered in the pursuit of selfish enjoyment. Most people have a conscience which every now and then makes its voice heard, and a conscience is apt to be a source of great discomfort. But Falstaff does not feel this deity in his bosom and is not bothered by it except very slightly and very seldom. Whatever pleasure, therefore, is to be found in ministering to the bodily appetites he may indulge in without let or hindrance.

Since, however, "pleasure will be paid," it is worth while to enquire "What does Falstaff give for it, and is it worth the price?"

First of all, then, it costs him a good deal of money, and also of inconvenience when money runs short. He tells the little page to look in his purse and see how much is there, and the answer is "seven groats and twopence" or about sixty cents. "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse," says he, "borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable." No wonder. Everyone who has an expensive taste, such as the appetite for alcohol or tobacco, finds to his regret that his purse is afflicted with consumption. Take for instance the cost of a single dinner which any sensible man, then as now, could get for a modest sum. Here is Falstaff's bill:

"Item	A capon....................	2s	2d
"	Sauce		4d
"	Sack, two gallons............	5s	8d
"	Anchovies and sack after supper....................	2s	6d
"	Bread		½d"

"O monstrous," cries Prince Hal when he finds the account, "but one-half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." There is many a true word spoken in jest!

Such madcaps as Sir John never keep accounts, but if they did they would get a surprise. George Washington once

wrote a letter to a certain Mr. Thomas Green in which he said: "Were you to look back and had the means either from recollection or accounts to ascertain the cost of the liquor you have expended it would astonish you. In the manner this expense is generally incurred, that is, by getting a little now and a little then, the impropriety of it is not seen, inasmuch as it passes away without much thought. But view it in the aggregate and you will be convinced at once." And later in the same letter he goes on to say, "But the expense is not the worst consequence that attends it."

Only a small portion of the price of pleasure is paid in money. The satisfaction of these bodily appetites is followed by the suffering from bodily ills. Falstaff's unwieldy mass of flesh may be a source of amusement to others but it is surely a source of discomfort to himself. It is evidently the result of his self-indulgent habits. Once he was so slim that he "could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring," and now his waist is two yards round, he is "blown up like a bladder," and he cannot see his own knee. Of course he appreciates the funny side of it, and can enjoy a joke at his own expense. When he gets the ducking in the Thames that he so richly deserves he says: "The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned puppies, and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing I should have been had I been swelled. I should have been a mountain of mummy."

But with all his joking about it his huge bulk makes him very uncomfortable and averse from action. Pathetically he complains: "I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing by perpetual motion." But worse than inertia, he suffers with the gout, one of the penalties that the good liver so often has to pay. It plays the rogue with his great toe, and the pain doubtless neutralizes the delight of many a bottle of that excellent sherris sack.

Nor is this all. Those who live for appetite may have what they consider a good time, but one of the blessings they forfeit is the respect of their neighbors. Falstaff is no exception, and he knows it. When he is impersonating the king and lecturing the young prince on his follies he says: "There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest."

Again, what a pitiful picture the Chief Justice draws of the degenerate old man, characterized by a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing paunch, with voice broken, wind short, chin double, wit single, like a candle, the better part burned out. This is how Falstaff appears to others. The eminent critic, Gervinus, points out that before the end Shakespeare degrades him even in his wit so that he is by no means a match for simple honest people.

Even the prince, after all the fun and frolic they had had together on his accession to the throne, rejects the old fellow. We feel sorry for Falstaff when he says:

> "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
> I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane;
> But being awaked, I do despise my dream.
> Make less thy body hence and more thy grace;
> Leave gourmandizing; know the grave doth gape
> For thee thrice wider than for other men."

Simple, literal truth, which may be verified in the reports of the various insurance societies today. The grave, however, is a subject that Falstaff would fain forget; he does not thank anyone for reminding him of his end.

When it comes it is pitiful to see him going back to his innocent childhood and calling on the God he has so long neglected. Mistress Quickly, hostess of the Boar's Head, tells the story of his passing in her garrulous way: "A' parted

even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of green fields. So a' cried out 'God, God, God' three or four times. Now I to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God. I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." But even then he was dying as she soon realized.

Sitting once in the Boar's Head Inn and feeling old age coming on apace, he had said to Bardolph: "My skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old applejohn. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart presently and then I shall have no strength to repent."

It is not by any means a satisfactory task to analyze a comic character. It is not intended to be analyzed but only to be enjoyed. Falstaff is perhaps the most amusing figure in all comedy and we are indebted to him for a great deal of fun. But Shakespeare is not the man to allow wit and humor entirely to obscure the show of evil. He will not leave us with the impression that after all fair is foul and foul is fair. He makes Falstaff himself acknowledge that his life is all wrong and resolve occasionally to leave sack and live cleanly as a gentleman should do. As we have seen he makes him pay dearly for his pleasures. To sum up the price: impecuniosity annoys him; his heavy form makes action distasteful; gout tortures him; he loses the respect of decent people, and he leaves the world having had, so far as we are able to judge, "no strength to repent."

There are various sorts of pleasures and some are incompatible with others. They won't mix, so it is necessary to choose between them. One group may be broadly classed as "the pleasures of sin"; these only last "for a season." There is another variety, described on unimpeachable authority as "pleasures for evermore." Every human soul has the privilege of choosing between the two kinds. Myriads of men for want

of a little thought are carried away by the desire for sensual gratification and "sell eternity to get a toy."

We may feel reasonably sure that Shakespeare himself was a sincere Christian. It would be hard to imagine anyone but a true believer writing as he does of "our dear Redeemer" and speaking of God as "our hope, our stay, our guide and lantern to our feet." How clearly he sets forth the gospel in the lines:—

> "All the souls that were, were forfeit once,
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

Not only does he refer to the Atonement as the one way of salvation in such words as these:

> "I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
> By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sin,"

but one feels there is a personal appreciation of the sacrifice of the Son of God when he writes of

> "Those blessed feet
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross."

We are not left, however, to gather from Shakespeare's characters what he himself thought and felt upon the theme of themes. We have his own solemn statement in his last will and testament. Only three of his signatures have been preserved and one of them is beneath these words: "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour to be made partaker of life everlasting."

But though such is his faith he does not preach to us, for that is not his calling. He shows us life as it is, good and ill inextricably mixed together, and he leaves us to think things out for ourselves. All the world's a stage and Falstaff has his place upon it like everybody else. He reveals himself; he does not need a cap and bells. Poor old fellow, we enjoy his

merriment and are amused by his wit, but we do not know a single individual who would wish to be like him. He has his pleasure like many another man of the world, but is it worth the price?

V

LADY MACBETH AND HER MOTIVES

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold."

The feast is spread. Macbeth, by the murder of Duncan, has realized his ambition and become king of Scotland. At a state banquet he and his queen entertain the chief lords of the realm. Lady Macbeth pronounces a cordial welcome, while her husband mingles with the guests and takes a seat at the table. "Be large in mirth," he says, "anon, we'll drink a measure the table round." "Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." Then, as in some quarters now, it was supposed that wine is a valuable addition to the social meal because it helps digestion. That idea has, however, been completely exploded and we are told on high authority that if we wish good digestion to wait on appetite and health on both we must leave strong drink alone. However, it is not for any such practical purpose that wine is served at any banquet, but only for the pleasure it imparts and the atmosphere of good fellowship that accompanies it. Macbeth, a few moments later, speaks again: "Give me some wine, fill full; I drink to the general joy of the whole table."

But though the word "joy" is on his lips there is no joy for him tonight. Instead there is horror in his heart as he encounters the accusing ghost of Banquo, whom he has just murdered. Though from first to last he never realizes it, this same sparkling wine, associated in his mind with the thought of joy, is one of the prime factors in the tragedy that even now has begun to overwhelm his life.

Shakespeare took the material for this play from Holinshed's Chronicle. The name of the actual murderer, as there given, was Donwald, and the story runs thus:

"At length, having talked with them a long time, he got him into his privie chamber, onelie with two of his chamberlains, who having brought him to bed came forth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes and sundrie sorts of drinks for their supper, whereat they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleepe they were so fast that a man might have remooved the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their droonken sleepe."

The poet brings out very clearly that the use of drink was an integral part of the plot to murder the king.

Macbeth has almost resolved to abandon his purpose. He reflects that even in this world retribution may overtake him. He has not the faintest shadow of excuse for this murder, for Duncan has borne his faculties so meek and been so clear in his great office, and his virtues will testify like angels, trumpet-tongued against the crime.

Besides being his kinsman and his king, Duncan is bound to Macbeth by the sacred ties of hospitality and is for the time being under his protection. Influenced by these weighty considerations, the thane, notwithstanding his ambition, says to his lady: "We will proceed no further in this business."

But she holds him to the purpose, for she is resolved that cost what it may he shall sit upon the throne of Scotland. With calm determination she plans the murder as being the only possible means to this end, and she lashes her husband with her tongue for his hesitation. He weakens. His next objection is based merely on the fear that they may fail in the attempt, so she lays her plan before him in detail.

"When Duncan is asleep,
Whereto the rather shall his hard day's journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?"

The old anatomists thought that the brain consisted of three ventricles or chambers; and that the mind had three principal faculties, understanding, imagination and memory. The imagination lodged in the front cell, the understanding or reason in the middle, and the memory in the hindermost. Memory was supposed to act as a guard or warder to protect the other faculties. Lady Macbeth says that strong drink will convert memory into a mere fume or vapor. It will then rise into the next cell and confuse the reason. The latter will be like an alchemist's limbeck or alembic, which is the part of a still into which the fumes ascend. The description may seem to us far fetched, but alchemy was very popular in those days, and though the terms be unfamiliar we can get the main idea, that the mind, including memory and reason, is rendered utterly useless by alcohol. The word "quell" in the last line is essentially the same as "kill," and Lady Macbeth means that the attendants, saturated with liquor, shall bear the responsibility of the murder.

When Macbeth considers this plan and is convinced that he can do the deed with impunity, he declares that his mind is made up to it, and he will "bend up each corporal agent to this terrible feat." She drugs the possets; she places the daggers; he strikes the blow; the deed is done.

Some are inclined to look on Lady Macbeth as a fiend incarnate, her husband's evil genius, utterly devoid of any natural feelings. But she says herself that they must screw their courage to the sticking place, and this implies an effort made in resistance to an opposite feeling. She is afraid she may weaken and so she invokes evil spirits to unsex her, and stop up the passage to remorse, that no natural compunctions may shake her fell purpose. That there are stirrings of human feeling in her breast we see

from this reference to the old man: "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." Because she is not a fiend, but a woman, there is, she knows, some danger lest her ambitious purpose should fail of accomplishment, hindered by thoughts of pity or considerations of right and wrong. It is because she is afraid of her own better nature that she calls these spirits to her aid.

Neither to these alone does she appeal; she seeks assistance from spirits of another kind. She takes a draught of that same drink she gave the grooms, to strengthen herself for her part in the crime that is to make her husband king and herself queen of Scotland. "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold," she says, "that which hath quenched them hath given me fire."

This is a very suggestive statement, and leads one to inquire why the same drug should quench, as it were, one person and give fire to another. Apparently it acts in small doses as a stimulant and in large ones as a narcotic, but a little thought will convince us that the effect is essentially the same in both cases.

The brain, as we now understand, consists of the cerebrum, which is the seat of conscious action, including all the higher functions; the cerebellum, which is concerned with the co-ordination of the muscles; and the medulla or bulb, wherein are found nervous centers governing heart and lungs. The effect of poisoning by alcohol is first seen in the cerebrum, where it is manifested by loss of self-control and confusion of thought. The cerebellum is next affected and the subject cannot regulate his movements. Lastly, when the medulla is narcotized the heart and lung centers stop functioning and death results. In the case of the grooms, when death and nature do contend about them whether they live or die, it is because the narcotic effect has been deep enough to involve the medulla.

Lady Macbeth takes no such draught. A small quantity suffices to deaden the higher centers of her brain and paralyze the feelings of compunction that might have hindered her. She takes it for that very purpose.

The reason why alcohol makes a person bold to do what otherwise he would never do is thus expressed by one of our American medical authorities: "The effect is to attack the protoplasm of the most highly specialized cells. The sense of shame, the sense of decency, the sense of right and wrong, the equipoise, that part of our complex organism which has differentiated civilized man from the savage and savages from animals, these disappear under its influence."

An amateur climbing in the Alps took a drink of whisky before he attempted a very dangerous crevasse and boasted that after so doing, he jumped it like a bird. "Like a fool rather," was his friend's comment. The effect of the whisky was simply to make him regardless of consequences because the higher centers concerned with judgment were paralyzed. The same thing holds good in regard to crime. Lady Macbeth is bold because she has for the moment laid to sleep her reason and judgment and the better feelings that otherwise might give her pause.

Macbeth wanted the throne, but was probably too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way. He was not without strong ambition but would hardly have murdered to attain his desire. He would have drawn back, as we have seen, but for his wife's influence and her contempt for him when he hesitated. And as he would not have done the deed without her so perhaps she would not have done it without the wine. Since she felt the need of it to make her bold it would seem that she was not quite bold enough without it. So this crime might never have been committed but for alcohol.

Be that as it may, we may safely assume that though attempted it would have failed. Like every other royal personage Duncan had his bodyguard whose duty it was to defend him with their very lives. Instead of so doing, at the moment of danger they are in a deep sleep and mock their charge with snores. And why? Because they have partaken of the lethal cup. Thus twice over we find alcohol an important factor in the plot.

God only knows in how many tragedies the wide world over it has been a factor. The Scottish heath of a bygone age, the

American home of the twentieth century, together with a vast variety of human habitations unnumbered and unknown, have been the scenes of plots essentially similar. There is some fault that holds the possibilities of tragedy, ambition in one case, weakness in another, jealousy in a third. These may lead to nothing worse than an ordinary degree of unhappiness. But alcohol is added and becomes a determining factor. Then ambition plus alcohol, or weakness plus alcohol, or jealousy plus alcohol, spells murder.

The connection between strong drink and crime was fully recognized in Shakespeare's time, though of course it was not understood as it is today. An act was passed in 1607 for repressing drunkenness which contains these words:

"The loathsome and odyous Synne of Drunkennes is of late growen into comon use within this Realme being the root and foundacion of many other enormious Synnes, as Bloodshed, Stabbinge, Murder, Swearinge, Fornicacion, Adulterye and such like, to the great dishonour of God and of our Nacion, the overthrowe of many good Artes and Manuell Trades the disablinge of dyvers Workmen and the genrell ympovrishing of many good Subjects."

Since the nature of alcohol has not changed in the three hundred years since these words were written and since it has not yet been prohibited by national law in the old country or the new, its effects remain today just the same as ever.

As, however, we understand these effects so much better than did our forefathers, and as scientific investigation has demonstrated to us the close connection between alcohol and crime and the reasons for the same, we are far more to blame for allowing it to exist in our midst than were those who lived in the seventeenth century.

Physiologists, psychologists, alienists and criminologists speak with the authority of expert knowledge against the use of alcohol. Their testimony is supported by a vast amount of practical experience. Colonel Maus, recently retired as surgeon-general of the Eastern Department of the United States Army, after forty-one years of service, says: "Practically all the crime committed in

the army directly or indirectly can be traced to the effects of alcohol."

Here is a letter from an English captain written from the front: "We sincerely hope the English and French governments will unite to enforce a complete prohibition. On looking over my orderly room cases for the last few months, I note that with few exceptions all the offences are attributable to drink, and the exceptions are trifling affairs. The only cure, and the one sincerely hoped for by those of us who view with apprehension our steadily increasing use of alcohol, is its total effective prohibition, both in England and France."

Very different from these offences and not to be mentioned in the same breath with them, are the unspeakable crimes of the Huns in Belgium. Testimony given in the Bryce report and gathered from the letters of Teuton soldiers, shows that in many cases these atrocities which have shocked the civilized world were committed under the influence of liquor. Even Germans would hardly have treated helpless little children as they have done had they not been more or less drugged.

We have in Macbeth weird suggestions of supernatural powers affecting human destiny—witches, with their charm wound up, withered and wild in appearance, making their baneful influence felt from the outset, their cauldron a compote of all gruesome things suggestive of horror. The fillet of a fenny snake, eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat, tongue of dog, and the other ingredients of the enchanted pot may sound sufficiently repulsive, but for a "charm of powerful trouble" there is nothing to compare with that apparently harmless wine cup whose contents will just stupefy the moral nature enough to enable the user, though a woman of refinement, to become a criminal.

As, after the deed, Lady Macbeth goes to replace the daggers beside the grooms, a loud knocking is heard without. It continues some time as the porter is slow in responding. "Knock, knock, knock," he says, "who's there, in the name

of Beelzebub?" and he pictures himself as the keeper of hell-gate, letting the sinners in.

His soliloquy is not the mere chatter of a loquacious old servitor. It suggests that this is indeed the gate of hell in a very real sense. This beautiful home, where "heaven's breath smells wooingly" and where amid the music of the birds and the perfume of the flowers loyal hearts might live happily and entertain for a season a good and gracious friend, this place is transformed into a hell on earth. It becomes the scene of murder and its inmates have brought upon themselves a punishment which will ever increase in the intensity of its horror, and compared with which any corporal suffering seems unworthy to be mentioned. Remorse is hell. This is what Lady Macbeth has brought upon herself and her husband, and the means by which she has compassed that deed, fatal to Duncan's life, but far more awfully fatal to their own two souls is—drink.

When the human spirit maintains its ascendancy over the lower nature and is itself illumined and indwelt by the Divine, how happy and harmonious life becomes! But when, through alcohol's delusive influence, the higher nature is deadened and dethroned, then the storms of passion sweep unhindered, destroying both character and happiness, and life may be described in Macbeth's own words as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

From such rueful wreck and ruin, good Lord, deliver us!

VI

SIR TOBY AND HIS CRITICS

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

It is past midnight but Sir Toby and his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek are having a rollicking time regardless of the other inmates of the house. It is not in Sir Toby's nature to consider anybody's comfort but his own. He takes advantage

of his niece's kindness and hospitality and cajoles his friend out of his money and entirely disregards the claims of law and order. However, as he is jolly and witty and constantly bubbles over with mirth and music his selfishness is more or less concealed.

Sir Andrew is a tall lank-haired and very weak-minded individual. He has unbounded admiration for Sir Toby and imitates him on all occasions. He thinks life consists of eating and drinking, and when it dawns on him that he presents a somewhat foolish appearance he suggests that much beef has done harm to his wit. It seems probable that drinking has had more to do with his stupidity than eating, for the two knights are intoxicated every evening. Sir Toby excuses this by saying it is with drinking healths to his niece and adds, "I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top." How many irregularities is this old custom of health-drinking responsible for, and how many physical ills! It has been pithily said that "we drink each other's health and spoil our own."

The Countess Olivia, Sir Toby's niece, is a young and beautiful woman, who on account of the deep sorrow of a double bereavement has retired from society and is resolved to live in seclusion for seven years. She tolerates Sir Toby because of their relationship though his manner of life is by no means to her taste. Quiet and austere by nature she loves simplicity and reality. Her household affairs are administered by a steward, one Malvolio, who is a strict puritan.

The two revelers sit up well into the night and are joined by the clown who contributes a song. But a solo is not good enough for Sir Toby and he proposes that they all three sing. "Shall we make the welkin dance indeed?" says he. "Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?" "Let's do it," echoes Sir Andrew, and the trio are soon bawling at the top of their voices.

This brings Maria, the Countess' waiting-maid, to the scene, and she sharply reproves the noisy gentlemen, saying, "What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me."

It is indeed disgraceful to disturb the whole household at this time of night. An old book has come down to us from Shakespeare's century which says, "No man shall after the hour of nine at night keep any rule (i. e., behaviour) whereby a sudden outcry be made in the still of night, as beating his wife or servant, or singing or revelling in his house." Good manners at that time required that such things be done before the clock struck nine!

Maria's efforts are in vain. Sir Toby starts up another song and yet another after that. Then, just as she had predicted, the steward walks in and indignantly remonstrates with the three men.

"My masters," he cries, "are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house that you squeak out your cozier's catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons nor time in you?" And when the irrepressible Sir Toby retorts that they did keep time in their catches, he goes on to say, "Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she is nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell."

Sir Toby gets angry. "Sir," he cries, "ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

The old fellow evidently believes in personal liberty. The puritan shall not interfere with him; he will eat what he likes and drink what he likes, shout when he likes and sing when he likes, and it is nobody's business but his own.

This notion of personal liberty is being constantly aired by those who indulge in the liquor habit and support the liquor traffic. It would be well if they would study the definition of liberty given by the Supreme Court of the United States: "Even liberty, the greatest of all rights, is not unrestricted license to act according to one's own will. It is only freedom from restraint under conditions essential to the equal enjoyment of the same rights by others."

Because Sir Toby insists on his supposed right to drink and shout, other people are deprived of their undoubted right to a good night's rest. But no one really has any right, in pursuit of his own pleasure, to make himself a nuisance to his neighbors.

The liquor traffic has always been a public nuisance. It was eminently so in the days when this play was written. If we delve into those Statutes of the Realm that date from the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns we may easily read between the lines how great an annoyance liquor drinking had become in English society. A law passed shortly before Shakespeare's time says, "Intollerable hurt and trobles to the Comon Wealthe of this realm do the daylie grow and increase throughe such abuses and disorders as are had and used in comen Alehouses and other houses called Tiplinge houses."

Another law, enacted within about two years of the date of this play, contains these words: "The ancient true and principal use of Innes, Alehouses and Victuallinge Houses was for the Receipte Reliefe and Lodginge of wayfaring people travellinge from place to place and not meant for entertainment and harboringe of idle people to spende and consume theire money and theire tyme in lewde and drunken manner."

It was quickly followed by another in which we read of "Alehouses whereof the Multitudes and Abuses have been and are found intollerable and still doe and are like to increase."

We also notice that the liquor men of that period would not confine themselves within the limits of the law any more than they do today. The traffic was essentially corrupt. We find men "taking upon them the Arte and Mysterie of Malt-

makinge and tenderinge more their owne private lucre and gayne and profitt than the holsome vytalinge of the King's majestie and his Grace subjects." We read that "by gready myndes" they "made myche malte unpure and unseasonable" so that it became "mustie and full of Wevells, wherby noe holsome drincke for man's bodye can by any means be therof made." As the spelling indicates, this is from an earlier statute; it dates from the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Thus for not much less than four hundred years our Anglo-Saxon race has had proof that this is a thoroughly lawless trade. It has been set down in those tomes where words are never lightly written as "intollerable," and yet in our easy-going way we have tolerated it to the present time in the old country and in the new.

Even now, though we are gradually trying to get rid of it, many men are desperately afraid that their town or city will go to ruin without it, and that under prohibition the grass will soon be growing in the streets. Experience, however, is a good teacher, and we see some who formerly favored license changing their minds after a year or two under the prohibitory régime. The editor of a certain newspaper in Spokane, Washington, may be taken as the type of a large and increasing class. He says: "Spokane has honestly tried prohibition and it has prohibited. Not perfectly, but better than speed laws prohibit fast driving or larceny laws prohibit theft. Hotel men who at that time were near panic over the coming of the new law are wearing smiles as they turn surplus guests away." After all, what else was to be expected? Does it not stand to reason that a decent law-abiding city is more attractive to the decent law-abiding majority of the people than one that is honeycombed with saloons, every one of which is a centre of disorder and rowdyism?

Slowly but surely our citizens are learning that prohibition is a public boon. It is a boon even to the Toby tribe did they but know it. Toby gets into trouble before the end of the play and has a broken head. By the way, this would not have happened but for drink, which has always been known

as a fruitful cause of accidents. He wants the surgeon and wants him at once. But unfortunately that gentleman is drunk, and the knight must go without attention or at least must wait for it. This is very exasperating, and Sir Toby does not hesitate to call him a rogue. "I hate a drunken rogue," he exclaims. It is all right for himself and his chums to carouse the live-long night and make the welkin ring, but when the doctor has a mind to amuse himself in the same way that is an entirely different matter. He ought to be always on hand, ready to patch up the broken heads of bibulous knights. Point of view makes a great difference.

Malvolio affords us a great deal of fun in this play on account of his ridiculous conceit and self-love, but after all he does stand as a representative of law and order, and it is on this account that Sir Toby is at odds with him. He hates to be restrained. One sentence of his, quoted above, gives us the key to his position on the liquor question. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous," he says, sneering at the steward's puritanism, "there shall be no more cakes and ale?" He entirely forgets that the official would never have interfered with him at all if he had been behaving himself decently. It is as a disturber of the peace that he finds his liberty questioned.

We have the same situation today on a public scale. The temperance people are accused of forcing their own narrow views on others and obliging their neighbors to live by their own teetotal rule. Cakes and ale and all the conviviality and jollity represented thereby must be banished because the drys are determined to inflict their severe code on the whole of society. Not at all. Either ignorantly or wilfully the wets entirely misconstrue the matter. If the liquor traffic had not made itself a public nuisance it might still continue unmolested. If the saloon had not been the centre of disorder, if it had not made our cities a disgrace to civilization, if it had not tampered with our courts of justice, if it had not bribed the police, if it had not corrupted politicians, if it had not fostered anarchy, it would still be allowed to remain. It is

not going out of existence because a certain number of "dry" individuals want to make everybody else dry. It is going because the majority have the right to abate a nuisance and intend to use that right. To quote the Supreme Court once again: "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquor by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a state or of a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with great danger to the community it may be entirely prohibited."

God speed the day!

VII

CASSIO AND THE ONE CUP

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!"

Iago's heart is filled with hatred and malice. He had counted on being made Othello's lieutenant. He had seen service under him in Rhodes, Cyprus and elsewhere and felt that he had acquitted himself creditably. Moreover no less than three influential men interceded in his behalf. But the suit was denied; Othello had already chosen his officer.

The lucky man is Michael Cassio, a Florentine. He has given considerable attention to the theory of war, but has not had by any means as much experience in the field as the other. Iago heartily despises him and says that all his knowledge is mere prattle without practice. He harbors a bitter grudge in his heart against Cassio for having won the coveted position and a yet bitterer one against the general who promoted him. He only remains in the army that he may seek an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on both. He sets his wits to work and counts on "all the tribe of hell" to help him, and gradually the plan develops in his mind.

Othello is a happy man; he has just married a beautiful wife. If Iago can at one and the same time get Cassio's place and shatter Othello's bliss, this double knavery will deliciously gratify his passion for revenge.

But how is he to do it? There's the rub. Suppose he contrives to get Cassio into trouble so that he is disgraced and dismissed; then Desdemona, gentle and kind-hearted as she is, will easily be persuaded to plead for him. By a hint here and a hint there he can make it appear that she cares unduly for the lieutenant, for "trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." But the difficulty is to get him into disfavor in the first place. Othello has the highest opinion of him as a soldier and he loves him as a friend. Indeed they are so intimate that Cassio acted as mediator when the Moor was courting the beautiful Venetian. It does not seem an easy thing to compass the downfall of this young man.

However he will manage it somehow; the plot is already assuming a more or less definite shape. "'Tis here but yet confused; knavery's plain face is never seen till used." He waits his opportunity, which is not long in coming.

Othello proclaims a festival to celebrate the destruction of the Turkish fleet and his own recent marriage. There is to be full liberty of feasting, with bonfires, sports, dancing and general revelry. Iago will persuade the lieutenant to drink. "If I can fasten but one cup on him," he schemes, "with that which he hath drunk tonight already, he'll be as full of quarrel and offense as my young mistress' dog." The rest will be easy; he can arrange for other young gallants to be present who will from the same cause be equally cantankerous. A brawl will inevitably follow and will result in Cassio's disgrace.

Meanwhile Othello's friend pursues his way without the smallest idea that he has an enemy. He looks on Iago as a very good fellow, thoroughly honest and kindly. He knows the general, too, has a high opinion of his ensign, and it never occurs to him to doubt the latter's good faith.

The fateful evening draws in. Says Iago, "Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello." But even though it is an invitation

to drink to his friend and leader Cassio declines saying, "Not tonight, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

"O, but one cup," urges the tempter, and still Cassio refuses. He has had one cup tonight and though that was considerably diluted he dares not take another.

Iago presses the claims of hospitality. These fellows just outside desire it; let Cassio call them in, for this is a festive occasion. So at last the young man yields, but against his will and protesting as he does so. All turns out as the villain plans. The quarrel is soon started and while it is in progress Iago has the big bell rung, the town is roused by a rumor of mutiny and everything is in an uproar. Othello arrives on the scene righteously indignant, and when he has asked a few questions and noted Cassio's condition he gives his verdict: "Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine."

Swiftly events move on. Cassio having lost his position Desdemona pleads his cause and out of her own goodness the inhuman wretch Iago makes the net that does enmesh them all. Thus the whole plot of this tragedy, one of the most tremendous in all literature, hangs on one cup of wine.

But it is Cassio alone that we are concerned with at present. We want to get his viewpoint, to see what alcohol means to him, how it affects his life and what he has to say concerning it.

Poor fellow, he had everything in his favor to begin with. Youth, good looks, social position, all were his. In society he was known as a ready conversationalist and was deservedly popular. He filled his place in the army with great ability. In private he must have been a lovable character, for even his bitter enemy says of him: "He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly." And now he loses position, friendship, reputation, everything, for one cup of wine. Oh, the pity of it!

Coming down to our own time, and disregarding for the present the greater forfeitures that are involved, let us con-

sider just this one thing, the loss of employment through the use of liquor. How many thousands of young Americans are today in Cassio's case! In spite of natural ability, in spite of "pull," in spite of friendship, they find themselves minus a position on account of drink, and they wish too late that they had confined themselves to "honest water which never left man in the mire."

Big business is discriminating more and more severely against the men who use alcohol even moderately. Inquiry was recently made among the great iron and steel works in the middle west and in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Out of a hundred and thirteen firms which replied to the questions asked, no less than a hundred and seven stated that they absolutely prohibit the use of alcohol in their works. Almost all of them added that they were doing "everything possible to prevent drinking by employees out of working hours." The reasons for this attitude on the part of the corporations are not far to seek. Men who drink "distempering draughts" even in small quantities are not capable of doing as much work as abstainers. It has been estimated that on an average fourteen men who are total abstainers can do as much as fifteen who use one glass of beer a day. Employers see no reason why they should pay for that extra man.

Again, work is much more likely to be damaged when liquor is used. It is said that in certain large steel mills when saloons were open it was not an uncommon thing after payday for twenty to forty tons of steel to be spoiled in the rolling.

In the third place, accidents are immensely increased when drink is accessible to the workers. Liability laws impose a great burden on employers. The damages assessed in court for loss of life or limb are so heavy as to make it necessary to take safety measures of the most thorough kind. Industrial prohibition is simply a safety measure in the interest alike of employer and employee.

It is the risk of accidents among other considerations that has caused the railroads to take so strong a stand in this matter. Ninety-six per cent of the great roads require total

abstinence of their men. Along virtually all lines we see the same thing. Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, a well-known writer, recently sent out five hundred letters to business men, railroads, corporations and experts asking for their opinion as to the attitude of industry toward alcohol. He says that practically the only letter that did not condemn liquor came from a manufacturer of beer pumps.

In short, the verdict of business would seem to be pretty well summed up in the words of Andrew Carnegie: "There is no use wasting time on any young man who drinks liquor, no matter how exceptional his talents." Such a one, however great his ability and however excellent in other respects his character, is more than likely to hear from his employer the equivalent of what the young Florentine hears from Othello, "Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine."

That is bad enough, but let us not forget that loss of the position may after all be one of the least of the misfortunes brought on by that "one cup." In countless cases the ultimate result is ruin and tragedy.

Iago would do very well to sit for a portrait of the devil. True, he has human motives and these keep for him a place among human beings. But rarely is a man to be found who so closely resembles a fiend. One can well imagine the great enemy of souls laying just such a trap as Iago lays. Satan is none the less real for being invisible; he wields tremendous power as "the world-ruler of this darkness." It is certain that he goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Here is a young American, trained in a godly home, intelligent, educated, refined, interested in the highest things, almost persuaded to be a Christian. The enemy seems likely to lose his prey. Is it not natural, nay, all but inevitable, to suppose that the thought of the arch-fiend or his representatives is often identical with Iago's—"If I can fasten but one cup upon him"? He does not approach him in any horrid shape; he speaks through his closest friend, his college chum, maybe,

and says in the most innocent way imaginable, "But one cup, for sociability's sake."

If the youth could only see the invisible beings who seek his ruin, if he could only realize what spirit forces are arrayed against him, would he under any circumstances play into the devil's hands by taking just one cup?

VIII

CASSIO THE SOLDIER

"O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

Having pronounced sentence upon his hitherto trusted officer, Othello abruptly leaves the room. Cassio sinks down in despair; his loyal affection for his chief, his fine sense of honor, and his native dignity all contribute to make the blow a crushing one.

As he pours out his shame and sorrow in bitter self-accusing words the hypocritical Iago asks him how it all happened. As a matter of fact he had carefully planned the whole thing and had told Roderigo to "find some occasion to anger Cassio," assuring him that the latter's fall would further the attainment of Roderigo's own ambitions.

"What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?" asks Iago innocently. "I know not," says poor Cassio. "I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!"

Here is one of the places in which Shakespeare gives us a physiological statement which is strictly in harmony with the findings of modern science. The whole intricate structure that we call the nervous system consists of neurons. A neuron is a nerve cell with the parts that appertain to it. Nerve cells are of various forms, the most common being star-shaped.

From the points of the star, as it were, delicate threads run out. The cell has several short threads or processes and one long one. The short ones are called dendrites from a Greek word meaning "tree" because they resemble branches and have still smaller excrescences which look like twigs. These dendrites carry messages to the cell. The one long process, known as the axon, conveys impulses in the opposite direction, away from the cell.

Thousands of axons bound together in bundles make a nerve. Commonly these fibres have a fatty sheath which seems to act as an insulating jacket to prevent the dissipation of the nervous impulses. The fatty material is white, so where the axons abound, that is, on the inside of the brain and the outside of the cord, we have what is called white matter.

The nerve cells themselves are grey and so are the little dendrites, for they have no jackets, and therefore they are described in bulk as grey matter. The more delicate and finely organized is any cell or tissue, the more readily is it damaged by alcohol. The cells in the brain and the nervous system generally are the most highly specialized in the whole body, the most marvellous in operation and the most susceptible to injury by this protoplasmic poison.

When large quantities are taken, the brain cells, many of them, become thoroughly disorganized. First the dendrites shrivel up, and as it is by their means that the neurons are kept in communication with each other this is exceedingly disastrous. Later the body of the cell is injured and if the habit is persisted in it may entirely disappear. Physiologists believe that when this happens the cell is never replaced.

When only small quantities are used the results are not so apparent, but careful experiment shows that the harm is always there. Professor Kraepelin of Munich, a pioneer in this line of investigation, has proved that so little as two tablespoonfuls will reduce mental efficiency.

It acts in two ways, diminishing speed on the one hand and accuracy on the other. There are certain very simple processes, such as responding to a signal, which may be hastened for a short time after the use of alcohol, but they are hardly worth considering, and even in these cases mistakes are more frequent and the quickening is soon followed by reaction. Whenever involved processes are concerned the working of the brain is invariably slowed down by alcohol. This is shown by such tests as adding columns of figures and memorizing poetry and numbers.

There is a peculiar kind of stuffing material in the nervous system. It is called neuroglia and it keeps the delicate cells snugly packed and protects them from injury. Strange to say, while alcohol destroys the brain cells it has quite an opposite effect on this supporting tissue; it is merely irritated and in consequence increases and fills up the space that is left when the brain cells are killed. Sir Victor Horsley puts the result as follows: "In the first place there is degeneration and ultimate destruction of the nerve cells and their processes. In the second place there is an increase in the supporting tissue which replaces the nerve cells and which is entirely useless from the point of view of nerve action." So Shakespeare was scientifically exact when he described strong drink as an enemy that steals away the brains.

Nor was he less accurate in those other words that he put into Cassio's lips, "To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool and presently a beast." The Creator has endowed man with intellect and reasoning power while the brute has only instinct. Man's greatest glory is his moral nature, his ability to choose the good and refuse the evil. The injurious effect of alcohol is first seen on the highest centres of the brain; the activities that are last acquired by the individual or the race are the first to be lost under the influence of this poison. If the moral nature is dulled and the intellect deadened, man's peculiar and distinguishing features are temporarily obliterated, and he is then to all intents and purposes on a level with the beast.

Cassio feels this very keenly; he speaks of it no less than three times. Two of these references have already been quoted. The third is on this wise: "I have lost the immortal part of myself and what remains is bestial." The bitterest thought of all is that he has forfeited his reputation, for doubtless he feels, as Iago says on another occasion, that "Good name in man and woman is the immediate jewel of their souls," and few things can be compared to it in value. It is this that makes him say he is hurt past all surgery. Othello had given him so particular a charge when he left the hall and had moreover sounded a word of warning:

> "Good Michael, look you to the watch tonight;
> Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop
> Not to outsport discretion."

Yes, he had called him Michael and left him in that responsible position because he trusted him. And he could not even control himself, much less the garrison and the town. His honor as a soldier has been dragged in the dust. He feels such contempt for himself that he cannot at first think of asking for forgiveness. He would "rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer."

In truth strong drink is the soldier's worst enemy. We are beginning to realize it in these days, and Iago's song will not do for the army of the twentieth century:

> "And let me the canakin clink, clink,
> And let me the canakin clink;
> A soldier's a man;
> A life's but a span;
> Why then let a soldier drink."

Neither will it do for the navy. Not only is physical efficiency required of all, but mathematical precision is essential in officers who have charge of the guns. Rapid and exact calculations must be made, and safety and success depend on

speed and accuracy of the mental processes. Since both these are reduced by alcohol it is a dangerous thing for a naval officer to use even the smallest amount. The ruling of Secretary Daniels, so much criticized at the time as paternal legislation and an interference with personal liberty, is simply a safety measure of the most essential kind. Should an officer drink "but one cup" of wine, take a few seconds longer to make a calculation and in consequence miss the submarine, who can estimate the result? A ship lost to the American navy, hundreds of heroes sacrificed, hundreds of homes desolated, would likely enough be the sequel to that little self-indulgence.

Whoever else may do it, the soldier cannot afford to drink. He has too much against him. Modern warfare staggers the imagination. The scenes in Dante's Inferno are the merest child's play compared with what our boys have to face in these awful days. No wonder that many a brave fellow is transferred from the trenches to the insane asylum. The marvel is that so many live through it all and retain their reason.

Surely it is unnecessary to suggest that every man of them needs all the brain power and nerve force with which he has been endowed by nature. To reduce it in the smallest degree is sheer madness. The soldier who takes a glass of wine or beer is literally putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. Are the foes he has to face not formidable enough, are the horrors around him not horrible enough, is the death that whizzes by him not deadly enough, that he must of his own free choice fraternize with this other foe that threatens not only this life but also that which is to come? America does well to protect in some measure her soldier sons. May God give them sense enough, when far from home on a foreign shore, also to protect themselves.

There is for them moreover a higher consideration than personal well-being. The men in the service represent their country in a special manner and degree; they are the custodians of her honor. Any stain on their reputation is a

stain upon their flag. The soldier's is a high calling in these days, though a terrible one.

> "The peace of heaven is theirs who lift their swords
> In such a just and charitable war"

as the present one, which aims to "make the world safe for democracy." The more reason why every man who goes forth under the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, or any other flag of the Allies, should not only be "without fear" but also "without reproach."

IX

OLD ADAM'S RETROSPECT

"In my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

Greatly to the chagrin of his wicked brother Oliver, Orlando has won the wrestling match. The elder hates the younger out of sheer jealousy, because he is "of all sorts enchantingly beloved." It is not surprising that the boy should be popular, for while full of ambition he is yet of gentle mien, though defrauded of an education he has succeeded in gathering considerable knowledge, his manners are perfect and he is utterly devoid of fear. By his victory over the champion wrestler and probably by his modest behavior as much as by his remarkable skill he has overthrown more than his enemies. Rosalind takes the chain from her neck and gives it to him for a token, and he is so overcome by the sight of her and by this unexpected sign of her favor that he cannot find a word to say.

He returns to the house after this double conquest with the one thought in his heart—"heavenly Rosalind." At the very threshold, however, a rude shock awaits him. His faithful old servant Adam is on the watch for him and begs him not to come inside the door. Adam is devoted to his young master for he is the very image of his father, the old Sir

Rowland. That father was a nobleman in deed and in truth; the good duke (now an exile through his brother's usurpation) loved him as his own soul, and all the world agreed in admiring Sir Rowland's sterling worth.

As to the three sons he has left behind, Orlando is like him in character as well as appearance; Jaques, too, is a promising boy doing well in school, but Oliver is heartless and cruel and has just been plotting the death of his too popular brother. He told the wrestler he would as soon have him break his neck as his finger, and thought the deed was as good as done, but that scheme has failed. Now Adam has overheard another plot—to set fire this very night to the place where the boy sleeps and so once for all be rid of him.

The old man begs him to flee for his life and craves permission to accompany him and remain his servant still, saying:

> "I'll do the service of a younger man
> In all your business and necessities."

He is nearly fourscore years of age and has worked on the land of the de Boys family since a lad of seventeen. As he says to the cruel Oliver, who calls him an old dog, "Most true I have lost my teeth in your service." However, but for this and his white hairs he is very well preserved for his age. He is eager to attend his young master and he disposes beforehand of the objections that are sure to arise in his mind by saying:

> "Though I look old yet I am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

Thus he expressly attributes his hale and hearty old age to good habits formed in youth, and more particularly to the fact of his having been a total abstainer from intoxicating

drinks. Shakespeare, be it noted, does not make him say that he has always been strictly moderate in the use of liquor or that he has only taken it on rare occasions. He says it is because he "never" took it that he is what he is today.

One might multiply instances from real life of men like this stalwart octogenarian and might mention some who, thanks to plain living, moderate work and out-door air have passed the limit of a hundred years.

Old Parr who lived during eleven reigns is a case in point. He died in 1635; he was married when one hundred and twenty, continued working until after his one hundred and thirtieth birthday and is said to have been a man of very abstemious habits.

The records of longevity tell of an old woman in Ireland who lived to be a hundred and sixteen and whose diet consisted chiefly of potatoes and milk and oatmeal porridge. The winter before she died she was seen perched on a ladder mending the roof of her thatched cottage. History tells of one Bowman in the north of England who worked very hard from early youth and lived to the age of one hundred and eighteen. Bread and potatoes formed his staple foods together with hasty pudding and sometimes broth. His beverages were water and milk.

But these cases prove nothing and are only interesting as curiosities. If we wish to know whether the use of alcohol has any effect on the length of life we must consult the tables of insurance societies. In early days this could not be done, partly because abstainers were few and far between, and partly because they were not considered good risks and therefore insurance companies did not care to take them.

In 1840 a certain man sought to purchase an insurance policy and on acknowledging that he was a total abstainer was told that he must pay an extra premium. He did not care to be taxed for his principles in that way and he therefore started an insurance company on his own account. At first it took only abstainers but later moderate users of alcohol

were accepted and the society became known as the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution.

The users and non-users of intoxicating beverages were kept in two separate classes. The records of the institution during the period from 1866 to 1910 show that the moderate drinkers had a mortality 37 per cent in excess of that of the abstainers. This allowed the society to give bonuses to members of the latter class. Other companies gradually began to realize that the abstainer was after all a better risk than his moderate drinking neighbor and they charged him lower rates instead of taxing him as aforetime.

Several old-established British concerns followed the example of the Temperance and General Provident Institution and kept separate records of abstainers and non-abstainers. All reached the same conclusion, namely, that total abstinence lengthens life.

American experience along this line is of much more recent date but is equally conclusive. Forty-three of the leading insurance companies of the United States and Canada recently undertook a thorough investigation into the mortality of certain classes known as "border line risks." This term includes people with a history of disease in the family, overweights, men in dangerous trades, and users of alcohol. The latter were classified according to the average amount taken. The committee consisted of men chosen by the different companies for their special knowledge and business ability. The chairman was Mr. Arthur Hunter. The investigation covered two million policies, and the period studied was from 1885 to 1908.

When an inquiry concerns itself with a comparatively small number of people in some one section of the country there may be local conditions which will influence results and therefore these may sometimes be misleading. But where the material is gathered over so large an area and the best experts are engaged in interpreting it, we may safely rely on their conclusions. Mr. Arthur Hunter says: "It is certainly proved that total abstainers are longer lived than non-abstainers."

Taking the normal death rate as one hundred, the men who drink two glasses of beer or one of whisky a day have a death rate of a hundred and eighteen; those who take from four to six glasses of beer daily or two of whisky have a death rate of one hundred and eighty-six. It should be remembered that this comparison is between these drinkers and the general class of insured individuals, which includes both abstainers and non-abstainers. If it had been between the drinkers and the total abstainers the results would doubtless have been more striking still. As Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk says: "Old Mortality and John Barleycorn are exceedingly good cronies. Wherever you find alcohol you find the following formula at work: more alcohol equals higher death rate."

All the businesses connected with liquor are considered hazardous and to be a liberal free user like those referred to above is to take a greater risk than men in the most dangerous occupations.

The work of a lineman is very perilous, necessitating as it does the handling of live wires. One wonders at anybody deliberately choosing to earn his living in that way. The ratio of actual to expected deaths among these men is a hundred and forty-two per cent, but while this is bad enough, it does not, as we have just seen, nearly equal the mortality of those who drink their two whiskies a day.

Firemen have not nearly so high a death rate as hotel-keepers. The work of grinders, engravers and cutlers is dangerous because small particles of metal injure the lungs and render the men liable to tuberculosis. But though their death rate is even higher than that of the linemen it is below that of the men who are engaged in breweries.

Looked at from every standpoint it is clear that alcohol shortens life. But perhaps after all percentages such as the above do not make the matter quite as clear as another method of presentation might do. If a man's daily glass of liquor shortens his term of existence, by how much, on the average, does it do so? We have seen that the moderate drinker runs a greater risk of dying. Let us now look at the question from

a slightly different angle and ask what does a glass of spirits cost measured in minutes instead of money.

The government of Denmark has recently worked on this problem, basing its calculations on the experience of all Danish physicians for one year. The result shows that on an average each pint of brandy used by a steady drinker reduces his prospect of life by eleven hours and as there are about twenty-six drinks to the pint this is equivalent to saying that the average drink costs twenty-five minutes.

We sometimes say that time is money, but as a matter of fact time is much more than money, and when the sands are numbered that make up his life the drinker would gladly give a good many dollars for a few more days. Yet how carelessly he pays out his twenty-five minutes for his drink; indeed, he probably does not realize that this is included in the bill. Total abstinence is such a life saver that Mr. Hunter ventures to assert, "If the government of Russia carry out their present intention to abolish permanently all forms of alcoholic beverages, the saving in human life will be enormous. It is not too much to say that the loss of five hundred thousand men as the result of the present warfare could be made good in less than ten years through complete abstinence from alcoholic beverages by all the inhabitants of Russia."

So old Adam stands as a true type of the life abstainer who attains to a good age because he has had sense enough to refrain from evil habits. There is much more, however, to admire in the old man's character than this somewhat negative virtue. He offers his five hundred crowns, the savings of a lifetime, to his young master in distress. Orlando says in deep appreciation:

> "O good old man, how well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world,
> Where service sweat for duty, not for meed."

They go forth together, and when at last, after trying vicissitudes, Orlando finds friends in the forest of Arden and tells them his story, he says of Adam:

Skip

"There is an old, poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love."

Two words thus characterize the simple life of this old laborer—love and duty. To these might be added "faith," for when he sacrifices his little all it is because he can trust in God who feeds the ravens and providently caters for the sparrow, and who, he is sure, will be the comfort of his age.

Adam is a bright example of heroism in humble life, and a reminder that it is souls and not circumstances that count and that the supreme wealth is character.

X

OLD ADAM'S REWARD

"Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

Every season of the year has its own peculiar beauty and its characteristic pleasures. It would be idle to compare spring with fall or summer with winter, for they are so entirely different. No one would attempt to prove that the tender green of the opening leaves is more beautiful than the glory of the maples after the first October frost. No one would suggest that a wood in all the splendor of its summer array is any more entrancing than when it is a fairy land of dazzling crystal, glittering with a glory no man-made palace ever saw, while every twig is coated with ice and all the colors of the rainbow are reflected from a million radiant prisms.

So it is with life. Childhood and youth hold very different experiences from those of manhood and old age, but it is blessed and beautiful all the way through when lived in true simplicity, and when, as with old Adam, faith and love and duty are its watchwords. Such as he can truthfully say, "Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

The dear old man is one of several examples in "As You Like It," of the satisfaction of the simple life. Indeed this

thought is one of the golden threads that run throughout the play. Corin, the shepherd, brings it out when he says: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."

The good duke contrasts the peace of the forest with the painted pomp of the court and expresses his present happiness in those oft-quoted words:

"And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

We meet with the same thought in Henry VI where the king says:

"The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold, thin drink out of a leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup."

But to return to Adam. It is interesting to note the way in which he expresses himself when referring to his youthful days and his habits of self-restraint. He says, as we have already seen, "I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood." His Bible doubtless has taught him that "the blood is the life" and that therefore health depends on its being kept in good condition.

Shakespeare refers several times to the life-sustaining qualities of the blood, as when he makes a prince tell his lady he loves her even as his life or blood that fosters it. But little was known of the blood in the sixteenth century. It was clear that if people lost too much of it they died, but its composition was a mystery and the fact of its circulation as already mentioned was not announced to the world until after Shakespeare's death.

Even Harvey, though he found that the blood is pumped by the heart into the arteries and returns thence by way of the veins, could not completely explain this phenomenon. He knew not how it passed from the smallest arteriole across to the smallest venule. There was a gap over which it was beyond his power to follow its movement.

Just after Harvey had published the news of his discovery there was born into a Dutch home a baby who in due time grew to manhood and earned his living by making lenses. Being of a scientific spirit Leeuvenhoeck loved to search into the secrets of nature with the instruments he had made and he discovered in this way the red corpuscles in the blood. He also found animalculae in water and so made a start in bacteriology. Then, towards the close of the century, he was able by his improved instruments to see what Harvey would have given so much to see, the course of the blood through the minute capillaries which unite the arteries and the veins.

These tiny blood vessels take their name from the Latin word for a hair, because of their exceeding fineness. They consist of one delicate layer of cells, and through this membrane the food must pass out of the blood to the hungry tissues, and much of the waste must find its way back from the tissues to the blood stream. Thus, the chief function of blood, as it is now understood, is to be a carrier. It carries food to every part, and waste in the opposite direction; it also conveys what is even a greater necessity than food, the oxygen, without which life cannot be sustained at all.

Alcohol has a chemical affinity for oxygen and thus robs the tissues of part of their supply. It also has an affinity for water and by withdrawing a little of it from the membranes it tends to thicken them. When the delicate capillary walls are even in the smallest degree thickened or hardened it is more difficult for food to reach the tissues and for waste products to be removed. So by interfering with these chemical processes alcohol slowly but surely reduces vitality even when no actual disease is present and no appreciable harm is done.

This does not represent, however, the full extent of the damage. Alcohol not only robs the blood of some of its oxygen but it makes it incapable of taking up as much as it normally should. It is the red corpuscles that carry this life sustaining element. They are circular disks, of a very minute size, and because of their shape and their vast number they present an immense absorbing surface to the air in the lungs. Each red corpuscle is a little package of a substance named hemoglobin, which has the peculiar property of combining readily with oxygen where that gas is plentiful and giving it off again where it is less abundant. In the lungs there is, of course, plenty of oxygen and the hemoglobin of the corpuscles picks it up. The little disks carry it to all parts of the body and deposit it, taking in exchange the carbon dioxide that needs to be eliminated. The presence of alcohol in the blood is injurious to the red corpuscles. It causes them to become shriveled for the reason mentioned above, the abstraction of water from their substance. Thus double harm is done, on the one hand the corpuscles are reduced in size and efficiency and on the other hand the oxygen they carry is diminished in quantity.

Even more interesting than the red corpuscles are the white ones, or leucocytes, some of which destroy germs and are known as phagocytes or "eating cells." They are larger than the red corpuscles and vary greatly in shape. They possess the power of independent movement and work their way through the walls of the blood vessels to the place where their presence is required. Alcohol has a paralyzing effect upon them and may cause their movements entirely to cease. When but small quantities are taken these phagocytes may still perform their function but the rapidity with which they work is so much reduced that the germs multiply more quickly than they can be destroyed.

There are other ways in which alcohol is injurious to the blood. For instance, it reduces the amount of the complement, a chemical substance found in its liquid part, or plasma, which renders it more easy for the phagocytes to devour germs.

Shakespeare knew the bare fact that liquor drinking is harmful to the blood. Today we understand just how and why it is so, why it increases the liability to contract disease and decreases the chances of recovery from it, and why the average drink of whisky or brandy may be said to cost about twenty-five minutes of life.

The rewards for right living are thus seen to be to a great extent payable immediately. They are not all by any means postponed until arrival in the undiscovered country beyond the grave. Far from having to wait until we have shuffled off this mortal coil, it is in the mortal coil itself that we receive in large measure our due reward or punishment. "We still have judgment here," and health and longevity are among the prizes most commonly bestowed on those who obey God's laws as written in the books of nature and revelation.

Nor do these stand alone. It is evident that circumstantial comfort results from the habits of self-restraint and that these things are as closely related as cause and effect. While a Falstaff, in spite of his title and his friendship with royalty, has not the wherewithal to pay his hotel bill, a humble old day laborer of abstemious habits has money to give away and rejoices in "the luxury of doing good."

The lesson of thrift is one that Americans have yet to learn, and the war will do at least one good thing if it is the means of teaching this lesson to the people generally. In Switzerland fifty-five per cent of the inhabitants have savings bank accounts; in the United States less than ten per cent have made this preparation for a rainy day. The savings per capita in Switzerland amount to $47.03 and in America to $4.84. England, France and Germany all save more per capita than America, or were doing so before the war, and yet it is in the United States that labor commands the highest wage.

The most compelling proof of the effect of total abstinence in increasing material comforts comes from Russia. The people there have saved more in a month under prohibition in time of war than they could save in a year of peace when the vodka shops were open. A questionnaire was sent out

by one of the Zemstvos or County Councils which covered many subjects, including prohibition. The correspondents were from among the masses of the people and they wrote simply of what they saw around them. Here are a few extracts from their replies: "As a little river retains the water by the help of a dam, so by the stoppage of the sale of wine money is kept in the hands of its owners." "Owing to this temperance movement we do not feel the effects of a bad harvest." Another describes the results thus: "Wonderfully good! Joy everywhere! Quite habitual drunkards are well-dressed now and have repaired their houses."

Tens of thousands of Russian peasants are today learning to emulate good old Adam and are finding that his reward is also theirs. Health is conserved, material comfort increased, and there comes into a man's heart a new feeling of self-respect when he is not only able to provide for his own necessities but sometimes to be of use to others.

In short, true temperance, in the broad sense of self-control, is recompensed even in this life by a "ten times double gain of happiness."

XI

PORTIA ON THE POWER OF HABIT

"I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge."

Portia, the heiress of Belmont, is besieged by suitors. From Naples and the Palatinate, from France and England, from Germany and Morocco, they come to pay her homage and to seek her hand. Not alone on account of her wealth is she desirable; she has all the qualities that go to make up a perfect woman, nobly planned. The eager suitors know how fair she is and in what a beautiful palace she dwells, surrounded by all the refinements and elegancies of life, but none of them knows as yet how rare is the jewel of her heart.

She is not free to follow her own inclination in the choice of a husband, for her father's will has imposed upon her a strange obligation in regard to marriage. The suitors, one by one, are required to choose among three caskets, respectively of gold, silver and lead. Whoever selects the one that contains her picture will win the incomparable Portia herself.

"Is it not hard, Nerissa," she says to her waiting maid, "that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?" This damsel, in spite of her inferior position, is excellent company for Portia, lively and quick-witted and withal not a bad judge of men. Although it seems that fate must decide who her husband is to be, Portia takes pleasure in discussing the various suitors with Nerissa and characterizing them in her own incisive and witty way in a few brief sentences.

There is the Neapolitan who does nothing but talk of his horse, and the County Palatine who cannot smile at a merry tale and is as bad as a death's head with a bone in his mouth. The young baron of England cannot speak her language nor she his, so he is no better than a dumb show, and the Frenchman is so excitable that he will fence with his own shadow.

"How like you the young German," asks Nerissa, "the duke of Saxony's nephew?" "Very vilely in the morning when he is sober," replies the young lady, "and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best he is a little worse than a man and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell I hope I shall make shift to go without him."

The maid reminds her that if he offers to choose and chooses the right casket she will be obliged to accept him or break the condition of the will. "Therefore," says Portia, "for fear of the worst I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge."

There is a great deal about liquor in Shakespeare. The alcohol habit had become very prominent in his time and no picture of life would have been complete without it. He allows

us to look into the taverns and hear the talk there, often coarse enough, though seasoned with plenty of wit. He makes us acquainted with a Falstaff to whom sack is as the very breath of life, and renders him so amusing that we find ourselves glozing over his offences. But anon he gives us in some pithy, trenchant sentence such as Portia's, a clear view of alcohol's baneful influence. Its victim is at his best a little worse than a man and at his worst but little better than a beast.

This shameful description suits thousands of young men today, many of them from the "best" homes, like the nephew of the duke. Born into "good society" they are not fit to mingle with it but belong more properly with the brutes. And why? Because they have allowed one evil habit to grow on them. Henry James, the psychologist, says: "Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, I'll not count this time.' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among the nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is in strict literalness wiped out."

Since, then, he is destined to be a creature of habit, why does not the young man definitely choose and cultivate good habits at the start of his career, instead of so often thoughtlessly falling under the dominion of bad ones?

Portia expresses in very strong language the fatal power of alcohol but there is no exaggeration in what she says. If the devil himself were within the casket and in choosing it this man would receive one glass of wine, he would take the fiend to get the fire-water. A drunkard of our own day, presumably ignorant that Shakespeare had already described his case, was heard to say virtually the same thing. He asserted that if the bottomless pit yawned before him and there were a glass of

whisky at his elbow, and he knew that on taking the one he would be hurled into the other, he would nevertheless most assuredly drink. Such is the awful passion that alcohol awakes, the fearful bondage which it imposes on its victims. Such a man Portia would never dream of marrying and therein she shows her strong common sense.

Many a girl, however, does not take Portia's view. She will give herself to a man who is known to have this fatal fault in the hope of reforming him. She is sure that her influence will be able to keep him straight. If she understood ever so little of the psychology of alcoholism she would see she is running a desperate risk. The alcoholic is diseased, and more than that, his disease is a mental one.

There cannot be any right living except as a result of right thinking, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." One effect of alcohol is so to blunt the intellectual and moral nature that a man cannot think truly, cannot discriminate clearly between right and wrong, does not see his failing as normal people do, but looks upon it as excusable weakness.

The girl says he has made her the most solemn promises to reform, and she believes "his words are bonds, his oaths are oracles." But he will probably forget his promises, for alcohol affects memory and indeed sometimes destroys it. The victim of liquor forgets everything except the fact that he wants a drink.

She says he loves her and this will be sufficient to enable him to leave "the primrose path of dalliance" and walk "the steep and thorny way to heaven." But alcohol also affects the emotions and it is a psychological fact that those which are the last acquired are the first to be lost. The altruistic feelings such as love and the sense of obligation towards others are impaired sooner than any and the man is then ruled by the primitive animal impulses.

There is not a single function of the brain with which alcohol does not interfere. Take for instance, that of perception. The alcoholic cannot judge aright of his simplest acts

because his brain is out of order. He does not mean, perhaps, to give that cruel blow; he cannot gauge its force. He does not mean to tell that untruth; he does it because his impressions are incorrect. He is a man with a mental disease, more dangerous than many a lunatic.

The effect of alcohol on the will is known to everyone. The confirmed alcoholic simply has no will. Will power involves attention and he cannot attend. He is even liable to drop what he holds in his hand for lack of being able to give attention to what he is doing. Again—will presupposes memory, for the course one wills to pursue must be kept before the mind. The drunkard's memory, as we have just seen, cannot be depended on, so for this further reason his will is inoperative.

Indeed, impairment of will power is one of the very first effects of this poison alcohol which, as has well been said, "subdues the physical citadel of the higher life." The brain centers connected with volitional effort simply have not the power of doing sustained work. The cells are injured and are also suffering from lack of nourishment; in other words, they are starved and poisoned at the same time. How dare any girl entrust her happiness to a man who has a brain in this condition and whose mind and character must inevitably be affected thereby?

Of course it is hard, cruelly hard, to cast out of one's life an affection that has become a part and parcel of it. As Portia herself says: "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, poor men's cottages had been prince's palaces. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." But, after all, which is harder, to make this sacrifice at the dictates of common sense, or to live the life of a drunkard's wife with its hopeless misery and shame?

The sentimentalism that talks about marrying a man to reform him is a miserable mistake; it is "the guiled shore to a most dangerous sea." Girls might do a vast amount of good, however, if they would deny their society to the men who

refuse to come up to their standard. They might deter many from starting on the downward road. As everybody knows, prevention is better than cure, as well as a great deal easier.

No one who has grown "wise with the knowledge of his own frail heart" will be likely to think harshly of the drunkard. We must "forbear to judge, for we are sinners all." As Portia says:

> "In the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy."

It is blessed to tell the helpless one of the Divine mercy and grace; of Him who is able to save to the uttermost, and who "to believing souls gives light in darkness, comfort in despair." The Christian woman will welcome any opportunity of helping the one who has been overtaken in this sad fault; she will pity him and pray for him, but if she values her own happiness and realizes her responsibility to future generations, she will marry him—never.

XII

HAMLET ON THE NATIONAL ISSUE

"It takes from our achievements."

Hamlet and his friends are waiting for the ghost. It has already appeared twice to those who were keeping guard on previous nights, and now the prince eagerly awaits the hour when the spirit held his wont to walk. However, he is quiet and self-controlled and can calmly talk of other things meanwhile.

As they pace the platform of the Castle of Elsinore, the Danish fortress, a flourish of trumpets is heard and guns are fired. Horatio, Hamlet's college friend, is a visitor. He has

come from Wittenberg to attend the funeral of the late king. He asks the meaning of this demonstration and the prince replies:

> "The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
> And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
> The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
> The triumph of his pledge."

To "wake" in those days meant to hold a late revel, and a "rouse" was a large glass from which healths were drunk. When all together emptied the rouse there was then said to be a ca-rouse. Unless the deep glasses were completely emptied the health was not properly drunk, so a carouse involved the idea of disposing of a large quantity.

An old book describes a wassail thus: "A merry cup (ritually composed, deckt and filled with country liquor) passing about among neighbours, meeting or entertaining each other, and commonly called the wassail-bol."

The up-spring was a German dance with which it was customary to conclude the ancient merrymakings. As by the time it was reached people had had a good deal to drink, it became the wildest of the dances and thus Shakespeare describes it as "swaggering."

Altogether, these few lines give an impression of decidedly undignified proceedings for a royal court. Neither was the poet exaggerating in the least when he penned it. There have come down to us some letters from this very time, telling about the king who was reigning in Denmark during Shakespeare's life. The writer says that this Christian IV "feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards evening; during which time the king began thirty-five healths. The king was taken away at last in his chair."

Again we read in another book of the period about the Dane in London who was so fond of liquor that "he would carowse out of his Boote." Such was the reputation of Denmark in the sixteenth century. Hamlet is a man of extreme

refinement and he heartily despises such self-indulgence and coarseness. He sees they are not only harmful to the individual who thus gives the rein to appetite, but also a discredit to the country. He does not hesitate to say so:

> "To my mind, though I am native here
> And to the manner born,—it is a custom
> More honor'd in the breach than the observance."

In other words it is a custom that would be better broken than perpetuated. Hamlet does not claim to be a rigid abstainer himself, and he will offer wine to his guests in a social way as a matter of course, for he is "to the manner born," but the impression is forced on him that the liquor habit is inimical to his country's welfare, and he expresses it in these terms to his friend Horatio:

> "This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
> Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
> They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
> Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
> From our achievements, though performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of our attribute."

Translated into common parlance Hamlet's statement is virtually this: Our liquor drinking gives Denmark a bad reputation on every hand. The people of other nations call us drunkards; they fasten on us the title of swine, which soils our good name. However high our achievements this drink habit detracts from the glory of them and robs us of the most essential attribute of national character.

Hamlet is beyond everything else a philosopher and his friend's question has started a train of thought which is well worthy of consideration by all patriots. He goes on to compare the character of a nation with that of an individual. He says that a man may be adorned with virtues as pure as grace, and yet "the stamp of one defect" may spoil everything. It is like alloy which throws suspicion on the sterling worth of the metal.

Though he wrote thus about Denmark, one cannot doubt that Shakespeare's thought was in reality for his own beloved land. England had only recently acquired the unenviable reputation of being a drinking nation. "The Compleat Gentleman," published in 1622, has this statement: "Within these fifty or threescore years it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to do in the quarrel of the Netherlands the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England, wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equall them not, yea, I think rather excell them."

Then as now, this "dear, dear land, dear for her reputation throughout the world," had spoilt her gold with this alloy.

Shakespeare could not have put what he wanted to say about this vice into the mouth of a more weighty witness than Hamlet. He is a scholar saturated with the learning of the University. He is versed in law and history and is well acquainted with the principles of art, but most of all he is interested in philosophy. He is incomparably the deepest thinker in all the galaxy of Shakespearian characters. It is fitting that he should be our final witness and should have the last word, and it is his conviction that this custom of drinking would be better broken than observed. How can it ever be broken, seeing the hold it has upon our race, except by National Constitutional Prohibition?

Alas, alas, that England did not long ago pay heed to the warning of her greatest poet! How much more brightly would her glory shine today were she free from "the stamp of one defect." It does indeed shine brightly in spite of all. She has been in most respects more than worthy of her magnificent past. They said her civilization was decadent, they said her empire was ready to crumble into dust, but they will never say it again. The world knows England today and honors with a deeper respect than ever that "little body with a mighty heart." Never in all her history has she risen to such a height; never has heroism been so general; never have

all classes been so welded together in a noble purpose; never has woman taken her place as fellow-worker with man and his equal in courage and capacity as is the case today.

But England might have been even greater still. She might have led the whole world in a crusade against a more deadly foe than Germany; she might have ushered in an age of "sweeter manners, purer laws." How different it has been! The terrible, trenchant indictments of such men as Arthur Mee show what that one defect has meant for Great Britain during the war. Bitter it is to transcribe it but let the truth be told. He says:

"The drink trade in these fifty years has deprived this country of man power equivalent to the whole British army under arms.

"The services rendered to Germany by our drink trade equal the destruction of our total energies for a hundred days.

"We have a trade that robs us of men and hinders us in all we do, and we have let this trade use up, since the war began, the labor of lifting sixty million tons. It took a hundred thousand men a generation to set up the Great Pyramid, but if we had pulled it down and set it up again three times since the war began, that would have taken less labor than the shifting of this drink stuff that ships pour everlastingly into our docks. Think of the London docks, the greatest gathering place of goods in the world; the whole earth pours its treasures into them. Well, every year this drink trade wastes more tons of precious stuff than the port of London handles."

Of a surety there is no enemy so deadly as the one within her borders.

> "Nought to us shall rue
> If England to itself do rest but true."

And what of America? She, too, has risen to a splendid height of sacrifice in order that liberty may be preserved for the nations of the earth, small as well as great, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people may not

perish from the earth." Her sons are going and still will go to fight democracy's battle on a distant shore. And yet, while fathers and mothers are surrendering their dearest at their country's call and doing it without a murmur, while noble American boys are gladly making the supreme sacrifice, while thousands of hearts that have cherished love's young dream must perforce be crushed by the news that will come across the sea, while the whole nation bows in one sacrament of sorrow, the brewer, forsooth, is to be exempt from prohibitory legislation, the saloonkeeper is to continue selling and the drinker may still drain his glass and smack his lips in insolent defiance of the American people in their hour of agony. Verily that the country can tolerate the existence of such a traffic at such a time does "take from our achievements, though performed at height, the pith and marrow of our attribute."

Thank God there are clear signs that it will not long be thus. The conviction of Hamlet is being shared by multitudes in the United States today. Men of light and leading are emphasizing the necessity of complete national prohibition. Many who have not hitherto taken any great share in the work of the temperance reform have been led by the exigencies of the situation to speak out with no uncertain sound. A thousand men prominent in intellectual circles, including university presidents, well-known editors, economists, and specialists along various lines, have signed a memorial in favor of war prohibition. They are determined that the stamp of one defect shall be removed and that this alloy shall no longer depreciate the splendid metal of American national character.

Side by side there float today the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Side by side march the sons of America and Britain in the common struggle for world liberty. "Backed with God and with the seas, which He hath given for 'fence impregnable," they go forward with high hope and holy courage. But the hope will be more quickly realized, and the day of victory when it dawns will be a brighter day, if these great nations speedily determine to entwine with the two flags they

love, the white banner of prohibition. Then will they be able to say to each other with a stronger assurance than ever before:

> "In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
> To reap the harvest of perpetual peace."

FINALE

It was Shakespeare's object to "hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." We have gazed awhile into his mirror, and perhaps next to our marvel at his magic, the chief impression that remains with us is that, after all, human nature does not change with the centuries.

Every one of the persons to whom we have listened is the type of a class commonly known to us today. Let us take one last look at them. There they stand, the five witnesses for alcohol's defense—Caliban, liquor's confessed slave; Stephano, brandishing his bottle that he thinks the king of cure-alls; Falstaff, the pleasure-lover; Sir Toby, the advocate of personal liberty; Lady Macbeth, the criminal whose haggard face speaks eloquently of the gnawings of the "worm of conscience."

On the other side we see Malvolio, the official representative of law and order; Cassio, testifying out of the bitterness of a blighted career how great an enemy is alcohol to mind and character; Adam, whose well-spent life gives special force to his words; Portia, revealing the instinct of a well-poised woman; and Hamlet, the philosopher, expressing in calm and measured language the conviction born of careful thought.

It is not contended for a moment that these latter are exemplary specimens of humanity. They have their faults, some of them very serious ones. Neither are those on the opposite side in all cases devoid of admirable traits. Still, the contrast between the two groups is sufficiently suggestive, and

if their modern counterparts could be collected and the Pros here in America could be confronted with the Cons, comment would be unnecessary.

It is the duty of every man and woman to form an opinion on the vital questions of the age. All prejudices should be rigidly excluded. The first thing is to listen to the evidence; the next is to weigh it impartially. In thus considering the case of Alcohol let us seek to obey the injunction of our friend and counsellor, William Shakespeare:

"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be THY COUNTRY'S,
THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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