

and to a greater extent than the moderate drinker—but the moderate drinker is on the road over which the drunkard must travel before he becomes a sot. And no moderate drinker can be absolutely sure that he will not be overcome by the appetite. There is no time in life from youth to old age when it is safe for a man to cultivate a taste for alcoholic drinks; and surely it is the part of wisdom not to drink at all when drinking brings no advantage; when drink, even in small quantities, impairs one's capacity; when the use of alcohol affects the child of the drinker, and when in addition to these a drinker runs the risk of being overcome by the appetite.

But let me give you another reason for total abstinence. **NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO SPEND MONEY FOR DRINK**—not even a small amount of money. Money should not be wasted and it is worse than wasted when used for that which, instead of benefiting, does harm. There are so many good uses that can be made of money that it seems strange that anyone should be willing to spend money for intoxicating liquor. Go among those who drink and see to what actual needs the money could be applied. It would improve and make more sanitary the houses in which they live; it would clothe their children better; it would bring more comfort into the home, not to speak of the more substantial pleasure which the drinker himself would be able to enjoy.

If one does not need all his money, either for immediate use or as a protection against the infirmities of age, the world around presents opportunities for use of his money in innumerable altruistic ways. There is no investment so profitable as investment in humanity. He who, out of brotherly love, aids his fellow man in proportion as he is able to aid, draws from such contributions a joy infinitely more satisfying than can be derived from the use of liquor.

I have spoken of the reason based upon physical welfare and also of the reason based upon the obligation that rests upon a man to make a wise use of his money, but there is a third reason which, to my mind, can not fail to impress the man who is guided by his conscience, namely, the use which man should make of his example. Even if a man were sure that the moderate use of liquor would be of no physical injury to him and would involve no danger of excess; even if he felt that he had money to spare for drinking, still, in view of the awful consequences of indulgence in liquor, **CAN HE AFFORD TO GRATIFY HIMSELF AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE WHO, WEAKER IN RESISTING POWER, MAY BE LED ASTRAY BY HIS EXAMPLE!**

A man can not advise others not to drink when he himself drinks. Indulgence compels silence on the subject. If a man does not drink much—if he has not formed the habit of drinking—it can be but a little sacrifice to give up drinking entirely, and thus make his example helpful to those about him; if he drinks so much and the appetite for liquor is so strong that it would be a great sacrifice to stop, then he ought to stop on his own account.

The great apostle Paul declared that he would eat no meat if meat made his brother to offend. It was not because Paul did not like meat, but because he loved his brother more than he loved meat. Is it asking too much for any human being to ask that he consider the influence of his example upon those about him, especially upon those who look to him for counsel?

I believe in the gospel that Mr. Sunday has been preaching, a gospel in which the doctrine of immortality plays an important part. I believe in a future life; I am sure that I shall live again as I am that I live today—sure that I shall be called upon to render an account of the deeds done in the flesh. God forbid that anyone shall appear to testify against me on that day and accuse me of having, by my example, been the cause of his ruin.

We have considered a number of reasons which should lead the individual to adopt the policy of total abstinence—his physical welfare demands it, the expenditure of money for drink can not be justified, and one's influence is too sacred a thing to be thrown on the side of intemperance. But I feel that I am justified in bringing another argument to your attention—a reason why each individual should do all in his power to induce his fellow men to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

It is that we are so bound together that we can not escape from the indirect effect of any thing that is harmful to society. From the lowest standpoint upon which the subject can be discussed, namely, the ground of pecuniary interest, we are compelled to use our influence to lessen

drinking. The use of liquor is the direct cause of crime, of poverty, of degradation and of despair, and we can never tell when we shall ourselves suffer at the hands of those who are victims of intemperance. Property is insecure and life is unsafe in proportion as the use of liquor contributes to the number of criminals, the number of paupers and the number of the desperate.

We have, therefore, not only the individual reasons before given and the other reasons advanced, but we have a financial interest in supporting and spreading the cause of temperance. We have, as members of society, an interest in preventing the economic waste, tremendous in amount, due to the deteriorating influence of intoxicating liquor. We have also a moral interest in lifting society to the highest plane, a thing impossible so long as the ravages of drink are felt in so many homes.

If you are convinced that total abstinence is a desirable thing, let me add a word in support of the policy of signing the pledge. Objection has been made to the pledge on the ground that it suggests lack of strength of character; some say that, although never intending to drink they would not wish to bind themselves by a pledge. There is nothing humiliating about a pledge. Those who are united in marriage take a pledge at the altar; why should it be less honorable to promise not to drink than to pledge fidelity to the marriage vows!

The pledge marks the crossing of the line into the ranks of the total abstainers. The man who says, "I never expect to drink," but adds "I will not sign a pledge," raises the same suspicion that is raised when a man says to you "I admit that I owe you but I will not put it in writing." You can not help feeling that his purpose would be more strongly stated if expressed in writing. So long as one refuses to sign the pledge he can not urge others to sign, and he is in danger of having the sincerity of his reasons doubted.

I believe in the pledge; I began signing the pledge before I can remember; I have never failed to sign it, by signing, I could persuade anyone else to sign with me, and as long as I live I shall stand ready to sign with anyone and everyone.

You may be interested to know the origin of the pledge which will be presented to you tonight. As I was about to leave Nebraska, after the last election, I persuaded a friend to sign a pledge with me. It read: "We, the undersigned, promise, God helping us, never to use intoxicating liquor as a beverage." The pledge was signed in duplicate and I brought one copy to Washington with me. In Chicago I met a representative of a boys' organization in Michigan, who presented an invitation from four thousand boys to speak to them at Ann Arbor the latter part of November. It so happened that the invitation had been circulated on separate blanks and then bound in book form. Each invitation began, "We, the Undersigned," etc. The similarity of the language called to my mind the pledge in my pocket and I presented this pledge when I spoke to the boys in Ann Arbor. The meeting was made up of delegates from the high schools of more than three hundred cities in the state, and the delegates took the pledge home with them and circulated it. Already more than ten thousand have signed. It has never been any trial for me to abstain from the use of liquor, but even if total abstinence had been difficult it would be ample compensation to know that I may be useful in saving from the drink habit some of the young men of Michigan, who, without the pledge, might yield to the temptation.

I urge this pledge upon every person present. In this great audience there may be some who will be saved from the evils of intemperance by it, and others who may, by their action and influence, be the means of saving some who are not here tonight. And is it not worth while to save a man? Who has not seen the ruin that rum has wrought! If a fireman, following the line of duty dies amid the flames, the city which he served is sad, but that sadness had mingled with it a pride in his self-sacrifice. His mother can smile even amid her sorrow as she remembers that her son was doing a man's part, and the father, bereft of the care that might have been his support in his declining days, is cheered by the thought that his son bravely met his fate. How different is the end of the drunkard! Watch him as he goes on his downward way, friend after friend departing; see him when his face no longer suggests that he was made in the image of his God. Calculate the sorrow which he brings to family and friends; and then hear, at last, the sigh of relief from those who are nearest to him! "It is finished." Is it not worth

while to save men from such a fate? Aye, more, is it not worth while to help them, as best we can, to rise to the highest plane of human endeavor? Is it not worth while to aid them by counsel and example to make life here fruitful in all that is pure and good and great?

#### A PHILADELPHIAN EXPRESSES GRATITUDE

After his return to Washington, Mr. Bryan received the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

Philadelphia, March 26th, 1915.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan,  
Calumet Place,  
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:

The writer was one of the 10,000 who rose and pledged themselves to the cause of temperance, in response to your eloquent appeal in "Billy" Sunday's Tabernacle, Philadelphia, March 15th.

When I entered the Tabernacle, the thought of pledging myself to the cause of temperance had never entered my mind. I simply attended the meeting to listen to what you had to say on the subject. I sat with the University of Pennsylvania contingent, in section 10, within a short distance of the rostrum. Beside me sat two professors representing two of the leading universities of the country.

Before you were presented to the audience, pledge cards were passed around, and as I had no thought of signing, I passed mine on. I had never been even a moderate drinker, let alone an immoderate one, and therefore felt that there was no necessity for me to sign any pledge. Then again, I felt that it was somewhat undignified—an admission of weakness as it were, to sign any pledge, and I was in this frame of mind when the chairman presented you to the audience. In the early part of your lecture, as you outlined your subject, I was more convinced than ever that it would be a foolish and unnecessary act for me to sign one of those cards, and later, when a dozen of them were passed to me at one time, I handed them to the man occupying the seat in front of me. I was with you in principle, however, and felt that my presence would indicate, at least, my moral support.

Suddenly, like the crash of artillery, you hurled the appalling statistics of liquor full at your audience. Two and one-half billions spent annually in the United States on "drink" and only seven hundred and fifty millions on education! I was astonished, shocked, and I leaned forward from that moment to catch every word.

You continued to present one astounding comparison after another, in such rapid sequence that the ghastly spectre of drink seemed to spread its foul wings over the entire country, like some cursed influence presaging degeneration and degradation, vice and crime. You asked where the drunkards came from, and answered—"From the moderate drinkers, since they could never come from teetotalers." Then you added—"If you are a moderate drinker, stop for the sake of the example to your son, and to those with whom you come in contact. If you are an immoderate drinker, then stop for your own sake."

I had a son at home, a big six-footer, just out of his prep-school. He had been captain of his track team, and had broken the record for the high jump and the broad jump. He had never tasted liquor in his life. You had struck home. "For his sake," I said to myself, and I asked the man in front of me to whom I had laughingly handed the dozen cards, if he had one left. He had and he gave it to me. I turned to both of the professors and asked them if they would not unite in this great movement, to cut a broad swath of temperance from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They laughed derisively, but that did not affect me.

"For the sake of your son." The words were still ringing in my ears. I signed the card, and when you called for those to stand up who would pledge themselves that night, it was my happiness to be one of the first to reach his feet. It was an epoch in my life.

On my way home to the suburbs where I live, I felt a new happiness suffuse my being, so pure and holy that I seemed to feel years younger, and as light on my feet as a school-boy. It was 11:30 when I reached home.

All the liquor I had in the house was one bottle of "Cocktails," which I kept in a little compartment in the sideboard under lock and key. I went straight to this compartment, unlocked it and took out the bottle, and carried it upstairs