

Of course it is man's own business if he drinks and not an organization matter — for very, very, verily if an organization cannot advance the necessary logic to end artificial stimulants it deserves to be pie-eyed.

Food, clothing and shelter are organization matters and deserves of keen scrutiny.

Hard liquor is not a shortcut to enjoyment. For the moment it may be when the nose is fore-shadowed upon the placid and amber bosom of Swedish-Punch and it may resurrect the soul into aspirations for greater things yet to come — but you pay for it; so much a shot.

Hard liquor is an "Indian giver," what joy it gives you the night before it takes away from you the morning after — mind you, you paid for it with good United States money and shellels of the republic.

Oh what a head!

Hard liquor has so many ways of bringing sorrow to your soul. It can throw you in the hoosegow and in the morning the Judge holds out his open palm... Ha! That's a war-tax on those drinks of the night before; to say nothing about the nose wry and eye that looks like a chunk of anthracite (blue coal).

All we get out of life is wellbeing and hard liquor heads off that, inasmuch as one spree begets a big head and one big head rates another spree and soon indefinitely in the meantime however old-age and dissipation are severing your lines of communication and you linger to wither in misery and pain the remaining years an example of the pleasure and enjoyment you have bought and paid for and never received.