

## What People of Various Lands Exhilarate Themselves With.

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The drinkers of each section of the Union have a distinctive salutation. The wiry Easterner, whose mind is on his business and whose life is one long sprint after the swift dollar, says briefly, "Well!" tosses off his liquor and is gone. The Westerner, with more time and freedom and easiness, remarks cordially, "Let ner go!" and she goes. The courtly Southerner likes to talk above his glass. He has more leisure than anybody and takes more delight in social converse. With him drinking is a means to an end. He wants to hobnob with his fellow-man. He will tell you, "Your very best health, suh!" or "Many happy days!" or "May you live a thousand years, suh!" or "My best wishes and regards, suh!" Officers of the army say, "How!" This is universal—common to any town or fort in the country. When you hear a man give this salutation you may be sure that he belongs to the army, or has belonged to it, or has associated much with army people. It is said to have been derived from the Indians, who use the exclamation to express a variety of things.

It is a world of strange drinks. Americans are supposed to be past masters in the art of mixing singular decoctions. The very names of them give the untraveled Englishman a sense of wonder extreme. We have the cocktail of various kinds, the rickey, the ginsling, the julep, the stone fence, the eye opener, the brain duster, the silver fizz, the golden fizz, the smash, the pick-me-up, the Remsen cooler, toddies innumerable and punches without limit. One barkeeper of New York city, known to newspaper men affectionately as "the only William," has published a book containing recipes for the making of more than five thousand drinks. Many of them are of his own invention, but they may be had as far west as the Pacific. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" Dickens had little good to say of America. The book raised an agonized howl on this side of the Atlantic. We were much younger then, with the vanity as well as the beauty of adolescence. But when Martin had reached his room and Mark Tapley had removed his boots, the master of English fiction pays tender and loving tribute to the opalescent delights that lie deep down in the heart of a sherry cobbler. They are the kindest lines in all that part of the tale devoted to America.

In other lands, however, are drinks far beyond ours in strength and strangeness. There is the Russian vodka, for instance. A gill of it poured down a Carthaginian mummy will set that long-dead person to fighting all his Punic battles o'er again. In the forceful language of the West, "Two drinks of it will make a man go home and steal his own pants." The West Indian gets from the cocoanut clear, pure water, toddy and arrack, which is a rock-splitting brandy. Of their toddy Boyle says "it looks like skim milk and smells like five hundred slaves in a pen." The Marquesans have a seductive drink called aroo. A number of young boys sitting in a circle chew fresh cocoanut, and, when it is sufficiently masticated, expectorate it into a bowl that is the common receptacle. Fresh water is poured upon this delectable mixture and it is allowed to ferment. The South Sea Islanders prepare the ava root in the same way. Paul du Chailly once found a wonderful drunkard in the person of the King of Olenga-Yombi. When he was an infant his father would take him to the top of a tall tree and force him to drink palm wine, until he came to prefer it to his mother's milk. It was the ingenious parent's ambition to make him the champion boozier of equatorial Africa, and he succeeded. The King of Olenga-Yombi, in Du Chailly's time, had been solidly drunk for fifteen years, and when last heard from was calling loudly for another gourd full.

Genuine palm wine is made from the Palmyra palm, and is far superior to any potable product of the cocoanut. Captain Burton, of Burton & Speke, says that the juice of the oil palm makes a drink that is unapproached by the liquids of civilization. It is of delicious color and flavor, and its effects are exhilaration, unmingled with ferocity or a headache next day. Livingstone makes mention of an intoxicant brewed by the Majenga tribe of the Zambesi. It is made from the grain of the country, sun-dried and gently boiled. The fermented liquor eventuates into a palatable beer. It will produce a superior brand of drunk, which leaves no ill effect. Indeed, it is an anti-febrile of remarkable power, and it was when stricken with jungle fever that the good doctor was made acquainted with it. Despite his protests, the kindly natives poured it down him until he saw visions and dreamed dreams and awoke a well man. The introduction of the drink to this country would cause a wonderful increase in the number of fever cases.

The Abyssinians drink a beer made from flour dough, and it seems to be a winner when opposed to the Italian chianti. They have also a honey wine, called "tedge," that is highly praised by the Jesuit Father Poncet. "Moak" they brew by boiling their beer with honey, eggs, butter and spice. "Besden" is made from millet steeped in "tedge," allowed to ferment for ten days in the sun. The Soo-Sooos make a palatable drunk-making drink from water and the ashes of the yin-yin root. In the maguey, or American agave, the Mexican Indian finds beer, brandy, thread, cloth, nails and a house. The heart of this plant, when tapped, will run three pints of beer a day for a month. The East Indian believes in rice beers. They are lighter than our lagers, being of the brand that the Germans call "pilsener."

Since the day when Noah so signally forgot himself it has been affirmed and denied that the drunken man reveals his true self. The ancient "In vino veritas" has had many foes and many defenders. It is declared on the one hand that intoxication so exaggerates the qualities of a man that it gives an untrue picture of him; it is claimed by others that underlying streams of his nature burst to the surface when he is incapable of restraining them. Believing that when the wine is in the truth will out, Boswell once ventured to defend convivial indulgence for the sake of the verities it revealed, whereupon the redoubtable Dr. Samuel made answer in his usual fashion: "Why, sir, that may be an argument for drinking if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him." I am persuaded that alcohol changes the nature of its victim almost wholly.