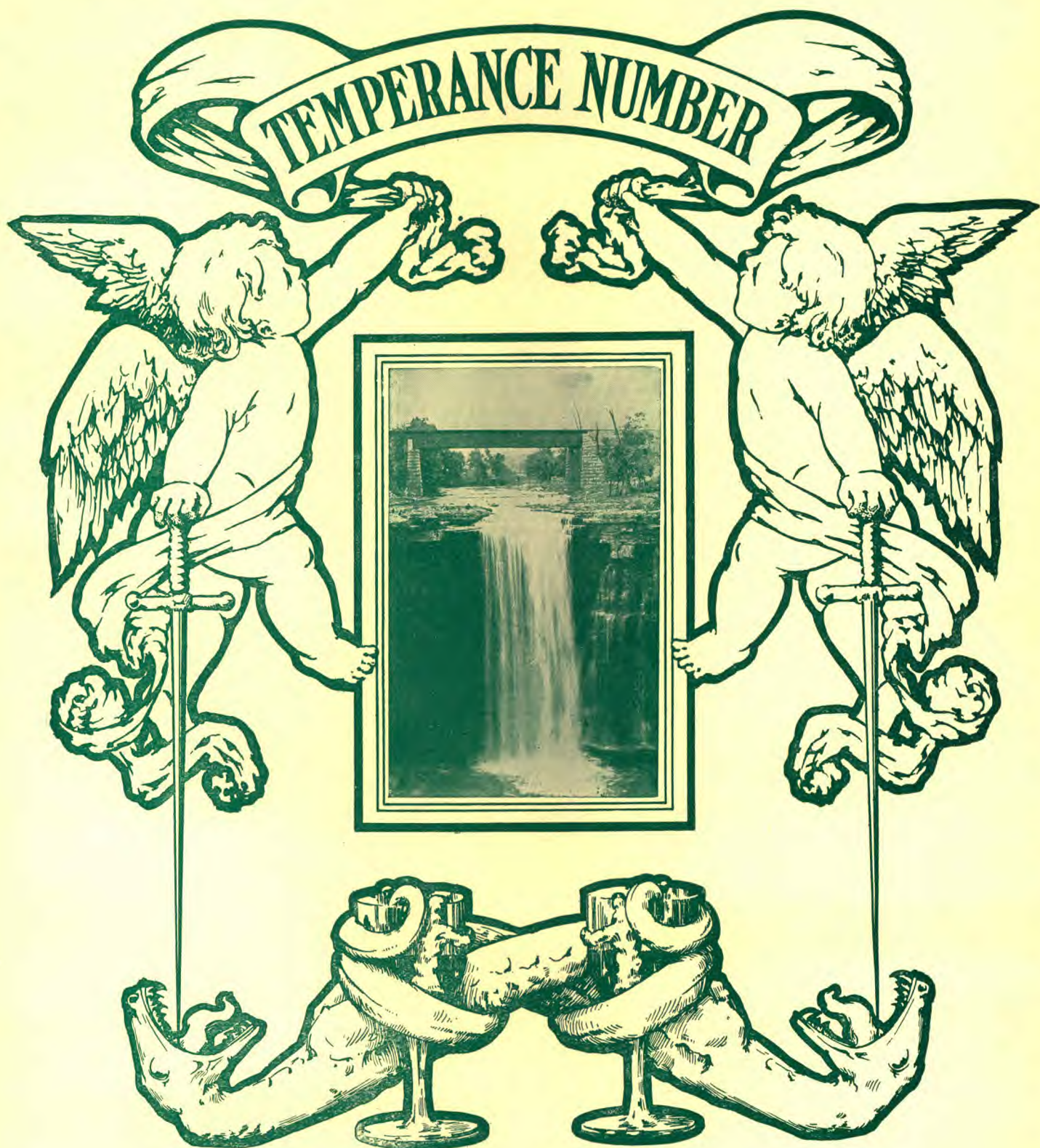


THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



WASHINGTON, D. C.

One Dollar a Year

Price, Ten Cents

THIS and THAT

THE "blind tiger" doesn't confine itself to prohibition territory. Chicago, with its 7,000 licensed saloons, has 2,500 blind tigers.

ON the first of November the parliament of Finland, by unanimous vote, passed a state-wide prohibition law—the first on European soil.

THE brewer cries *regulation*, not *elimination*; the temperance man cries regulation can come only by *absolute elimination* of the legalized liquor traffic.

KAISER WILLIAM recently pledged himself to total abstinence for life; so did Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States of America.

ABYSSINIA has prohibition, and the penalty for taking liquors into that country is death. In the capital of the country only two murders have been committed in the last forty years. Smoking is also prohibited.

CUSTOM in some cities now allows girls and women to have charge of the cigar stand. Surely a young woman of honor could find more suitable work. That of the scrub-woman is much to be preferred.

RED RUM,—these words are formed by spelling the word murder backward,—a significant fact, since a large share of the murders that are committed in the world are caused by the red rum.

LAST year there was more alcohol used in the form of patent medicine than was used in all other alcoholic liquors put together, except beer. This alcohol was largely drunk by the women of our land.

DR. E. KURZ, of Heidelberg, Germany, found that out of 1,115 criminal assaults committed in one judicial district, seventy per cent were committed in the saloon, and less than ten per cent in any other one place.

THREE presidents of the United States—Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley—were assassinated by men on fire with whisky. The murderer of McKinley was born in a saloon, spent fourteen years of his life in the saloon, and when he went to Buffalo to do his awful work, stayed in a saloon.

DR. T. A. MAC NICHOLL found, by the examination of 3,711 children of 1,100 families, that the mental dulness of alcoholic pedigree was *seventy-eight* per cent, while that of children of temperance pedigree was *four* per cent. He also found that nervous or organic diseases varied in the two cases respectively from *seventy-six* to *eighteen* per cent.

"Did you ever see a real estate man put in his circular something like this: 'This town has two smelters, two brick factories, gas and electric plants, a Carnegie library, Y. M. C. A., fourteen churches, and ten saloons'? If saloons help draw people to a town, why do not towns advertise the saloons more?"

The "Blind Pig"

COMMON sense tells me that drinking is less in the "blind pig" than in the wide-open town. All those social features which make the saloon the "poor man's club;" all the sitting about for hours at cards, and the almost continuous treating which makes these long sessions so productive of drunkenness; all those late hours in the saloon, with fights, killings, and thefts, are eliminated in the box-stall of a livery stable or the prescription-room of a drug-store. There is no attraction in any such place except the drink itself. The social side of the drink problem is practically eliminated, and only the physical one remains. Knowing as I do that the treating custom is responsible for a very great part of all drunkenness, my reason tells me that wherever drinking is forced into the blind pig, intoxication must be reduced.

There will be drinking just as long as the stuff is made; but that is no more reason for stopping efforts against it than the possibility that tuberculosis can never be entirely eliminated is a reason for stopping the present world campaign against the white plague.—*The Independent*.

Count On Me

W. E. MARKS. W. E. MARKS.

1. There's a hat - tie great now rag - ing and King 'Al - co - hol must go,
2. We have cap - tured ma - ny strongholds, let us press on still for more,
3. Stand - ing shoul - der un - to shoul - der let us brave - ly face the foe,

And our coun - try from his fet - ters must be free; Let us
Un - til ev - 'ry place shall have sweet lib - er - ty; Let us
March - ing bold - ly on to glo - rious vic - to - ry! We can

D.S.—O, we

stand up for the right and to the world our col - ors show,
drive a - way this de - mon, cleanse our land from shore to shore,
down this aw - ful ty - rant by a strong, de - ci - sive blow;

want this whole com - mun - i - ty from this rum ty - rant free,

FINE. CHORUS.

I am for AN - TI - LICENSE, count on me! I am for AN - TI - LICENSE,
I am for AN - TI - LICENSE, count on me!

D.S.

count on me, I am for AN - TI - LI - CENSE vic - to - ry!

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LICENSE IS THE PRICE OF BLOOD

I am a total abstainer, because I have always felt that I had a better use for my brains.—Edison.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

No. 11

Did You Consent?

O MANY the hearts that are broken
'Neath the rum fiend's cruel sway,
And deep is the anguish unspoken
Where he walks his remorseless way!
O the lives o'er which dark clouds hover,
The sighs where there should be song,
The disgrace which love would cover!—
Did you consent to the wrong?

Shame! Shame! upon this great nation
Which barter its honor for gold,
Forgetting its high vocation,
Permitting its sons to be sold.
The price of blood in its coffers
Brings judgment, though mercy bears long,
While virtue in solitude suffers,—
Did you consent to the wrong?

And think you that God is not hearing
The cry of the sad and oppressed?
Ah! though with long patience he's bearing,
His judgments must fall at the last.
The flood-gates must sometime be lifted,
Of the wrath which to evil belongs,
And the gold from the dross shall be sifted,—
Did you consent to the wrong?

And when at the last we shall gather,
To answer for all we have done,
Will conscience acquit, or the rather,
Condemn for consenting to wrong?
Can we hope for the Master's protection,
Or a place with the glorified throng,
While our brother goes down to destruction,
And we consent to the wrong?

REV. W. H. CLARK.

Why I Am Against Liquor

[Dr. Grenfell, medical missionary to Labrador and its neighboring islands, is a "master mariner, surgeon, engineer, industrial leader, manufacturer, explorer, and policeman, besides being a teacher and preacher. In recognition of his distinguished services for the British empire and humanity, he was made a Companion of the order St. Michael and St. George by King Edward VII of England."—Ed.]

LIQUOR is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fisherman and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is as easy for the liquor-sellers to prey on the newly landed sailor, with his pocketful of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vultures to prey on carrion.

How many times have I seen our poor fellows robbed of their money, of their self-respect, of their honor, and even of their lives, by the liquor-seller who furnishes them with it for no other object whatever than the base desire to get rich at the expense of any one at any cost.

Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox.

It kills our natives as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts around them.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea?—Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light where there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve, and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there, in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking "a little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to



clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol, as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure constant, and physical conditions are full of hardship?—Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. I remember a physician who "took a glass occasionally." This man was found drunk on the snow one night. He had been having "a good time" with some "friends." Both his feet were so badly frozen that they had to be cut off, and he had to make the rounds of his patients in a country practise for the rest of his life on artificial legs. I knew this poor victim personally.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action, and which we can control absolutely, with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. We can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself.

I am tempted to write more; for I have seen those things done under the influence of alcohol which it were a shame even to mention in print. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen.

She was some one's daughter, and some one's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She should have been alive to-day; but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again.

Yet another poor victim in my own profession,—a



Some of Dr. Grenfell's parishioners

Touch the goblet no more! It will make thy heart sore to its very core.—Longfellow.

PAGE 1

brilliant student and accomplished gentleman. Surely he ran no risk. Yet after years of disgrace and shame—a ruined family and a blasted life—I saw him lying with a fractured skull, dying. He had fallen, drunk, down the steps of the government mail vessel on which he was then credited medical officer of the crown.

The worst of alcohol as a poison is that it does not kill at once, and death, when it comes, is a mere detail compared with the weary years of misery, struggle, failure, and remorse. It leaves all the while the consciousness of the awful evil it is making the man to his little world; it makes him suffer with the suffering he himself is inflicting on his loved ones, till often enough he seeks in self-murder an escape from his hell on earth into,—what? Yet men are beasts enough to tempt their brothers with flaring saloons, just to get fat themselves on their brothers' damnation and shame. Surely the cry of the ruined homes, of the starving families, must reach the ear of a righteous Judge.—*Wilfred Grenfell, C. M. G.*

A Picture Painted in 1907 — Cost, \$1,744,447,672 Reproduced and Added to in 1908

THE liquor demon dug one hundred thousand new graves in this country in 1907, and in these graves were laid the lifeless bodies of the hundred thousand wretched men whose lives ended so ingloriously. This number is one sixth of the number of men who have been slain during the last one hundred fifty years in all the various wars which the United States has waged. "For every one thousand killed in battle, rum has dug the grave for twelve thousand." And during 1907, besides these one hundred thousand, three thousand wives were murdered in cold blood through the influence of the demon drink; and forty thousand women are struggling and fighting the battle of life for themselves and their children alone, while their husbands fill drunkards' graves. Sixty thousand pure girls were robbed of their most priceless treasure, their virtue, through the dram-drinker; and one hundred thousand children were made orphans, being left alone to suffer and fight for their existence, all because of drink. Some one has estimated that all the widows and orphans left behind by drunkards would, if they were standing hand in hand, belt the globe three times. Awful as is this picture, the artist failed to reveal the depth of sorrow and degradation into which liquor has plunged these wives and children, and this is the most dreadful work of the liquor traffic.

Twenty-five hundred babies were smothered to death by careless, drunken parents; five thousand persons took their own lives because of rum; and ten thousand others yielded up their lives to the jealous rage of the drunken assassin. One hundred thousand persons were branded as criminals by the law, and one hundred thousand more had their reason dethroned by the whisky fiend, and were placed behind the grated window.

Each year produces a similar picture, with entirely new victims. Why allow this artist fiend to continue his work? We already sense the evil of this nefarious liquor business sufficiently to know that it ought to be annihilated at once. Why, then, do we not with every power of our being work together to this end? Prohibition—

State-wide and world-wide prohibition—is the goal. Demand it unequivocally of your legislators. Accept nothing less than absolute protection from the liquor curse.

The Two Glasses

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim:
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the Glass of Wine to his paler brother:
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other."

"I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth.
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down."

"I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth, with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army under the sky."

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail:
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before me fall,
And my might and power are over all."

"Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the Wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the Glass of Water: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad."

"Of thirsts I have quenched and brows I have laved:
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley and dashed down the
mountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dripped from the fountain;



AS I AM NOW

I have burst my cloud-fetters, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

"I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew."

"I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

— Selected.

MR. POWDERLY, who has had exceptional means for observations as labor leader, declares: "The liquor traffic is responsible for nine tenths of the misery among the working classes."

THE RETURNS



The Subtleness of Drink

THERE is found in South America a phosphorescent spider that attracts and dupes its prey by successive flashes of light. With the emission of each gleam of light the prey becomes apparently dazed, and creeps closer to the transfigured assassin. Is not this the process of drink? By successive radiations which gleam from the gilded saloon, the drinker is hypnotized, and is soon the victim of an awful doom. The attractive saloon signs which invite our young men into the earthly palaces of hell are but phosphorescent spiders which attract, then dupe, then leave in the helpless snare. How many sons has this saloon-spider duped and finally destroyed?

And not alone does this damnable though enchanting spider snare our fair young men; it also makes a large demand on our young and virtuous women. The music hall and the dance in connection with the saloon attract our girls, and the social drink following the dance dupes and ensnares the brightest girls, and soon they are found in the hidden paths of sin. Human vampires are found in every music hall, and they lie in wait for the pleasure-loving girl, to dupe her, and then to escort her to the house of ill-fame; and then back again to the music hall they go in search of another victim.

Last July there was arraigned before Judge Murphy in the Rochester Police Court a man who was one of the city's prominent lawyers. In early life the phosphorescent saloon-spider duped him, and now, at the age of forty-eight years, he is a wreck. His vagabond appearance in court contrasted strongly with the well-groomed, prosperous attorney of a few years ago. He was sent to jail for a week to "sober up." "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

REV. HARRY G. GREENSMITH.

Eight Thousand Epileptics

ONE of my most vivid recollections is that of a boy, ten or twelve years old, with a patient, sweet, though somewhat stupid facial expression. He was sent to my department for treatment soon after he arrived at the institution. The innocent eyes of the boy turned to me as I examined him. The silent appeal was even more pathetic than his words: "Doctor, will these spells ever leave me? Can I ever go back to mother? She needs me, doctor, because papa, you know, often comes home sick, and sometimes he beats mother, and then she cries."

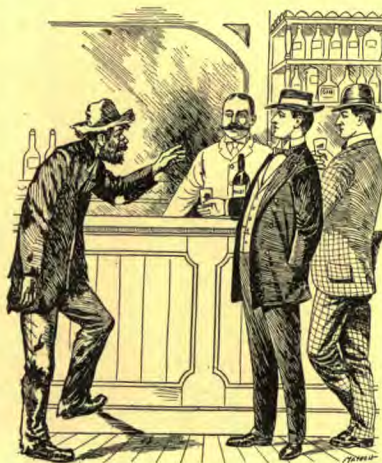
Inquiry ascertained the nature of the father's sickness. It was alcoholic intoxication. It was alcohol that was responsible for the cruelty to the mother, and it was alcohol in the parent that was responsible for the condition of the child. As I wrote down opposite the name of my little sufferer the name of his disease, "epilepsy," somehow my pen was not very steady, nor my eyesight good.

But while the case is pathetic, it is not rare. There are to-day in this fair State of Illinois about eight thousand epileptics. More than half of them are children. Nearly two thousand could, if they knew enough, justly point their fingers at their fathers, or mothers, or at both, and say, "You are responsible for my misery.—you, through the alcohol which made you its slave."

And when most of these children die early, prematurely, usually in horrible convulsions, with their poor little limbs drawn together in spasms, and their child-faces purple and twitching, from the physician's view-point the case is a case of murder, and the name of the murderer is Alcohol.—V. H. Podstata, in *Sunday School Times*.

Is This Not So?

THE great wars of the world from 1852 to 1877, including the Franco-German War and the American Civil



"Gentlemen, six years of saloon patronage has changed me from a young man of as fair prospects as are yours to what I am now. Look at me, and see yourselves six years hence, if you continue to frequent the saloon."

War, cost a fraction over twelve billion dollars. The cost of intoxicants for the same period in the United States alone was fifteen billion dollars, or twenty-five per cent more than all the wars of the world.

During the anti-slavery agitation, Henry Ward Beecher said: "Every American citizen who has not exhausted all his prerogatives as a citizen in protesting against slavery is himself responsible for slavery." Adapt-

ing the phraseology of this logical statement to the subject in hand, it reads: "Every citizen who has not exhausted all his prerogatives as a citizen in protesting against the legalized liquor traffic is himself responsible for the liquor traffic." Can we escape the force of this logic?—A. Sims.

A Personal Experience

I HAD a little vessel on the coast. She had four men, besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch. The seamen prevailed on him to take "one glass," to help him perform his duties; but being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for

hours we battled with the cold waves. Finally they swept my little one from my embrace; then after more hours of suffering the waves swept the other child from my wife's arms, and our little ones were lost to us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost—for "one glass" of rum.—*Selected.*

Telling Experiments

PROFESSOR HELENIUS gives the comparative return of the regular labor of a whole year of two sets of brick-makers, the one working on the "abstinent," and the other on the "moderate" system, but not pitted against each other in a contest for victory. Out of upward of 23,000,000 of bricks made in 1841, by the largest maker in the neighborhood, the average per man made by the beer-drinkers in the season was 760,269; while that of the teetotalers was 795,400, which is 35,131 in favor of the latter. The highest number made by a beer-drinker was 880,000; the highest number made by a teetotaler was 890,000, leaving 10,000 in favor of the teetotaler. The lowest number made by a beer-drinker was 659,000; the lowest number made by a teetotaler was 746,000, leaving 87,000 in favor of the teetotaler.

Fifty-five Thousand Dollars Saved

Professor Helenius was informed by Captain Pethrick, the manager of the copper-mines of Knockmahon, that more than one thousand persons are daily employed, of whom eight hundred have taken the total abstinence pledge. Since doing so, the value of their productive industry has increased by nearly twenty-five thousand dollars a year; and not only are they able to put forth more exertion, but their work is done better, and with less fatigue to themselves. Besides this, they save at least thirty thousand dollars every year, which had previously been expended in the purchase of alcoholic liquors.

Six Buried at Once

LAST June the editor of the *California Voice* received a letter from Mr. John Keif, of the California Soldiers' Home, in which he said:—

"The quarterly pensions for June were paid at the home on the eighteenth, and it is a remarkable fact that not one death has occurred up to date, June 25. It was not so when the beer canteen was doing business. I have counted as many as six on the bulletin-board to be buried at once. Other men will tell you that they have counted as many as nine. The majority of these men whose names would appear on the bulletin-board for burial a few days after pensions were paid, came from the convalescent ward of the hospital, and killed themselves drinking beer in the canteen.

"A few go outside and get drunk. When they return to the home in this condition, they are arrested, and locked up in the guard-house. When the canteen was with us, these same men would go there two, three, and sometimes four times a day, get drunk, return to the wards, and in this condition raise havoc with the sober men. Conditions are changed now, and the men themselves prefer the present régime; for a vote on the canteen question was recently taken in the home. There were two hundred one against the canteen, and thirty-four for it."

Others report the same for the barracks and for other homes. But notwithstanding these facts, there are some prominent men who favor the restoration of the canteen, and who are planning to besiege the next Congress with a bill to that effect. This campaign is led by the liquor men, which fact should be argument enough to

defeat the proposal; for no sane person would for a moment think that the liquor men would be interested in the question if they thought the use of the canteen lessened the consumption of alcoholic beverages; but unless the friends of the temperance cause are awake to their duty and privilege, the bill will be passed.

Surgeon-General Sternberg said: "I do not think much of the beer canteen. The theory that the soldier needs a beer canteen to keep him from going to outside saloons for something stronger, is all wrong. There is nothing in it. On the contrary, a great many young soldiers who are not accustomed to drink contract drinking habits at these canteens, and are ruined."

The colonels of more than forty regiments who have tried it have declared themselves opposed to the canteen service, and many eminent generals also pronounce the canteen an evil.

Reason, experience, and observation all say, Keep the canteen from the soldiers. If he must have his drink, he will find it; but do not place the temptation before those who have not the liquor appetite, nor make it easy for those who have it to satisfy their abnormal desires.

The Stately Mansion

"ONE day, riding with a friend in one of our leading cities," says a temperance worker, "I noticed a stately and palatial residence to which I called my friend's attention. He said: 'That beautiful mansion was built for



its proprietor by benevolent gentlemen of this city and community.' By further conversation I learned that some men gave their own clothing, others gave their pianos and organs, and some gave their carpets, pictures, and furniture.

Others sacrificed nearly all the food of pantry and cellar, and most of the clothing of the wardrobe belonging to the wife and children. Some gave their sons to dissipation, while their daughters became outcasts. The majority of these benevolent gentlemen deposited their good name, their reputation, character, and all—mind, body, and soul—to erect this stately mansion for the man who occupies it and owns it. They also have given him the finest suit of broadcloth and a brilliant diamond pin, and have dressed his wife and children in silks and satins. They also keep the pantry, cellar, and wardrobe filled to overflowing. Strange benevolence!"

Hundreds of stately mansions have been built in this land of ours by this same unaccountable benevolence. You know what it means, for every city has such residences—the product of the liquor traffic.

An Alcoholized Will

"THE only way to prove that you can stop when you please, is to show that you are strong enough never to begin," says a writer, in discussing the subject of using alcoholic drinks. It's a fact daily demonstrated that men who say they can stop when they please very seldom do stop. For some reason they never please to do so, but please to go on and on. Even their power of pleasing to do right becomes broken down. That is the secret of the matter, really. Danger lies in the very beginning. No one is wholly himself after he once becomes acquainted with alcohol. A physician of long experience says that once a brain is paralyzed by alcohol, it never fully recovers. While the normal man might have will power enough to break off drinking, if he were so minded, the alcohol man is not normal, is not the same man; he is diseased, disabled. Don't count on him.—*The Well-spring.*

Boys Wanted



WO million boys wanted for the drink business! One family out of every five must contribute a boy to supply this demand. If any family fails to meet the demand, some other family must send two boys. Which of your boys will you voluntarily give to answer the saloon-keeper's advertisement?

"Wanted, some bright boys, full of cheer,
To stand at my counter as drinkers of beer,
To fill up the ranks, without further delay,
Of the army of drunkards passing away.
A hundred thousand a year will just supply
The loss to our trade from the drunkards who die.
Send those who can toil, or have wealth to bestow,
For profits are small on old drinkers you know;
Let them come from the shop, the school, or the home;
We'll welcome them all, whoever may come.
Let mothers surrender their sons to our cause,
And fathers keep voting for good license laws;
For if you will vote to keep running the mill,
You must furnish grist, or the wheels will stand still."

The drink-seller has a *legal right* to your boy. You voted to grant him the privilege of keeping a saloon, and he has paid the money you demanded of him for the license. Then why are you unwilling your boy should help to sustain the business you have sanctioned by granting the license?

If you do not want your boy to answer the saloon-keeper's call, why should you by your vote compel other families to give theirs?

The liquor men are not making their call simply in poetry. They have deep-laid plans for securing somebody's boy to take the place of one of their old customers.

A Deliberate Plan to Ensnare Children

In an address at the liquor men's convention held in Columbus, Ohio, one speaker said:—

The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die; and *if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers.* Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

The open field for the creation of appetite is among the boys. After men have grown, and their habits are formed, they seldom change in this regard, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that *nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed.*

Twenty Cents a Day for Rum

THE following letter was written to a Pennsylvania grocer by a former saloon patron:—

DEAR SIR: Having been accustomed to spending twenty cents a day for whisky, I find, by saving it, I can order from you during one year the following articles:—

3 barrels of flour	24 cans mackerel
100 pounds granulated sugar	50 pounds best raisins
29 pounds corn-starch	1 dozen packages herbs
125 pounds macaroni	40 pounds oatmeal
60 pounds white beans	1 dozen brooms
6 pounds ground pepper	12 bottles machine-oil
1 dozen scrubbing-brushes	20 pounds Oolong tea
50 pounds soda	24 cans green peas
20 pounds roasted coffee	20 pounds dried apples
20 pounds rice	25 pounds prunes
1 barrel crackers	40 pounds laundry starch
100 pounds hominy	26 pounds table salt
18 pounds mince-meat	25 pounds lard
25 cans tomatoes	12 bottles maple sirup
1 ream note-paper	100 bars soap
500 envelopes	2 gallons chow-chow
	2 newspapers for one year

I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much. I now live better and buy more for my family.

Would that many others would stop to count the full cost of their drinking, and decide to patronize the grocer instead of the saloonkeeper.

Do You Know

Do you know that the production of gold and silver in the United States would be sufficient to pay the drink bill of the American people for only a month and a half?

Do you know that, counting out women, children, and abstainers, it is estimated that the drink bill is confined to thirty-five per cent of the population; yet the amount spent in the United States for drink is a little more than one half the total wages of all wage-earners, salaried officials, and clerks? That is, less money is expended for food, clothes, and the necessities of life by all the people than is spent for drink by one third of the people.

Do you know that the money spent for drink would meet all the net expenses of the government, and not only pension the disabled soldiers, and give an old-age pension of twenty dollars a month to all persons over sixty years of age, but would also provide for the education of each child in the United States from five to eighteen years of age?

Do you know that unquestioned statistics now show that alcohol is the direct or indirect cause of—

25 per cent of all suicides?
25 per cent of all divorces?

29 per cent of insanity?
30 per cent of all cases of epilepsy?
50 per cent of all cases of idiocy?
70 per cent of all criminality?
50 per cent of all accidents and fatalities?
48 per cent of all pauperism?

Do you know that one can not be, with impunity, the son of an alcoholic? Dr. Joffroy, a French physician, says that alcoholism begins with the father and strikes down his children; and generally its action continues, until, in the fourth or fifth generation, it has destroyed the family. But before this final result is reached, the alcoholics and their descendants are, according to circumstances, hurled into disease, madness, or crime, filling our hospitals, asylums, and jails. Blind indeed are those who see in alcohol only a source of revenue!

Do you know that alcohol palsies the vision, and decreases one's ability to distinguish colors? Dr. Lauder-Brunton says that it makes all the nervous processes slower; but at the same time it has the curious effect of producing a kind of mental anesthesia, so that all these processes seem to the person himself to be quicker than usual, instead of slower. These facts are accountable for many railway accidents and much loss of life.

Do you know that the drink bill is nearly two hundred times as much as is given by all denominations for sending the gospel to foreign lands? It is more than twice as much as is spent for bread.

Do you know that there is not one case in twenty where a man is tried for his life in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder?

Do you know that the use of intoxicating beverages brings no good whatever to the individual or to the country?

Do you know of even one reason why the sale of liquor should not be prohibited?

Then, in view of the fact that it is an evil, and only an evil, will you not vote and work for its annihilation?

Russia's Liquor Label



THE government of Russia has control of the liquor traffic, and there is appalling drunkenness there. The women of St. Petersburg, some time ago, mobbed some of the drinking places of the city, so enraged were they at the wreckage of their husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers. The parliament of Russia appointed a commission to consider the damage of the liquor traffic. That commission reported in favor of removing the royal eagle from the vodka (liquor) bottles, and placing in its stead the skull and cross-bones, which stand for poison in all nations and climes; and also a printed message of warning against the excessive use of strong drink.

The message reads: "Man! although you have bought this liquor, yet know that you are drinking poison, which destroys you. Before it is too late, quit buying another bottle!"

Russia, like every other country, has evidence on every hand of the havoc wrought by intemperance. But many years ago she had an especially impressive lesson, which Dr. Rossiter thus relates in "Practical Guide to Health": "In 1786 Princess Katrina of Russia gave a state dinner to the peasants. All ate heartily, and drank brandy freely. A very cold night set in, and by the next morning sixteen thousand of the drinkers were found frozen to death."

If all the evil wrought in a year's time throughout our land, could be crowded into the experience of one night, a wail would go up from the homes of America far more bitter than Russia's cry on that fatal morning—more bitter than that of Egypt when her first-born were slain by the angel of death.



Thousands died

What Brewers Said—What Investigation Proved



At the annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association held June 6, 1907, a speaker addressing the convention, said:—

By an educational campaign in enlightening the masses in regard to the nature of our product the people would soon be ripe for a law to consider beer a food and a necessity for the good and health of the public, and not subject to taxation.

That campaign is now well under way. Many large newspapers, and many small ones, and many of the magazines, contain flaring advertisements claiming the healthfulness, medicinal properties, and food value of beer and other alcoholic drinks. Some of the falsehoods that are being circulated in current liquor advertisements, and facts for their correction, follow:—

COMMERCIAL FICTION.—In countries where most beer is consumed, intemperance is rarest.

DISINTERESTED FACTS.—Belgium has the largest per capita consumption of beer of any country of Europe. In 1897 the prime minister, M. Le Jeune, said publicly: "With us in Belgium alcohol produces frightful ravages." England ranks second in the consumption of beer, and her drunkenness is so threatening that 15,000 physicians petitioned to have schoolchildren taught the dangers of alcoholic drinks. Germany stands third in per capita consumption of beer. A member of the German Reichstag said recently that there are 11,000 persons in the hospitals of Germany suffering from delirium tremens. In 1897 over 14,000 persons were sentenced by the courts to institutional treatment for alcoholism.

FICTION.—Beer aids digestion; it helps the stomach do its work.

FACT.—Professor Chittenden, of Yale, found that beer and other malted beverages retard stomach digestion more than the other liquors. Dr. Chase, of Tufts College Medical School, also reported that stomach digestion is delayed in a marked degree by beer.

FICTION.—Beer builds up nerve tissue.

FACT.—Dr. W. H. Riley, of the Colorado Sanitarium, says: "It has been well known to physicians and scientific men for a number of years that the use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, when long continued, produces various diseases of the nervous system, such as paralysis, insanity, apoplexy. In hundreds and even thousands of cases of those who have been addicted to the use of this poison for any considerable time, severe and distinct organic changes in the brain and other parts of the nervous system have also been found by post-mortem examinations."

FICTION.—Beer strengthens and energizes the system.

FACT.—Dr. Bergman, a German teacher, tried the effect of a small glass of beer upon the school work of four boys, fifteen to seventeen years of age. They all agreed that it was more difficult to think after taking the beer, and they made more errors in combining and spelling. In a foot-race in Germany, a contestant who was running in second place took a drink of beer, after which he fell back to fourth place. Another who thought there was no harm in taking a drink of beer on the way, fell back to twelfth place, finishing only two minutes before the expiration of the time limit. The winner was a total abstainer.

FICTION.—A tonic for invalids and convalescents. Highly recommended by leading physicians.

FACT.—The physicians of Dornbirn, Germany, who are entrusted with the administration of the sick-fund, have sent out a notice that hereafter it will not be dispensed to pay for alcoholic drinks. The reason given was: "The results of recent scientific investigation make it apparent that the medical employment of alcohol is not necessary. For those cases in which it has formerly been employed, pharmacy now offers medicines which are more certain, which are cheaper, and which create no tendency to misuse."

FICTION.—The three and one-half per cent of alcohol in beer is simply a mild stimulant without injurious effects.

FACT.—Professor Laitinen, of Helsingfors, has proved that an amount of alcohol proportionate to one-half pint of three and one-half per cent beer a day for a grown man reduces

ability in animals to resist disease, and injures progeny. Professor Kraepelin, of Munich, and others found that the so-called "stimulating" effects of alcoholic drinks are only the beginning of the deadening effect of alcohol upon the nervous system.

FICTION.—It makes rich, red blood. Forty out of a hundred need lager for anemia.

FACT.—Professor Laitinen's experiments included examination of the blood after amounts of alcohol equal to one-half pint of beer a day for a grown man, had been taken. He found that even this small amount had a bad effect upon the red blood-corpuscles. Surgeons agree that beer drinkers are dangerous subjects for operations, for their blood is in such an unhealthful condition that wounds do not heal quickly.—E. L. Transeau.



From "Practical Guide to Health"

There is more food in five ordinary loaves of bread than in twenty-seven barrels of beer



Two Appeals

MISSI," said a New Hebrides war-chief who had been converted, "will you go with me to the American traders living on the shore, and help me to plead with them not to sell to my men the white man's fire-water; for when they are crazy with drink, they are bad, and I can not do anything with them? Drink is killing my people. I weep over it. You bring us the good news from the Great Spirit in heaven, and we live; but why do your countrymen bring us death in the fire-water?"

At the Colonial Temperance Conference held a few years ago in England, the king of the Maoris made a touching reference to the wholesale destruction of his people resulting from the introduction of strong drink. "Before the white man came," he said, "the beautiful honey-birds flitted from flower to flower like feathered jewels, thrusting their long tongues into the flowers, and sharing the sweetness with the stingless native bee. But the white man came, and with him came the European honey-bee with its deadly sting, and the unsuspecting birds, thrusting their tongues into the flowers, were stung to death, until the species have become extinct. It is thus that you English have destroyed us. Our simple people have thrust their tongues into your strong drink, and it has stung them to death, and they are perishing off the face of the earth."—*Selected.*

Alcohol and Tobacco Among the South Sea Islanders

THE natives of the South Sea islands, having at first the utmost confidence in the white man, receive as a blessing anything the white man has to offer, and tobacco and whisky are two commodities most often brought them. They at first regard the feeling produced by alcohol as something to be desired to make one courageous. Through it, they imagine they partake of the white man's spirit; so its use is encouraged by men, women, and children, no restraint whatever being felt. Drinking and smoking are therefore almost universal.

When Captain Cook first landed on the island of New Zealand, he declared the native Maoris to be the finest race he had encountered in his travels. There were no skin or other serious diseases among them. Men and women at ninety years of age were agile and active, showing little evidence of decay. Serious wounds would heal without any apparent attention.

How changed the picture! Drunkenness may be seen everywhere; and as a result, filth, lewdness, and immorality of the worst type exist among them. Skin diseases, with other loathsome diseases, prevail. The Maoris of to-day are degenerates, hanging around wherever whisky and tobacco are obtainable, and where opportunities for vice present themselves. Women may be seen sitting in groups as the train passes from station to station, spending their time in smoking and drinking. For this they live; and if they work, for this they work. The Maoris have been reduced in numbers from one hundred twenty-one

thousand to about forty-two thousand, and the prospects are that degeneracy during the next few years will be much more marked than during any previous period. This race is rapidly nearing extinction, solely from their excessive use of liquor.

While the Bushmen of Australia have never been equal in physique to the natives of New Zealand, they, too, were a strong, robust people, capable of enduring hardship before the white man visited them. I shall never forget the pitiable sight which met my eyes when visiting some of these on their government reserve. In passing from hut to hut, the impression I received, and it seemed to me what they felt, was that they were there waiting their turn to die. They are hopeless degenerates, living in filth, and practising everything that is impure. Within a few years the natives of Australia will be no more—killed, not by bullets, but by the white man's whisky.

The Hawaiians, too, were once physically a well-developed people. But whisky has been doing the same deadly work among them. They are rapidly degenerating. They are to-day an aimless people, their one ambition in life being to secure tobacco and drink. Vice and immorality follow upon the drink, and form their highest enjoyment. The *Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu made the prediction that there were men living of voting age who would witness the death of the last full-blooded Hawaiian.

The natives of Samoa and Fiji are more like the natives of New Zealand in physique. While on a trip to Fiji, I had the pleasure of visiting one of the native villages. We were invited into the home of the chief. I found him a remarkably well-preserved man of fifty-three years, measuring over six feet. His son was probably six feet three inches in height, straight as an arrow, and well-built. They manifested the same courteous, polite, and considerate manner that we would expect to find in a refined American home. They are Christians, and use neither alcohol, tobacco, tea, nor coffee. The meal I took with them was composed of taro root, breadfruit, bananas, and oranges. On such food it is almost impossible to cultivate a desire for alcohol and tobacco.

While Christianity has preserved some of these people from the use of alcohol and tobacco, the great majority of the Fijians and Samoans, especially those dwelling near harbors or towns, show the same marks of degeneracy that are seen on other islands.

Is it not time that we demand that "the accursed thing" be no longer carried from so-called Christian lands to regions of heathenism? Let us, rather, send to them the gospel of peace.

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

THE five "wettest" counties of West Virginia have 415 convicts; the other fifty counties have 413. One eleventh of the counties furnish one half of the convicts.

If, as stated, American enterprise has added two thousand liquor-saloons in Cuba, then our boasted United States civilization has recruited two thousand agents of the devil.—*Will Carleton.*

"The saloon is a running sore on the body politic. There is not room for it and liberty both to live. One or the other must go."

LICENSE and REVENUE

The License System

[Extract from an address given by Hon. Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, before the National W. C. T. U. Convention recently held in Denver, Colorado.—Ed.]



THE trouble in this big republic of ours is this,—we are money mad. We have the idea in our heads that money will make anything right. But it will not do it. The license system breeds vice; the system breeds crime; bad government comes from it, as straight as a ball from the barrel of a rifle; and so long as you tolerate the system, these things will live and flourish.

We stand for the total abolition of a system inherently wrong, not for its reformation. You, as citizens, deliberately, for a hundred, or two hundred thousand dollars, plant upon your street corners saloons, reaching out invitations,—saloons with open arms, appealing to the passion for strong drink in your men and women,—saloons whose inevitable end is to destroy the great virtues of manhood! You capitalize the passion for strong drink in your people. You deliberately set a price upon it. You turn over your men who are living to-day, you turn over the coming generation, to an institution and a system whose basic principle is the destruction of the great virtues of manhood. You do it for money.

The man who votes to keep a saloon in any city, or any State, or any nation, who votes to keep it there because of his part of the profit in the saloon, stands upon a dead equal with the man who robs himself in his white apron, and boldly stands behind the counter, and serves the drink. If I bring no other message to you from the South from my long experience of years in the struggle against the saloon, I bring you this one at least,—that the thing that is holding the saloon in this republic is avarice, avarice, avarice.

Capitalizing vice! Deliberately selling out the virtues of your people for money! Stop capitalizing vice. Put a premium on manhood, and not on dollars.



License the saloon, and you endanger my boys

Why I Do Not Believe in the License System

LICENSE is a *permit*. Government is organized for the preservation of the public welfare; therefore, it can not grant permission to conduct a traffic subversive of the public welfare.

License does not lessen the amount of liquor consumed; and does not, therefore, decrease the number of criminals, paupers, and insane persons produced by the liquor traffic. The curse is in the concoction sold, and the fact that the seller pays a high price for the privilege of selling

does not lessen the evil. The consumer has to pay even the license fee.

License does not meet the cost to the government of the liquor business. The liquor business of Chicago pays to the city seven million dollars in license fees; but it costs the city nearly seventy million dollars to maintain the traffic with all that it entails. And Massachusetts spends nearly two and one-half million dollars a year for expenses incurred from the liquor traffic, and receives only \$866,744 from the saloon.

License does not even materially lessen the number of saloons. Doubling the license fee of Chicago, making it one thousand dollars, decreased the saloons only from 7,353 to 7,231; and these disposed of as much liquor as was sold before.

One thousand two hundred dollars a year is the license fee of Salt Lake City; yet in less than twenty years the number of saloons has increased in that city from 39 to 184—a gain of 450 per cent.

The number of commitments to houses of correction for drunkenness in the State of New Hampshire increased from 473 in 1902, when the State was under prohibition, to 2,182 in 1906, when it was under license law. Commitments for all causes increased from 592 to 2,470. The number of delinquent children increased twenty-four per cent.

Those who vote for license make themselves responsible with the saloon-keeper for the evils resulting from the business.

No License Is the Remedy

License towns do not show so large a proportion of boys and girls in the high schools as no-license towns.

License towns do not pay their wage-earners so large an annual average wage as no-license towns.

License towns have more criminals, paupers, and insane persons than no-license towns.

Insurance business does not flourish in license towns as in no-license towns, general conditions being the same.

The presence of a saloon increases the liability to the destruction of property by fire; so the no-license town offers better fire insurance than the license town.

FOR more than a year Finland has waited for its prohibition law to be ratified by the czar. The reason for this long delay has at last been ascertained to be due to the influence of the French embassy. Russia wants a loan from France; but France, on account of losing a wine market, threatens the refusal of the loan unless the Finnish law is defeated. "Poor Finland! They wish to pluck you to fill the money sacks of the French wine merchants and those of the Russian government."

Sensitive Pocketbooks

[The following selection is from Judge Samuel R. Artman's new book, "The Legalized Outlaw." Judge Artman rendered the Indiana court decision that the saloon is unconstitutional, an outlaw, and that governments have no right to license it.—Ed.]

THERE is a large element of people, whose pocketbooks are more sensitive than their consciences, who have been inveigled into the belief that saloons are necessary to business prosperity; and it is but fair to say that this notion is not confined exclusively to the saloon element.

Nothing can be more fallacious than the theory that dens of vice and crime are essential to business thrift and progress. Dens of vice and crime mean waste of time, waste of energy, waste of industry, waste of earnings, waste of mental capacity, waste of moral character, and waste of health; and how can such drains upon nat-



Alcohol leaves to charity thousands of babies each year

ural conditions be conducive to the industrial welfare of the people? Concrete examples of the effects of banishing saloons from communities ought to be the best argument, either for or against the saloon as an industrial element.

"In seven months, my trade," says a grocer, "has increased more than fifty per cent. I have had no increase in the number of customers. I am now getting the money that the saloon-keepers formerly received, and the families of these customers are now well fed, instead of going hungry, as they frequently did when we had saloons."

Cambridge, Massachusetts, had licensed saloons for the ten years from 1875 to 1885, and has had no licensed saloons since 1885. In the ten license years there was a decrease of three million dollars in the valuation of the property of Cambridge, while, since 1885, there has been an increase of forty-six millions, or more than two millions annually.

In 1903 there were, according to official authority, twenty-three prohibition counties in Texas without a single convict in the penitentiary, and nine counties with only one convict each. In thirty-nine prohibition counties there were only twenty-three convicts in all. A majority of the jails in Kansas are without a single inmate.

In the number of homes owned by the people who live in them, prohibition Maine leads the world. Seventeen out of every hundred families are home-owners in New York, with her twenty-seven thousand saloons, while in Maine forty-nine are clear home-owners out of every one hundred families.

Why This Difference?

In 1901 there were 90 arrests for drunkenness in Burlington, Vermont, under prohibition. In Chicopee, Massachusetts, a license town of about the same size, there were 306 arrests for drunkenness; in Northampton, 519; in Pittsfield, 864. Newburyport, Massachusetts, a license town with 4,000 less population than Burlington, had 643 arrests for drunkenness.

Rutland, Vermont, had 97 arrests for drunkenness in 1901, 50 in 1900, and 31 in 1899; but Clinton, Massachusetts, a high license town of about the same size as Rutland, had 502 arrests for drunkenness in 1901, 605 in

1900, and 658 in 1899. Clinton maintains a force of twenty policemen, while Rutland has but four. Rutland's pauper department in 1901 cost \$5,240.53, Clinton's \$10,181.83.

It is stated by Lady Henry Somerset that in one district in Liverpool, England, in which there is no saloon, there is but one pauper to every thousand inhabitants. In another district, in which there are two hundred saloons, there is one pauper to every twenty-eight inhabitants.

Hancock County, West Virginia, which has not had a saloon for sixty years, had not one cent of criminal expenses for the year ending Oct. 1, 1904; while in McDowell County, a paradise for the saloon, the criminal expenses were 919 mills for each inhabitant.

At a mass-meeting of the citizens of Lebanon, Tennessee, recently, the question of the financial effect of removing the saloons was carefully canvassed. At that time Hon. Robinson McMillan, a prominent lawyer, declared that he had interviewed the merchants of the town, and that all classes of business reported an increase in trade of from twenty-five to forty-seven and one-half per cent since the saloons were abolished; real estate gained in value twenty per cent, and fifty more new houses had been built than during the previous year. The mayor tried only one third as many cases as before the closing of the saloons.

There were four times as many murders in Rochester, New York, last year, with 600 saloons, as in the whole State of Maine, under prohibition. Rochester had eight murders last year, and Portland, Maine, had ten in twenty-four years.

The police court record for Atlanta, Georgia, during the first two months of 1907 was 3,074 arrests, 777 of which were for drunkenness; for the first two months of 1908 under the new prohibition law, 1,553 arrests, 196 of which were for drunkenness.

Kansas City, Kansas, had 256 saloons, June 8, 1906,



An intemperate home

Which home shall we foster and multiply by law?

together with 200 gambling houses and 60 houses of ill repute. July 3, 1906, all were closed. Business men prophesied that the town would be ruined. After eighteen months it was found that the bank deposits had increased more than \$2,000,000; more clerks had been hired to attend to the mercantile business; there was an increase of 200 per cent in building operations; and one bank president said that his deposits were increased by \$1,700,000 within one year after the closing of the saloons. Day after day passes without an arrest in that city of 100,000 inhabitants. Many other prohibition cities give similar testimony.

These facts, if strengthened by a careful study of conditions throughout the country, must lead any honest person who has thought the license system preferable to prohibition to say, with President Charles Eliot of Harvard University, "I have changed my mind relative to the no-license system. The collective good demands the abolition of the liquor traffic."

Uncle Sam's Taxpayers

NEARLY one half of the total amount of taxes collected in the United States for the maintenance of the government come from the internal revenue tax, which is collected on articles manufactured in this country. The revenue received from liquors alone during 1908 amounted to \$271,005,434.

How Internal Revenue Is Collected

When the taxable article goes upon the market, the tax is added by the manufacturer. It becomes a part of the value of the commodity, and continues to be a



part of its value until it passes from the jobber to the retail dealer, and thence to the consumer. The internal revenue taxpayer known to the law (the distiller, the brewer, the tobacco or cigar manufacturer) is really nothing more nor less than the government's agent in collecting the tax. He shares no more of the burden of the tax than does any other consumer.

The real tax-gatherer is the seller of "booze" under its various names, or of the "pernicious weed" in its numerous forms. The real taxpayer is the man whose appetite calls for these articles.

Approximately 18,630,100 drinks of distilled spirits are taken in the United States each day; the tax upon that quantity of spirits amounts to \$372,602. The tax on the distilled spirits consumed in the United States in ten days would build a modern, first-class battle-ship.

The beer-drinkers of the United States take 54,800,000 glasses of beer each day, upon which they pay a tax of \$137,000. The salary of the President, vice-president, and the entire cabinet for the year is collected from the beer-drinkers in one day.

The consumers of chewing and smoking tobacco last year paid into the treasury at the rate of \$54,984 a day. They more than paid the salaries of our splendid navy.

And the good old sisters of the chimney corner paid tax on snuff at the rate of \$3.473 a day. They thus contributed enough money to Uncle Sam's exchequer to maintain the public health and marine hospital service.

The smokers of cigars and cigarettes pay an average of \$66,637 a day in tax. By midnight on the first day of January the smokers of cigars and cigarettes have provided for the salary of the supreme court of the United States for the ensuing year.

The consumers of snuff, cigarettes, cigars, tobacco, and beer not only paid fifty-two and one-half per cent of the expenses of the Spanish-American war and the war in the Philippine Islands, but while they were doing that, they were also bearing about seventeen per cent of the ordinary running expenses of the government.— *The National Magazine*.

A Suggestion

If the total internal revenue from liquor for forty-five years were all in one-dollar-bills, they would extend a distance not less than 533,635 miles, or all the way from the earth to the moon and back again, with 55,955 miles of the bills left, or enough to put a belt of one-dollar bank-notes twice around the globe, and still leave 5,000 miles of bills with which to tie a double bow-knot to neatly complete the operation.

But to represent the avalanche of cash flung into the strong-box of King Alcohol, by the people of this country during these same forty-five years, we must multiply by

ten the figures of the foregoing illustration; for the liquor trust takes from the people more than eleven dollars for every one dollar it hands out to the government.

Would it not be better to pay the one dollar straight to Uncle Sam, and keep the other ten for our own use?

What Some of the World's Leaders Have Said

Queen of Madagascar

I CAN not consent, as your queen, to take revenue from the sale of liquor, which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.

Emperor of China

It is true that I can not prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the misery and vice of my people.

William McKinley

By legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor-sellers the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license becomes of necessity a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences.

John Ruskin

THE encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of the profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country.

Lord Chesterfield

LUXURY, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited.

Canon Wilberforce

THE deriving of vast sums for the revenue from the bitter sufferings and grinding pauperism of the people is a terrible offense. If Judas had received one thousand instead of thirty pieces of silver, would that have justified his conduct?



William Gladstone

GENTLEMEN, I can not permit a question of mere revenue to be considered alongside of morals; but give me a sober population, not wasting their earnings on strong drink, and I will know where to get my revenue.

Clinton N. Howard

WITHOUT one dollar of revenue from the saloon, Maine has a larger percentage of the total population in the public schools than any other of the New England States, or New York, with its twenty million dollars of revenue from the saloon. It has more teachers employed in proportion to her school population than any other State.

THE VALUE OF NO-LICENSE.

COMPARATIVE ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS

The Same Massachusetts Cities Under License and No-License

Town	Year	License	No License	Total
BROCKTON	1988	License		1627
	1989	No License		455
WALTHAM	1990	License		634
	1991	No License		179
TAUNTON	1990	No License		482
	1991	License		1202
CHELSEA	1991	No License		398
	1992	License		1246
NEWBURY-PORT	1991	License		473
	1992	No License		150
LOWELL	1992	License		4077
	1993	No License		2904
SALEM	1993	License		1432
	1994	No License		933
WOBBURN	1993	License		842
	1994	No License		204
FITCH-BURG	1995	License		1160
	1996	No License		168

The Remedy



Demand Prohibition

THE honor of God, the stability of the nation, the well-being of the community, of the home, and of the individual, demand that every possible effort be made in arousing the people to the evil of intemperance. Soon we shall see the result of this terrible evil as we do not see it now. Who will put forth a determined effort to stay the work of destruction? As yet the contest has hardly begun. Let an army be found to stop the sale of the drugged liquors that are making men mad. Let the danger from the liquor traffic be made plain, and a public sentiment be created that shall demand its prohibition. Let the drink-maddened men be given an opportunity to escape from their thralldom. Let the voices of the nation demand of its lawmakers that a stop be put to this infamous traffic.

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death,
And those that are ready to be slain;
If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not:
Doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it?
And he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it?"
"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?"

—"Ministry of Healing."

"Show Consideration?—Emphatically, No!"

Nor one syllable can be spoken in favor of the liquor traffic that is not dictated by self-interest. It poisons the political life in every town and city in which it exists, disgraces public offices and betrays public trusts, defiles public service and degrades public servants.

It has no legitimate place, because wherever it touches, it blights like fire, and leaves only the ashes of former prosperity and former happiness in its wake. It gives nothing, but takes everything. It builds nothing, but is ever destroying. It panders to the weakest and worst traits of man, and strangles every impulse for good and decency. It is the father of murder and the mother of theft, the sister of harlotry and the blood brother of degeneracy.

It knows that it is wrecking manhood, debauching politics, and binding people to a hellish slavery. It knows that it is stealing the honor of man, the virtue of the woman, and the future of the child—and it continues stealing them. What thief in all criminal history can approximate this record?

"Show this traffic consideration?"—Emphatically, no!

We hang the murderer it has manufactured, we ostracize the harlot whose livelihood it furnishes, and incarcerate the thief whose honesty it has destroyed. "Show it consideration?" What a travesty upon justice!—*Nashville Tennessean*.

Don't Forget the Brewers and the Breweries

THE great difficulty, at present, in ridding the community of the saloon is the brewing interests. Often the saloon-keeper himself is not the vicious personality he is commonly supposed to be. He is simply the bartender for the brewer, whose product he sells. In the great combinations of capital, the brewers establish the saloons.

In order to dispose of their beer, they employ agents to open saloons, bringing all their wealth and influence to bear to persuade the authorities to grant the desired licenses. This accounts for the great multiplication of saloons in our cities and country. Business must be pushed, and the saloon, instead of standing passive to supply the natural demand, begins reaching out after business, in a way that threatens every interest of society. It is the brewer's ambition to make as many drinkers as possible, that more beer may be sold. No thought is given to the drunkards who are made, to the homes that are impoverished, and to the characters destroyed.

The brewers who sustain the saloons are honored and responsible members of society, but they are just as guilty in the sight of God as if they wore a white apron, and were standing behind a bar, dispensing the liquors.—*Martin*.

Cold Water Drinking-Fountains

THE cup of cold water has long stood as the symbol of the simplest and most primitive form of hospitality. It would seem as if water, no less than air, should be free to all. But we have only to look about us to realize how far our imperfect civilization has carried us from this ancient and beautiful idea. Everywhere men may find drink, but alas! instead of the refreshing water, it is the death-dealing liquor that man makes for the destruction of his fellow creatures that is so freely dispensed. Hundreds of saloons swing open their doors night and day, but one may go far before finding the cup of cold water. Who can doubt that water, available to the wanderer and the toiler, the idle and the busy, the young and the old, would give to the cause of temperance an impetus that would astonish the world? Not all who patronize the saloons do so from choice. Many are not yet confirmed in the habit, and the insatiable thirst of the drunkard is not upon them.



"God's best gift is the wayside well"

Practical Work to Be Done

Let the preachers and the teachers continue to utter their warnings, but let those who would second their efforts be not content merely to echo their words. There is practical work to be done, and it must be done not by the few, but by the many. Drinking-fountains must spring up in every locality, to counteract the influence of the saloons. The fountains need not be costly structures of bronze or stone. A simple column of brick or concrete built around a coil of pipe connected with the city main would be sufficient. A faucet for drawing the water, and a basin at a lower level for beast and bird, ere the waste water found its way to the sewer, would complete the structure. These hollow columns could be filled daily during the heated term with crushed ice.

It is the absolute right of the people to have control of the traffic which is productive of innumerable evils and incalculable damage to the country.—*Edward Backhouse*.

The painful duty of alleviating suffering is laid upon us all. No less imperative is the pleasant task of preventing it. The saloons flourish only so long and so far as they can create a demand for their wares. Free drinking of cold water would do much to diminish this demand. Public sentiment, aroused by some crime traceable to drink, may work the destruction of a few saloons. But a wise foresight that would prevent the establishing of saloons, with their attendant miseries, would secure most excellent results:

E. H. COOPER.

The Good Work Begun

LAST summer an intoxicated man was seen kneeling in a street in Washington, D. C., in order to drink from a horse-trough. It was a reminder that while provision is made for animals, the public fountains where a human being can get a drink of water are few and far between. There are in the city five hundred or more places where liquor may be had, and some thirsty ones doubtless go to these when they would choose water if it were within reach.

This, with other similar incidents, resulted in the churches of the city being called upon to provide drinking-water outside of their buildings, so that any person might know that he could quench his thirst wherever there is a church. An appeal was also made to the city authorities to make like provision at the street corners in the business section. Steps have been taken toward carrying out the plan.—*Christian Endeavor World*.



We stand for State-wide prohibition

Reading- and Rest-Rooms

As the temperance battle wages, and more and more territory is becoming "dry," many thinking people are planning for some substantial work toward planting in every town center a reading- and rest-room, with all that goes with such a movement. Eugene, Oregon, where the State University is located, has set a good example by opening a rest-room in the heart of the city, in the center of a beautiful park. This place is a boon to the farming community surrounding the city, as it makes a comfortable place for all the family to rest when they come into the city. Every town should support such a room. Temperance spas have been opened, and when rightly carried on, are a good thing. In some places, along with the reading- and rest-room, there is a lunch place, where hot soup and other nourishing things are provided at minimum cost; and it is well. If such accommodations could be found near factories, large mills, and similar places, there would cease to be any talk about robbing the poor man of his chance of a noon hour of pleasure and benefit. Let us establish many rest- and recreation-rooms, with opportunity to procure simple drinks and hot soups to supplement the cold dinner in the pail, and let these have every possible comfort for the wayfarer or working man and woman.

LUCIA W. F. ADDITON.

Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then tax sober men to take care of them?

Is it right to license men to sell that which will make men drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk?

The Submerging Wave

THE Prohibition Wave is gaining such proportions that it promises to submerge the country. Happy will be the day when this tidal wave does sweep over the entire land, destroying every drinking den in existence!

Nine States—Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Tennessee—have already by statute dethroned King Alcohol. Arkansas, Texas, and West Virginia are expected soon to join the ranks of the noble nine. Illinois, too, is espousing the temperance cause in a practical way, one hundred fifty towns having voted out the saloon in their first election after the adoption of the new local option law.

"Nobody Talked Taft or Bryan"

During the recent presidential campaign, one of the leading newspapers of the city of Washington said: "The hardest thing about the Ohio situation is that the temperance issue overshadows everything political. Nobody talks Taft or Bryan; it's all 'wet or dry' talk." And the writer also said that Indiana was in the same condition as Ohio. Politicians perhaps regarded this condition unfavorably, but not so the earnest temperance worker, nor any true American patriot.

It is not only Ohio and Indiana that are aroused over the terrible crime of perpetuating the liquor traffic. The whole world is waking up to its responsibility on this question, and it is time for the temperance question to become an absorbing one. England's great labor leader, John Burns, recently sent the following message to the temperance workers of this country: "Tell America that England's face is toward the light."

The last four years has doubled prohibition territory in the United States, added twenty million people to the prohibition population, gained one hundred fifty cities, six new States, hundreds of counties, and thousands of new towns and villages in all the rest of the country. During this time the daily and secular press has undergone a wonderful transformation in excluding liquor advertising, and in giving friendly treatment of the prohibition issue.

But the ground has not been gained without effort. There were two hundred fifty thousand saloons in this country, and two million men financially interested, either directly or remotely, in the liquor business. This was a tremendous army. More than ten per cent of the entire population of the United States were in one way or another financially linked with the liquor traffic. And these people determined at all hazards to preserve inviolate their nefarious business. "They set out to bring into line every force that could be invoked, summoned, coaxed, frightened, or driven to their aid." They besieged the legislatures. But one of the organs of the liquor traffic acknowledged their defeat in this effort as follows: "During the winter of 1908, about twenty-five hundred bills on the temperance question were considered by about thirty legislatures; but it is a significant fact that not a single favorable liquor bill was passed anywhere in the country."

Prohibition has won a marvelous victory for the right; but so long as the great army of liquor men are exerting every energy to undo what has been accomplished by the temperance forces, and to prevent further progress; so long as the saloons outnumber the churches by one hun-

dred fourteen thousand; so long as there are one hundred thousand drunkards' graves dug each new year; so long as "the liquor traffic continues to take into its treasury enough money annually to run every department of the federal government, — executive, legislative, judicial, navy, army, post-office, treasury, and every other interest," — there will be no opportunity for the temperance workers to lessen their efforts, but every incentive to increased activity.

The prohibition cause — the cause that is pleading for the defense of home and decency — faces toward victory, but the conflict deepens. Recruits are needed. Will you not fall into line?

"My papa is a temperance man"

My Reasons for Total Abstinence

BECAUSE even moderate drinking weakens the body, and makes it more susceptible to disease.

Because the use of liquors in small quantities will lessen my chances of recovery should I become sick.

Because liquors in small quantities weaken the body, and make it less able to endure both extreme cold and heat, and also make it less efficient for all kinds of labor.

Because drink in so-called moderation injures the mind, confusing the reason and retarding the powers of thought.

Because the sense of rest which comes from the use of liquors is really a deadly deception, the actual result being loss rather than increase of strength.

Because the pleasures incident to drinking are gross in character, harmful in quality, and transient in duration.

Because no man has the right to help the liquor interests make money by means that unmake American homes and American manhood.

Because intemperance is the cause of a large part of the evils, crimes, and sorrows of mankind, and no right-minded person ought to participate in a custom so prolific of human misery.

Because the expense of the drink habit is a selfish waste of money: the poor can not afford it, and the rich have a hundred better ways for spending their surplus.

Because every Christian ought to realize the importance of his example and influence, and make them tell for righteousness.

Because the moral law demands that we pay heed to the motto, "For their sake," we who are strong helping the weak to conquer their infirmities and their temptations.

Because total abstinence has the approval of science, while all the imagined benefits of moderate drinking are proved by scientific discovery to be based on mere superstitions; because total abstinence is absolutely safe for the individual and the community, while moderate drinking involves grave dangers and numerous evils; be-



"I wish my papa was a temperance man"



"Mine is too"

cause total abstinence will help to close the saloon, which is the center and source of untold disease, degradation, and disaster, while moderate drinking helps to strengthen the hands of every wrong-doer, and to multiply and intensify every vice and sorrow of human society.

Each of these reasons ought to be conclusive in itself with every one who believes in God or cares for man, but, taken together, their force ought to be overwhelming.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER,
President Unitarian Temperance Society.

The Place of the Young Man in the Present Crisis

THE campaign against the liquor traffic has assumed such proportions in this country that it is impossible for any man to occupy neutral ground; it is *war*, on one side or the other. To the youth of the State and nation, peculiar opportunities are opening, and we find the young man playing an important part in this, the unrelenting struggle of one of the world's greatest reforms.

Seldom if ever has there been such a call to the young man with a vision. The heroic is being commanded in clarion bugle notes by every sacred principle, every holy institution. The spirit and unquenchable optimism of youth are needed in the very battle front of the fight. The young man knows no past defeats, and is unhampered by previous bias and former affiliations. The noblest chords of his soul are responding to the touch of highest patriotism, and he glories in a conflict that calls for every energy of consecration, courage, and unselfishness.

Whatever our ambition for the present, whatever our conception of the magnitude of the liquor problem, it must appeal to the sober judgment of every mind that ultimate prohibition lies with the rising generation. With joy, then, do we note the active interest of the young man in this question,—one of the highest and most insistent problems of modern citizenship.

DANIEL A. POLING.

IN more primitive times at one asylum the sanity of patients was tested after this fashion. They were sent into a yard overflowing with water from a running tap, and told to mop it up. Said a keeper to an inquirer who asked for an explanation: "Them as isn't ijiots turns off the tap." Why not apply this same principle to this question of temperance reform? All our work is only mopping the yard as long as the State sanctions the liquor traffic.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

The TOBACCO EVIL

The Ball and Chain and the Yellow Finger Stains



HUDSON MAXIM, the leading gunpowder and high explosive expert in the world, recently wrote for the *Boy Magazine* his estimation of the cigarette. He says:—

The cigarette *burns poisonously*. The smoker of the pipe and cigar finds his injury in the nicotine, while the nicotine of the cigarette is far less virulent than the deadly carbonic oxid and other products of its poisonous combustion. The blood of persons poisoned by the inhalation of illuminating gas, rich in carbonic oxid, is found to be coagulated, and indurated, and from the veins and arteries may be pulled into strings.

Carbonic oxid [which is found in deadly quantities in the gas from a coal fire], when inhaled in small quantities, produces faintness, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and a feeling of great heaviness in the feet and legs. These are exactly the effects of the cigarette, and the depression and nervousness which follow as a reaction make the victim crave some balm or tonic for his malaise. He is then led to consume the drug in ever-increasing quantities.

The wreath of cigarette smoke which curls about the head of the growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip which prevents it from growing and his mind from developing just as surely as the tight bandage does the foot of the Chinese girl.

If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they are tapping their arteries as surely, and letting their life's blood out as truly, as if their veins and arteries were severed; and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals, and fools,—not men,—it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain.

"Boys Who Vaporize Their Brains"

AN ex-congressman visited San Francisco, and went to the office of a high official of the Southern Pacific Company, with whom he was well acquainted. He told the railroad man that he would like to secure a good position for a young man with whose family he was quite intimate. "The young man is a university graduate and a bright young fellow," was the way the ex-congressman recommended the young Stocktonian.

"Why, certainly," replied the railroad official. "The Southern Pacific Company always has room for bright, capable young men. Send him to me."

The ex-congressman returned to Stockton, and assured the parents that he had secured a position for their son. He told them to send the young man down to see the railroad official, and that the latter would put him to work. The ex-congressman then went to his home. About a month later he visited Stockton, and called on the family to see how the young man was getting along.

"We thought you said it was all fixed," they said. "But our boy went down to see Mr. B, and he hasn't gone to work yet."

"What!" exclaimed the ex-congressman; "then something must be wrong. I'll see about it."

Much chagrined, the legislator hastened to San Francisco. "Why didn't you give that young man a position?" demanded he of the railroad man. "I told his parents that you would put him to work."

"It is true," replied the Southern Pacific official, "that the young man of whom you speak called to see me. When he came I was busy, and he had to sit in the ante-room for five minutes. But the time was too long for him. He couldn't wait there five minutes without pulling out a sack of tobacco and rolling a cigarette. *The Southern Pacific needs bright and ambitious young men, but it*

has no room for boys who vaporize their brains with tobacco or blow smoke through their nostrils."—Home Alliance.



A Peep Into the Government Printing-Office

OVER forty-five hundred persons are employed in this institution, all working in eight-hour shifts. To accommodate the spitting propensity of this large number of employees, twelve hundred cuspidors must be cleansed at the end of each shift, which amounts to the cleaning of *three thousand six hundred* vessels each day of twenty-four hours.

Before the installation of the present hygienic cleansing method, about thirty-eight hundred barrels of sawdust were used each year for expectoration boxes, at a cost of one hundred dollars a month, irrespective of the cost of handling and carting away the polluted sawdust.

Why all this great expense in providing and cleansing cuspidors?—Chiefly tobacco. It is the American autocrat, and the government bows to the dictates of the filthy weed in thus expending such a vast sum to counteract in part its baneful use.

Boycott tobacco, and save the dollars.

Invite the Undertakers

DURING the debate on the anti-cigarette proposal in the Michigan Constitutional Convention, one speaker said:—

If we are to refer this for a public hearing, and invite the representatives of the tobacco interests and of the drug trade to be here to present their side of the case, I suggest we invite the undertakers to be present also, because I think it is a serious interference with their business. There never has been a year within my recollection, and many members of the convention can say the same thing, but that some personal friend or the son of some personal friend, has been buried as a direct result of the use of cigarettes.

"LAST year the number of cigarettes smoked in the United States, had they been laid end to end, would have formed a line reaching around the world twice and from New York to San Francisco and back again."



An Honest Man's Decision

"WHEN I was a young man," said President Finney, "almost every man used tobacco, and I among the rest. After I was converted, I continued to use it. The practise was so common that the question as to whether it was right did not occur to me. I was as innocent as a baby about it. But once when I was holding revival meetings in New York City, I was one day filling my tobacco-box from a paper I had just bought, when the gentleman in whose house I was stopping, came into the parlor and said: 'Brother Finney, do you think it is right to use tobacco?' 'Right?' I said, 'right? Of course it isn't right. Here, you take this tobacco, and keep it till I call for it.' The minute the question was presented to me, I knew it wasn't right, and I have never touched tobacco from that day to this."

Twelve Strokes With the Birch

THE island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was buried, has an anti-cigarette law with this unusual provision: "Boys detected in the act of smoking or in the possession of tobacco or cigarettes, are liable to a fine of five shillings and *twelve strokes with the birch*."

How the Smoker's Heart Is Affected

THE sphygmograph is a delicate instrument with a clock-work-and-trigger mechanism, for recording the comparative strength, regularity, and nervousness of the heart-beat. It also reveals any changes in the heart movement resulting either from mental or physical stimuli. It is adjusted at the radial artery, the records being traced on a strip of smoked paper.

There is much in the illustrations offered herewith to warrant the conclusion that the habitual cigarette-smoker's heart is very weak and feeble, except for the few minutes during which he is indulging the habit, and that the pulsations at this time are unduly excited. Plate A shows three records each of two different subjects. Nos. I-III show the heart action of a young man nineteen years old who began smoking at the age of fifteen, and who inhales the fumes. The three records were taken without removing or readjusting the instrument, as follows: No. I immediately before smoking, No. II during the indulgence of the habit, and No. III fifteen minutes later, after the narcotic effect had become apparent. Now, by reference to plate B, No. I, we may observe how this young man's heart should record itself; for the latter is a tracing of the heart pulsations of a young man of the same age and temperament. Nos. IV-VI, plate A, are representative of another inhaler twenty years old, who began the practise at thirteen. He now uses a strong pipe.

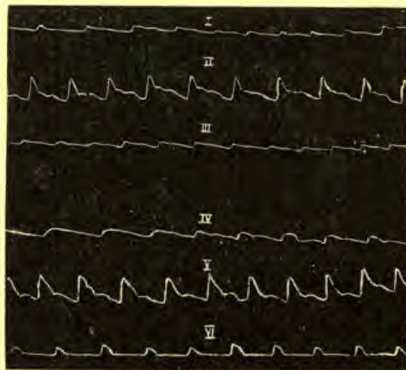


PLATE A

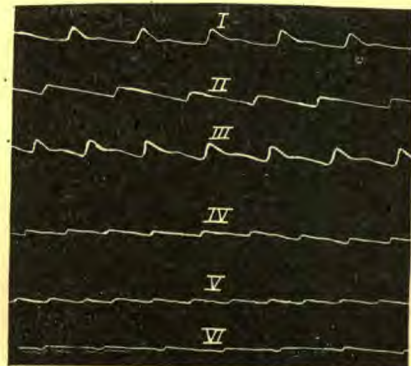


PLATE B

nervous prostration. No. VI is representative of a heart weakened by long indulgence in the smoking habit. The young man in question began very early, and continued the practise till his physician convinced him of the extreme danger threatening his life. The pulse-wave is nearly normal in length, but is entirely too weak. Under such a condition of the heart a man is capable of very little courage or aggressiveness.

From the foregoing evidence we are led to the conclusion that, in the case of boys and youths, cigarette-smoking is very deleterious to the physical and mental well-being. Moreover, my investigations indicate that it makes very little difference in the effects whether the victim uses pipe or cigarettes, provided he inhales the fumes; and with very few exceptions the young smokers are inhalers.—William A. McKeever, Professor of Philosophy in the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Seven Weighty Questions

EACH act of life is prompted by some motive, or done simply from habit. What is the motive that prompts the people of the United States to spend annually six hundred million dollars for tobacco? I will ask you, tobacco-user, What is your motive in having a part in this immense expenditure? Perhaps the following questions may aid you in determining your motive in using the expensive weed:—

Does your use of tobacco *spiritually* benefit you or your neighbor?

Does it benefit you *morally*?

Does it benefit you *mentally*?

Does it benefit you *physically*?

Does it bring any *financial* returns to you?

Does it increase your own happiness, or that of your family or your neighbor? If not, what right then have you to use it?

Tobacco Ministers Unwelcome

"THERE is no such thing as a clean room where tobacco is used," said a gentleman recently. "I had a smoking clergyman at my house for some weeks—he smoked in the room which he used as a study; he has been away from us now five months. We have done everything in our power to cleanse that room; but on a damp day, when the air is heavy, the smell of old tobacco smoke is distinctly perceptible there."

A writer in a New York paper mentions how he was astounded at a conference of ministers to see at the house of a friend, where the ministers were entertained, a spittoon of the largest kind overflowing with the united expectorations of one bishop, two presiding elders, three ministers, and one preacher on trial.

How can the Christian minister stand up before the people, and from the sacred desk proclaim the beauty of holiness, while he is known to be the abject slave of a disgusting and ungentlemanly habit?

An eminent minister said he was walking the streets of Rochester, New York, the place of his residence, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, as the better class of loaf-

ers would do, when an avowed infidel of his acquaintance met him, and instantly burst into a fit of laughter. The preacher, wishing to know what pleased him so, was answered with, "O, I was thinking how you would look going up to meet the Lord amid wreaths of tobacco smoke, with that cigar in your mouth!" The minister abandoned the weed.

How sad it is for a minister to be turned away from a death-bed on account of the stench of tobacco on him! yet, dear saints in the agonies of death, have, with pale and trembling hand, waved tobacco-using pastors from their bedsides—pastors they loved! "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord."—*Selected.*

The Use of Tobacco by Superintendents and Principals

[This article consists of excerpts from an address given by Supt. J. K. McBroom, of Excelsior, Minnesota, before a gathering of school men.—Ed.]

WHAT shall we do with the superintendent who uses tobacco? The problem is too deep for me. He might be sent to the legislature; that would give him a more consistent environment, and it would get him away from intimate contact with the pupils. Or provide him a chair in some college or university,—and a cuspidor not too far away. Then the pupils would be given a few more years of grace to settle them in strong, clean habits and character before coming in contact with such influence and example. Or send him to the reform school; but that wouldn't do, for that course of treatment is only for youthful offenders, for whom there yet lingers hope of reformation.

Teaching—the best teaching—except for some rudiments and routine of instruction, is mostly a matter of intangible atmosphere,—the right kind of influence, contact, and association of the pupil with a strong, clean, wholesome personality in the teacher. Now if the superintendent, or college professor, or any other school man, has one conspicuous weakness,—one habit that is universally considered a very bad habit,—he fails in exactly the most important point; and though he may be strong as an instructor, disciplinarian, administrator, he will yet be weak as an educator, as a maker of character. Now that kind of influence may do in the management of a railroad or a packing-house, but in the administration of a school it is not good enough.

Only once have I ever seen in print anything by way of excuse or apology for a school man's use of tobacco. That was a well-written, or speciously written, editorial in a school journal. It consisted of five points:—

FIRST POINT: There are worse vices than using tobacco. What a conclusive, crushing, overwhelming avalanche of logic!

SECOND POINT: Some teachers and others sometimes overdraw the picture of mental, moral, and physical degeneration following the use of tobacco, and that spoils the preaching. Therefore the superintendent is justified in using tobacco, as a natural consequence, of course. Now I must own that the logic by which that conclusion follows the premise is beyond my depth.

THIRD POINT: Many excellent and able men use tobacco. It is true; pitifully true. The influence that is hardest for parents and teachers to counteract is that of pernicious example in high places; therefore the stronger the superintendent in other ways, the more dangerous and deplorable the influence of his example if he uses tobacco.

FOURTH POINT: If the teacher does not use tobacco in public, if he keeps it out of sight, the habit should not

be counted against him. Excuse extraordinary! For of all the subsidiary vices that swarm in the trail of tobacco smoke,—in the case of the amateur,—the first, and worst by far, is the skulking, sneaking deception, and often the straight-forward lying, by which he thinks he can deceive parents and teachers. He doesn't believe in the public use of the weed either. Then why should we commend in the superintendent exactly the thing that we most deplore and condemn in the pupil?

FIFTH POINT: Though the pupils who tamper with tobacco are invariably badly damaged, and many of them wrecked, the superintendent who indulges isn't affected that way, for his greater maturity protects him. That would hardly be important even if true; for we are not greatly concerned, just now, for the welfare of the superintendent; we assume that he is able to look out for himself.

But the indictment against the use of tobacco does not rest alone upon its injury to mind and body of man or boy. It is a monstrously filthy habit, because, if for no other reason, it necessitates under our very noses, in al-

most every public place, that unspeakably vile thing, the spittoon. Notice, for example, the artistic accuracy with which gentlemen are able to utilize a spittoon six or eight feet away, and with what exquisite taste in regard to the exterior decorations. How that fills me with admiration—and with some other emotions!

I know the excuses that are offered for any sort of practise of teacher or anybody else, that is a little—or a great deal—off color. "To err is human," don't you know? A worthy consolation for an accidental stumble, or for failure in a heroic struggle; but a pitiful and contemptible whine when only an excuse for continuing in error. "Human nature" is often the excuse offered by a man who has been acting like a mule. And we are solemnly warned not to be finical, or puritanical, or unreasonable; if a man has a bad habit just in moderation, that's all right. But of course nobody ever indulges anything in excess; it's always the other man who does that. In fact, that is usually the difference between moderation and excess anyway. Moderation,—that's my way; excess,—that's the other man's way. But in this particular case, moderation tends so rapidly and universally to excess that the line between is even more mythical than usual. Moderation, anyway, is the gentle push by which the devil usually starts a boy—or a man—downhill. But the school is no place for any sort of excuse or suggestion that would let one down easy to a level even a little below the best and utmost that is in him. Such a letting down is a lifelong loss of power to any schoolboy,—or school man.



"He doesn't believe in the public use of the weed either"



The Warning Note

THE superintendent of the National Anti-Cigarette League says that *from twelve to fifteen hundred boys every day begin smoking cigarettes*, so rapidly is the habit spreading. This means an army of more than five hundred thousand recruits annually.

If all the cigarette devotees throughout the country could be marshaled into line, and ordered to pass before you slowly, that you might study their general appearance, their clothes, their intellect, their health, their telltale faces, do you think such a procession would make

a good advertisement for the cigarette? Not to the sensible boy. And if, after this view, a similar line composed of wholesome temperance boys could pass before him, I know he would see the contrast, and would gladly pledge his life allegiance to the second army.

But, boys, if with your natural eye you can not see such a procession, let your imagination bring it to your view. Read what experienced, intelligent men and women tell you they have seen and know to be the result of the use of tobacco upon thousands of tobacco slaves in every part of our land, and then by your imagination marshal this army into the view of your mind, and decide that as for you, you will let the weed alone.

The very fact that this expensive habit brings no gain of any kind to the user, even if it did him no physical or moral harm, is argument enough for refraining from its use. From the economic view-point alone, then, the cigarette should be tabooed by the aspiring, sensible boy.

But there are more weighty reasons for boycotting the cigarette. Judge F. Allen says:—



"Many of the inmates of our asylums can trace their loss of memory, manhood, and mind to the early and constant use of tobacco and cigarettes. Therefore make every effort to save the bright-faced boys of our land from this uncalled-for, hurtful, and pernicious practise of tobacco and cigarette-smoking."

The accompanying illustration shows one of the immense whistles the government maintains on the lightships at various points of the Great Lakes. Light is a great thing for an anxious mariner on a dark night, but when the fog hangs low and thick over the water, something more is needed to keep the ship off the rocks and shoals. Then you must have a whistle constantly sounding its strong, resonant note of warning. And it would be a dull captain who would refuse to welcome and heed the note of warning the whistle gives. The strong blast comes to him in the fog like the voice of a friend, telling him which way to steer his course."

And what shall we say of the boy or young man who will not heed the warning note coming to him against the cigarette from every part of the earth? This warning is the voice of a friend. Heed it, boys. Heed it, young men.

Not More Unwise

"If a lone traveler in the desert, in angry protest against the hardships of his journey, were to slash with his knife his goat-skin water-bag, and let the hot sand eagerly drink up the precious liquid that means to him health, strength, even life itself, it would seem supreme folly.

"If a shipwrecked sailor were to slip voluntarily from his rude raft of spars in mid-ocean, thrust it far from him in disgust that it

were not finer, stronger, and safer, and, forsaking it, trust himself to the mercy of winds and waves and darkness, it would seem arrogant contempt for the mercies left him.



"If we were to see a man idly roll a hundred-dollar bill into a splint, hold a lighted match to it and watch the charred fragments fall to the floor as a dead memorial of uselessness, we would remember it for a lifetime. We might tell the story many times in the

years to come, and dilate on the waste, the folly, the great possibilities for good and for human helpfulness wantonly sacrificed to vanity, ostentation, and vandalism."

But not more unwise would these men appear than the boy who continues to smoke his cigarette after he knows what havoc it has wrought and will always work in the human body.

Not more unwise would they appear than does the man who takes his whisky when he knows, in view of its appalling evil results all about him, that it means sure destruction to both himself and family.

Not more unwise are they than is he who votes, under any pretense, for the continuance of the liquor traffic, in view of its fiendish work upon the human family.

The Pledge That Makes Us Free

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

Oh, come on, boys, and join our ranks,
And sing another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as the victors sing who triumph over wrong—
The cigarette must go!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee.
Hurrah! hurrah! the pledge that makes us free.
So we'll sing the chorus,—let us sing it out with glee,—
The cigarette must go!

As soldiers we will loyal be, and battle
for the right;
To drive this demon from the land,
we'll work with all our might;
Give us all a helping hand, and join
us in the fight.
The cigarette must go!

—Mrs. C. S. Bullock.

Nine in a Row

In a never-to-be-forgotten clinic I once conducted in a remote part of Ireland, where nearly all the old women smoked, I saw one morning nine of them in a row,—each with the lower lip partially eaten away, two with the bone of the chin exposed through the suppurating flesh, as a consequence of the use of tobacco. Somewhat similar sights, but of men, and perhaps not so many at a time, may be witnessed at the general surgical clinics of our own large cities. But the perverted judgment and moral obliquity engendered by tobacco, more than the diseases caused by its use, make it a menace to the coming generation.—Matthew Woods, M. D.



By Courtesy of the Detroit Photographic Company
"The Cigarette-Smoker"

Established by Many Witnesses



Justice Brewer



Nathan Davis



Ben B. Lindsay



John Wanamaker



Frances Willard



J. G. Whittier



W. J. Bryan

Do you want to be convinced of the harmful effects of tobacco, provided its use is really deleterious to the human body and mind? Leading physicians, scientists, and observing men of every profession are agreed that tobacco despoils the human organism. Read the testimony of some of the world's thinking men.

The Top of the Ladder

Justice David Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, says: "The cigarette is the American abomination. *No cigarette victim can climb to the top of the ladder.*"

Alcohol and Tobacco Are Agents

that neither furnish food or material to repair the living tissues of the body, nor evolve any natural known force, nor actually satisfy any recognized physiological psychic need that can be named. On the contrary, they impair or pervert every natural function of both body and mind, in direct proportion to the quantity used, without any possibility of maintaining a line of distinction between harmless moderate use and injurious excess or abuse. Consequently, total abstinence from their use in all conditions of health is the only rule of safety, dictated by the facts of science and the actual experience of past centuries.—*N. S. Davis, A. M., M. D., LL. D.*

The Cream Separator Manufacturer

More and more young men are hoisting the sign, "I am a fool," by appearing in public with a cigarette. In our own offices, where we employ a great many young men, a cigarette-smoker gets no job, or if he has it, he gets no advancement. The fact that he smokes cigarettes is proof positive that he is weak in the upper story.—*P. M. Sharpless.*

From "The Electric Wizard"

Acrolein is one of the most terrible drugs in its effect on the human body. The burning of ordinary cigarette-paper always produces acrolein. That is what makes the smoke so irritating. I really believe that it often makes boys insane. We sometimes develop acrolein in this laboratory in our experiments with glycerine. One whiff of it from the oven drove one of my assistants out of the building the other day. I can hardly exaggerate the dangerous nature of acrolein, and yet that is what a man or a boy is dealing with every time he smokes an ordinary cigarette.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

Combustion Does Not Destroy the Nicotine

Dr. J. W. Seaver, who has for many years had charge of physical education in Yale University, where he has examined and watched the development of thousands of young men, wrote as follows of tobacco:—

Somebody has said that in the combustion of tobacco in smoking, the nicotine is entirely destroyed, broken up into oils and acids, and that the nicotine itself is not taken into the system. The combustion of tobacco, *under ordinary conditions*, does not destroy the drug. Kissling recovered 52 per cent of it from the smoke of a sample containing 3.75 per cent of nicotine, and from a lower sample 84 per cent. As to absorption, nicotine is soluble in water, so that the part which touches upon the mucous surfaces through the smoke passes into solution, and is quite largely absorbed.

Steals a Young Man's Alertness

Winfield S. Hall, Ph. D., M. D., who had a natural taste for tobacco, and who was persuaded to gratify it during his medical course, but who finally renounced it from observing its unwholesome effect upon himself and others, says:—

Tobacco does more to undermine the success of young men than does any other one factor. Why?—Because it is the entering wedge of two lines of dissipation, either of which may defeat success. The first line is the dissipation of cash for things unnecessary. The second line of dissipation is that of sense-gratification. As stated above, one uses tobacco partly because of its flavor, and partly for the sedative action which it exerts upon the nervous system. It is just this sedative effect which steals away a young man's vigilance and alertness, and handicaps him in the struggle for success. The use of tobacco paves the way to other dissipation by requiring a compensating stimulant to overcome its sedative effect, and by making the common wholesome foods taste insipid and flat. A vast majority of drunkards were smokers before they were drinkers.

"Lying, Cheating, Impurity, Loss of Moral Courage"

Dr. Marden, editor of *Success*, says: "*The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind as well. Many of the most pitiful cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, in many, an almost irresistible inclination to crime.*"

What Judges Say

All the boys in the police court are cigarette-smokers.—*Judge Hildreth, Holyoke, Mass.*

Of all the juvenile criminals tried in my court, not one for years has been found free from the stain of cigarettes on the thumb and first two fingers. Of all the lunatics tried in my court, an attempt is made to learn the cause of lunacy, and in more than half cigarette-smoking is assigned as the cause.—*Judge Baker, Louisville (Ky.) Criminal Court.*



Francis Murphy



Anna A. Gordon



John B. Gough



H. W. Longfellow



Mrs. L. M. Stevens

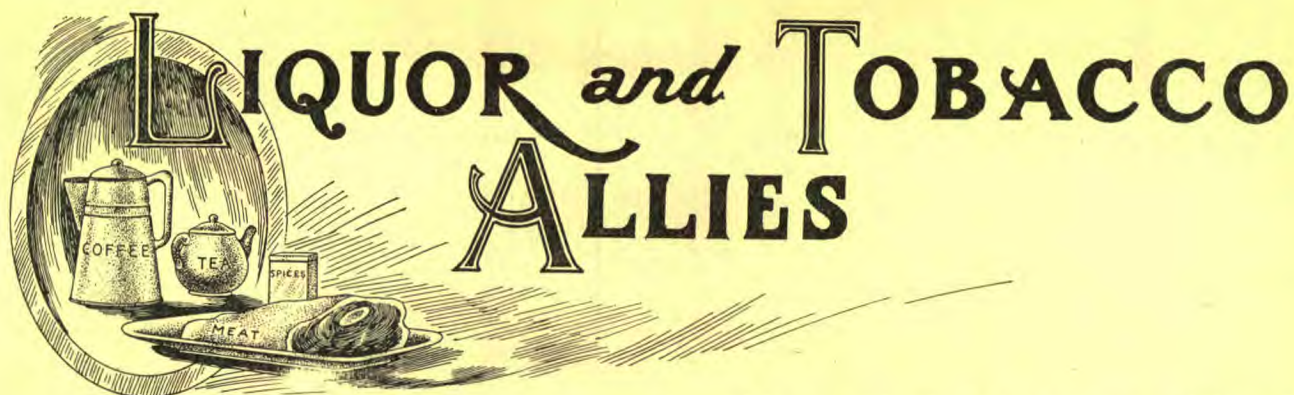


Neal Dow



Andrew Carnegie

LIQUOR and TOBACCO ALLIES



Effects of Tea on the Heart

HUCHARD, one of the most prominent physicians of Paris, a specialist in diseases of the heart, calls attention to the fact that distressing palpitation of the heart is often due to toxic causes which are overlooked. Illustrative of this, he gives the case of a fashionable young woman who had constant and painful palpitation of the heart, and was laboring under the impression that she had an organic disease of the heart. On examination he found no evidence of any disease of the valves or heart structures, and on inquiry found that the young lady was in the habit of spending her afternoons in calling, frequently making several stops, and at each taking a cup of tea, so that in the course of the afternoon she drank many cups. Following his urgent advice, the young lady renounced the use of tea, and in a short time was entirely relieved of her cardiac trouble.

Huchard calls attention to the fact that it has long been known that the use of tea produces functional disorders of the heart of a very pronounced character. Dyspepsia, insomnia, and neurasthenia have also been shown by Morton and Bullard, of Boston, to result from the use of tea. He also asserts that coffee frequently produces the same symptoms, with tremor of the limbs, pain in the region of the heart, nausea, and profuse sweating. Here is something for tea-drinkers and coffee-drinkers to think about.—*Medical Missionary.*

Do You Drink Sweet Cider?

PERSONS who have inherited an appetite for unnatural stimulants should by no means have wine, beer, or cider in their sight, or within their reach; for this keeps the temptation constantly before them. Regarding sweet cider as harmless, many have no scruples in purchasing it freely. But it remains sweet for a short time only; then fermentation begins. The sharp taste which it then acquires makes it all the more acceptable to many palates, and the user is loath to admit that it has become hard, or fermented.

Intoxication is quite as truly produced by wine, beer, and cider as by strong drinks. The use of these drinks awakens the taste for those that are stronger, and thus the liquor habit is established. Moderate drinking is the school in which men are educated for the drunkard's career.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

The Opium Curse

DESPITE the enactment of drastic laws looking to the suppression of illicit traffic in the deadly drug, it is estimated that between 125,000 and 175,000 ounces are annually consumed in this country, the greater part in New York City, by its five thousand opium-smokers.

"Last year China consumed twenty-seven grains of opium for every man, woman, and child in the king-

dom, while we used *fifty* grains for every inhabitant." Japan, New Zealand, and Australia have forbidden the importation of opium, except as a medicine. The American government has made it illegal to import opium into the Philippine Islands except by government order; and this protection, reasonably modified, should be given to every section of the United States.

The Delusion About Meat

THE fact that we are eating less meat, as a nation, is a tribute to our common sense, and a good thing for our health. We have lived all too long under this meat delusion in America. It is not so long ago that the steak or chop at breakfast was a usual sight; now it is a rarity at well-considered tables. Men's luncheons are getting simpler, and the three-times-a-day meat idea is rapidly changing for the meat-once-a-day rule. A curious fact is that men are clinging with greater tenacity than are women to the idea that meat more than once a day is necessary for strength. Years ago nursing mothers exploded the idea for themselves; many a woman found that to eat meat three times a day did the child at her breast more harm than good: it made the child restless, and failed to give lasting nourishment. And this latter point, so incontrovertibly proved by women, is what men can not get through their heads. They confuse the temporary energy that the eating of meat gives them, for strength, not realizing that this energy burns out in two or three hours, and confers no lasting benefit upon their system. The wise little Japanese found out this truth centuries ago, and his endurance is marvelous. Some day the American man will find it out; and when he eats less meat, he will be the better for it.—*Edward Bok, Editor of Ladies' Home Journal.*

Vegetarianism and Alcoholism

[The author of the following paragraphs, Hon. Edvard Wavrinsky, is a member of the Swedish Parliament, and a very active worker in the temperance cause, having just completed a six-months' lecturing tour. He is International Chief Templar.—Ed.]

It is time that the friends of total abstinence duly appreciate and resort to the powerful ally they have in vegetarianism. If a drunkard can be induced to embrace the mild, healthful vegetarian diet, his desire for alcohol will at once be considerably reduced, and finally wholly fall off. He will feel somewhat lax in the beginning, lacking the excitement caused by flesh and alcohol; but soon he will feel his vitality increase, his outer and inner buoyancy return; and he will understand that under normal circumstances no stimulants are needed to keep the machinery of the body running.

Of course they who want to serve and elevate humanity must control themselves in food and drink. It does not suffice that we do not use the destructive, intoxicating liquors; we must go the whole length, and also work for the best food, since this stands in exceedingly close relation to temperance.

EDVARD WAVRINSKY.

"Tea and coffee are nerve irritants. Their continued use is followed by headache, wakefulness, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, and other evils."



From Harvard's President

I WAS brought up as a youth, and as a young man, as a student and teacher of chemistry, to respect exact science. I was taught to believe in nothing so much as the open mind, and I felt that exact observation and just inference were the foundation of that kind of knowledge which should determine the conduct. And so I have tried all my life to keep an open mind, particularly on burning questions; and I suppose that is the reason why, as I have grown older and have seen more, I have changed my view about license and no-license. I feel that much has been proved showing that it is physically and mentally and morally for the advantage of a population as a whole to go without alcoholics.—*Charles W. Eliot, LL. D.*



Only One Out of Seventeen

At a public dinner given in honor of General Harrison, when he was a candidate for the office of president, he refused wine. One of the guests "drank to his health." The general pledged his toast by drinking water. Another gentleman offered a toast and said, "General, will you favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" General Harrison begged to be excused. Again urged to join in a glass of wine, he rose and said: "Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of wine. I hope that will be sufficient. Though you press the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I resolved when I started in life to avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who were graduated from college. The other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—and all from the habit of wine-drinking. I owe health, happiness, and prosperity to my resolution. Will you urge me to break it now?"—*Selected.*



Leave the Saloons Alone, and They Will Leave You Alone?

EX-GOVERNOR LARRABEE, of Iowa, says: "I used to think, years ago, that as long as I left the saloons alone, they would leave me alone. But I was engaged in business for twenty years, during which time I permitted several thousand dollars' worth of accounts to accumulate on my books. When I sold out, and attempted to collect these, I found they were worthless, and that nine tenths of my debtors would not have been so, had it not been that they had been spending their money for strong drink while I kept their families in provisions. It was therefore apparent that as a matter of fact, *I had been the greatest patron of the saloons in our community.* I had really contributed more to the saloon-keeper than any other person in town. All of us, no matter how temperate we are, will some day find that we are directly concerned in the saloon traffic."

If We Stand Firm

IN the Continental Congress, Washington stood and cried to those about him: "Let us lift a standard to which the wise and honest may repair; the event is in the hand of God." Years later another Great Heart, with his hand guiding the ship of state, tossed upon the raging waves of rebellion, cried back to that other captain, "We shall not fail; if we stand firm, we shall not fail! Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay, but we shall not fail!" and sealed his commission as the "Great Emancipator" with his very heart's blood.

Friends, to-day is duty's hour; in this struggle for the eternal right we dare not purchase peace at the price of compromise. We must wipe every stain from our starry flag; we must once again strike the shackles from our slaves and free our land, this time from saloon domination. We can not exist half drunk and half sober. Old glory can not at once protect the saloon and the home; its folds must no longer float over licensed wrong at the cost of our boys and girls.

MARGARET B. PLATT,
President Western Washington W. C. T. U.

Agitate, Agitate

HON. EDMUND BURKE, ex-Circuit Court Judge, of Chicago, said: "Our law and times would not tolerate for a moment the cigarette evil, if the desolation which it works could be fully realized. Vigorous agitation of the matter will quicken the public conscience." The abolition of the liquor evil as well as the tobacco evil depends upon vigorous and continuous agitation of the subject. One writer says: "Put the voters into the mortar, and bray them with the pestle of truth,—statistics, conditions, results,—agitate, educate, reason, teach, plead, and pray."

The poet Whittier once wished an unsightly building removed; so paid a laborer one dollar just to talk about the necessity of its removal to those whom he met. In a short time the town officials ordered the building torn down. Agitation is effective. Let it exert its full power upon the liquor and tobacco evils; for they must be eradicated from our land.

The Rising Tide

"A MAN, wandering along the beach of Scotland, where the high rocks came near the sea, was unmindful of the fact that the tide was rising, which would cut off his retreat. A man on top of the rocks shouted, 'Hallo! the tide is rising, and this is the last place through which you can make your escape; you would better climb up onto the rocks.' The man laughed at the warning, and went on. When he came to return, he found, to his dismay, the retreat cut off. He tried to scale the rocks; he clambered half way up, but could get no farther. The waves came to his feet, to his waist, to his chin, and with a wild shriek for help he perished."

Thus it will be with this country if, as citizens, we fail to heed the warning note that is being sounded against the destructive character of the liquor traffic, and do not take some immediate action to save ourselves from the on-rushing tide. Wise, united, constant action now would erect formidable barriers, and greatly diminish its destructive force. If this propitious hour is allowed to pass without such effective work being done, the outlook for the future of the country is dark indeed. Up, and to the work! is your country's call to you.



WINE has drowned more than the sea.—*Publius Syrus.*



"Your Sign Is Down, Mister"

JOHN was a little boy, but he was serious and thoughtful, and much interested in the work of the temperance legion. One day he walked along the streets of the town thinking of the lesson of the legion meeting he had just attended.

As he came to the corner saloon, he saw a repulsive object—a man in a drunken stupor, lying half-way out of the door. He looked at the man in boyish pity and thoughtfulness, and then a sudden impulse came to him. He pluckily advanced to the saloon door, and entered without hesitation.

The floor was covered with sawdust, there was a cloud of tobacco smoke hanging in the air, and a hum of voices intermingled with the clink of the glasses on the big bar, behind which were several men with white coats. He walked up to the bar, and rapped on a heavy circular railing that was just about as high as himself. A bartender leaned over, and said, with a frown, "What do you want here?"

"Your sign is down, mister," replied John, boldly. The barkeeper looked surprised, wiped his hands, and came out from behind the bar.

"Come on," he said, "we'll see."

When they came outside, he looked up at the big brass signs on each side of the door, all brightly polished and safe, and then turned to the lad, and said, gruffly, "What are you talking about, boy? My signs aren't down."

He talked so loud that several persons stopped to listen, and then John said, pointing to the miserable drunkard whom the saloon-keeper had overlooked, "*There's your sign, mister.*"

And to the discomfiture of the saloon-keeper, a spectator replied, heartily, "You're right, sonny!"—*J. George Frederick.*

"It Is No Concern of Mine!"

THE spirits prevailing at the splendid dinner-table of Mr. B were rather dull. Emy, the younger of his two daughters, was missing, though Mr. B is very particular that the time for meals shall be strictly kept. He is quite a self-made man, who started with nothing, and grew up in poverty and want. But of this modest antecedency no traces are to be seen now.

His father was a drunkard, and people say that his mother, in her despair, succumbed to the same temptation

—intoxicating liquors. The son early made himself known by his intelligence and his love for work, an inheritance from his mother from happier days. When he went to live with "the old squire," he promised to beware of carousals and bad company. And the first company he avoided was that of his parents. When occasionally serving as waiter at the splendid dinners of the old squire, he was admitted into the company of his master, and then took a glass of wine with him; but ordinarily he refrained from drinking.

Now he employed a waiter himself; and, following the example of his old master, he stood up in his way for temperance and good company for himself and his family.

The more, therefore, it grieved him that his daughter Emy should associate with the family of the gardener, who lived in discord and intemperance, and who long ago would have been dismissed had "Carlquist not been so extremely clever in his work, giving full satisfaction when pockets were empty." That Emy was "down there" was taken as a matter of course, now that she was absent from the table.

Hasty steps were heard on the stairs, and Emy burst into the room, her eyes red



"Don, will you have some 'cambric tea'? Mama says that's the only kind little people, and older ones too, should ever use"

from weeping, and her despairing look facing her father's harsh words, "Why do you hang about the Carlquists?"

Frightened by his look and by what she had just witnessed, she burst into tears, her whole body shaking. After a time she recovered her self-possession enough to say, "Father, Mother Carlquist has hanged herself. I saw her corpse. It was dreadful!"

"Why did she do it?" they all cried.

"In despair because Karl August, who is not more than fourteen years old, yesterday came home with his father and brothers from the saloon at the factory quite drunk. Mrs. Carlquist and the other women at the factories have often entreated father to take away the saloon."

"That is no concern of mine! There is no necessity of their getting drunk."

"But, father, won't you do one thing?" sobbed the girl.

"What do you want?"

"I only want permission to dispose of the old tool-shed, which is used no more, for a Good Templar lodge."

"No, I will not allow it to be so used."

"It would be a blessed thing, for then we might induce the Carlquists to join the Templars. And the station-master says that if Karl August should turn a Good Templar, he could get a job there."

"No, Emy, as I have told you. I had enough of Good Templary from the lecturer I was rash enough to let into the house last year. It is not necessary to be a Good Templar to keep sober."

"But, father, it is difficult to keep the young people from the saloon, and Karl August above all."

"That's no concern of mine."

The stately carriage of the squire rolls across the vaulted railway bridge at full speed. He is occupied with happy thoughts and plans. Now the carriage stops at the station, where, in a few minutes, he expects to embrace his wife and two daughters.

But what causes the excitement and alarm among the people there?

"Collision!"

"Railway accident!"

"Many hurt and wounded!"

Thus the people cry in great excitement.

His brow darkens, he grows uneasy. So many trains run on these lines in different directions, why should these words excite his fear for the safety of his family?

He directs his steps to the railway office. This may be something which concerns him. There they tell him that a terrible accident has happened to the train on which his wife and daughters are traveling. He wires the district chief: "Thousand crowns for an extra locomotive." Reply: "No." He bids two, three, even five thousand crowns. Reply: "All locomotives engaged in the transport of doctors, nurses, and ambulance material to the place of collision."

Pale, a terrible despair ranking in his breast, the haughty man walks worriedly up and down the station platform. His millions are of no use now. From the open window of the telegraph office he hears the restless ticking of the apparatus; he sees the ribbons, which report the disaster, coil forth on the table like worms, now and then being swept away by the gloomy telegraphist to give room for new ones. His eyes grow dim. He faints. And while he lies there, people crowd about to see the great man fallen. "He had a heart, at any case, for his own," a redeeming voice was heard to utter, that of the little schoolmistress.

After proper care in the waiting-room, which had been temporarily fitted up as a ward, the squire recovered. His swoon was an almost refreshing interruption in the painful feeling. Now it is gone, and his thoughts are again upon the terrible accident. Suddenly the signal of the engine rings, and the station-master comes, pale and grave, with his red flag. The people draw back on a sign from him. In rolls the dismal train with tidings of sorrow—with the victims of pain and death on the litters. It stops. People rush forward, seeking their relatives or friends. With faltering steps the poor squire also moves forward in the crowd. The dead bodies of his wife and one of his daughters are the first which catch his eyes. His cries are heart-breaking.

On a litter they carry his younger daughter Emy, terribly mutilated, but still alive. Her anxious eye seeks her father; and finding her alive, he rushes to her side. From respect for the generally beloved and esteemed girl, people give way to them. "Father," her fainting voice sounds, "it was Karl August who conducted the train. He was drunk; and it is the saloon at the factory which roused his desire for spirits, which first took his mother's life, and now is taking ours."

An indignant grumbling rises from the crowd. But the man does not feel it; the disaster has broken him down. The small white hand, which his daughter lifts, is protection enough. Now it sinks down; the sad, imploring eyes close, and all is over.

Before death and the overwhelming sorrow all heads are uncovered, and amid sobs, these words burst from the lips of the little schoolmistress: "The Lord bless and protect us!"

What an amount of distress shall the liquor traffic be allowed to accumulate before the measure overflows? Who can say, "It does not concern me"?

EDVARD WAVRINSKY.

Able to Save

IN the beautiful island of Tonga Tabu I stepped into a cobbler's shop one day, and had a few words with the owner about his soul. I knew that he was a drunkard, though only about thirty years old.

A few days later I passed him reeling along the street, barely able to stagger along. My wife and I simply

greeted him kindly as we drove past. We were not a little surprised the next morning early, as we were weeding a little flower garden, to see him come in through the gate. On learning that he wished to see me, I invited him into my study.

He was a pitiable sight, with bloodshot eyes; a de-



Teach the children the scientific truths about the evil effects of alcohol and tobacco on the human body

pressed, haggard look; an old dirty hat on his head; a filthy coat, which had been white at one time, buttoned up to the neck, serving the office of both coat and shirt; trousers torn, dirty, and threadbare; shoes so full of holes that they would hardly stay on his feet; and if I remember correctly, he had on no socks,—a wreck of humanity. What could I do for him? Six years before he had to leave New Zealand to escape the grasp of its broken law,—broken through drink demanded by an unconquerable appetite. He had fled to Samoa, where he worked hard, earning good wages, and begrudging the little necessary for bread, because it meant less drink. Six years of work, drink, and debauchery had led to crime. His solicitor advised him to "clear" from Samoa to escape the penalty of the law. Taking the advice, he fled to Tonga a short time previous to my visit.

There were two saloons in Aukualofa, the beautiful little capital of Tonga, to supply its sixty white men and a few hundred natives with liquor. They were about fifty yards apart. When he had money, or could get credit, he would go back and forth from one to the other, drinking till he would fall in the street.

Having taken the chair offered him, he said, "You see my condition; I want you to help me." I replied, "I can't help you." (How could I take away his thirst and renew his mind?) "But there is One who can help you, and I will be glad to point you to him."

He had come to ask me to collect his bills, pay his accounts, and keep his money for him, supplying only enough for bare necessities. I told him that that plan would do him no good; he must have the Lord's help to overcome. I told him he must give up his pipe also if he

"Saloons exist to take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

wished to obtain victory. This he was not willing to do. As I emphasized the necessity of doing so, he said, "If I drink again, the pipe goes. Now I am sure I won't drink any more because I love the pipe so well that I will give up the drink to keep the pipe."

I proposed that we ask the Lord to help him to overcome. He said, "I'll give it a trial." So we knelt down together and sought the Lord to strengthen his purpose and help him to overcome the awful bondage. My wife and I invited him to breakfast, after which he went away, promising to return in the evening for prayer and Bible study, which he did. Things went on well for about three days, when the demon drink overcame him. True to his promise, he brought his pipe and tobacco, and gave them to me. As stated before, he had not clothes enough to cover his nakedness in anything like a respectable manner. He had pawned his tools for drink; he had even pawned saddles belonging to others which had been left with him for repairs.

We began regular Bible study with him. He placed the Bible on his bench beside him, and tried to commit a text; but his mind seemed so dull, and his memory so inactive, that the task proved herculean. Day after day for a whole week he tried to commit one text to memory, but without success. We encouraged him to persevere. His mind soon became more active, and his memory more retentive. As the deadening influence of liquor and tobacco relaxed its hold, his countenance lost its haggard look, and a dignified peace settled upon it. His besotted eyes began to brighten with intelligence. The joy of freedom from his long and terrible bondage expressed in his testimony was seen beaming from his face.

The transformation in his clothing was no less marked than that of his soul and spirit. About the first earnings went to a shop for a shirt, instead of for beer as before; then he came to meeting with a shirt on. The effect of his earnings could be seen from Sabbath to Sabbath in the form of a new straw hat, new shoes, trousers, and coat,—outward signs of the grace of God working the change within.

But some of his earnings still went to the saloons to pay for the beer and whisky consumed in former days when he walked after the demon spirit; for a Christian must "owe no man anything, but to love one another." His tools had to be redeemed, also the saddles belonging to other people which he had pawned for drink. In due time this was all honorably accomplished, and he was a free and happy man.

EDWIN S. BUTZ.

The Boy Who Earned a Thousand Dollars

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT once remarked that when his son (who was then a boy of ten) was somewhat older, he had an important contract to make with him. Overhearing the remark, the boy would not rest until the contract was explained.

Finally the admiral consented. "The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not chew or smoke tobacco, or drink intoxicants of any kind, till you are twenty-one, I will then give you a thousand dollars."

"I am old enough to make that bargain now, father! I accept," replied the boy.

The light of seriousness and determination was in the

lad's eyes, so the bargain was made then and there. On his twenty-first birthday young Farragut received the thousand dollars. He also received another prize, the reward of his unbroken pledge,—a sound body and a sound mind, with which to enjoy his money, help himself and those about him.—*Crusader Monthly*.

The Future Conquerors

HEAR the soft patter of little feet
Keeping their step in the march of time;
List to the voices of children sweet



Shall we continue to allow thousands of children such as these to be lost annually to home and country through preventable disease, the result of alcoholism in their ancestry?

Singing the songs of our cause sublime,
Steady each footfall, though light and free,
Faltering not as they onward press;
Cheering the strains of the melody
Telling of strains and of righteousness.

Gaze with a vision divinely lent,
Promise of good in the future trace;
These shall arise when our day is spent,
Women and men of a nobler race.
All we have missed is their heritage;
All we have failed of is theirs to win;
Theirs the new era, the golden age;
Theirs is the conquest of wrong and sin.

We will not envy their brighter day,
So that to them time the victory brings.
For not ignoble the part we play,
We are king-makers, if they are kings.
Smooth, then, the way for the little feet;
Teach the right note to each fresh young voice;
Throw wide the portals, their coming greet,
And in their triumph to be, rejoice.

JESSIE FORSYTH.

Our Right to Destroy the Liquor Traffic

DRUNKENNESS is the most peculiarly economic of all vices. A man can gamble, and still make money. He can live an immoral life, and do the same. But if he is habitually intoxicated, he loses the power of self-support, and, of course, the power of providing for his family. That is one of the reasons why society interferes, and has the right to interfere, with the custom of drinking."

Another reason is that one who is habitually intoxicated not only loses his power and disposition to provide for himself and family, but he becomes a fiend, daily visiting brutal treatment upon the members of his own family, and frequently taking the life of those who should have his protection.

Still another reason why society has a right to overthrow the liquor traffic, is that society is continually taxed to support hospitals, prisons, orphanages, and asylums, resulting from the liquor traffic, but receives no benefit whatever from the traffic.

The liquor traffic tends to produce an indigent class, an unemployed class, an ignorant class, and an unprincipled class,—the greatest foes of society and republican institutions; therefore it is not only the right, but the duty, of the citizens of the country to destroy it.

Man has no inherent right to sell liquor, and since its sale is one of the greatest foes to national life and prosperity, and undermines the foundations of civil society, and unfits the citizen for the proper discharge of his public and private duties, the government should prohibit its sale.

The Fence or the Ambulance

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
For over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant;
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally.
Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff;"
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
For it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true;
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over the dangerous cliff,
And the dwellers in highway and alley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below when they're stopping."
So day after day as these mishaps occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers sally,
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff,
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause
When they'd much better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally;
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is calling:
"To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To prevent other people from falling."
Better close up the source of temptation and crime,
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff,
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

—Joseph Malins, in *The Protest*.

THE liquor traffic can never be made respectable so long as it lives. It needs the death pallor to give it any favor with intelligent people.

Thought Awakeners

WHAT is license?

Why is the license system wrong?

Cite concrete illustrations of the ineffectiveness of high license.

What is the only solution of the liquor problem?

What States are now under prohibition?

What is the present condition of the country relative to prohibition?

Give facts showing the advantage prohibition has been to cities and towns.

Should the canteen be restored to the army? If not, why not?

State seven reasons why the liquor traffic should be abolished.

State seven reasons for the non-use of tobacco.

Why is the use of tobacco especially injurious to boys?

Why has a State a right to legislate against the liquor traffic?

Why has a person not an inherent right to keep a saloon?

How could the country provide for government expenses if it refused to receive revenue from the liquor traffic?

What countries have refused to tax intoxicating liquors?

What have some of the world's great men said relative to the use of tobacco and liquor?

What is your own attitude relative to these evils?

Have you signed the total abstinence pledge? If not, will you not do it now, and also persuade at least one other person to follow your example? See pledge on next page.

State several reasons why one should sign a temperance pledge.

"We are not worst at once; the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem the breach with clay;
But let the stream grow wider, and philosophy,
Age, and religion, too, may strive in vain
To stem the headstrong current."

An Old Pledge Card

THE other day I found an old temperance pledge card, beginning, "For my own good and the good of others." I like that way of beginning a pledge; for it states so plainly the two principal reasons why we boys and girls take temperance pledges.

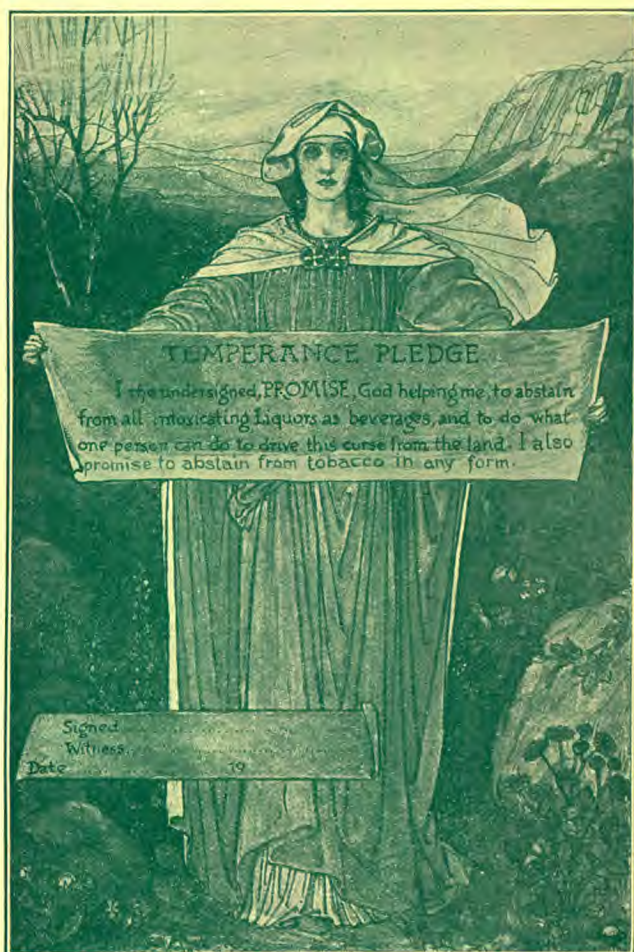
"For my own good"—that this beautiful body that God has lent me for a home here on earth may be kept pure and holy; that I may be strong when I go out into the great world, and temptations come to me; that my mind may be clear and active to solve life's problems; that I may have a clear conscience, and may hear God speaking to me through that "still, small voice."

"For the good of others." The first, and one of the best gifts we can bestow upon others is a good example. Haven't you said sometime when you didn't know just what to do, "I'll watch Tom and Mary, and do as they do"? Now perhaps there is a boy who is a little undecided about signing a pledge, and he really needs to do it to help him be strong, and he's watching you. Wouldn't you deeply regret it if he even got the tiniest bit of start toward being a drunkard because you thought you didn't need to sign a pledge, and didn't think about "the good of others"?

Then let us all sign the temperance pledge, and let it be the strongest one we can find, both for our own good and for the good of others, that in the coming days we may see our beautiful country free from the awful curse of intemperance.

ALMA LOUISE WHITNEY.

We must destroy the liquor traffic, or that traffic will destroy us.—Thomas Whittaker.



By Courtesy of the North-of-England Temperance League

Sign the Pledge

INTEMPERANCE, licentiousness, and profanity are sisters. Let every God-fearing youth gird on the armor and press to the front. Put your names on every pledge presented, to give influence to temperance, and to induce others to sign the pledge. Let no feeble, weak excuse be offered as a reason for your refusing to put your name to the temperance pledge. Work for the good of your own souls and for the good of others.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Why a Pledged Total Abstainer?

[The following article on pledge-signing was written by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College. It demands consideration.—Ed.]

WHY be a pledged total abstainer? I begin my answer with what seems best for my own highest good. And here, in the first place, the dangers seem to me so real and great, the benefits so meager and doubtful, the bearings of the question so wide and deep, that I count it better definitely to face and decide the question of the use of liquor once for all; and to decide it in the line of abstinence.

Such a pledged attitude, moreover, seems to me to be most in line with the safe and sane rational life urged in the following paragraph of "James's Psychology:"—

The great thing, then, in all education, is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful acquisitions as we can, and guard against growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague.* The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all.

I can not think it wise to leave a question so important and so continually recurrent as the use of alcoholic liquor to continual reconsideration. The very attempt at moderation compels one to give far more time and attention to this question than it is worth. A policy of abstinence, on the other hand, is clearly safe, and leaves the man with the higher powers of his mind just so far set more free for their own proper work. In other words, this is a question that it seems entirely possible to turn over to habitual action, without any serious loss. Where that is possible, psychology seems to me to urge the wisdom of such a policy.

The second reason why a pledged total abstinence seems to me desirable, is because a *pledge-signing movement is the most natural, and perhaps the only, way to make definite and decisive the much-needed movement for personal temperance.* The mere arousing of sentiment in this direction is not enough. Such sentiment is easily and almost certainly dissipated, unless it is crystallized in some definite resolution or action. The total abstinence pledge gives just such a needed expression to the aroused temperance sentiment. One may well face the question for himself, and ask how else such a movement for personal temperance could be made really effective.

Once more, a pledged total abstinence seems to me desirable because it is *the most positive and definite way in which one's influence can be made effective for others.* The man who has pledged himself to total abstinence has thereby put himself on record, as far as he possibly can, in favor of such a policy for all men.

The Only Safe Rule

No person will say that he is sorry he has been a total abstainer, but there are thousands upon thousands who are sorry they have not been total abstainers; for the use of strong drink has ruined their brightest prospects, and has led to poverty, ill health, and disgrace. The only safe rule to apply to alcoholic liquor is the rule of absolute total abstinence.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President of the N. W. C. T. U.

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The Temperance Pledge is the Magna Charta of my liberty.—George Dodds.

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