

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

TEMPERANCE
NUMBER



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POINTERS

Judged by the Hands

A BOY in search of work came in at supper-time to his sister's house, looking rather disconsolate.

"I didn't get nothing to do," he said, as soon as he was seated, "though I went to fourteen places."

"I don't wonder, if you used that kind of grammar," said his sister.

"That wasn't it; I had my company grammar on all right; 'twas something else."

"I went to fourteen places to-day, Jim, and was turned down every time."

"What was the matter?" asked Jim, his brother-in-law.

The boy held up the forefinger of his left hand, along the inner side of which a yellow stain showed as far as the second knuckle. "Simply that," he said.—*Selected.*

Why Discriminate?

SENTENCE was passed in Sacramento, California, upon an autoist who killed a man with his machine. He is on parole, but on condition that he is to go to prison for ten years as soon as he ceases to pay twenty-five dollars a month toward the support of the five children whom he made fatherless by his reckless driving.

The saloon-keeper every year kills the head of many families, and destroys the working power of many more. It is impossible, says the *North American*, to estimate the number of children who actually starve or freeze to death every year because their fathers are drunkards. John B. Gough's wife and child died from cold and hunger while he was in a drunken stupor. But the saloon-keeper is punished in no way for these great crimes. He is not required to give anything toward the support of the wife and children of the men he murders. He is even given permission to perform such iniquitous work.

Ask any true woman which she would rather have rob her of her husband, the autoist or the liquor dealer, and she will choose the former without hesitation. Then why should the law make rigid demands on one, and not on the other? You can not give a satisfactory answer. Nor can I.

THE National Association of Bill Posters is to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,200,000 worth of publicity. Their 3,500 bill-boards will be filled with large posters telling how to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' Association will give to the work \$200,000 worth of printing and paper. The temperance question demands equal publicity. Why not make earnest effort to secure to this end the co-operation of these two great associations?

The Saloon and the "Social Evil"

It is matter of commonplace knowledge that a large percentage of saloons are also brothels. They thrive financially on harlotry, with its truly awful sacrifice, not only of womanly virtue, but of the body itself, consumed in the ravages of the hideous "profession." They are engaged directly as customers of the purveyors of girls in the fearful "white slave traffic." They directly promote the horrors of uncontrolled lust by inflaming their patrons with fiery drinks. It is not alone the base and ignorant Negro of the South who is transformed by vile whisky into a raging, lustful beast; the stuff has the same effect upon white men also in the kindling of licentious passions which imperatively demand gratification.

And the untold misery, the indescribable degradation and profanation of soul and body, the bestiality, the burning out not only of physical health and strength, but of mental and moral powers and of every high and holy instinct of the soul,—all this is directly chargeable to the saloon which makes its alliance with a hellish business. —*Editor of the Western Christian Advocate.*

The Temperance Reform

AWAY up in the northeast corner of New England, the Lord saw a tough little Lebanon cedar of a man, self-centered, concentrated, getting rich in a tannery. He was a Quaker, and was not looking for a fight. God came to him one night, and in the wreckage of a single home, spread out the liquor trade before his eyes and said: "Tan that! Kill this loathsome parasite upon the body politic! Put a stop to this confidence game against the young and ignorant and weak! Put a stop to this child-stealer! Put a stop

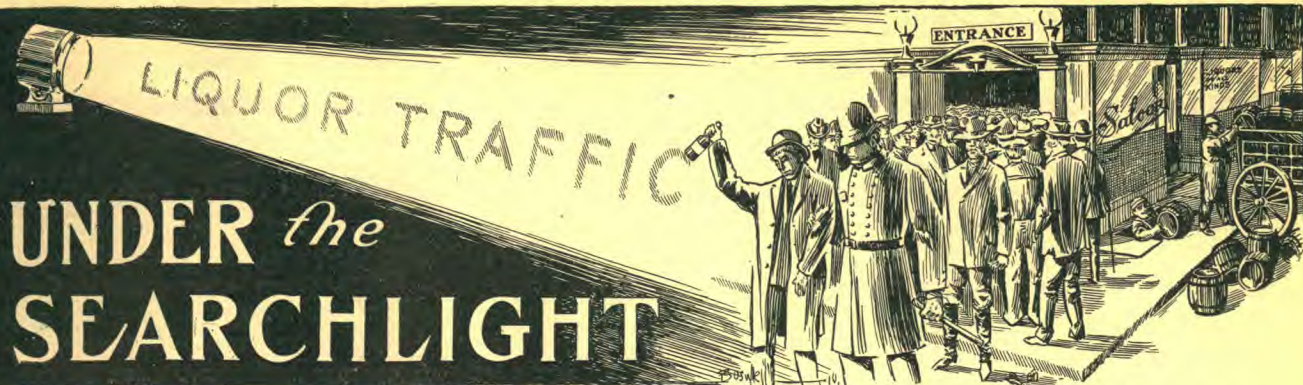
to this acid-thrower at the beauty of public order!"

Neal Dow heard well and obeyed. And since that year, such liquor dealers as remain in Maine are known and know themselves to be human vermin running in the sewers of unclean politics. The brave infection spread. Half the States caught it. And long ere this, the legalized gangrene would have sloughed out and healed; but civil war came like a blight on the new hope. The first thing it called for was whisky. The thing it taught men at the front and the children at home was whisky. The thing it put in political power was whisky. The thing it put in the freed hands of slaves was whisky.

The reconstruction years were the American Dark Ages. The temperance work of half a century lay in ruins. The federal special tax on liquor dealers had made State sovereignty a farce. But truth was only crushed to earth. It did not die. The lodges came together, and went on building the new gospel.—*Hon. John G. Woolley.*

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More men died last year of alcohol than died from seven of the most contagious diseases. More died in one year than have died in fifteen years from yellow fever.— Robert B. Glenn.

The Fire Still Burns

SEVENTEEN years ago in the early morning of the sixth of September, a sturdy Irish miner came up out of the great copper-mine at Butte, Montana, and left a lighted candle, fastened to a piece of wood, deep down in the mine. As he was making his way to the surface, his attention was called to the glimmer of light that could be seen at the bottom of the mine; but he thought it could do no harm, so let it remain.

Not many hours had passed, however, when it was discovered that the mine was on fire; and thus far the fire has proved to be unquenchable.

The mine was heavily timbered throughout its eighteen levels, millions of feet of seasoned lumber having been used to strengthen the walls, floors, and roofs of its various sections as the ore was removed. "This network of stulls, girths, posts, and caps intertwined amid the rock waste extending from the bottom to the top of the mine," fed the flame until it attained a heat that would melt the rock walls, and so put at its command an inexhaustible supply of fuel.

One thousand millions of dollars in copper have been taken from the associated mines of Butte, and it is estimated that three times as much remains as has been removed; so we can well believe that every possible effort has been made to put out the fire.

The first man to volunteer to go down the shaft to aid in the work of extinguishing the great conflagration was the miner whose little candle made the trouble, but he never came back alive. Other lives have succumbed in the same fruitless endeavor; and thousands of men have since been engaged in keeping in check the deadly fire. But still it burns.

"Not all the copper in the region of the fire is lost to the commercial world, however. Experiments were tried. Water was allowed to trickle through this region, the water coming out at a point near the foot of the great Butte hill a mile to the south and far below the level of the fire. Here tin cans, pieces of iron, and metal scraps are gathered in great heaps, and on this mass of metal the water precipitates the copper it takes up in the burning district of the mine. This saves the company no less than a million dollars a year," and affords steady employment to many men and boys.

But long before the great fire of Butte hill started, there began to burn another, which is verily the fire of hell. Its early proportions were not seriously alarming; but for many years it has been working fearful havoc in our land. Homes have been ruined, crops destroyed, business stifled, and millions of men, women, and children have been beggared or destroyed by its awful flames. It

now threatens our civilization, institutions, resources, industries, government, our homes, and our people. It threatens every sacred purpose, and every promise of our youth, the hope of the nation.

Some see the devastation following in the wake of this fire fiend, and are heroically endeavoring to stop the fearful destruction by complete extinction of the fire; but their efforts are strongly opposed by many, some claiming that wrong methods are being used, some that the fire gives employment to thousands of people, and enjoyment to many, therefore it should not be extinguished, only guarded and held in check somewhat.

Foolish in the extreme would it be for the Amalgamated Copper Company to oppose the annihilation of their fire on the ground that they would lose the one million dollars a year that they save from the precipitates obtained from the water that percolates through the burning mine, when the fire consumes for them many times that amount; and supremely selfish for those men and boys who work with the precipitates to oppose the extinction of the fire on the ground that it would rob them of their employment.

Equally unwise and selfish does it seem for any one to oppose the annihilation of the liquor traffic on the ground of its financial benefit to the country or to individuals, when it destroys far more than it gives in revenue or wage.

Boys enjoy watching a conflagration, but who would uphold one for failing to do all he could to save a burning building because of the brief, questionable pleasure he obtained from watching the fire? Equally criminal does it seem for a person to fail to do all in his power to destroy the liquor traffic, which is making such fearful ravages everywhere, because of the personal pleasure he gets from an occasional glass of whisky.

It would seem that those who have had a part in producing the wretchedness caused by the liquor traffic would, like the Butte miner, be the first in helping to undo their evil work, sacrificing their own lives, if need be, in the endeavor. But it is not so.

May the time, however, quickly come when all will join hands in putting out this fire of hell that is fast burning up the good that is in this world.



The amount of money spent every year for liquor by our American citizens would, if converted into silver dollars and placed one on the other, rear 30,000 columns, each equal in height to the Washington Monument.

In seventy-five per cent of all the cases of child desertion passing through the executive office of the State of Indiana in the four years ending Jan. 11, 1909, parental affection was alienated and the desertion caused through the evil influences and effects of the American saloon.— J. Frank Hanley.

Four Great Wastes

UPEASE NORTON, Ph. D., assistant professor of political economy of Yale University, in writing of the wastes of our civilization, says: "There are four great wastes to-day, the more lamentable because they are unnecessary. They are preventable death, preventable sickness, preventable conditions of low mental and physical efficiency, and preventable ignorance. These wastes fall like the shades of night over the whole human race, blotting out its fairest years of happiness."

Whoever or whatever may have a part in producing



The American saloon as an institution, and the excessive use of alcoholic drink consequent upon its presence, are responsible for 25 per cent of the insanity, 33 per cent of the poverty, pauperism, and dependency, and 50 per cent of all the crime in this country, together with the countless wrongs to childhood.—*Ex-Governor J. Frank Hanley of Indiana.*

these four great wastes, it must be admitted that the liquor traffic is a determining factor in each case. Tobacco also comes in for a share in the destructive work. Mr. C. F. Carter, in the *Technical World*, gives the following comment on our liquor and tobacco expenditures:—

"No one will have the hardihood to contend that liquor and tobacco are necessities. In 1905 distilled, malt, and vinous liquors, to the total value of \$501,266,905, were produced in the United States, while \$19,257,000 worth were imported. These are wholesale prices, and so represent less than half the actual cost to the consumer. For example, we drank 58,747,680 barrels of thirty-one gallons each of beer in the year ending June 30, 1908. Taking the average-sized glass and making the average allowance for foam, a quart of beer will fill five glasses. At five cents a glass, then, our beer as it was served over the bar last year must have cost \$1,821,177.080. Making all possible allowances for beer at a cheaper rate, the bill would be a billion and a half at retail prices. The aggregate debt of States and cities of the United States in 1902, the latest period for which figures are available, totaled \$1,864,195,826, or just about what we spend a year for beer.

"In 1905 cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco worth \$331,117,681 were manufactured, and cigars, tobacco, and smokers' articles worth \$27,622,986 were imported. The present year the figures (estimated) will be \$358,385,594."

The foregoing figures, however, give no adequate idea of the real waste that comes to the country through the use of liquor and tobacco, since the statement in dollars does not reveal the invalidism, mortality, poverty, and sorrow that result everywhere from the use of these two recognized poisons, and the cost of caring for those whom liquor has made unable to provide their own support.

The Country's Invalidism

According to Newholme's estimate there is an average of nine days lost by every inhabitant of the United States annually because of sickness. This means a total of 2,000,000 years, which brings an annual loss to this country not less than \$1,500,000,000. It must be admitted that a large share of this illness is preventable. Could it be cut down one third, the amount saved would greatly exceed the annual revenue collected by the government from the sale of narcotic and intoxicating substances. There is no doubt that the abolition of liquor would alone make this decrease of \$500,000,000; for it is a recognized fact that one of "the heaviest charges that can be made against alcoholic intemperance as a menace to public health is the part it plays in reducing the normal physical powers of resistance to disease."

"A friend of mine," said Hon. J. G. Woolley, "was taken with pneumonia. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, forty-six inches chest measure, and set up like a Greek god. To the amazement of his friends he died in the first onslaught of the disease. The comment of the doctor was, 'You can't bank on a fine physique when pneumonia grips a drinker. When life and death meet in a tug of war, drink takes the graveyard end of the rope.'"

Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, who served through the great yellow fever epidemic of that city, said that as far as he could ascertain, about 500,000 regular drinkers died before the epidemic touched a single sober citizen.

"During the epidemic of cholera in New York City in 1832, of 204 cases in the Park Hospital," says Dr. L. A. Banks, "only six were temperate, and all of these recovered, while 122 of the others died. In Great Britain in the same year, five sixths of all who perished were intemperate. In one of two villages, every drunkard died, while not a single member of a temperance society lost his life. In Paisley, England, in 1848, there were 337



It's a sad condition, Uncle Sam. But there's a way out. Prohibition will ring the bell of national freedom from financial and physical evils, as well as that of social and personal freedom.

cases of cholera, and every case except one patronized the saloon."

The susceptibility of the alcohol devotee to disease is well expressed by the poet when he said,—

"The grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men."

The Burden of Mortality

According to the United States Census Bureau, 1,500,000 persons die in this country annually. A careful scientific investigator found that three per cent of these

deaths were due directly to liquor and seven per cent more indirectly. Then, since one person in ten dies because of the liquor traffic, there have been, during the last four years, more men, women, and children murdered in this country by the saloon than there were people in Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, and Delaware at the time of the last census. Before an epidemic could have com-

drink, and I will know where to get my revenue."

Mental and Physical Deficiency

A careful study has been made of ten license and ten no-license cities, and it has been found that the average school membership in the ten no-license cities was 88 3-5, while the average membership in the ten license cities was 73, which shows that 17 children out of every 100 in license cities were debarred of an education, and that 47 out of every 100 boys and girls who get through the grammar class are kept from going farther. Prof. J. V. Collins has determined that 45 per cent of the inmates of the Home for the Feeble-Minded and 37 per cent of the inmates of almshouses owe their mental difficulty and inability to care for themselves to the liquor traffic. Dr. Howe, after careful investigation, found that one half of all the idiots in the State of Massachusetts examined by him were the children of intemperate parents.

Out of 43,694 persons received into the insane asylums of London 16 per cent were found to owe their insanity definitely to drink. The superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum found that nearly 43 per cent of the men between the ages of 25 and 60 owed their loss of mental equilibrium to alcoholic excess.

Dr. Norton, who was quoted at the beginning of this article, in calling attention to the great wastes of our country, was endeavoring to show the economic gain of a National Health Department. There is a large field for such a department, and if it were to come into existence and would strike first the chief factor in producing these four great wastes by securing a national law prohibiting the liquor traffic, its creation would be worth while; but there would then be comparatively little left for the new department to busy itself about in the years to follow.



Does it pay to build a palace for the brewer, hire servants and buy silks for his wife, and dress your own wife in rags, make her take in washing to support the family, and finally send her to the poorhouse, and bury her in the potter's field? — C. L. Scanlon.

pletely depopulated four States in four years, the whole country would have been aroused to the necessity of taking immediate action to exterminate the terrible pestilence. When the bubonic plague entered San Francisco, the government rushed expert medical aid into the city, and for months an expensive campaign was waged to prevent the spread of the disease.

If the average age of death, which is now about thirty-five years, could be increased ten or fifteen years, the saving would amount to millions of dollars. Here again the abolition of the liquor traffic would be sufficient to put an enormous sum in the nation's savings-bank.

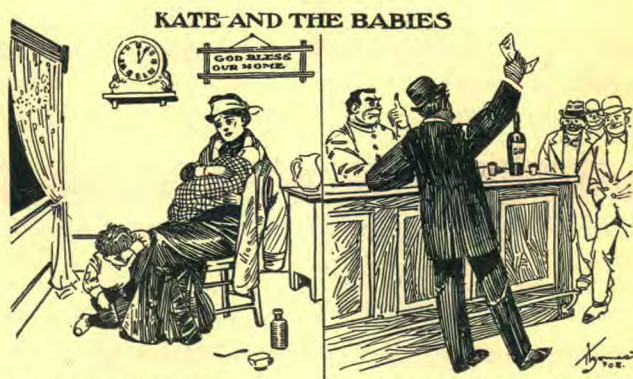
The Burden of Criminality

Six hundred million dollars annually is the estimated amount now spent in the United States on criminality. According to multiplied statistics, whisky is responsible for the larger part of this expense. The report given by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, as the result of an official investigation made by that body under the direction of the legislature, was to the effect that eighty-five per cent of all offenses committed against the law were traceable either directly or indirectly to the liquor traffic. The chaplain of the Missouri penitentiary says that out of 2,279 convicts in the prison when he made his investigation, eighty-five per cent came there directly through the influence of liquor, and five per cent came there indirectly from the same cause. Wherever investigation has been made, a similar condition has been found to exist.

But if not more than half, or fifty per cent, of the heavy criminal expenditures could be eliminated by the prohibition of the liquor traffic, *more than the amount of the liquor revenue would be saved*. Why waste thought, then, over the raising of revenue if this nefarious traffic should be abolished? Gladstone's wise foresight compassed this problem when he said: "Give me a sober population, not wasting their earnings in strong

Outraging Labor

I stood one day among a crowd of laborers from the steel mills of South Chicago waiting for a car. Some chance remark opened the ever-present question of the "oppression of capital," and I heard John D. Rockefeller cursed in curses the heartiness of which would have sunk that much-discussed "plutocrat" into the deepest



IS KATE GETTING A SQUARE DEAL?

COME ON BOYS ANOTHER DOLLAR LEFT?

Patriotic Post Card Company

"Father came home after leaving eight dollars with the saloon-keeper," said a young girl, "and gave two dollars to mother. He afterward begged \$1.50 of the two, and when she refused later to give him the fifty cents, he beat her."

perdition — if curses could accomplish that result; but I have spent parts of three days investigating South Chicago, and I have come to the conclusion that, whatever blame may attach to capitalism for conditions here, the man who curses John D. Rockefeller and ceases therewith, whatever may be Mr. Rockefeller's relation or lack of relation to the steel business, has got the wrong "John" in the case. My observations lead me to believe

that John Barleycorn is chiefly to be blamed for the conditions of misery and want and shame that prevail on every hand around this great industrial center.

At every gate of the mills, except the one gate that opens into prohibition territory, a battery of saloons waits to rob the laborers of their money and give them in return a poison for body, brain, and soul. On pay-day the painted harlots of these dives swarm at the very gates to capture their victims. Hundreds of men come here, leaving their families across the seas, with the laudable ambition to earn enough money to bring their wives and children and establish homes in this "land of the free." Week by week, and month by month, and year by year, they toil here for a scanty wage, and are robbed of that under the seal and sanction of the people of the city of Chicago, of the good State of Illinois, and of the United States of America. *Their wives and children wait forever beyond the sea. The dreamed-of homes are never built.* The accompanying map is of the district from Eighty-third to Ninety-second streets, running back from the mill front two or three blocks. The section thus mapped by no means includes all the saloons that prey upon the steel mills.

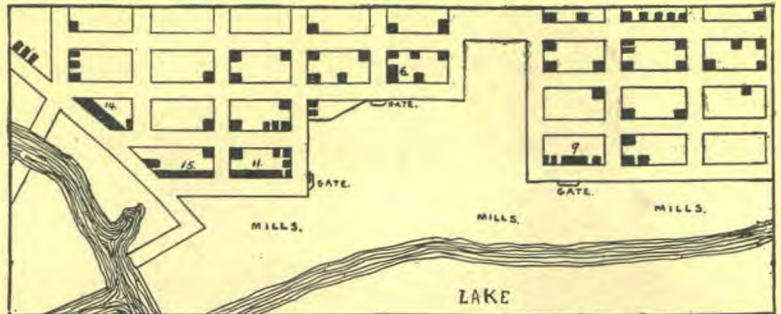
It is probably a conservative estimate to assume an average daily receipt of twenty-five dollars for each of these one hundred twenty-three places shown on the map. *Even this means that every year these places of vicious resort steal from the working men of these mills the enormous sum of \$1,122,375.*

Suppose some little city of twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand inhabitants should be, year after year, swept by conflagrations which should destroy annually a million dollars' worth of property—who would expect anything but hard times and poverty in that city? But here we have a population of working men that would make a city of about that size, robbed every year of more than a million dollars by the saloon, losing their money as certainly as if they burned it up in the furnaces that they tend.

And yet there is no voice of warning, no protest of

Schoolchildren Drink

A POLICEMAN of New York one evening was called to care for two boys who were lying in the street drunk. They were oblivious to the rain that fell on them, and dead to the world. Both were of tender years, the elder not more than twelve years of age. At his feet lay a half-empty bottle of whisky. A curious crowd sur-



National Prohibitionist

Street plan of South Chicago, showing 123 saloons, and houses of prostitution around the entrances of one section of the works of the Illinois Steel Company.

rounded them, some merely inquisitive, but others uttering expressions of pity that boys so young should be in that sorry plight. Both lads were taken to the station-house, and soon after the older one was placed in the alcoholic ward of the Bellevue Hospital. And yet New York has more than ten thousand agencies licensed and protected to produce such results. While their license does not cover the right to sell to boys, little does the saloon-keeper care for the law, and apparently little do the officers of the law care whether the statute is obeyed or not.

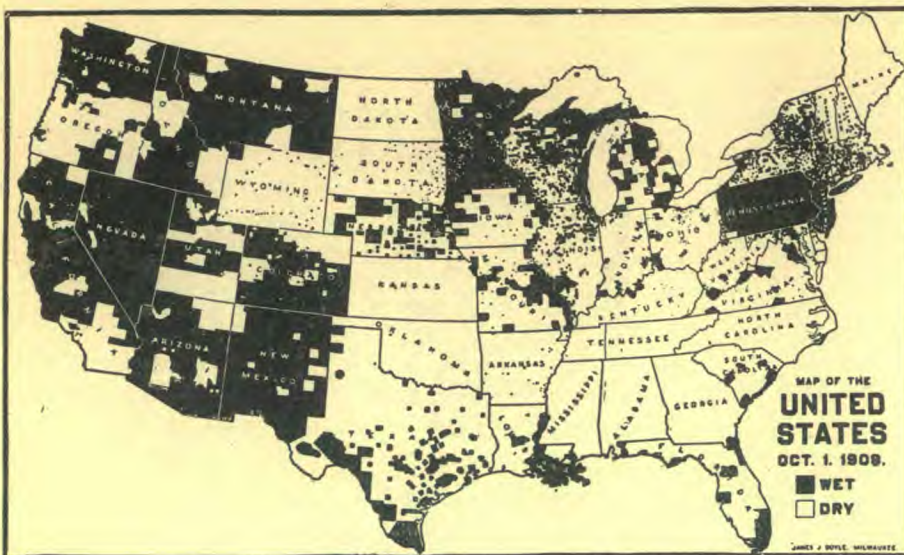
Dr. T. A. Mac Nicholl, of New York, says that of the thirty thousand schoolchildren in that city whose conditions he has studied, fifty-eight per cent drink some form of alcoholic liquor occasionally or regularly.

There is one school in a suburban town, for example, where, in a kindergarten department of one hundred children ninety-six regularly receive intoxicating liquors, and where five-year-old boys come to school drunk.

In several schools in a New England State, which perhaps is not exceeded in the percentage of native-born population, schoolchildren have been found who drink both cider and beer, and high-school boys were found who were habitual drinkers.

"In Springfield, Massachusetts," says one observer, "I went at the invitation of the teacher, to see a roomful of little Italian boys take their baths. The thin, emaciated bodies vividly reminded me of the pictures of the India famine sufferers. I asked, 'Why are they so thin and emaciated?' 'Insufficient food,' was the reply. 'These children will soon go home to their lunch, which will consist of bread and some kind of home-made wine or beer. They will come back to school so stupid that for the first hour after luncheon we can do little or nothing with them.'"

The custom of giving alcoholic beverages to children is common in Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, and France. The thousands of immigrants from these countries not only retain this national custom after arriving here, but introduce many American children to the evil. Custom and example must be counteracted by instruction.



"Distillery and the brewery and the winery all must go; Saloons can stay no longer when the people have said, 'NO!' We'll agitate, and organize, and surely win the fight. And work for prohibition, till we make the map all white."

education or religion, no hand of the law to protect the weak—just the brutal grinding of their bodies and souls that the brewers and distillers may get rich, and the grafters in public office may have the wherewithal to gratify their own base appetites.—*W. B. Ferguson, Editor of the National Prohibitionist.*



Bum Tipsy Nig Topsy Bum Tipsy Nig Topsy

Dogs as Alcoholic Devotees and as Abstainers



FEW years ago, Dr. Hodge of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, when serving on the school board, was greatly interested in children, and wished to find out the real effects of alcohol upon them and upon their parents. With this end in view, he bought seven spaniels, one of the most intelligent breed of dogs to be found in America.

Five of these bright little creatures were to be fed on different kinds of liquor, to show whether such kind of drink is harmful or not, for it has been learned that a dog's stomach is very much like that of a human being's.

Each pair of Dr. Hodge's dogs had its own kennel and its specially prepared food. For instance, to Bum and Tipsy was given clear alcohol—a tablespoonful, perhaps, at each meal mixed with water and their meat and potato—while the food of their little companion, Frisky, was flavored with whisky.

Winnie had wine, Berry had beer. Only two, Nig and Topsy, remained strictly temperance dogs.

For a while, no one noticed any special difference in the seven puppies, but after six months or so, when the school-children came for an afternoon frolic with the pets, they found that Nig and Topsy were always ready for a good time, and would run by the hour for the balls thrown for them, and delighted to jump over sticks held several feet above the ground. But Bum and Tipsy seemed logy, and after they had done a few stunts, were ready to lie down. From a little machine that Dr. Hodge fastened to the collar of each dog, it was found that the alcoholized dogs did only about half as much running about as the temperance dogs, though, when first chosen for the alcohol treatment, they were more active than the other dogs. Sometimes, too, they were ill-natured, and the children began to confine their favors to Nig and Topsy.

Once there was a disease with which many of the dogs in the city were sick. Bum and Tipsy and Frisky and Winnie came down with it first, and were much sicker than the temperance dogs, which had the disease very mildly. Winnie died with it, and Bum and Tipsy were so sick that for more than two weeks Professor Hodge thought they would not live. For several days both dogs were blind, and they grew exceedingly thin. Topsy was ever afterward blind in one eye. Dr. Hodge says both Bum and Tipsy were as ill as they could possibly be and

live, while the dogs that took no alcohol were made simply uncomfortable for a few days. So, naturally, Dr. Hodge concluded "that dogs that have alcohol in their food get sick more easily, stay sick longer, and suffer more than dogs that do not have it."

Bum and Tipsy had several babies born to them; a few of the babies grew up, but never seemed particularly bright. They could do no tricks, and they didn't make very much of a fuss even when rats ran right over their noses. They were fearful cowards, too. When their master spoke sternly to them, they would set up such a howling and yelping that people passing by thought that the poor dogs were being thrashed, although they were always treated most kindly.

The rest of the children of Bum and Tipsy were deformed, or for some other reason could not live. In the course of time, when other puppies came, Mrs. Tipsy actually forgot to feed the little creatures when she should, but instead went off by herself to sleep where the crying of hungry babies could not disturb her. Bum was not a very kind father, either, for he frequently snapped and snarled when his offspring begged him to play with them.

The temperance family, however, flourished. Nig and Topsy proved excellent parents, and practically all their children were healthy, hearty puppies, which, when they were old enough, found ready buyers at good prices. The table given below was prepared by Dr. Hodge, and gives the results of his experiments, in a nutshell. He also appends some observations made upon human beings.

—INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL ON PROGENY—DOGS.—

ALCOHOLIC PAIR		NORMAL PAIR	
No. of WHELPS (7-7-6-3)	23	(5-3-8-8-5-6 3 7) 45	
DEFORMED (2-3-3-0)	8	(1-0-0-2-0 0 0 1) 4	
BORN DEAD (2-2-2-3)	9	(0-0-0-0-0 0 0 0) 0	
VIABLE (4-0-0-0)	4 17.4%	(4-3-8-5-5 6 3 6) 41 90.2%	

—MEN—DEME—

10 ALCOHOLIC FAMILIES		10 NORMAL FAMILIES	
No. of CHILDREN	57		61
DEFORMED	10		2
IDIOTIC	6		0
EPILEPTIC, CHOREIC	6		0 (2 BKWRD)
NON VIABLE	25		3
NORMAL	10 (17) 17%		54 88.5%

—Selected.



Courtesy of Dr. Hodge

Bum and Nig—brothers

Facts and the Brewers' Fiction

THE American people are a reading people. The liquor men know it; so when elections upon the license question are pending, they scatter their literature broadcast. Its unworthy character is revealed in the following article, adapted from two articles which appeared in the *National Prohibitionist*:—

Fiction.—"The men engaged in the brewing business



There is more food in a five-pound loaf of bread or five ordinary loaves, than in twenty-seven barrels of beer.

will be the first to be hit by the success of prohibition. But the sweeping away of \$1,500,000,000 of capital and its buying power, taxes, and employment of labor, will bring disaster to every one."

Fact.—The total capital of the brewers of the United States, according to the latest census figures, 1905, is only a trifle over one third of that sum, \$515,000,000.

Fiction.—"The distillers, brewers, and malsters last year bought over 100,000,000 bushels of corn, barley, and rye, valued at over \$90,000,000, or upward of twenty-two per cent of all grain marketed by the farmers of the United States. Remove those enormous buyers from the market, and you will reduce by that much the price you can get for your grain."

Fact.—In the fiscal year 1907, according to the Secretary of Agriculture, the business of liquor-making in all its branches used grain to the total of 170,940,306 bushels. That grain was worth \$54,600,959. The grain production of the country was 4,854,000,000 bushels. Of this amount 171,000,000 bushels is three and a half per cent, not twenty-two per cent; and \$54,600,959 is thirteen-nineteenths of one per cent of the grand total of farm products (\$87,848,000,000).

Fiction.—"If prohibition should succeed, there would be laid waste in this country a territory somewhat larger than the entire State of New Hampshire; for the distillers and brewers take the product of 6,691,600 acres of land, or 10,445 square miles."

Fact.—The statistical report of the United States government gives the average of the six great cereal crops alone to be 184,113,045 acres, or 287,676 square miles, for 1906. So the agricultural industry would not suffer a wholly crushing blow if it should lose the market for about one thirtieth of its grain crop. But the figures given by the liquor interests have been found, when compared with Uncle Sam's, to be too large by nearly 3,000,000 acres; so that we shall have to substitute 6,640 square miles for the 10,445 given above,—an area not quite so large as

the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, about as large as the State of Massachusetts would be, if we should cut from it a piece the size of the State of Rhode Island.

"When we remember that all the crops from which the liquor men drew supplies in the year with which we have been dealing, would have covered the entire States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, we shall begin to see how really insignificant is the liquor maker's market for American farm products."

But the farmer would not lose even the product of the 6,640 acres; for what the brewer and the distiller take is made into a commodity which decreases the value of every other acre of land. By this means the liquor interests take from the people in thirteen months more money than the value of the whole enormous corn crop and wheat crop of a year.

Fiction.—"The distillers, brewers, and malsters employ 500,000 men. Throw these wage-earners out of employment, and you will suffer from their competition — particularly when work is scarce."

Fact.—Bulletin 57 of the Census Bureau says that the "whole business of making distilled liquors employs only 5,355 wage-earners, and the brewing business only 48,139, and the malt makers only 2,054,—a total of 55,458. These 55,458 men could be pensioned off at a thousand dollars a year for only one forty-first part of the money the liquor men are taking from the people every year with the poison they manufacture."

Fiction.—"One third of the entire taxes of the United States is paid by the brewing and allied interests. If you abolish this industry, your taxes will be raised twenty-five per cent to make up the deficit."

Fact.—But what part of the taxation, Mr. Liquor Advocate, do you cause? How about the taxes we pay to take care of the results of your business? The Statistical Abstract for 1908 shows that the total receipts of the federal government in that fiscal year amounted to \$792,604,782, while the liquor business robbed the people of more than \$2,000,000,000. This sum might possibly cover your part of the taxes, with the added twenty-five per cent. Now, honestly, Mr. Liquor Advocate, don't you think the country could get along without you, even from the financial view-point?



National Prohibitionist

Prohibition would mean that legitimate business would return \$400,000,000 to the farmer and wage-earner that the saloon now keeps in its coffers because it makes the smallest returns for labor and raw materials of all the great industries.

to produce criminality in the population at large and lawbreaking among the saloon-keepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch, not only the body social, but the body politic also.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The Babies' Cry



FOR two thousand years the story of Herod's slaughter of the babes of Bethlehem has been passed down the generations. Every age has been horrified at this brutal act of King Herod; but it is as nothing compared to the ruthless slaughter King Alcohol has made of the babes of our own land; and yet we sit idly by and do comparatively nothing to prevent this fearful slaughter of innocent children. Every year six hundred thousand children, it is es-

timated, under two years of age, end their little spans of life while mothers sit by and watch in utter helplessness. One tenth of these — sixty thousand — are victims of the liquor traffic. Some die of starvation, because the saloon has stolen the money that should have fed them; some freeze to death, because the saloon has the money that should have warmed them; some die because the saloon has stolen the intelligence and affection of the parent; some because of the infamous diseases with which they came into life,— diseases which are the "result of the vice conditions that the saloon and the saloon-made government have created,"— and all these die because Christian men and women make no protest, because they even consent to this deadly work by voting to license the saloon.

Dead Babies From Drunken Hovels

"I wish I could show you a picture," said Hon. John G. Woolley in an address given at the Chicago University, "that I saw a while ago, in a city not very far from here, where I was waiting for my train at a railroad station. In order to stretch myself, and pass the time away, I went out and took a turn around a block or two, and without knowing where I was going, fell into the wake of an idly moving crowd, that led me presently to the morgue, where I saw what you women would call a clothes-hamper — a large wicker basket — filled with the bodies of little dead babies which the keeper of the place told me had been gathered up in the drunken hovels of that one town that one day — a clothes-basket of babies, as sweet and as innocent and as deserving as ever were born, lying there with their little shut fists upraised where death had frozen them, clutching at love in the darkness — poor little things! — and calling to the nation, 'Life! Life! Life! Life!'"

"This life," says Dr. Hopkins, "might have been theirs, for which they mutely cried,— theirs, unless drunken parents murdered them, while mutely still they slept. For, it is estimated by conservative statisticians, two thousand five hundred babies are annually killed by drunken fathers and mothers overlying them in bed. And two thirds of this slaughter of innocents, so statistics show, occur on Saturday night — the awful pay-day fruit of the legal or illegal saloon.

"And next Saturday night, after the saloon has robbed the laborer and sent him staggering home, thirty to forty baby men and women — baby fellow citizens of yours and mine — will stretch their little hands toward this government and cry Life! Life! Life! and hearing nothing but a drunken snore, will strangle back into the unknown."

Every one who votes for the continuation of the liquor traffic, every one who fails to do what he can to destroy this nefarious business, is an accomplice in the slaughter of these little ones. How many babies have you killed by your vote? How many babies have you slaughtered by your indifference to the great temperance cause?

Ex-Governor Hanley of Indiana, who has seen something of the evil that has come to helpless childhood through the American saloon, says:—

"In the name of these little ones, its innocent dead victims, the victims of a hundred years, I demand a verdict against it, a judgment of condemnation and of abolition. Let not the verdict be delayed. Let not judgment be postponed. Let not execution be stayed. To-day is war-time. This is the day of judgment, this the hour of execution."

The Great Barrier to Wage-Earners

THE United States Bureau of Labor reports that ninety per cent of the railways, seventy-nine per cent of the manufacturers, eighty-eight per cent of the trades, and seventy-two per cent of the agriculturists discriminate against employees addicted to intoxicating drinks.

Since it is a recognized fact everywhere that the liquor traffic "is engaged in the business of making men worth less to their families, less to their business, less to religion, less to society, and less to their country, it is not strange that no one wants the drunkard." It is not strange that insurance companies will not take the drunkard, nor that positions of responsibility are closed to him, that factories shut their doors in his face, that large stores and offices have no use for him, that railroads ignore him, that society ostracizes him, and that the church can not accept him. The only strange thing is that in view of these well-known facts, any intelligent man who has any business aspirations whatever, will dare imperil himself by patronizing this destroyer of manhood,— the saloon.

Circulars of inquiry were sent by the United States commissioner of labor to 7,000 labor-employing concerns, all of which are representative in their lines of business. There were 6,976 replies received. Of these 5,363 state that they take the drink habit into consideration in employing new men. The reason given by most is that it is simply a business precaution.

Many say, "The young man who drinks has simply no chance with us, if we can get those who do not drink."

One of our great railroad corporations recently found that forty per cent of all accidents which had occurred on its line for five years were due altogether or in part to the failure of the men who were given to drink; that eighteen per cent had strong suspicion of similar causes if not clear proof. In one year over one million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen on this road alone."

Other railroad companies found the same thing to be true of their employees; so have taken action forbidding the use of intoxicants by employees. A list of thirty-nine such companies was recently compiled by officials of the W. C. T. U.

"The governor of Kansas, in filling the appointive positions at his disposal in that State, selects total abstainers. He argues that if none but total abstainers are good enough for railroad service, then none but total abstainers are good enough for the public service in Kansas."

"Chicago is learning that the liquor habit spoils men for public service. Ninety-five per cent of the discharges in the police department, and ninety-eight per cent of the discharges in the fire department, are caused by the use of intoxicants," according to the report of the Civil Service Commission of Chicago.

Corporations are right in discriminating against the liquor devotee. The private business man is wise to debar from his force of employees any man who drinks. Why should not individuals exercise the same good sense in dealing with themselves?

AMID THE SHADOWS

"The real white slave is the wife of the drunkard."



"It robs your sons of their manhood, and your daughters of their virtue."

Why She Did Not Play

AT a children's party a little girl with a sweet, but sad face, sat in a small rocking chair watching the other children play, but taking no part. She wore a dainty white cape. More than one child wondered why she did not play, but soon they all found out. A little guest came to the beautiful stranger and said, "Put out your hands, and I will fill them full to the brim." But the gentle request was not obeyed. "Put out your hands, I say," said the leader, "don't you want to play?" Her face paled, and her lip quivered, but she did not put out her hands nor speak. The little hostess, seeing that her guests were watching the little visitor, who was spending a few days at her home, asked, "What is the matter?" "She won't play," was the answer. "She can't play," said the little hostess sorrowfully.

Considered socially, morally, financially, or politically, the licensed liquor traffic is or ought to be the overwhelming issue in American politics. The destruction of this iniquity stands next on the world's calendar.—*William Windom, Congressman and Senator from Minnesota.*

with the man, who had no knowledge of what he had done. He said, "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. O, sir, whisky, whisky did it!"

The preacher was at the little hut when the undertaker's wagon drove up, and the men carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and he said to his sisters, "Come on, sisters, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged whisky orphans hurried to the coffin, shrieking in agony. Policemen, whose hearts were adamant, buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God, and before the whisky orphans, that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in his coffin.

You men now have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your good mother, in the name of your wife, and the pure, innocent children that climb up into your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is right and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men, who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot hold the destiny of womanhood and childhood and manhood,—shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of defenseless men and women and native land?—No!—*William Ashley Sunday.*

The little stranger had no arms. She was the child of wealthy parents, who did all they could for her comfort and pleasure, but they could not bring back her arms. It was a sad story. One day as she sat on the front step of her beautiful home, a happy, laughing child, singing a lullaby to her dolly, her brother came home. He had a gun in his hand, and was staggering. She thought he was staggering for fun, and laughed with childish glee. "I'm going to shoot you," he said, angrily. Then she was afraid. As he raised the gun, she bent her head and threw up her hands. The boy fired. The dear little hands of the child were almost shot off. To save her life, her arms had to be cut off.

The boy was heart-broken. He loved his little sister, but "just one drink" had made him wild. He never took a drop of strong drink after that. He wants to forget that black day, but he can not. No matter how tired he is, he never rests his weary head upon the pillow without this thought haunting him, "Janie's dear little arms! The price of just one drink!"—*Lesson Illustrator.*

"Whisky Did It"

In a city in the Northwest a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The door-bell rang, he answered it, and there stood a little boy, twelve years of age. He was on crutches, his right leg being off at the knee; shivering, he said: "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mama. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers, and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with papa? And will you come back and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed

The Missing Exhibit

NONE of the world's great expositions has given full representation to one of the leading industries of nearly every country on the globe. This is the liquor industry. It has always suffered neglect at the hands of those having expositions in charge. This may not have been due to conscious discrimination, for perhaps it has never occurred to the liquor interests to take advantage of such an opportunity for exploiting their products, and it may never have occurred to any one else to urge such a display, but Mr. Gough once saw fit in one of the great cities of England to suggest at least what might be done in this direction.

Seeing a drunken man lying on the ground just outside of a saloon door, he hastened across the street to a grocery store, and requested a sheet of paper. With a piece of colored crayon, he wrote with large letters the words: "Specimen of the work done inside." Then hastening to where the drunkard lay, he pinned the paper to the man's coat, and stood aside to see the effect produced upon the passers-by. A crowd soon gathered, which attracted the attention of the saloon-keeper. As he came out and observed the cause of the unusual interest, he angrily asked, "Who did it." "Which?" asked Mr.

Gough. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; if you mean the man, you did that. This morning when he started for his work, he was a sober man; when he went into your saloon, he was a sober man; when he came out, he was like that, and he was what you made him. If he is not a specimen of the work done inside, what is he?"

If every State of this Union had sent to any one of our great expositions only a few of the truest representatives it could find within its borders of the work done by the liquor traffic, and these had all been placed on exhibit in one building, would it not have been a significant object-lesson?

The drunken bloat, the loafer, the ragged, filthy gutter-sleeper, the maddened demon, the silly chattering imbecile, the brazen harlot, the neglected home, together with the broken-hearted wife, the distracted father, the starving child, the hopeless epileptic,—these give but a suggestion of the fearful ravages the liquor traffic is making upon the homes and citizens of our fair land. What an exhibit the liquor products of the whole world must make to Him who beholds them all, past, present, and future! And what must he think of the man who, in the face of all this devastation, lifts his voice for the continuation of the evil? And yet your voice rose to heaven when you cast that vote for license at the last election.

Who Gets the Good Things

A LITTLE boy in Covington, Kentucky, who was the child of a man who had recently stopped drinking and signed the pledge, said one morning: "Father, are you always going to wear that blue ribbon?"

"I hope so, my dear," was the reply.

"So do I," said the little one.

"Why do you hope so?" asked the father.

"Because I have never had so many strawberries in my life as I have had since you signed the pledge and put on that blue ribbon."

A man crossed Chelsea Ferry to Boston one morning, and turned into Commercial Street for his usual glass. As he poured out the poison, the saloon-keeper's wife came in, and confidently asked for five hundred dollars to purchase an elegant shawl. He drew from his breast pocket a well-filled pocket-book, and counted out the money. The man outside the counter pushed aside his glass untouched, and laying down ten cents, departed in silence. That very morning his devoted Christian wife had asked him for ten dollars to buy a cloak, so that she might look presentable at church. He had crossly told her that he had not the money. As he left the saloon, he thought: "Here I am helping to pay for five-

hundred-dollar cashmeres for that man's wife, but my wife asks in vain for a ten-dollar cloak. I can't stand this. I have spent my last dime for drink." When the next pay-day came, that meek, loving wife was surprised with a beautiful cloak from her reformed husband. As he laid it on the table, he said, "There, Emma, is a present for you. I have been a fool long enough. Forgive me for the past, and I will never touch liquor again." She

threw her arms around his neck, and the hot tears told her heartfelt joy.—*L. A. Banks.*



"Whisky killed my papa and mama; so I have to live at the orphans' home."

"Been Playin' Fool, Papa?"

MANY a promising young man has found his experience to be like that of the industrious young shoemaker who fell into the habit of spending much time in a near-by saloon. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply, "O, I have just been down a little while playing pool!" His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask, "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" The father tried in vain to correct this word. The child

persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with, "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool-table and his intemperate habits, but weakly allowed his appetites to hold him still. Finally he found himself out of work,

out of money, and out of food. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim, "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know!" "Why, papa," prattled the little boy, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "O, hush! you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played the fool too much already."

It is strange that intelligent men, as they often are, should so play the fool as to spend their hard-earned wages and rob themselves and their families in order to invest in another man's greed or luxury, while they receive nothing in return but poverty and distress.—*Louis Albert Banks, in "Seven Times Around Jericho."*



"I don't have to live in an orphans' home. My papa and mama are temperance people."

"I'll Never Steal Again"

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that

which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing there?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody—please, sir. I'm hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, if you please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Mother is dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him! don't tell him!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw the boy's flesh was bruised, and the skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"Why did your father beat you like that?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir. I was a thief once."

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal;' and I'll never steal again, if father kills me for it. But, please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you will die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, and hiding away from an infuriated drunken father, yet he had a song in his heart.

"Yes, I will hear you sing."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity.
Suffer me to come to thee."

When he had finished singing, he said, "Good-by," and the gentleman went away. In less than two hours, he came back and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there was the little boy with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom, underneath the little ragged shirt—dead. Such is the liquor traffic. Away with it!—*John B. Gough, in "Touching Incidents."*

The Friends of Alcohol

ALCOHOL is the fast friend of shipwreck and train wreck and health wreck and life wreck and home wreck and business wreck and character wreck. It is a cockroach among the industries of mankind. It is the world's most notable sneak-thief, and it does its larceny in broad daylight as well as in the dark.

All other things being equal, the abstainer absolutely outclasses the drinker, no matter what the race, no matter what the prize. Science says this—not fanaticism, not religion. Infallibly in the supreme moment the drinker slumps from the uttermost of his own powers and possibilities. Alcohol never put any man at his best. It has degraded millions, and always picks a loser.

—*John G. Woolley.*

The New-Year Maladies

THE lamp of hospitality
Was burning, this day, richly free,
And some who dreaded company
On other days, now longed to see
And gather, like their neighbors would,
As many callers as they could.
Indeed, there was, as one might say,
A tournament upon that day,
With them who played the fem'ine host,
On which to entertain the most,
And which the goodliest amount
Of visitors, on cards could count.
'Tis thus the world will ever fare:
There must be striving, everywhere!

In now and then a house were dished
Hot liquors to whoever wished,
Not well equipped to keep from blame
The equipoise of those who came;
And pity 'twas, to start along
A friend, into the new year, wrong:
Perchance to lead and coax away
Some "resolution" made that day!

Thus swiftly was the short day spent,
While well-groomed callers came and went,
Wherever friendship would unlock
A house upon the stately block
That had been ornamented with
The home of Mrs. Vandersmith.
Soon passed they—leaving her alone—
To every house except her own!
Prosperity had made it mete
The world should grovel at her feet:
And why she callerless should fare,
When other dames had guests to spare,
A question was, which e'en her grand
Discernment could not understand.

She lived herself—reserved and rich.
Her preparations all were made,
Her plans with deftest cunning laid;
The best to eat, and, scores would think,
The very best on earth to drink.
The costliest wines that she could buy,
The best of "cordials" met the eye,
Or, if ale took the caller's whim,
Deep floods of that awaited him;

Or if for gin he nursed a taste,
'Twould promptly be before him placed.
Or if he, strangely, chose to nest
The serpent whisky in his breast,
And make himself a human fear,
Complete facilities were here.

Full many wives had pleaded with
Ambitious Mrs. Vandersmith;
And they had begged her with a sigh,
To lay those dread concoctions by,
And not be tempting those who came,
With liquids full of more-than-flame.
"Why do you do this thing," they said,
"When you have seen, and heard, and read
That drunkenness, in all degrees,
Is a contagious, foul disease?
The white plague has its millions slain,
The yellow plague men curse in vain;
But the red plague of drunkenness
Adds most of all to earth's distress."
Still, as if these facts were a myth,
Ambitious Mrs. Vandersmith
Had gone right on, without, it seems,
Abridging her hilarious schemes.

So, swiftly was the short day spent,
And callers came and callers went
Upon the street embellished with
The home of Mrs. Vandersmith—
Except the very house in which
She lived herself—reserved and rich.

And when night gathered round her board,
Without a single caller scored,
She sat and mused, with downcast eye,
An hour or two—and wondered why:
Until a servant, coming in,
Brought her a tiny bulletin
Which some one, sev'ral hours before,
Had placed upon her outmost door;
And on it written were a few
Suggestive words—alas, too true!
Misunderstood by those who came,
But quite effective all the same,—
Three words—one victory to win:
"CONTAGIOUS MALADIES WITHIN."

—*Will Carleton, in Every Where.*



Drink Despoils Bright Minds



RECENT issue of one of the daily papers of our national capital contained the following account of a tragic downfall as told by Mr. Lindley himself, who died on the last day of the year 1909:—

Sad and bitter have been the years of downfall. Alcohol and its twin demon—morphine—but numb the sensibilities and give temporary surcease for sorrow. Neglecting all the means of building up, and embracing all the opportunities for weakening, my powers of resistance to sin, I have gone on down, down, sunk in the very slough of the darkest despond.

Once, with prospect as bright as the most ambitious could desire,—once wearing the uniform of the United States navy, afterward that of a captain of the national guard, a practising attorney with unusual success for several years, the author of literature that is standard authority throughout the world, it being *several hundred pages of the Encyclopedia Britannica*,—all of this and much more,—yet sacrifice was made of everything leading up to all that is good, high, and lofty in this life, and nothing save suffering, misery, degradation received in exchange.

Mr. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, says that a man once applied to him for any position he could offer him, who was only a little while before one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession, a man who two years before easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man has become so unreliable from drink that editors are afraid of his articles, and so he sits in a cellar in one of our cities, addressing newspaper wrappers for one dollar a thousand.

"I was once looking through a large foundry and hardware company's business," says Dr. L. A. Banks, "when the proprietor, who was with me, pointed out a man who

was nailing up some packing cases, and said: 'There is a man who until two or three years ago was the confidential clerk of one of the greatest business houses in Cleveland, and received a salary of *three thousand dollars a year*. He came to me and begged to get on our pay-list at any price, and is now earning *nine dollars a week!*' I asked what was the matter, and it took only one word to give the answer—"Drink." "

"Edwin Field, the eldest son of Cyrus W. Field, who became famous by laying the first Atlantic cable and later became still better known the country over as a financial ruler, was the confidant of his father, and expected to be his business successor. He had his palace on 'the avenue,' his steam yacht, his carriages. He was a welcome guest in the homes of New York's exclusive society; he was respected in the business world as the able son of a powerful father. Drink sent Field into the underworld. He lost his fortune, his health, his place in society. For almost ten years the name of Edwin F. Field was obliterated from the places that had known it, and his daily associates were Bowery habitués, longshoremen, broken-down touts, and gamblers."

Daniel Webster's name was tarnished by his use of intoxicants. And there have been thousands of other men with brilliant prospects who have wrecked their lives by their fondness for the accursed cup. But that fact only heaps increased ignominy upon the liquor traffic.

Hon. John G. Woolley, one of the most distinguished and eloquent temperance lecturers of the day, was once a helpless, hopeless victim of the appetite for strong drink.

Not one of these meant, when taking the first drink, to fall so low; but wine is a mocker. Its business is to deceive. The only safe way is to heed the counsel of the great apostle: "Touch not; taste not; handle not."

Liquor's Ally-Tobacco

Extinguish the pipes, and you will go far toward shutting up the saloons.—James Hamilton.

There is not so pitiful a slave on earth as the man that is the slave of evil habits and passions.—John B. Gough.

The Boy's Deadly Enemy

BOYS are quick to see a point — I mean boys who have not destroyed their brain power by excessive smoking of cigarettes. To such boys the following facts must appeal as a strong reason for the non-use of the cigarette.

All the world likes a boy. The man who said that no story or incident was to him complete without a boy in the foreground, voiced the sentiment of many persons. The world has no grudge against the boy. Where should we get our presidents, generals, explorers, farmers, engineers, merchants, preachers, sweethearts, and fathers, if it were not for the boys? The boy is all right, —if he is a genuine, manly, upright boy.

Now since the country is on good terms with the boy, why should so many people, States, and nations be endeavoring to keep the cigarette away from him? *The trouble must be with the cigarette*, else every government in Europe would not have enacted some legislation against the cigarette, or be considering restrictive measures.

In England the law allows no one to sell cigarettes to a person under sixteen years of age. Sir William Broadbent, the king's physician, stated before the House of Lords' select committee that he, personally, would like to raise the age of prohibition to twenty-one.

Canada forbids the sale or gift of cigarette material to boys of sixteen or younger under penalty of fine from ten to one hundred dollars.

All the States have passed restrictive laws against the sale or gift of cigarettes to minors. Tennessee, Nebraska, Washington, Arkansas, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have forbidden absolutely the manufacture, sale, or gift of cigarette material within the State.

The Washington Times says these drastic measures have been taken by the States largely through the influence of business men, who, in order to obtain competent and reliable help, found it absolutely necessary to do something to discourage cigarette smoking. Tobacco is

never a benefit to any one, man or boy; but all scientists agree that the deleterious effect of tobacco is much more apparent upon a boy than upon an adult. It hinders the normal development of every tissue of the body.

Not Wanted Here

The superintendent of a railway company said, when asked to give his opinion on the temperance question:—

"Being an officer of a company that carries — and of course is responsible for the safety of — over two hundred twenty-five million people a year, it becomes my moral and legal, as well as my public duty, to use all reasonable means to

protect the lives and further the comfort of this large number of passengers. Having for some time noticed that our accidents were increasing, upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not use liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form of cigarettes) was much above that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so far as lay in my power to do so. I now remove from the service or refrain from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits mentioned. I have been criticized for the stringency of the order, especially the prohibition of the use of cigarettes, but on the other hand I have the assurance of our division superintendents (of which we have twelve), aided by my own observations, that persons addicted to the use of cigarettes, especially young men, are more careless in their duties and less able to perform them than men using liquor in moderation."

The general freight agent of a large railway company said that eighty-five per cent of the mistakes made in his offices by the two hundred clerks were traceable to the thirty-two who used cigarettes.

E. H. Harriman, the late railroad magnate, said that "railroads might as well go to a lunatic asylum for their employees as to hire cigarette smokers."

A high official of the Southern Pacific Railway Company says: "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."

Surgeon-General Rixey "has recommended to the Secretary of the Navy that the use of cigarettes be forbidden all persons under twenty-one years of age on board ships



Mr. D. K. Pearsons, the millionaire philanthropist, who has made large gifts to schools, colleges, and other worthy enterprises, has recently said: "No more of my money goes to colleges which tolerate cigarette smoking among their students."



"Neither liquor nor tobacco shall ever pass my lips."

of the United States navy. He says that if that recommendation is put into effect, the sick records of the navy will be smaller, the development of a better physique will be fostered, and the general efficiency of the navy enhanced."

The governor of Kansas has recently declared that during his term no person addicted to drink or to the cigarette habit will be retained in the employ of the State.

Many other doors are closed against cigarette users. Some of these are: Athletic clubs of numerous schools and colleges, the Spencerian Business College, the Academy of Northwestern University, and the United States Weather Bureau, United States naval schools, United States army positions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla Company, Morgan and Wright Tire Company, Western Union Telegraph Company (in messenger service), and the Cumberland Telephone Company.

The *Literary Digest* and *Everybody's Magazine* have refused to accept advertisements of cigarettes.

Now, boys, what can all this talk and legislation mean? It must signify that the cigarette is the boy's enemy. It robs him of physical, mental, and moral power. It makes him unsteady, listless, and incompetent. The well-known friend of boys, Elbert Hubbard, says: "Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, known as "the boy's judge," says: "The cigarette not only has a grip upon boyhood, but it invites all the other demons of habit to come and add to the degradation."

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."

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, says: "I can hardly exaggerate the dangerous nature of acrolein, and yet that is what a man or boy is dealing with every time he smokes an ordinary cigarette."

Judge Crane, of New York City, says: "I believe that



"Boys who smoke cigarettes can never be our friends."

the cigarette question should be made a national one, and the fathers and mothers of the land should be aroused to the danger and join together to stamp out the evil."

The Takoma Park (D. C.) Citizens' Association recently gave the following statement as the belief of the association: "We, as members of the Citizens' Association of Takoma Park, D. C., realize that the cigarette evil is doing great damage to the nation, and we believe we as loyal citizens should do all in our power to put a stop to this evil habit.

[Signed] JAS. W. DYER,
"President."

Dr. S. H. Hull, of Kansas City, said: "One of the greatest menaces to our moral and intellectual well-being to-day is the fact that cigarette smoking is becoming a popular fad among the boys and young men."

Judge Wm. De Lacey, of the Washington, D. C., Juvenile Court, says: "Experience in the juvenile court convinces me of the baneful effect following the use of cigarettes by growing boys. Youths and boys who smoke cigarettes habitually have poor memories and little or no

power of the initiative. Cigarettes should be forbidden to the young in the interest, physical and moral, of the men of to-morrow."

Z. H. Copp, chief probation officer of the Washington, D. C., Juvenile Court, says: "I regard the cigarette as a fuse of infernal fire tending to explode the worst passions of the body. In dealing with more than sixteen thousand delinquent children of this city during the last eight years, I find, as a rule, that the user of cigarettes is a



"I am glad you don't smoke, grandpa. Do you think it is nice for men to smoke?"

"No, Anita, grandpa knows it is not good for men to smoke; but if it did not hurt them, they ought not to do it; for it teaches the boys to smoke, and smoking always does great harm to a boy."

stunt, a weakling, in body, mind, and morals."

In view of the foregoing facts, don't you think the only sensible, reasonable thing that a boy who aspires to make anything of himself, who wants to attain any degree of success in the business or social world, can do, is to boycott for himself the cigarette for all time, and then do all he can to get other boys to follow his example? This certainly is the only conclusion befitting such a boy.

Such Use the Cigarette

AN enormous percentage of all male convicts start their downward career by smoking and drinking. In one prison of six hundred men confined for crimes committed under the influence of drink, five hundred testified that they began their intemperance by smoking.

The Hon. George Torrance, superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, says: "Out of fifteen hundred boys under my care, ninety-two per cent were cigarette smokers when convicted, and eighty-five per cent so addicted to their use as to be classed as 'cigarette fiends.'"

"At the Edinburgh reformatory, of eighty boys, there was not one who had not been a smoker or chewer, and most of them had been both. In the reformatory at Blakely, near Manchester, out of thirty boys who were admitted soon after the opening, twelve had been smokers, eight chewers, and ten confessed they had stolen tobacco, or money with which to buy it."

A Glasgow physician stated that "scarcely two per cent of cases of undergrown boys had not been habitual cigarette smokers," and the late chief inspector of recruiting in Manchester said that "perhaps a third of the rejections from the army in Lancashire might be attributed to smoker's heart."

Mr. David P. Page says: "The greatest degradation in her presence in an elevator,—what is it that causes of the boy is the cigarette. Not all cigarette victims are brought into court. If they were, the court could not do business. But *nearly all who are brought into court are cigarette victims.* Whatever sentence is pronounced, it is always the imperative order of the court that the cigarette must be 'cut out.' Its use imperils the boy's parole."

Judge Baker, of the Louisville [Kentucky] criminal court, says: "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."

W. V. Collins, of the Whittier State School of California, says: "Of the seventeen hundred and more boys who have been and are now inmates of the institution, ninety-eight per cent were cigarette smokers when sent here, and fully ninety-five per cent were confirmed cigarette fiends."

In the Illinois State Reformatory there were at one time two hundred seventy-eight boys averaging from twelve to fifteen years of age. Two hundred fifty-six of these used cigarettes. Judge Crane, of New York City, says: "Of three hundred boys that have recently appeared before me charged with every crime, from the most petty to murder, two hundred ninety-five were cigarette smokers. At least this means that the boys who do not smoke cigarettes do not so readily fall into ways that lead to the criminal courts."

Ethics of the Tobacco Habit

ONE result of the tobacco habit is its psychological effect, noticeable in practically every person addicted to the habit, but not observable by the person himself. The writer once addressed a series of queries to prison directors, officers of reformatories, and others, in order to obtain a consensus of opinion regarding the effect of tobacco upon the character and morals of men. There was no lack of evidence submitted that tobacco has a noticeable damaging effect upon the character, especially when used "to excess," and when used by boys. But the reply of one prison director was of special interest. He said he had never noticed that tobacco has any observable effect upon a man's morals, and added that he himself smoked. The two sentences went well together. Probably no user of tobacco can detect any change in his character as a result of the tobacco habit.

But there is a change. What subtle influence is it that causes a man who gladly yields his seat in a crowded car to a strange lady, and who takes off his hat



"Mister, would it do any harm if I should offer him one of these cigarettes?"

"Not a bit. He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as he looks."



"One thing is certain: I shall show that I know as much as the monkey."

A boor may smoke, and it will not make him anything but a boor. A gentleman can not smoke, and continue

to do so, without serious injury to his finer instincts. Can any true gentleman then afford to take up such a questionable habit? We do not believe that he can.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.,
Editor of *Life and Health*.

Takes Stand Against Cigarettes

"THE cigarette is more harmful than whisky, and any young man of this university who expects to make the track or football team had better cut them out now. No student who has the welfare of the team and the university at heart will put temptation in the way of others by indulging in the tabooed habit," said Joseph H. Thompson, coach of the football and track teams of the University of Pittsburgh.



"I fear I have already proved what I am."

Wisdom in a Multitude of Counselors

The Time to Fight

The time to fight the cigarette is all the time.—*Crusader Monthly.*

Fills Our Jails and Madhouses

Gordon Stables, M. D., R. N., says: "It is not too much to say that the cigarettes smoked by boys lead to crime, and fill our jails and our madhouses."

A Sure Dwarfing Device

The superintendent of the Omaha, Nebraska, schools, from which the cigarette has been debarred, said: "No two ways about it. Either let cigarettes alone, or go without an education," sound counsel for the users of tobacco in any form.

Tobacco or an Education — Which?

Stratton D. Brooks, superintendent of public schools, Boston, Massachusetts, says: "My experience with boys leads me to believe that the vice of tobacco has detrimentally affected the mental, moral, and physical characteristics of every boy under twenty-one who has made use thereof."

The Deadly Carbon Monoxide

The London *Lancet*, one of the most reliable medical journals published in the English language, has recently stated that "the most deleterious product in the combustion of tobacco is carbon monoxide, which is the deadly constituent of water gas, and is present in comparatively large quantities in tobacco smoke. This is the poison that is responsible for the utter demoralization of that unhappy individual who has come to be known as the cigarette fiend, whose pale face, shattered nerves, and hopeless position in the community are recognized as applying to many of our American youth, whose opportunity for usefulness and happiness has passed away."

The Yellow Stains

Dr. Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Georgia, says: "I have been through the cigarette factories of South and North Carolina and elsewhere, and what I say I know to be a fact. The bleached paper in which the tobacco is wrapped is thoroughly steeped in arsenic. It is made in China, a heathen production. We can not make it here, though we make at it, and make a more dangerous article. It is this arsenic that gives the finger ends of a cigarette smoker a dirty yellow color, always so plain. The poisoning comes from the arsenic, and it is this miserable viper that first enters the brain of the smoker, after being absorbed by the blood in the lungs, where it is thrown to be purified, and instead of that is loaded with impurities."

THE argument against drink is unanswerable. The city of New York spends more than twenty-five million dollars each year in fighting evils which would not be in existence if prohibition prevailed.—*Mason Trowbridge, Assistant District Attorney of New York.*



Justice David Brewer

Tabooed by the Aeroplanist

Wilbur Wright, the great flying machinist, is a total abstainer from both liquor and tobacco.

The First Stage to Ruin

The Rev. John Angell James said: "I never see a lad with a cigar in his mouth, but I consider him at least on the first stage to ruin."

Eating Into the Vitals of the Nation

The late Canon Stowell said, with reference to smoking: "It is frightful to think what a canker is eating into the vitals of the nation, blighting its young men, squandering its resources, undermining its health, and depraving its morals."

A Fight for Civilization

The president of the Armour Institute at Chicago says: "I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind, and body, or more subversive of good morals, than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. This is my judgment as an educator."



Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Consumption and Epileptic Fits

H. Chavasse, H. R. C. S., says: "Let me enter my strongest protest against the abominable custom of youth smoking at the commencement of puberty. Smoking at this particular time is especially prejudicial; and it has driven many a youth, if he be so predisposed, into consumption; at other times it has brought on a succession of epileptic fits, which has not only endangered his health, but his very life itself. Stop that boy ere tobacco shatters his nerves, ere manly strength gives way to brutish aims and low pursuits. Stop all such boys; they bring shame on their families, and become sad and solemn reproaches to themselves."

Stunts the Users Physically and Mentally

"There are in the public schools of Kansas, according to an estimate made from records on file in my office," says Prof. William McKeever, "about five thousand young boys who are habitual smokers. These boys began the habit at an early age, and are almost without exception weak in body and mind as a result of the practise. Out of two thousand three hundred thirty-six of these public-school boys only six were reported 'bright students.' A very few others, perhaps ten, were 'average,' and all the remainder either 'poor' or 'worthless' as students. Of one hundred such boys who were measured, it was found that they were below the average of their age in height, weight, and chest expansion, and that there were many other evidences of physical defect."



"If I had never smoked my first cigarette, I would not be here."

"EVERY American citizen, on an average, pays the liquor trust \$24.50 a year, and the trust condescends to pay back a little more than two dollars of this in revenue."

The Mother's Find

"I USED to smoke," said a Sunday-school superintendent. "It was a pleasure that I thought did no harm to me or to any one else, and I believed I had a right to the enjoyment. Then one day I stopped, and this is the reason:—

"The mother of two lively boys in my Sunday-school came into my store one morning, walked straight up to me, and handed me a handful of cigarettes. I stared, and she explained: 'They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, when I was mending their clothes.' When I asked what cigarettes in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarettes and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the harm that would result from such a course, and what do you think they said? They told me they didn't mean to keep on with cigarettes always. As soon as they grew older, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarettes to cigars. 'And cigars are all right,' said my boys. 'Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why, ma, Mr. Wilson, our superintendent, smokes cigars; and Mr. Wilson's a good man, isn't he?'"

"'I'm doing my best to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, Mr. Wilson,' continued the mother, 'and you've helped me often by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you, and admire you, and they think it's all right for them to smoke, if a man like you smokes. Now I don't want my boys to smoke cigarettes; but when I talk to them, they point to your smoking as if that settled the matter. I didn't know what to say or do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly how it is. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder, every boy in your school; and I believe you are as willing to teach them by your example as by your good words.'

"I was wanting a smoke that minute; but the thought of that mother trying to bring up two boys to become two good men, and being hindered by a habit of mine, settled the thing. The cigar box that stood near by went into the stove. 'Tell Joe and Billy,' I said, 'that Mr. Wilson has quit smoking.' Since that day, no boy has been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarettes or anything else."—*Sunday School Times*.

How Can They Do It?

THE men of this country in a recent year smoked 8,500,000,000 cigars, besides many millions of dollars' worth of tobacco in pipes; and the boys smoked 5,300,000,000 cigarettes, or enough to girdle the globe at the equator ten times. The boys were taught to smoke by the example of their fathers and of other boys' fathers. And it is a fact that has been demonstrated in every State and county in our Union that the cigarette does untold harm to the boy.

How, then, can a well-intentioned man lend his influence to so grave an evil? He ought rather to say with R. A. Torrey, the evangelist: "I want every last ounce of influence that I can have with anybody, and if there is anything, I don't care how innocent, pure, or pleasant, that will hurt my influence, I am going to give it up. One of the godliest ministers I ever knew, who smokes, was invited by a Christian woman to her home. When dinner was over, her husband said to the minister, 'Would you mind my smoking? Of course, you don't smoke.'



The bottle and the pipe go hand in hand.

'Yes, I occasionally smoke a cigar.' No sooner had the minister lighted his cigar, than the man hastened to his wife, and said, 'Come, see your saint smoking on the front porch.'"

Every man must admit that if there had been no smoking men, the cigarette evil among the boys would not have been. We may legislate against the evil; but there are many boys still who will be ruined physically and spiritually by the cigarette. Legislation will not work a complete reform.

The men of this country, including clergymen, deacons, Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and business men, will in the day of God have to share the responsibility of the loss to this world and to the next of thousands of boys, because by their own example they lent their influence to the smoking evil.

Men, before God, which will you choose, your own cigar or the well-being of the boy?

There is many a father who would not sell his boy to a band of slave dealers for any amount of money they might offer him; but who, incomprehensible as it may seem, will by his example in smoking sanction the cigarette habit in the boy, which is one of the most serious enslavements known. The father's words may be against the cigarette; but the boy can not hear his words, because his actions speak so loud. Are you this father?

Changed His Mind

You'd hardly think that Harry Dean
Would run away and hide
To learn to do a thing he felt
Would make him dignified.
Yet this is what he told himself,
As out of sight he ran:
"I'm going to learn to smoke a pipe,
And then I'll be a man."

"I wonder, if my mother knew,
What she would think of me!
But then she'll never know. I'm glad
That she's not here to see.
I've heard her say it makes her ill
The horrid smoke to smell.
I'd hate to see her sick, you know,—
She's jolly when she's well."

"Oh, say! If she could see me now,
I know 'twould make her sad
To think, when I was out of sight,
That I could be so bad.
So I'll just smash this nasty pipe,
And let tobacco be.
I never saw my father smoke;
He's man enough for me."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

If a young man commits murder, the law of the State lays its hand upon him, snatches him away from his home, and sentences him to be hanged, and never offers the family a cent of remuneration. Why need it, then, compensate the saloon-keeper for the destruction of his saloon, when, according to Judge Alton G. Dayton, of the federal court, the murders committed under the sale of liquor every year will average one murder for every saloon in the country?

Personal Liberty

The spirit of liberty is not, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others.—Channing.

PRUSSIC acid and strychnine are deadly poisons. Their sale is limited to medicinal uses by law, in order to prevent suicide, and criminal poisoning of other people. A man is forbidden by law to sell tainted meat and infected milk. The law demands that persons suffering with scarlet fever, smallpox, or diphtheria be isolated. They can not mingle freely with other people, and others are prohibited from visiting them during their illness. The owners of automobiles are prohibited by law from driving beyond a certain speed. There are laws regulating the use of firearms. Men and boys, irrespective of age, class, or intent, are not allowed to carry deadly weapons. Neither does the law permit the storing of explosives on one's own premises to the peril of one's neighbors. Slaughter-houses, offensive manufactories, and hog and cattle pens are debarred from prescribed territory. A certain degree of cleanliness is demanded by law of restaurants and hotel keepers. The law requires merciful treatment of animals. It forbids robbery and murder; it also regulates the character of a house a man builds, and requires all public buildings to provide adequate systems of fire-escapes, sanitation, and ventilation; and it demands attendance upon school.

In making these laws has the government overstepped its lawful bounds, and interfered with a man's personal liberty, or does a man have no liberty to do a thing that is known to endanger the well-being of other people? The latter principle is the true and accepted one. Government is the servant of the people. It exists to secure the well-being of those under its jurisdiction.

We hear no outcry against the aforementioned laws. The cry of personal liberty is raised only by the liquor seller and his sympathizers. The poet has made the drinker say:

"The only liberty I crave,
Is liberty to be a slave,
To drink, to riot, reel, and rave,
And rot down to a drunkard's grave."

But it is impossible for one to fulfil this high mission as an alcoholic slave without doing others serious injury, without despoiling the happiness of his friends by his degenerate life, and possibly sending them to untimely graves, and without, in all probability, becoming a burden and menace both to his family and to society.

The following communication recently addressed to the mayor and members of the city council of Chicago, by several thousand of the citizens, reveals the liberty now given to the liquor traffic in that place; and it is this same "personal liberty" that the liquor men want for themselves on every part of the globe. The letter reads:—

GENTLEMEN: We call your official attention to the fact:—

That the seven thousand bar-rooms of Chicago, backed by the political pull of the brewers who own or control them, are protected and winked at in open and continual violation of every restriction on the statute-book.

That there are more than two thousand saloons and liquor bars running without a city license in Chicago to-day—more than in both the prohibition States of Maine and Kansas put together.

That the seven thousand saloons of the city are violating each week the State Sunday-closing law with the consent of the city authorities.

That liquor is being openly sold in hundreds of houses of vice, involving the constant violation of two other important laws.

That in many districts little or no attention is paid to the one-o'clock-closing ordinance.

That gambling is being permitted in saloons all over the city.

That drunkards and little boys and girls are being sold liquor daily in flagrant violation of law.

And that meanwhile the saloon is debauching thousands of our brightest young men, ensnaring hundreds of young women, corrupting the ballot-box, and in connection with the gambling-den and the white-slave trade, providing millions of dollars of graft, which, it is openly reported, finds its way to prominent political leaders, who use it to maintain their grip on the government of our great city.

The liquor men in their personal-liberty cry are asking the government to give them, in exchange for a paltry sum each year, a life indulgence,—a permit to do all the harm they can in all the ways they can to all the people they can at all the times they can. Is the government under obligation to grant this indulgence?

The liquor traffic is acknowledged by science, jurisprudence, and society to be the greatest known menace to the health, happiness, property, social life,

and morals of the people. Why, then, should the government legislate against the less evils and hesitate to attack the greater?

The personal liberty of no one is curtailed by such legislation. The Supreme Court of the United States says, "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail."

Dr. R. Welsh Branthwaite, inspector under the Inebriate Acts, England, says that "every inebriate is either a potential criminal, a burden upon public funds, a danger to himself and others, or a cause of distress, terror, scandal, or nuisance to his family and those with whom he associates. Every inebriate, moreover, by precept, example, neglect of children, and possibly by direct pre-creation of his species, is contributing to the supply, reproducing his like to the detriment of national welfare in years to come. Interference with the liberty of the

Mr. Wanamaker's Veto

Written for this number of the INSTRUCTOR



THE use of intoxicating liquor by young men, and the use of cigarettes by boys, is creating a race of feeble-minded, unhealthy, and valueless citizens. The offspring of such will be handicapped in life, and likely to be a charge upon the benevolences and taxpayers.

It seems a crime that we should not legislate against the causes that impair American character and increase our taxation, which is a part of the higher cost of living. It seems a monstrous weakness of our citizenship that our non-action should contribute to nothing but wealth of the distiller and the dispenser of liquors, and the manufacturer of cigarettes.

The license for the makers of these two destroyers ought to be carefully proportioned to the output to cover the maintenance of jails, station houses, reformatories, penitentiaries, and the larger part of the cost of hospitals, institutions for the feeble-minded, and houses of correction and refuge. But even were this done, it would only cover the financial side of the question and still leave unsettled the awful degradation and dishonor upon America, resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors and the creation of imbeciles through cigarette smoking.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

(Concluded on page 26)

GOLD OR MANHOOD?

"More Gold!"

F. FREDERICK BLISS

"More gold!" the city council cries, "for parks and boulevard and hall!
Come, merry merchant of the wine, with shop on alley, street, and mall,
Bid high for privilege, or go; for others wait to glut our greed.
The people's peace? Away with that! More revenue's the city's need!"

"More gold!" the State in frenzy gasps, "for capitol and school and road!
Come, vender of the virile vine, your tax will dull the taxpayer's goad;
And citizens, relieved, will smile, though hell sweep mad from bound to sea!
Our boys and girls? our wives and homes? But revenue!—whence else to be?"

"More gold," the nation's fevered moan, "for deep canals and Dreadnaughts strong!
Come, wily wizard of wine's woes, roll swift your Juggernaut along
Our streets; but every heart you crush—be this your everlasting bond—
Must turn to gold—our treasury's need—as touch you it with hellish wand!"

"More gold!" though daughters virtue sell! "More gold!" though sons their manhood lose!
"More gold!" though life's fair morning blush be darkened with Gehenna's ooze!
O Jesus, pity and defend! O angel cohorts, come this way!
The darkness of our gathering night dispel, and give us glorious day!

What Is the Matter?

The honor of every State is outraged where license prevails.—A. A. Hopkins.

YOU Northern folks, back in the sixties, charged us down in the South with an attempt to nullify law. I have heard that word, "nullification," before, and I remember that your fathers, under Abraham Lincoln, took the position that laws could not be nullified in this country. What did your fathers do? Did they say to us when the issues came up, "Defy the laws of this big republic if you will, destroy the Union"?—Not a bit of it. They shouldered their muskets, kissed the wife and baby good-by, went down into my land, and said, God helping them, they would die for the laws of the republic and the old flag. I thought that war was a brutal thing then. I did not understand it. But when I grew older and read the speeches of your Garrison and your Wendell Phillips, when I saw how holy and sacred liberty is, I learned, as the whole South has learned, that slavery is eternally wrong; and when your fathers abolished it, they did right.

Your fathers did not count the cost in dollars. They did not say, Let us license slavery and make a revenue out of it. Ah, they were not made of that material. They said it was wrong, and went down South, and abolished it. Do you know what you people up here in the North need to-day? Here is a modern slavery,—the slavery of your own people, of your own race, your own color,—the galling, aye, stinging slavery of tens and hundreds of thousands of men to the saloon system that you established and keep up. Do you know what you need to-day, you men?—A rebaptism of the spirit of the men of the sixties in this fight. The time has come when you want to quit counting the cost. You want to do right. You want to stop making dollars, and go to making men and women!

This spirit of lawlessness and this fear of the lawless element are growing. Wherever I have been in the large cities of this country, I find big, strong business men timid, shrinking, afraid of losing a dollar in a contest like this. I find professional men, I find all classes, saying to me, "It is an evil that ought to go, but if I tackle it, my business will be boycotted." And so in their shrinking cowardice they let this great foe of righteousness, of good government, of law, go on and on to the ruin of our people. There are men who look me in the face to-day,



who would say to me, "Mr. Wright, I would fight to put the saloons out, but I am afraid we would have in the place of the open saloon the secret boot legger and blind tiger; we would have those things planted in our cellars here and there."

Afraid! Afraid to make an effort to enforce law! Here you are, in your heart of hearts admitting that this thing is an evil, that it is going to destroy the government of the people if it is not stopped, and yet in your cowardice you are shrinking before a gang of criminals hiding themselves in your cellars and in the alleys of your cities. If these criminals are here, where did they come from? Who made them? Did the dry-goods business make them? Did your manufacturing establishments make them? Did your railroads make them? Did they come off from your farms? Ah, you know where they came from; they came from your saloons. They are the product of your saloons, growing stronger, more arrogant and powerful day by day. And you big men are afraid to tackle them. Afraid to enforce your laws! That is the trouble here. What is the matter with you people? Are you afraid of this element? Has it got you men in its grip until you are cringing in cowardice before it? All you need is the back-bone and courage of your fathers of the sixties.—Hon. Seaborn Wright, Prohibition Leader in the Georgia Legislature.

Does It Pay?

Does it pay to license a traffic which lessens the demand for the helpful things of life, which increases their cost and diminishes the ability to pay for them?

Does it pay to license a traffic which makes men less skilful, less steady, less reliable; which lessens endurance, lessens confidence, lessens credit, lessens the demand for food, clothing, shelter, and tools with which to work?

Does it pay to license a traffic which breeds idiots paupers, criminals, lunatics, and epileptics, and casts them upon society to be supported by decent, honest, industrious people?

Does it pay to license a traffic which increases taxes by creating a demand for jails, penitentiaries, asylums,

hospitals, almshouses, orphanages, reformatories, police and criminal courts?

Does it pay to maintain a national quarantine against criminal and dependent classes from abroad, and license two hundred fifty thousand saloon-keepers to manufacture such products at home?

Does it pay to maintain 275 life-saving stations on our coast at a cost of \$1,500,000, and out of the same pockets maintain 250,000 life-destroying stations at a cost of \$2,000,000,000?

Does it pay to support the families of saloon-keepers and bartenders and pay their rent, taxes, insurance, and buy luxuries for them, in order to get a few pennies of our many dollars back in revenue and license?

Does it pay to employ teachers to teach children the evil effects of alcohol upon the human system, and license men to sell a thing which inflames the stomach, hardens the brain tissues, softens and weakens the blood-vessels, impoverishes the blood, overworks the heart, dims the eye, dulls the hearing, diseases the throat, lungs, kidneys, liver, nerves, and muscles; the demand for which is wholly artificial, and when supplied serves no good purpose?

Does it pay to call ministers to preach the gospel of love, charity, honesty, purity, forgiveness, and redemption, and license other men to engage in a traffic which fosters hate, endangers strife, breeds dishonesty, impurity, and destruction?

Does it pay to levy a tax to support orphans and widows, and license the murderer of husbands and fathers?

Does it pay to listen to the sophistries and falsehoods of passion, prejudice, ignorance, appetite, and greed, and close our ears to the voice of conscience, rea-

can rightly use or appreciate it, and the real evil lies in a 'disturbance of conditions' by unscrupulous agitators.

"It was a good argument—from the view-point of vested interests and the exploitation of the weak. But it appears that a majority of the American people were not convinced by it, and that after a time they concerned themselves about the matter at issue in a very forcible

manner. It is an argument that is always reappearing, and is always prompted by the same motive—the material interests of the strong."

It is the argument that American investors in Mexico are now using to silence the attempt to disclose the cruelties perpetrated by the Mexican government upon the Yaqui Indians. But there are yet those who regard the sacred rights of personal liberty to be accounted of greater worth than any financial interest, so the agitation of Mexico's alleged barbarism continues.

The same argument was vociferously sounded through the country when, during President Roosevelt's administration, the work of the great trusts was under surveillance.

And now the advocates of temperance everywhere are confronted with the same argument—"Agitation hurts business." That is just why the temperance people are agitating. They want to hurt the liquor business. They want to annihilate it. It is an illegal business. It is a business that hurts every other business and helps none. It is a business that works only evil to its patrons, and untold harm to thousands who have no personal connection with it. Then why should it not be annihilated? Let agitation continue until this business—the greatest evil of the world—is injured beyond recovery, and be assured that in the agitation and the resulting prohibition no legitimate business will suffer in the least.

"For Business Reasons"

SOME time ago a man said to me: "Right around the corner from my place of business is a dwelling-house, and a family is supposed to live in it; but no family lives there; it is a dive, and every evening you can see men, and on Sunday great crowds of men, leading men of the town, prominent in church life, some members of the same church I am, going into that place. For what purpose? I know, because they have told me; they go in there to gamble. It is a great poker dive right in the heart of the city, and what is worse than that, the police of this city have been notified; they know all about it; and they have never pulled it; they never intend to; the men connected with it are too prominent."

"Well," I said, "why haven't you done something? Why have you allowed it to go on right at your door? Why haven't you gone to your pastor and church if you can't effect anything else?"

"For business reasons I can not afford to do that," he said.

He was a church-member, a good church-member; a man who attends regularly; a man interested in the
(Concluded on third cover page)



To all who value the dollar above the well-being of their fellows, the liquor traffic, represented by the farthestmost figure, seems greater than the boy or girl; but not so with the true patriot, the lover of men and country. He sees things as they are. (Measure figures.)



"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken."—Bible.

son, judgment, suffering, religion, and God?—Charles Scanlon.

Agitation Is Hurtful to Business

THIS was the argument used during the antislavery agitation. "The 'peculiar institution' of the South must not be disturbed, out of regard for the sanctity of commercial profits. The slave is contented, and would not change his lot; liberty is freely accorded to all who



The Devil's Want Ad!

JOHNSON the drunkard is dying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face.
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;
Wanted—a boy in his place.
Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,

Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where "drink and be merry" 's the rule.
Wanted—for every lost servant of men
Some one to live without grace;
Some one to die without pardon divine;
Have you a boy for the place?

—Southard.

Two Million Boys Wanted

ONE boy from every fifth family in our country is wanted to take the place of the "cast-offs" from the so-called respectable saloons and of those who are lost to the liquor traffic through death. One hundred thousand drunkards' graves are dug each year. The liquor men boldly say that the men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, their counters will be empty, as well as their coffers. "Nickels expended in treats to the boys now," they say, "will return in dollars to our tills after the appetite has been formed." Does not this savor strongly of the ways of cannibalism? In the Fiji Islands, where cannibalism reigned in its most revolting cruelty, mothers rubbed pieces of human flesh over the lips of babies to give them a taste for flesh.

To say that every saloon in our large cities receives at least one new boy or one young man among its patrons every year, is a small estimate, but this alone would take from the sober population of only four of our large cities—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston—25,541 boys and men, and place them among the army of drinkers; but in every city, town, and village where there are licensed saloons, the same evil work goes on. The combined cry from the drinking dens all over our land is: "Two million boys wanted!" and two million boys they will get from this generation, if our non-drinking men continue to act their part. Many of these will take their own boy or their neighbor's boy by the hand, walk up to their nearest saloon-keeper and say, "I have brought you a boy in answer to your call." That is not possible, you say; but they did it when they voted to license that saloon. Their vote was dripping with the blood of their neighbor's boy, if not with that of their own.

How many times have you cast such a vote? That many times, then, you have given somebody's sober boy over to fill the breaks made in the army of drinkers by the falling out of the old toppers. Then again, by your indifference to this question, by your inactivity in cutting short its existence, you are having a part in the manhood-destroying work of the liquor traffic.

There can be none too much attention given to the temperance question in its relation to the youth of our land. The republic safely rests only on a constituency which is clear-headed, lion-hearted, and pure-minded, and these come not from the saloon.—*Hon. Frank Plumley, Congressman from Vermont.*

The call to-day to all upright sober men and women in this sin-cursed world who have not been fighting for the abolition of the liquor traffic with all the power of their being is, "Right about, face. March!"

When Willie Whitla was kidnapped last year, the whole country was aroused. The father paid ten thousand dollars to get his boy back, and by the vigilant efforts of officials, the kidnappers were apprehended, and sentenced, the man to life imprisonment, and the woman to fifteen

years in the penitentiary. Immediately several States, for the protection of other families, enacted stringent laws against kidnapping. But hundreds of sons, as much beloved by their parents as was Willie Whitla, are kidnapped every year by the liquor traffic just for the money there is in it, and instead of being kindly treated, as was

the Whitla boy, they are ruined physically, mentally, and spiritually. They are decoyed into the nets set by the liquor kidnappers as cleverly and unwittingly as the Whitla lad; and many parents would pay far more than ten thousand dollars to get their boy back from the liquor kidnappers, and many who could not pay money would give life, and everything dear to them, if they could snatch their child away from the heartless wretches who stole him from a sober home and made him into a debased drunkard.

But though the kidnappers of these sons are known, they are not apprehended. They are even given permission by the State to perpetrate their evil work. Is it right? Has not the time fully come when an aroused nation should demand that the wholesale kidnapping of youth by the liquor traffic under the sanction of law should be stopped at once? If you think so, say so at every opportunity, by your vote, and by your voice.

A Narrow Escape

A SUDDEN drop in the temperature, which sent the mercury in the thermometer down so far that it rubbed elbows with the zero mark, caused a neighbor's dog to seek a warmer place than outdoors. He reached the base-

ment of the house, where he found the door of the furnace ash-pit standing invitingly open. It was easy to enter, and in the genial warmth of the ashes, the dog soon went to sleep. The head of the house being absent in a distant city, it fell to the lot of the housewife to attend to the furnace before retiring. Going to the cellar, she closed the door of the ash-pit preparatory to removing the burned coal from the fire-box. In a second she was startled to hear the piteous yelping of a dog, apparently emanating from the ash-pit. Hastily opening the door, she fainted as she saw her little girl's pet rush out aflame. Other members of the household were attracted by the cries of the dog, so that the flames were extinguished before serious injury was inflicted. Although suffering a great deal, careful nursing on the part of his little mistress saved him. That ash-pit has lost all its attraction for that dog.

A fit illustration of the saloon and its "fire-water." Its door stands invitingly open, and the appearance of good cheer within leads many a boy to enter. The door closes upon him; in a short time the hellish appetite is formed, and with every passion aflame he finds himself a helpless

when a saloon-keeper tells us that a six-dollar advertisement in the *Ledger* has sold for him \$1,200 worth of whisky, it makes us feel that we have been in a measure responsible for the damage done, and we promise to sin no more."

Other magazines have come to the same conclusion. The *American* says that last year \$50,000 worth of alcoholic advertisements were refused by it; the *Literary Digest* claims an annual loss of \$25,000; and *Everybody's Magazine* a loss of \$200,000 each year from their refusal of objectionable advertising matter. Similar reports might follow from nearly all the high-class magazines.

We recognize that the management of these magazines have done but their duty, yet we honor them for having courage to stand true to principle despite the financial loss.

An Alliance With the Liquor Traffic

We wonder that so many of our well-meaning citizens fail to see that they are in alliance with the liquor traffic so long as they vote for the licensing of the saloon, or vote for those who will lend their influence for the continuation of the liquor traffic. Is not one open saloon liable to do as much harm at least as a magazine adver-



captive. Only the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ can save him, but few in this condition ever accept it. Shall the saloon be allowed to remain open? must our boys enter? must everything that is sacred in their character be consumed? A determined No is coming from all over the land, and may it roll on and on till every satanic ash-pit is closed, and the safety of our boys assured.

This is not the hour in which to become faint-hearted or weak-kneed; it is the time to bring the ark of temperance into the presence of the modern dagon, Whisky, prostrating it in the dust to be ground under the feet of the army of men and women who are determined that right shall prevail, and out of the maw of the liquor traffic shall be delivered the yearly toll of over one hundred thousand of our country's manhood.

Fathers, will you not vote for the boy instead of the bar, and thus help us in training our sons for good citizenship?

J. N. QUINN.

Let Principle Rule

"A NEWSPAPER that advertises whisky is an accessory to future murders," says Will Carleton; and a paper in Murray, Kentucky, must agree with Mr. Carleton, for it recently contained the following editorial statement:—

"The *Ledger* makes no claim to sanctification, but

tisement? But if you cast your vote in Chicago, it means a vote for more than seven thousand saloons; if in New York, for more than ten thousand saloons. Dare you tell heaven's recording angel that you will share the responsibility of all the sin and

suffering caused during 1910 by these thousands of saloons—with the keepers of these plague-spots of our civilization? That's what you did when you voted for license. Is it not time for you to take the *Ledger's* pledge, promising "to sin no more"?

We wonder that our government can not see its duty to refuse to derive a revenue from the misery and vice of its citizens from that which destroys the souls and bodies of the people. The rulers of China and Madagascar long ago refused such revenue. Lincoln, McKinley, Gladstone, Lord Chesterfield, John Ruskin, and other great thinkers and statesmen have denounced such a system of government support.

Mr. Clinton N. Howard, a well-known temperance lecturer, said at the World's Temperance Congress:—

Total abstinence is not enough; we must place the emphasis to-day upon Christian voting. Salvation for the drinker was the first step, salvation for the drink seller was the second, salvation for the drink voter is the last step to the victory over the saloon.

The ax must be laid at the root of the tree. To its source, the ballot of the criminal citizen, the curse has been traced, and there the ax of separation must be laid.



Clinton N. Howard

The one great central truth evolved from a century of temperance, prayer, and endeavor is that the criminal saloon-keeper is as good as the criminal laws that license him, and no worse than the criminal citizen who makes and sustains them. This criminal partnership with the saloon at the ballot-box must be broken. Let the iron brand where it will; consent to sin is one with the sinner, whether as keeper, drinker, or voter. You can not consent that another man shall run a saloon without sharing the responsibility for that saloon.

The saloon-keeper is in business by the grace of bad men's votes, and that is intended to include all men whose ballot consents to the curse. "Thus saying thou reproachest us." I do reproach you, Christian citizens of America.

If it is wrong to make liquor, wrong to sell it, wrong to drink it, wrong to rent property to it, it is wrong to vote to continue it. When we can convert the saloon voters, we can put out of business the saloon runners.

Twenty Hours a Day for Seven Months

THE abolition and prohibition by law of the liquor traffic throughout our country may seem to be an impossibility; but nothing is impossible with God. When earnest men and women espouse a righteous cause, and work along right lines enthusiastically enough and long enough, they may be sure that the right will win, or at least that much evil will be prevented by their effort. Victory comes to the indefatigable worker, whether it be in the domain of science, art, literature, business, or religion. "Difficulties have been yielding to enthusiasm ever since the world began." Apropos of this, Dr. Strong cites the following incident:—

"For a long time Mr. Edison's phonograph refused to say the word 'specie.' It would drop the 's' and say 'pecie.' And Mr. Edison says he worked from eighteen to twenty hours a day for seven months to secure that single sound, until he succeeded. The material which he originally used for his cylinders did not prove satisfactory. He wanted something delicate enough to receive impressions not more than a millionth of an inch in depth, and yet rigid enough to carry the needle up and down exactly reproducing the vibrations which had made the impressions. Scientists told him that there was no such substance in existence. 'Then we must produce it,' was the reply. They insisted that it could not be done, because the qualities which he demanded were inconsistent and exclusive of each other. This modern Aladdin declared that it *could* be done, because it *must* be done, and he did it."

When every worker throughout our glorious land, and all who desire to see the goal of the temperance cause won, will manifest even as great interest in securing the object of their desires as did Mr. Edison in achieving the object of his search, national prohibition of the liquor traffic will not be far distant. Let us arouse to our responsibility.

"Just before Frances Willard went to Texas to speak at the last great conference she was able to attend," says the *Pilgrim Teacher*, "the Brewers' Association held a convention. A most brilliant lawyer gave an address for the liquor men, and closed by saying:—

"We are bound to win. All the drinking men are on our side; the foreigner is on our side; money is on our side, and money is power, and *don't you forget it!*"

"When, a few days later, from the same platform Frances Willard made her wonderful appeal, she borrowed the lawyer's words for her own closing:—

"We are bound to win! we have the sober men on our side; we have the women on our side; we have God on our side. God is power, and *don't you forget it!*"

"But God does not work *alone*."

No Saloons for the Slaves

I was once addressing a colored audience in Richmond, Virginia, when we were trying to carry that city dry in a local-option contest. Upon the front seat, at my right, leaning his head against the wall on his left, sat an old man, whose cheeks were wrinkled, and whose wool was white. Something in his face attracted my special attention after a little, and I stopped and addressed myself directly to him.

"Uncle," I said, "you look like a very old man."



"'Deed, boss, I 'spect I is," he answered. "You must

"Which of these boys are you going to give To ruin and death, that saloons may live? It seems to me some men forget How the Saviour, Christ, in his cradle lay; And the children are his, by right, alway."

have been a slave before the war?" I continued; and promptly he made answer:—

"Yes, suh, I was."

"Well, now, uncle," I asked, "when you were a slave, how much were you worth?" The question puzzled him, as I saw at once. "I don't mean," was my explanation, "how much property or money did you have, but how much did they sell you for?" He understood this, and he was glad to remember.

"I sold as high as two thousand dollars," he said quickly, and with some pride.

"Indeed! then you must have been what they called a 'pretty lively nigger' in those days." He took no offense at this designation; he knew what it once meant.

"Yes, boss," he responded, "I was."

"Well, now, uncle," I went on, "when you were a slave and sold for two thousand dollars, they didn't have any saloons for you, did they? They had prohibition of the saloon business for you then, sure, did they not?"

"'Deed, boss, that's a fact, suah enough!" he answered, earnestly.



The American Issue

"But not a friend of mine."

How many good Northern people know that, under the old slave régime, it was a penal offense for any man to sell or give liquor to the colored servant of another man? He knew it—this old uncle to whom I was addressing myself.

"Why," I asked him, "did they prohibit the saloon for you then? Was it because you were worth more to another man sober than drunk?" His face lighted up and grew suddenly younger; his old eyes gleamed.

"Suah's you lib, suh, dat's a fact!" he said, strongly.

"Well, now, uncle," said I, "one more question. If there ever was a time when you were worth more to another man sober than drunk, wouldn't you always be worth more to yourself sober than drunk?"

I shall never forget the look on that old man's face as he heard this question. An absolutely new idea had entered his old brain. It was like a page of revelations. And I shall never forget the answer he shot back at me, as he straightened his arm out toward where I stood, and pointed at me his bony index finger.

"Deed, boss," he declared, and his words rang out clear and sharp through the silence, "dat's a line shot, boss, suah's you lib!"

Then the slave owner thought enough of his investment in the human form, of his cash capital in man, to make it a crime for anybody to sell or give liquor to his slave, both before and after the age of twenty-one. Now the white father, with like investment in flesh and blood, with equal money at stake and more humanity, plus all the love a father ought to feel for his offspring, will uphold a policy of license which means peril to the boy before he can reach majority, and ruin for him farther on, with final utter loss of the capital invested and involved, not to speak of that other and greater value at stake—his soul.—*Alphonso A. Hopkins, in "Profit and Loss in Man."*

"No fewer than two million African savages go forth to die every year, as a result of the liquor traffic."

Fermented Wine at the Sacrament

I HAD ten children, and not one of them had ever tasted intoxicating drink, and I trembled at the thought that their first taste should be from my hand and as a memorial of the Saviour's dying love.

In the midst of my perplexity a mother came to me, whose boy was at a public school. Drink had been a great curse to the family, and the mother's first thought was to shield her boy from the family curse, and she trained him to hate drink. He wrote home, saying that there had been a revival in the school, and that he and others of the pupils had found the Saviour, and that it was proposed that all who had been converted should receive the Lord's supper together. He said, "I should like to do this, but I am told that intoxicating wine is used, and I have promised you that I will not touch it. Tell me, mother, what I must do."

This led me to see clearly that it could not be according to the mind of Christ that so many thousands of young people and hundreds of those who had been rescued from drunkenness should be led into temptation. We are not to put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in our brother's way. We are not to please ourselves.

I mentioned the matter to the stewards, and they felt as I did. We have used the sweet "fruit of the vine" ever since. The custom is steadily spreading in all the churches, and must spread wherever intelligent Christian principle is supreme.—*Rev. Charles Garrett.*

Saved One Hundred Dollars

A YOUNG man well started on the downward path was finally persuaded by his mother to sign the temperance pledge. She promised to give him fifty dollars at the end of six months if he had remained true to his pledge. This would require self-denial and earnest effort on her part. And the young man knew this; so he conceived the generous idea of having a present ready for his mother at the end of the six months. He decided to secure this by placing in a savings-box each day a sum equal to what his liquor and tobacco had been costing



Filling the ranks—bring your boy along

him. At the end of the six months the mother presented her gift, and then the young man asked her to remain standing while he presented her one. He then took from his pocket a spool upon which he had rolled new dollar bills, pinned together end to end. Giving his mother the end of the last one, he kept turning the spool until she had more than one hundred dollar bills, all of which he had saved by his abstinence from tobacco and liquor during the six months. He concluded it paid to be a total abstainer.

The Cure-PROHIBITION

"Not because drunkenness is a sin, but because it endangers the community, does the state take cognizance of it."



Not even by a unanimous popular vote can that which is morally wrong be made legally right. — Edmund Burke.

The Coming Man

THE coming man will bravely stand
Without the wine-glass in his hand;
A sun-crowned chieftain of the land;
A landmark, like the lofty pine
Which lifts on high its plumes of fir,
Whose root no fickle winds can stir;
He, like an upright worshiper,
Will never stoop to taste of wine.

Strong of body, strong of soul,
Firm of purpose to control,
He will spurn the tempting bowl
In the shadow of the vine.
No poisoned blood flows through his veins,
No taint of wine in his clear brain.
No trembling hand will hold the reins,
When he who rules shall drink no wine.

— Selected.

"The Public Welfare Is the Supreme Law"

UPON the walls of ancient Rome the foregoing title was inscribed in Latin, showing that the early Romans recognized the true object of civil government to be to secure to the people their best well-being, their natural rights.

Blackstone defines municipal law to be "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of the state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." Anything that precludes a man from enjoying his natural rights, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is wrong, and should be prohibited by the supreme power of the state. In accordance with this idea, African slavery, prize-fighting, lotteries, and other evils have been declared illegal. They are wrong, working only evil to all participants, and can not be sanctioned by law, yet the most colossal of all evils, the greatest curse of the civilized world,—the liquor traffic,—is afforded the protection of law in every State of our Union, except nine. But according to Dr. E. S. Chapman, in his famous "Stainless Flag" address, "the keen-edged sword of justice with which King Alcohol's associates were slain is unsheathed, and is in readiness to execute righteous judgment upon this greatest of all earthly foes. That sword will swiftly fall when, under favorable conditions and in proper form, the cause of humanity versus this ruinous traffic is brought before our national Supreme Court for trial and decision. The inherent iniquity of the liquor traffic makes certain its condemnation and sentence to death by that judicial body.

"For individuals our Supreme Court has decided that liquor selling is not a privilege of an American citizen; for governments it must, therefore, decide that *civil authority can not confer that privilege*. If that traffic is so iniquitous that it can not be classed with the rights of citizenship, it is too iniquitous to be recognized or

permitted by any civil government in the Union. *If the individual can not claim it as a right, local government can not confer it as a right*. If common law shuts it out from the inalienable rights of citizenship, statutory law can not admit it to such rights."



"My papa says you ought not to vote for the saloon. It makes it easy for boys to become drunkards. He says one sensible temperance boy is worth more to the nation than all of the saloons."

The Saloon Grub-Ax

AN aged Tennessee farmer fenced in a garden to provide vegetables for his household. A large stump stood in the center of the enclosure. For years this stump was a source of annoyance in tilling the garden. The plow would hang in its roots, foul weeds would grow about it, and nothing useful would flourish near it. The old farmer stood the annoyance for years. At last, irritated by the nuisance, he called his boys to bring their grub-axes and dig around the stump. He then threw a log chain about it, hitched a team of splendid mules to it—the roots cracked, the dirt flew, and the old stump was pulled out by the roots and thrown from the garden. The ground was leveled, and the spot brought forth abundantly the useful products for the food of the family. When the farmer saw his first crop growing where the old stump had stood, he said: "How foolish that I did not do that long years before."

There stands in the garden of our American civilization an old stump called the liquor traffic. Every plow of progress catches in its vicious roots. Nothing beautiful or useful grows near it. It's a pest only, and a pest always. We are digging around that old stump, and the day is not far distant when we shall throw around it the great chain whose links are made with the American ballot, and with the team of wholesale civic power we'll pull it from its place and toss it from our civilization, and in its place we'll plant useful and helpful institutions; and we shall be surprised that we delayed so long this glorious work.—George R. Stuart.

The Demand of the Times

MATILDA ERICKSON

THE hand that annihilates the liquor traffic in America, will in one year save enough money to construct the Panama Canal; to rebuild San Francisco; to send the usual yearly remittance to foreign missions; to pay the nation's annual bill for the education of her youth, including salaries, erection of new buildings, and interest on indebtedness; and then, after sending Paris five hundred million dollars to cover the damages wrought by the recent flood, it will still have ninety-nine million dollars left to invest. All this the hand that annihilates the liquor traffic can do — all this, and much more!

That hand will bring joy to the drunkard's home, and fill the hungry mouths of his crying children. It will build a neat cottage where his hovel stands, and clothe the backs that have been stripped by the traffic. It will wipe away the tears of thousands of wives, mothers, and sweethearts. It will dry up the torrent which every year dashes more than one hundred thousand men into drunkards' graves. It will close up nearly one half of our insane asylums and save thirty thousand people from going there each year. It will vacate two thirds of our jails, and leave the divorce courts with a dull business. It will protect the lives of three fourths of the people who are murdered every year in the United States. It will close the door of temptation to eighty-six per cent of all the men who become criminals. It will build a bulwark about the sixty thousand girls whom the infamous business craves for its annual sustenance. It will pave a safe pathway before the thoughtless feet of the one hundred thousand boys that are each year ensnared by the liquor traffic. It will lead two hundred fifty thousand saloon-keepers into better business. It will send to the regions beyond the glad news that no more shall the soul-destroying flood of intoxicating liquors flow into heathen lands to drown the noble efforts of Christian workers. All this the hand that annihilates the liquor traffic will do — all this and much more!

"We hang the murderer which the traffic has manufactured; we incarcerate the thief whose honesty it has destroyed." We condemn the result, and shall we continue to legalize the cause? Forget not Rome! Her foundations were laid upon principles hostile to the use of intoxicating liquors, but she forsook those principles, and with the reversal of her attitude came the collapse of that great nation. Rome went down to ruin. Either America must annihilate the liquor traffic, or the liquor traffic will annihilate America. We can not expect the

traffic to subsist on less in the future than it has in the past. It will mean two billion dollars a year — two billion dollars dripping with the blood of our fellow men and the tears of heart-broken wives and starving children. Shall we suffer its existence?

How long shall we trample upon common sense, and turn a deaf ear to experience and reason? Day and night there comes from the sufferers in the great pit of intemperance the agonizing cry, "How long, how long will ye 'justify the wicked for reward'?" Young men, young women, the needs of humanity are calling to you. A foe worse than the Saracens, who caused all Europe to rush to arms, is abroad in the land. Like an unquenchable fire it sweeps over our fair land, leaving everywhere its black trail of sorrow, suffering, and death. That foe sent the royal family of Orleans into exile, and it has conquered

such intellectual giants as Webster, Pitt, Burns, and Poe. It has gripped men like John G. Woolley, that brilliant Minnesota lawyer whose profession easily commanded twenty-five thousand dollars a year — such men it has thrust from the pinnacle of fame into the gutter of the street. Ninety-six per cent of all the young people it touches, are hurled down the precipice of ruin, and yet fifty per cent of the men in the saloons to-day are minors, who, blind to their danger, are hurrying on to destruction. They must be warned.

Make temperance a "living issue." Build a barrier between the unpolluted lips and the intoxicating cup. Cast out the life-line to the fallen. A personal word, a tract, a pledge, may anchor a friend in the hour of temptation.

When Francis Murphy, a poor heart-broken drunkard, lay in his dismal cell, a Christian worker visited him. From that hour he determined to be a man, and he went forth from prison to become one of our greatest temperance workers. A friendly word, and a comrade's hand upon the shoulder of John B. Gough enabled him to gain the victory in his terrible struggle with the temptation to drink. The temperance pledge that young Lincoln had signed kept him while he drifted down the Mississippi River on a whisky boat. Only a word and a Bible text over the phone, but that message brought a young man to his senses and saved him from a drunkard's doom. Everywhere let the principles of true temperance be presented. Call for signers to the pledge. Create an interest in temperance, for local sentiment is the only sure foundation of any social or moral reform. "The man," said Lincoln, "who molds public sentiment is greater than he that enacts laws or enforces statutes. For



"I signed the temperance pledge when a boy, and I owe more of my success in life to that one act than to any other thing," said Lincoln.



"I took my first glass when eighteen years of age. I owe all my disgrace and suffering to that one act. My days are to end in the poorhouse."



"Which man's example shall I follow? My decision may be influenced much by your vote."

without an enlightened public opinion, laws will never be enacted, nor will they be enforced." Then work on. Work on until the limp arm of justice shall regain her strength, and the tyrant of intemperance be thrust from the land. Until then work on. Work on with an undying love for humanity and an unmoved confidence in a God that fights the battles of justice and mercy.

*"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.
God give us men!"*

True Patriotism

[Part of an address delivered at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Prohibition party, by W. G. Calderwood, secretary of the Prohibition National Executive Committee.—EDITOR.]

IN the days known as the days of chivalry, man proved his love alone by deeds of blood and death. He showed himself unworthy who approached his lady's shrine unstained by gore of battle or of brawl. But social customs have so changed that one may be a lover, true and brave, who in the quiet and unblazoned round of life shows forth a tender thought and care for his beloved.



W. G. Calderwood

And it was not long ago that peace and peaceful callings were held to give no place for patriotic love. He who in the quiet and unblazoned round of civil life gave thought and care and comfort for the public weal, and who could truly say:—

*"I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,"*

was still held wanting of a patriot's love unless he died, or gave himself to die, in grim and gruesome shock of battle. But—

*"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."*

To love one's country is to regard with veneration and affection the righteous policies of government that alone can render it worthy of love.

Love is reputed to be blind. But I am bold to suggest that all real love is intelligent. Lust, infatuation, impulse, are blind. Patriotism is love—deep, lasting, lofty, true.

The Need of the Nation

We have enough of that blind love that is ready to die for the flag because it is red, white, and blue, and not enough of that devotion that is willing to live to make the flag all that our aspirations and our opportunities demand that we should make it.

The man who shoots off cannon-crackers and yells himself hoarse on the Fourth of July in testimony of his love for the Declaration of Independence, and then, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, at the hustings, sells the principles of that sacred document to hell to pay his taxes, is—no patriot!

But this nation is fetid with the decay of civic and municipal corruption for the want of the patriot, who, uniformless, flagless, comradeless, friendless, without a cheer or a whiff of victory, in the humdrum of every-day duty, and in the whirl of political battle, dares alone and lonely to fix his eyes on duty and keep within hailing distance of his own conscience. Our pulpits and pews, our stores and our stalls, are full of men who would heroically die that the drink traffic should be abolished, but who shirk and shrink from performing the glamorless drudgery of duties that would kill the traffic without costing them a drop of blood. Men by the million would be heroes and

rush into the jaws of death for their country while all the world looked on agape. The nation's need is men who, unnoticed and unknown, will do their duty as they see it. The market is glutted with heroes, but patriots are—patriots. Most people are brave enough to die for their flag with a crowd. Patriots are far braver; they dare live for their flag, and be lonesome.

Sentiment is now for the total and final banishment of all intoxicating drinks. The people wish the traffic dead. Our need is not more wish-bone. I am not clear that we so much need back-bone. We need femur and phalanges—the working elements of our anatomy—far more. Patriotism is not that love of country that sits in dreaming adoration. It is love with red blood in its veins, and with a heart that dares and hands that do. Love, like faith, without works is dead—not sick, not dying, *dead*—no case for the doctor—but for the undertaker.

But let not the Prohibitionist now rest on the laurels of his finished tasks. He has agitated. He has educated. He has aroused. He has theorized.

*"But now the field is not far off
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words."*

We must score. We must win.

Personal Liberty

(Concluded from page 17)

inebriate, so that the persons and liberty of others may be safeguarded, is therefore justified."

The principle stated by Dr. Branthwaite must control our action in America, and banish the saloon, despite the false cry of "personal liberty," or we must all as American citizens become bond-servants to this liquor traffic. Mr. George R. Stuart sounds a warning note in the following paragraph:—

"A servant brought to Cleopatra, Egypt's beautiful queen, a venomous serpent coiled in a basket of flowers. The deadly asp lifted its head from its roseate bed, and planted its fangs in Cleopatra's bosom, and Egypt's queen died. The liquor dealers have brought the serpent of the still into the gilded saloon, and put it in the lap of American liberty; and as surely as the asp killed Egypt's queen, just so surely will the saloon, if left undisturbed, destroy American liberty."

No Flag of Truce

But the saloon, and not American liberty, must be destroyed. The liquor traffic must be driven from its place of power. "The conflict is upon us; it is a life-or-death struggle. We will accept no compromise; we will recognize no flag of truce. O, for an uprising indignation, for an aroused American conscience, for a patriotic devotion to home and country, that shall inspire the men of America to say to this blasphemer of God, this champion liar of the ages, this brutal assassin of American liberty, 'Thus far thou hast come, thou shalt go no further.' There are signs of such an uprising—prohibition is marching on to win the day. The nation's manhood is enlisting for the battle, the nation's heart is beginning to throb to its music."

But the recent victories of the liquor traffic in some parts of our country show that the enemy is not asleep; that he will not die without making a terrible struggle, so the temperance forces must be wider awake than ever. Our men, means, and energy must be multiplied. And when a stronghold has once been gained for the temperance cause, it must be held forever. All this is possible, and will not militate against any man's true liberty.

Indecision

*NAY, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.*

—George Eliot.

Constitutional Prohibition

WHAT is the organic part of the state?—It is that which deals with the people. What part is that?—The constitution. The organic part of our daily life as affected by the state comes with the exercise of local self-government within the States. Every State in the Union has recognized from its entrance into the Union,



The grass grew in front of this jail in less than a year after the prohibition law took effect.

that there is a legitimate part of its laws that ought to be in the hands of the people. The constitution is the people's law. Therefore, you can put this down as one deduction from our investigation, that the only true place for the organic treatment of this great drink evil by the state is in the constitution, or the organic law, of the

state; that is, put the treatment into the hands of the people themselves. The people's representatives in their legislatures or town councils constantly change, but the people themselves do not constantly change. If you depend upon statutory prohibition, you have a fluctuating prohibition. The next legislature may repeal what the former legislature enacted, and it is merely a transient and superficial treatment.

That brings us to the conclusion that organic treatment requires the placing of prohibition in the constitution of the State. That is the great objective of which we must not lose sight.—*Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson.*

Prohibition and Not High License

Objections to the License System

THE liquor traffic destroys the bodies and souls of the people. The government is ordained of God to protect all its citizens; so it *can not give permission* to some to destroy others for their own personal gain.

License really protects the liquor dealer, conserving his interests. The brewer and distiller do not object to license. License "corrupts the source of authority, the people. It blunts the public conscience," and "sadly influences public opinion as to glaring evils," making it seem right in time to permit wrong for the sake of financial gain.

The curse of the liquor traffic is in the thing sold. License does not prevent the selling, therefore it is inadequate.

License increases taxes by increasing the pauper and police expenses of a town.

License forces the liquor dealer to be on the aggressive; to hunt new patrons.

License does not drive out the low dives. The higher liquor dealers need these low saloons to take their refuse.

Advantages of Prohibition

Prohibition is right in principle. Wrong can not be protected by law. It must be prohibited.

Prohibition is the remedy used to abate all other evils; and why should the liquor traffic, the greatest of evils, be made an exception?

Prohibition is more effective than license, as the energetic opposition of the liquor traffic shows.

Prohibition has lessened taxes and increased business wherever tried.

The "Other Man"

If every man would do the things the "other man" should do, Attack the hoodlum, catch the thief, and watch the rascal crew, We'd have a perfect city, and a perfect country, too, A sober land, an honest land, where men are good and true; There'd be no more misgovernment nor graft nor mobs to rue, If every man would do the things the "other man" should do. If every man would think himself to be the "other man," Become his own reformer on a self-respecting plan, And calmly, boldly, set himself to do the thing he can, Nor wait to find some other one to push into the van, The world's entire iniquity we'd put beneath the ban, If every man would think himself to be the "other man."

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Local Option Is Too Optional

UNDER a local option law, the voters have the privilege of voting the saloon in, as well as out. That was exactly the doctrine of Stephen A. Douglas in reference to slavery in the Territories of the United States, "squatter sovereignty,"—let those who reside in these new Territories decide whether slavery shall be established there or not. Abraham Lincoln objected. He said slavery is either right or wrong. If it is wrong, no man nor any set of men have any right to establish it anywhere. A popular vote does not make slavery right. A popular vote does not make the liquor traffic right. Would you permit the voters of the seventh ward to decide by a popular vote whether they will obey the law against murder?

Where a wrong is already established,—as slavery was in some States, and the saloon in many places,—the only moral purpose for which a popular vote can be used is to vote it out. Where the territory is not already cursed by any such evil, would you settle the moral right of the question, and throw open the possibilities of establishing that evil thing in that territory by a popular vote? Would a popular vote in favor of the evil thing make it right? Would it be good policy to allow an evil thus to be established in new territory by simply a majority of the voters in that particular locality? If it is wrong, no popular majority can ever make it right. And if the principle of local option only shall be allowed to obtain, then the wrong, once voted in, may be established there forever.



"Why not get a prohibition umbrella?"

We hail local option when it puts the saloon out of wet territory; but we mourn when it puts the saloon into dry territory. If the principle furnishes the opportunity to do the one, it also furnishes the opportunity to do the other.—*D. R. Sheen.*

Some Comparisons

THERE were only three murders in the State of Maine last year, but in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, only the eighteenth city in point of size in the United States, according to the last census, there were forty-seven.

One never heard of a person getting a position of any kind because he drank; but there are numerous instances where men have secured good paying positions because they were total abstainers.

Boston pays twenty-nine cents per capita to support its jails; prohibition Maine pays two cents per capita.

"Our nearest saloon is thirty miles away," says W. A. Crow, the leading boot and shoe dealer of Waxahachie, Texas. "Our gross sales show an increase of forty per cent over the old days of the saloon, while our cash sales and collections are forty per cent larger, some debts formerly considered hopeless having been paid."

Just nine months after the prohibition law went into effect, a citizen of Macon, Georgia, took a business census of the city. He found that the business houses that had

Mr. Stephenson, one of the leading business men of Charleston, West Virginia, says that his city has a population of 30,000; and since the city went dry, the police court has almost gone into bankruptcy; the police force has been reduced almost one half, because there is nothing for them to do.

In the two years which ended with the thirty-first day of December, 1908, the last day of the license régime in the State of Alabama, thirty-one white women in that State were outraged by Negroes, almost without an exception by drunken Negroes. And in the eleven months under prohibition there have been in all Alabama just two cases of outrage.

"An army officer in charge of one of the largest recruiting stations of the United States government, who has observed thousands of young men coming from all parts of the country for various tests and the physical examination required, says: 'I can almost always tell the lads whose habits are temperate by looking at them. They carry themselves better; their minds are more orderly;



"Our papas are all temperance men, and we are as happy as happy can be."

been occupied by saloons and breweries were now filled with traders and prosperous businesses. Contrary to the prophecies of the liquor element before the prohibition law went into effect, all the merchants were selling more goods, and better goods, and their cash business was better.

Richmond, Kentucky, had during its last year of license (1907), 746 arrests; and during its first year of prohibition only 153. During twelve county-court days of 1906 there were 129 arrests for drunkenness. During the same number of court days in 1908 there were only nine arrests.

Kansas, with one fifth the population of New York, has only one tenth as many insane inhabitants as the Empire State.

Cook County, Illinois, alone has more insane patients than the total population of all the charitable, correctional, and penal institutions of the State of Kansas. Twenty-one counties of the State sent no convicts to the penitentiary last year; sixteen counties did not have a single person sentenced to any penal or correctional institution. In twenty-eight counties the poor-farms are without inmates, and in eighty-five counties out of the one hundred five counties in the State, there are no insane patients. Thirty-five county jails in Kansas are empty, thirty-seven counties have no criminal cases, forty-four counties have no paupers. Kansas has had a prohibition law for twenty-eight years.

Rockford, Illinois, used to spend \$800,000 a year in saloons to get \$56,000 in license money. It now puts the \$800,000 in the bank. The people paid on every \$500 in 1907 a tax rate of \$6.32; but in 1908, after the town went dry, the tax rate was only \$5.39.

their bodies are under more complete control. As a rule they are more observant and obedient than the occasional drinkers; and it goes without saying that they make better soldiers. We don't need men in the army who have to bolster themselves up on Dutch courage."

An Ex-Senator's Counsel to the Liquor Men

THE year 1910 had but fairly started on its record when the National Liquor League convened at Washington, D. C., in its seventieth annual convention. At the first meeting President McDonough, Secretary Joseph Debor, and former Senator John M. Thurston advised that a strong organization be perfected and an educational campaign started to combat the present antiliquor sentiment.

"Mr. Thurston urged the liquor men to stand together and organize to meet their critics on equal ground, not as outcasts and lawbreakers, but as men engaged in a legitimate business, recognized by law and heavily taxed to support the government."

As the little fellow who tried to increase his weight on the scales by swelling himself out to the largest possible dimensions found his effort unsuccessful, so the liquor men, however heroic their endeavor, must inevitably meet with failure in any effort they may make to carry out the advice of the ex-senator; for the liquor dealers are outcasts and lawbreakers; they are not engaged in a legitimate business, and therefore all the organizing, educating, and campaigning they can institute will not increase their weight a grain. They will still be outcasts, lawbreakers, thieves, robbers, and murderers.

The Football Doctors

THE fatalities of the last football season were so numerous that the papers all over the country are advocating a revision of the rules of the game, so that it will be less dangerous to participants. *Harper's Weekly* recently contained the following paragraphs:—

"Dr. Hadley, Dr. Lowell, Dr. Wilson, don't you think football, as it was played this year, is a little rough? There had been twenty-seven deaths up to the twenty-first of November, gentlemen, and a multitude of injuries, and the dying was not all done at that time. Many of the deaths had come from injuries received in previous years. Many injuries received this year will kill in a little time.

"You could stop this kind of football if you chose, you three men. The mothers can't, poor souls! The fathers can't do much. But you, if you thought it wise and were agreed, could stop the kind of football that has been played this year, and that has trebled the death-rate. You could either throw out the game entirely, as Dr. Butler did at Columbia, or you could make Walter Camp and the other rules experts, give over a part of their solicitude to save the game, and exercise their wits a little to save the boys.

"You could do it if you chose. You have the power—the moral power, if no other; and having the moral power, it is for you to consider in how far you also have the moral responsibility."

Twenty-seven deaths are just twenty-seven too many to be needlessly sacrificed. It is well that some means be immediately devised for preventing a repetition of this needless loss of life; but what about the one hundred thousand men who filled drunkards' graves last year? What about the thousands of helpless women and children who were pitilessly thrown into the grave by the rapacious greed of the liquor traffic?

Are the lives of these twenty-seven football players of more value than these thousands of others who were unwillingly sacrificed by the liquor traffic?

Why do not the presidents of all our colleges and universities, why do not the editors of all our papers and magazines, why do not all our ministers, business men, teachers, and workmen,—all who love life,—arouse to the evil of the liquor traffic, and demand everywhere its immediate abolition? It can not be reformed. It must be prohibited.

Temperance Posters

THE temperance reform depends upon an enlightened public sentiment for victory.

There are thousands of persons who never read a temperance paper or attend a temperance meeting, who need to be enlightened as to the nature and effect of alcoholic liquors upon the human system, and need to know the economic facts relative to the traffic.

How to reach them is the vital question. As we look about us, we see on every hand the glaring advertisements of brewers and distillers. These appeal to the eye, and suggest to hundreds the opportunity to indulge.

The temperance poster will aid materially in correcting the wrong education of the liquor bill-board.

In 1903 the director of public health in Paris, France, with a committee of scientifically informed men, produced the first poster informing the public on the dangers of

alcoholism to the individual family and to the nation in various parts of the city, and tens of thousands of people read them. The following is a translation of this poster in its essential statements:—

ALCOHOLISM AND PHYSICAL DEGENERACY

"Alcoholism is the chronic poisoning which results from the habitual use of alcohol, even when the latter would not produce drunkenness."

It is an error to say that alcohol is necessary to workmen who engage in fatiguing labor; that it gives heart to



"If our papas were temperance men, we could have better times and not go hungry and cold most of the time."

work, or that it repairs strength. The artificial excitation which it produces gives place very quickly to nervous depression and feebleness.

The habit of drinking entails disaffection from the family, forgetfulness of all duties to society, distaste for work, misery, theft, and crime. It leads at least to the hospital, for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies,—paralysis, lunacy, disease of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker. The unhygienic faults of parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first few months, they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or, worse still, they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis, or phthisis.

For the health of the individual, for the existence of the family, for the future of the nation, alcohol is one of the most terrible scourges.

In addition to this general poster, another, printed on bright orange-colored paper and consisting of scientific declarations on the question, with the names of their authors, was hung by the side of the former.

In Great Britain more than one hundred boroughs and municipalities have published their own posters, often signed by the health officer or the mayor, and frequently by both. In Illinois both scientific and economic posters have been used in many countries with telling effect. Australia and the United States, in a limited degree, have followed the example of England and France. The poster is an impressive way to popularize science and bring important facts to the attention of indifferent and busy people. We earnestly commend it as a method worthy of adoption wherever possible.

Another little device introduced by Rev. Tell, of England, is a little "passover" signal put on the front door of the houses. It is a six-pointed star in blue and red on an aluminum plate, to show that the inmates are total abstainers and desire to be "passed over" by the brewer or the vender of alcoholic drinks.

MARIE C. BREHM,

Lecturer on Scientific Temperance of the General Assembly, Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

"A HISTORIAN a century ago wrote that 'the eyes were the first thing conquered in battle.' So in life. What we see influences our lives more than what we hear. The young who have been protected from the sight of the degradation, debauchery, and crime caused by the saloon, are bound to be purer and stronger than those who have been contaminated with and hardened by it."



Why Sign the Pledge

PLEDGE-SIGNING has been the means of reclaiming enough men from the drunkard's life to give it a place on the honor roll. And it has also kept enough from ever yielding to the evils of the wine cup to give it favor with all right-thinking people. The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, in a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World*, asks, "Why should one sign a total-abstinence pledge?" and then gives the following pertinent answer to the question:—

Because it marks the crossing of the line into the total-abstinence brotherhood.

Because it strengthens one in the hours of temptation.

Because it encourages others to abstain from intoxicating liquor.

A pledge is merely the written evidence of an obligation already taken. A man can hardly call himself a total abstainer who has never inwardly resolved not to drink. It is the decision that he makes which fixes his status; and, when he has made that decision, there is no reason why he should object to its being known, unless he is either ashamed of it or afraid that he can not keep it.

There is nothing humiliating about taking a pledge. Every man who becomes a member of a fraternity or secret society of any kind binds himself by a solemn obligation; every person who becomes a naturalized citizen takes the oath of allegiance; every official is sworn into office by subscribing to a pledge to support the constitution, obey the laws, and perform the duties pertaining to his office. The church-member takes upon himself certain obligations as a condition precedent to membership, and marriage is solemnized by an exchange of pledges.

The husband and wife do not regard it as a sign of weakness to enter the holy estate of wedlock by promising fidelity to each other in the presence of witnesses. The man who verbally declares that he will pay a debt,



W. J. Bryan

but refuses to put the promise into writing, is not likely to be pointed out as an example of honesty; the official who says that he intends to perform the duties of his office, but does not want to make the promise a matter of record, excites suspicion.

Why should the man who intends to abstain from intoxicating liquor refuse to let it be known?

In hours of temptation it is a source of strength to one to feel that his word is out, and that others expect him to live up to it. The expectation of friends is in itself a factor to be considered, and then the pledge of total abstinence helps to determine the circle of acquaintances.

The total abstainer makes friends among total abstainers, and his friends constitute an environment that is helpful, while one who objects to the pledge is more apt to mingle with those who are not restrained by a pledge; and this environment in turn may lead one into moderate drinking, and from moderate drinking into the excessive use of liquor.

But there is another reason for signing the pledge, which must have great weight with those who recognize that a man is responsible for the influence which he exerts, as well as for his conduct. This sense of responsibility can not be enforced by law, and it can not be cultivated except through an appeal to the conscience.

It is not sufficient for a man to say that he can drink in moderation and without harm to himself. This might be entirely true in his particular case, although many overestimate their capacity to drink in moderation, and they often underestimate the harm done to themselves. There is a moral question, which is much larger; namely, Can a man afford to indulge the appetite for drink, even when he can do so without harm to himself, if by so doing he leads weaker men to ruin? And, if one is resolved not to drink, the signing of the pledge is an open acknowledgment of the fact, informs a larger number of people, and extends the influence of the example.

The Boy He Was Looking For

THERE'S a boy in the electrical shops that I want to recommend to your attention," said the superintendent of the Eureka Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked that shrewd old gentleman.

"He has an inventive turn of mind, and has already made several suggestions which have saved us considerable money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen. But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—that little fellow that just threw that handspring. He's as interesting a combination of childhood and manhood as I ever saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disentangled himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind a corner of the building, peering keenly toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mold, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling-mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was firmly poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery red that his shopmates called him the "Volcano."

The boy let him pass the corner, and then with an agile spring bounded toward him and flung his arms around his neck.

"You little imp!" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders, and start down the street on a run, the boy's musical laugh ringing out on the air and the crowd cheering.

"That's his crony—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent.

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"The way they became friends is an interesting story. This little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. When his parents died, two years ago, he struck out for himself, and came to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers, then got into the messenger service, and finally landed here. He was good-natured and clever, making many friends, but exciting some hostility by his indomitable teetotalism. While he was not aggressive about his temperance ideas, it became perfectly evident that he disapproved of his shopmates' habits of 'rushing the growler.' They resented this, of course, ridiculing, abusing, and tempting him cruelly. Nothing could move him, however. Eight or ten of the biggest and roughest boys in the shop finally devised a scheme to make him drink a glass of rum.

Somehow they got him inside the saloon door, and failing to make him obey them voluntarily, threatened him. 'We'll pour it down your throat!' they said. 'You will?' he cried, with flashing eyes. 'We'll see! My father died a drunkard, and I promised my mother that I'd never drink a drop! Now—make me break that

promise if you can!' With these words still on his lips, the little shaver flung off his coat and set his back against the wall.

"In a jiffy the crowd was on him, and he went down, but fighting like a wild-cat. Several of them held his hands and feet; others pried his mouth open, and one was just going to pour the whisky into it when this same big Irishman sprang from his chair, and seizing them one after another, flung them across the room almost as if they had been five-pound bags of salt. When he came to the little Atherton at the bottom of the pile, he picked him up, set him on the bar, slapped him on the back, and said to him: 'You little spalpeen, you make me want to sign the pledge!'

"Then do it," said Atherton.

"But I can't keep it."

"You can, with the help of God," the boy replied.

"There was something about the honest look in his eyes and the clear ring in his voice that made the giant tremble. He was the best puddler in the city, earning eight or ten dollars a day, but spending it all in weekly drunks, and going home to abuse one of the sweetest and most patient little women in the world.

"For a moment McGinnis looked him blankly in the face while the crowd of boys picked themselves up and stood watching from a safe distance.

"My Dennis would have been just about your size," said the half-drunken puddler, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry! Don't cry!" exclaimed Alfred, putting both hands on his shoulders in an agony of sympathy, for it hurt him to see the giant weeping.

"Come home with me, lad," the Irishman replied, and lifting him down from the bar, led him out-of-doors. No one knows just what happened, but it looks as if the McGinnises had adopted the boy, for he stayed in the house, and the 'Volcano' has never drunk another drop."

"Send the fellow to me at seven to-morrow morning. I've been looking for him for years," said the president, when the superintendent had finished his story.—Charles Frederick

Goss, in the National Advocate.

If the \$2,000,000,000 spent in this country last year for liquor were converted into greenbacks and placed end to end, the line would girdle the globe nearly nine times. It would require twenty-two men with scoop-shovels to throw away money as fast as we waste it for liquor.



"We three belong to the cold water band."



"I'm hunting for a temperance speech."

The Occasional Drink

[The following is an excerpt from an article written by Hon. J. Frank Hanley, ex-governor of Indiana, for the *Christian Endeavor World*.—EDITOR.]

NO man ever began the occasional use of alcohol as a beverage with the fixed purpose of becoming a drunkard, and yet we count drunkards by multiplied thousands.

The beginner is always confident of his own self-control. An occasional drink can do no harm. He can take it or let it alone. Its use will never become a habit with



him. He can do as he wills. Therefore there is no danger. The will is too inconstant and too human to be safely put to such a test. When it fails, the consequences are too far-reaching and too disastrous to be hazarded on so uncertain a premise.

Just here is the peril. The beginner

does not know himself. His system, through heredity or other causes of which he has taken no account, may utterly lack the power to resist the evil effects after he has once imbibed. In certain temperaments and in nervously constituted persons even the smallest indulgence may arouse inclinations and weaken the inhibitory powers of indifference and of will, until ruin follows, swift and sure. Occasional indulgence becomes frequent. The will is powerless to oppose, and the victim unable to abstain even from the grossest excess. But, even though a particular individual could trust his own will power with absolute reliance, every young man ought still to be a total abstainer. No man lives unto himself alone. Whether he wills it so or not, he is one of the units of society. Whatever he does affects others. He may not measure the consequences of his acts solely by their effect upon his own personal life. The power of suggestion is tremendous. Example tells. In some degree every man is his brother's keeper. He himself may escape occasional indulgence without ruin, but the acquaintance or the friend who follows his example may not. Every non-abstainer, through the force of example, takes on his soul the risk of another's blood. The total abstainer never.

THE FATAL GLASS

THERE'S DANGER IN THE GLASS! BEWARE lest it enslaves. They who have drained it find, alas! too often, early graves. It sparkles to allure, with its rich, ruby light; there is no antidote or cure, only its course to fight. It changes men to brutes; makes women bow their head; fills homes with anguish, want, disputes, and takes from children bread. Then dash the glass away, and from the serpent flee; drink pure cold water

day
by
day,
and
walk

GOD'S FOOTSTOOL FREE.

— Lilla N. Cushman.

Some friends rescued one man from the gutter, and he kept sober for a year. Then he fell, all because a professed Christian woman persuaded him to drink some sweet cider. "It's just made, and won't hurt a baby," she said; but it undid the year's work.

Dr. Wiley, of Washington, who has done so much to secure pure food for the people of this country, says beer contains from three to five per cent of alcohol, and cider from three to six per cent.

So many men have been ruined by cider drinking, that many of the temperance workers refuse to lend their influence to the evil habit so much as to drink the freshly made cider. The *Century Magazine*, together with a number of other leading magazines, will not accept matter advertising cider. The W. C. T. U. organization includes cider in its abstinence pledge. Mrs. Hoskins gives the following reasons why this is done:—

Because fermented cider contains alcohol, and alcohol is an intoxicant, a nerve poison, and so injurious to the nervous system, and a creator of nervous diseases. The fact that cider ferments much sooner than most people imagine, can not be denied; and hence no person who has taken a pledge against all intoxicating drinks, is safe in drinking any kind of cider. Moreover, we sign this pledge from principle, and principle is always accompanied by self-denial, to the extent that we must avoid even the appearance of evil.

Sweet cider creates an appetite for hard cider, an appetite which always calls for alcoholics. I believe I may safely say that all confirmed drinkers like it best when just beginning to "sparkle," that is, when it begins to form alcohol. Because cider is the snare in which Satan

catches and holds children till they become slaves to alcohol. Cider-drinking parents are the stumbling-blocks over which their children often fall into intemperance. The cider mill has justly been called the training-school of the distillery.

Because antitemperance men and women always condemn all cider drinkers who claim to be temperance workers or advocates. Because reformed drunkards dare not use it.

Because in the New England and Middle States, especially in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, where the products of whole orchards are manufactured into cider, and where the *cider pitcher* has taken the place of the *water pitcher*, there are more *drunken women* than are to be found elsewhere in the United States.

Therefore, we want none in our ranks but such as can

say, with Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." If drinking any kind of cider creates an appetite for alcohol; if cider is a snare to the innocent, and a temptation to the weak; if it hinders temperance reform; if by its use we may influence a weak brother or sister to take the first steps toward inebriety, we willingly, yea, gladly, pledge ourselves to drink no cider while the world standeth.

Ought not all of us who have any regard for the well-being of our neighbors willingly subscribe to the same pledge? Let us do it.



Why Pledge Not to Drink Cider?

IN a little Vermont town there is a poor wreck of a man, with a wife, children, and aged relatives depending upon him for support. He promised his wife at the marriage altar to support and cherish her; but he has not kept his vow. She has been compelled to earn a living for the family at the wash-tub. And why?—Because there is always to be found a barrel of hard cider in the cellar.

For Business Reasons (Concluded from page 19)

progress of the church, and who believes in good morals and a clean city government as much as any man I know; he would go his length to provide it if it did not touch his business interests, and if so, not a peg would he budge.

Men and women, it is perfectly alarming, when we get into a real, sure-enough fight against sin, to find how many there are who take just that kind of stand, and yet who are good church-members. What is that? It is exactly the same spirit that the prophet Malachi fought. It is flattering the ungodly. That same man said to me, "Why won't I fight those fellows?—Because I have a hundred horses to hire out." God pity a man that has to be tied down by a thing like that. I do not see how a man can get into heaven with that between him and his God. It is idolatry; as much so as the worship of a heathen idol. It is making an idol out of his business.—*Len G. Broughton, D. D.*

I'm for Temperance

God gave me this good body
To grow both strong and tall;
Tobacco would but spoil it,
And so would alcohol.
Into my mouth they'll never go;
When tempted, I will answer No.

There is one little liquor house
That every one may close;
And that's the little liquor house
That's just beneath your nose.

If drinking liquor often leads
To sorrow and to sin,
Then every boy and girl should say,
"I never will begin."

I never will tobacco use!
Nor gin, nor whisky—never!
I'll be a staunch teetotaler
Forever and forever!

The life of man is but a span,
And less would whisky make it;
But water pure is full of life,
And blesses all who take it.

Yes, we'll rob the poor man of his
beer,
And give to him a coat instead;
We'll put good boots upon his feet,
A new hat on his head;

We'll rob him of disgrace and rags
And give him hope again,
That he may walk upright once more
And bless his fellow men.

— Selected.

The Incomprehensible

AFTER careful inquiry it has been ascertained that one gallon of beer makes sixteen drinks, and one gallon of spirits makes one hundred thirty drinks. Three drinks a day at ten cents a drink would cost a man \$109.50 for the year. He would therefore pay that enormous sum for eight and one-half gallons of whisky, a little less than one third of a barrel.

Is it possible that any man who has a family suffering for the necessities of life and deprived of all its comforts, would voluntarily purchase entirely for his own gratification, even if the thing purchased did him no personal injury, and wrought no harm to his family, except the loss of the material things the money buys, *less than one third of a barrel of whisky*, instead of the following articles, which could be bought with the money expended for that amount of liquor:—



8 pairs of hose
4 pairs of shoes (\$9.50)
20 yards of ribbon (\$3)
8 yards of dress goods (\$6)
4 pairs of gloves (\$2)
15 yards of print
40 yards of factory cloth
2 hats (\$4)
3 brooms
15 yards of toweling
10 boxes of raisins
20 pounds of rice
3 pounds of candy
2 rugs (\$4)
12 dozen oranges
10 baskets of grapes

100 pounds of sugar (\$5.50)
20 pounds of beans
2 bushels of sweet potatoes
10 bushels of Irish potatoes
40 pounds of crackers
10 quarts of cranberries
100 bars of soap
20 pounds of mixed nuts
15 pounds of evaporated peaches
20 bunches of celery
10 dozen bananas
20 pounds of split peas
12 cans of peas
10 pounds of Lima beans
15 pounds of oatmeal
1 bushel of onions
20 quarts of tomatoes
10 cans of corn
3 boxes of corn-starch
3 barrels of flour (\$20.25)
10 pounds of dates
25 pounds of corn-meal
2 dozen lemons
10 boxes of shredded wheat
6 cans of baked beans

However incomprehensible the idea is, thousands of men are to-day doing this very thing. Such is the selfishness, boorishness, and cruelty of the liquor traffic. Tolerate it? License it?—No! Forever no!

THE *Coast Seamen's Journal*, in an editorial, says that it sympathizes with those crafts whose employment is endangered by the abolition of the liquor traffic, but it can not permit its feelings in that regard to overcome its judgment upon the main issue. Certainly it can not permit an incidental injury to the workers in these crafts to lead it into the error of compromising the whole

labor movement upon a question of the most vital importance to mankind at large.

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TEMPERANCE FLASHLIGHTS

SHORT life, less work, worse work,—that is the output of alcohol.— *Sir Henry Thompson.*

THERE is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail.— *Supreme Court of the United States.*

No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals.— *Supreme Court of the United States.*

THERE are parents who prepare state-prison stripes for their children before those children are born.— *Will Carleton.*

OF thirty-seven societies of anarchists in Chicago every one of them has its headquarters in saloons.— *G. H. Worthen.*

NOTHING that makes the individual in a community poorer adds to the wealth and power of that community.— *Robert B. Glenn, Ex-Governor of North Carolina.*

No Christian should sustain a political party committed to the license policy. A political party that does not defy the saloon does not deserve the support of the church. A party in which manly opposition to a corrupt and dangerous traffic is a bar to promotion, can not be consistently supported by a Christian voter.— *Methodist General Conference, 1904.*

MODERATE drinking is the school in which men are educated for the drunkard's career.— *Mrs. E. G. White.*

IF temperance prevails, then education can prevail. If temperance fails, then education must fail.— *Horace Mann.*

To use liquor is to the nervous system like placing sand in a watch, it wears it out rapidly, making of it a worthless, useless thing.— *Luther Burbank.*

FROM the scientific view-point, total abstinence must be the course, if we are to follow the plain teaching of truth and common sense.— *Sir Victor Horsely.*

Now, it is mad, it is driveling, to talk of regulating the traffic in intoxicating beverages. Raise the charge for license to ten thousand dollars, and enact that nobody but a doctor of divinity shall be allowed to sell, and you will have no material improvement on the state of things now presented, because so long as one man is licensed to sell, thousands will sell without license. The law is robbed of all moral sanction and force by the fact that it grants dispensations to some who do with impunity and for their own profit that which is forbidden to others.— *Horace Greeley.*



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