

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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The Back-Door Entrance

C. A. Hartley

IN my home town of Pomeroy, Ohio, for twenty-five years I have sat at a desk where I could look across the street at the rear entrance of a saloon. I was not there many days until I noticed a stripling of a country boy go into that back door with an older companion. The boy went with a hesitancy which indicated to me that he was persuaded against his desire and better judgment to do so. When he came out, he looked up and down the street before walking away. It was a long time before he came again, a little more boldly this time, and he was less careful not to be seen when he departed.

Within a year his visits grew more frequent, and he remained longer inside. Up to that time he never seemed to be the least intoxicated when he left. In fact, he looked better and acted better. He had shaken off somewhat that shrinking country air so common in rural boys coming to town. He dressed better, and had assumed a sort of jaunty mien, and would have been taken as an average youth not yet down to the even and steady trot of life.

The next year he came still more frequently, and sometimes had not come out when I had finished my day's work and gone home. Once about the middle of the second year I noticed a reddish flush on the cheek next to my window as he came out, and a little later he staggered slightly as he turned down the sidewalk, and seemed to be ashamed of it.

The next year he moved to town, and secured work in a factory. For a few years then I never saw him go in that back door except on Saturday afternoons, but he was pretty sure not to miss appearing on these half-holidays. He seemed to be a man of habit. The appetite fastened on him with all the certainty of death, but somehow he never got to going in at the front door. It was always the same old path he trod, notwithstanding he had lost whatever hesitancy he had in the beginning about entering and leaving. He now plunged in without looking to the right or the left, and walked out when he was ready to do so, unabashed and unafraid.

Ten years after I first began to notice him, he married a girl of about his own station in life. For a while his back-door visits almost ceased. Evidently he was spending his leisure hours with his young wife. Within a year, however, he came oftener than ever; and one evening I saw his wife standing irresolutely on the sidewalk waiting for him to come out. When he did emerge from the building, there was a little scene. He scolded her for coming after him, and she apologized for interfering with his pleasures, for the reason that the supper was getting cold, and the baby was not well.

Notwithstanding his growing bibulous habits, he accumulated a comfortable little home, and several interesting children had come to bless it, all within the next five years. Then came an appointment to a public office, by reason of a public pull and political affiliations. One day he awoke suddenly to the fact that he had gone far down the road toward making a drunkard of himself. He rallied, and went off to a cure establishment, and came back apparently ready to start life over. He fell again by way of the back door of the same saloon, regained his feet by taking treatment again, and again fell. He had not the moral force to try again to recover his footing, and has since put in his days and nights, no doubt, trying

to keep the path from the sidewalk to his favorite saloon well-worn and easy to find.

His home has been broken up; his wife and children have been obliged to leave him for self-protection. He has lost all his property, self-respect, and friends; and but a few days ago I saw him hobbling in at the selfsame back door, old, broken, and bent, a pensioner on his relatives and friends, and a hopeless wreck.

That is the plain, unvarnished story of what has happened at the back door of one of our dozen or more saloons in the third of the span of an ordinary lifetime—told without an attempt at sermonizing or pointing a moral.

Only last week I saw the proprietor of that saloon come out the back way to enter his carriage for a drive, and, meeting the human derelict of this story in the path, ordered him off the premises.

So far as I have been able to observe, not a saloon in our town has ever turned out a minister, a successful lawyer, a prominent educator, a writer of ability, a politician with a lasting reputation, a good husband, a kind

father, or loving sons; but, on the other hand, they have all had a large part in unmaking the lives of hundreds in the few years that I have been looking from my window at the scene.

The phase of the saloon question which permits of the secret or rear entrance is that which has impressed me much. There must be a beginning to every man's downward course, and the back door is usually the first entering-place. If the saloons can not be closed forever by law, many lives and homes can be saved by spiking their back doors so tightly that they can not be opened.

Whisky or the Baby

"DON'T go out now, papa. Baby is so sick that I fear she will die before you come back," pleaded the young mother.

"It's the same old song with you!" was the rough reply.

"Well, don't go to the saloon; please don't."

With a terrible oath he left the house, banging the door as he passed out. The sick child started, but the mother's tender caresses again quieted the blue-eyed sufferer.

Only twenty-one years had passed since the mother herself was a babe in her own mother's loving arms. Now at her side played a little two-year-old boy, and in her lap lay a baby girl. Had it not been for the accursed liquor, her cup of joy would have been full.

Her betrothed promised her that he would never drink after their marriage; and she, like many others, was hopeful, and believed that love was stronger than the appetite for liquor. But, alas! liquor conserves only love for itself. Love for friends and right is soon overshadowed by an ever-increasing love for self.

So the sorrow of a drunkard's wife had now been her portion for three years. Night after night had she waited long for him to come home; and when he came, she had only a staggering, cursing, drunken sot to welcome. And now spinal meningitis was fast doing its fatal work for her baby girl. She could see plainly, as the hours wore on, that the little life was slipping away. She longed for the sympathy and support of the father of her child; but he did not come. Finally, in her agony, she cried: "My poor baby is dying, and he isn't here. What shall I do?" A convulsion, an appealing look, and the child was gone. Neighbors came, and did what they could for the sorrowing wife and mother; but no husband was there. They found him drunk in a saloon,

H. S.

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Rum as a Factor in the Border Wars of the Early Days, and Its Influence in the Conquest of Ohio

George P. Donehoo, D. D.

[Mr. Donehoo has done much research work for the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and has contributed considerable historical material to various publications.]



THE history of the French and Indian war, and the succeeding period of Indian hostility, when western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio were simply deluged in blood, would read differently had the traffic in rum been eliminated from the problem which the English had to solve. The conquest of the rich region beyond the "endless mountains," in which there now exists the greatest empire this world has ever known, is one of the romances and one of the tragedies of history. The struggle

between the French and the English for the possession of this transmontane empire is one of the most fascinating stories of human history. When the conflict began on the shores of the "beautiful river" in 1753, there were three leading actors in the drama, which was to result in the greatest conquest the Anglo-Saxon race has ever made,—the French, the English, and the Indian.

In the years of strife and bloodshed which followed before this empire was possessed, the Indian held the balance of power. The armies of France and those of Great Britain alike sought the friendship and assistance of these red warriors of the mountains and forests. Had the English treated these proud and haughty warriors with the kindness and respect which had been the custom of the Penns, the Indian as a factor in the solution of the problem would have been eliminated, and the conquest of the Ohio would have been a less bloody one. After the death of William Penn, the policy of the province in dealing with the Delawares was changed. Before these Indians sensed what was being done, they had lost all their lands along the river, which had belonged to their ancestors for generations. They began their migration to the waters of the Susquehanna. They, with the Shawnees, who had come into the province from the South, settled along the shores of the "winding river," hoping that they might be allowed to live along the beautiful valleys of this forest-enshrouded wilderness, undisturbed by their invaders. But no sooner had they builded their wigwams than they were followed by the Indian traders, who followed them as keenly as ever Indian hunter pursued the trail of the deer, bringing their ponies laden with rum, which was their chief article of trade. The debauchery which they had escaped on the Delaware followed them into their villages on the Susquehanna.

The wise chiefs of the Iroquois, Shawnees, and Delawares petitioned the authorities of the province again

and again to put a stop to this trade, which was ruining the women as well as the men of their tribes. They sent envoy after envoy to Philadelphia protesting against the sale of rum. Canassatego, the eloquent Iroquois chieftain, and Shikellimy, the vicegerent at Shamokin, again and again besought the provincial authorities to keep this horde of Indian traders, with their death-dealing rum, away from their settlements. The authorities made a half-hearted effort to put a stop to the sale of rum in the Indian villages, but it had little effect. The traffic in rum went on, with its strifes and bloodshed. The colonial records and archives of Pennsylvania are filled with the accounts of the conflicts of the Indians and the Indian traders because of the quarrels, debauchery, and bloodshed caused by this unrestricted traffic in rum. The Indians were made drunk, and then cheated of their skins and peltries. When they sought revenge for these wrongs, bloodshed resulted, and they were then brought into conflict with the white settlers, who were rapidly pressing into the Susquehanna region. Almost every murder of a white settler of this period was due to a



Prohibition Year Book

Every one of the 16,239,797 families in the United States could buy each year with the money spent for drink the \$91 worth of groceries shown in this cut

quarrel following a drunken brawl, in which the Indian had been cheated out of his entire year's store of skins

and peltries. The writer *does not know of a single murder which was not so caused*, and that after reading the official accounts of every murder of a white settler by an Indian in this period.

When the Shawnee and Delaware along the Susquehanna found out that they could not keep the traders in rum out of their villages, they began to move in large numbers across the great mountain ridges to the waters of the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. From 1726 to 1732 a great many of these Indians had builded their villages along the shores of these streams, where Kittanning, Pittsburg, Beaver, and other cities are now located. Here, on the forest-bounded shores of the "beautiful river," they built their wigwams, hoping that the rum trader would leave them alone to paddle their canoes over the waters of what was then a beautiful paradise, and to hunt in the forests, which were filled with game. But the smoke had hardly arisen into the blue sky from their fires before out from the forest trails came the trader with his rum-laden ponies. Then commenced the same history of cheating, quarrels, bloodshed, and murder on the Ohio. The first message from the chief who lived where Pittsburg now stands was a protest against the traffic in rum. The first murder committed on the shores of *la belle rivière* was due to a drunken debauch. When Conrad Weiser crossed the mountains to the Ohio in 1748, on his way to Logstown, where the first council of the English race was held with the Indians west of the mountains, one of the chief matters spoken of by the representatives of the Indian tribes on the Ohio was the traffic in rum. The French had been brought into trade relations with these Indians, and the English were doing everything in their power to win them back to their allegiance to them. Every effort had been made by the authorities of the province to induce the Delawares and Shawnees to move back to their old homes on the Susquehanna, which they had left to escape the traffic in rum. Mark well what this means. When the struggle between the French and the English for the possession of the Ohio began, the situation was complicated because of the presence of the Delawares and Shawnees, who had been driven from their homes on the Susquehanna chiefly because of the various land sales and the rum traffic. When General Braddock's ill-fated army was cutting its way through the dark forests and over the great ridges of mountains, these Ohio Indians were nearly all on the side of the French, who would not allow rum to be sold to them. Braddock's fearful disaster on the banks of the Monongahela was due far more to the abuse and the bloodshed which had resulted from the rum traffic by the Indian traders than to any lack of ability on the part of the sacrificed British general. After Fort Duquesne had finally fallen into the hands of the British, there commenced the struggle for the possession of the land, which the Indian claimed by right of previous conquest and settlement.

The history of this period is one almost unbroken succession of scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. The Indian was fighting for his "home and native land" as truly as did any patriot who fought for his fireside against the invader of it. The chief factor in the fearful scenes

of bloodshed which make this period one of the darkest in American history, was the same which had stained the waters of the Susquehanna with blood a generation before. Tedyuskung, the last of the great chiefs of the Delawares, pleading for peace and the rights of his people to live in the land which had belonged to his fathers, is one of the most pathetic pictures in American history. He, himself a victim to the vice of the race which had driven the Delawares to the Susquehanna, and then to the Ohio, and then to the Mississippi, knew what rum meant to the Indian. At last, after a struggle against the stronger race, the red warrior vanished from the waters of the Susquehanna and the Ohio, leaving his beloved vales of Skehandowana and the rich hunting-grounds of the Monongahela to his conqueror, whom he defeated in almost every battle, but to whose rum he bowed his feather-crested head in humiliation and defeat. The story of the border wars of the early days has been repeated in Dakota, in the Lava Beds, in Alaska, and is being repeated in every Indian village of South America and Mexico to-day. For every dollar the Anglo-Saxon race has made from any of the native races in its rum traffic, it has in return paid for in blood. Eliminate rum from the colonial history of America, and the conquest of the Ohio and the Mississippi and the great Northwest would not be written in letters of blood.



Technical World Magazine

A searcher after happiness through intemperance

A Spurious Basis for Happiness

David Starr Jordan

PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

[An article for this number of the *INSTRUCTOR* was solicited from Dr. Jordan; but as he was traveling in Europe at the time, his secretary sent us one of his books, from which we gathered the following strong words for the temperance cause.]



David Starr Jordan

THE basis of intemperance is the effort to secure through drugs the feeling of happiness when happiness does not exist. Men destroy their nervous system for the tingling pleasures they feel as its structures are torn apart. There are many drugs which cause this pleasure, and in proportion to the delight they seem to give is the real mischief they work.

Pain is the warning to the brain that something is wrong in the organ in which the pain is felt. Sometimes that which should be felt as pain is interpreted as pleasure. If a man lay his fingers upon an anvil and strike them one by one with a hammer, the brain will feel the shock as pain. It will give orders to have the blows checked.

But if, through some abnormal condition, some twist of the nerves, or clot on the brain, the injury were felt as exquisite delight, there would arise the impulse to repeat it. This would be a temptation. The knowledge of the injury which the eye would tell to the brain would lead the will to stop the blows. The impulse of delight would plead for their repetition; and in this fashion the hand might be sacrificed for a feeling of pleasure, which is no pleasure at all, but a form of mania. Of this character is the effect of all nerve-exciting drugs. As a drop of water is of the nature of the sea, so in its degree is the effect of alcohol, opium, tobacco, cocaine, kola, tea, or coffee, of the nature of mania. They give a feeling of

pleasure or rest, when rest or pleasure does not exist. This feeling arises from injury to the nerves which the brain does not truthfully interpret.

Some phase of mental unsoundness is the natural effect of any of those drugs called stimulants or narcotics. Alcohol gives a feeling of warmth or vigor or exhilaration, when the real warmth or vigor or exhilaration does not exist. Tobacco gives a feeling of rest which is not restfulness. The use of opium seems to intensify the imagination, giving its clumsy wings a wondrous power of flight. It destroys the sense of time and space; but it is in time and space alone that man has his being. Cocaine gives a strength which is not strength. Strychnine quickens the motor response which follows sensation. Coffee and tea, like alcohol, enable one to borrow

from his future store of force for present purposes. And none of these make any provision for paying back the loan. One and all, these various drugs tend to give the impression of a power, or a pleasure, or an activity, which we do not possess. One and all, their function is to force the nervous system to lie. One and all, the result of their habitual use is to render the nervous system incapable of ever telling the truth. One and all, their supposed pleasures are followed by a reaction of subjective pains as spurious and as unreal as the pleasures which they follow. Each of them, if used to excess, brings in time insanity, incapacity, and death. With each of them, the first use makes the second easier. To yield to temptation, makes it easier to yield again. The weakening effect on the will is greater than the injury to the body.

Our Responsibility

M. Ellsworth Olsen, Ph. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY, TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.



SIR ANDREW CLARK, physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria, said that when he looked at the hospital wards, and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, and when he thought of all the other evils wrought by drink and drink alone, he felt impelled to give up his profession, "to give up everything, and go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men, *Beware of this enemy of the race.*"

Would he had done so! Would that thousands of other talented physicians might devote their lives to giving the same solemn warning! By so doing they would most truly serve the interests of suffering humanity, and exemplify the principles of the healing art.

The drink traffic is the foulest blot upon our twentieth-century civilization. It has made the white man a desolating curse to many other noble races, and has poisoned his own race at its source, tainting the blood of millions of innocent little ones, multiplying crime and disease, crowding prisons and insane asylums, and filling to the brim the cup of bitterness for an untold number of wives.

And the saddest thing about it all is that it is entirely unnecessary. Alcohol satisfies no natural want. It is wholly uncalled for. The man who pays ten cents for a drink would better throw his dime into the gutter. The money spent Saturday night in the saloon might far better have been burned up. It does absolutely no good to any one. Have we then so much money that we can afford this terrible waste?

But alcohol is much more than useless. It does real harm to the body; for it is a poison, and in anything like large doses a deadly one. But even a very small quantity interferes with a person's doing his best work. Sir Frederick Treves was in the Boer War, and with the column under Lord Roberts that marched on Johannesburg. It was a hard march, and many succumbed to fatigue. He says significantly that it was not the tall men that dropped out, nor the short men, nor the men with weak stomachs, or weak kidneys, or other weakness or infirmity: *it was the men who took alcohol.* Nansen, while at a dinner of medical men and scientists held at Munich, was asked, "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the 'Fram' to make your heroic expedition by sledges?" "No," he replied; "if I had done so, I should never have returned."

Alcohol is not only absolutely useless, and distinctly harmful to the one who takes it, but it is the agent of such terrible moral transformations, involving not only ruin to the user, but also dragging down with him his innocent wife and children, that on this account alone it should be judged the chief enemy of the race. The influence of the saloon is perhaps best understood by a consideration of its doings from day to day. Here is an item from a London daily, telling in plain, straightforward language what was seen on the outside of a saloon one Saturday night during the space of an hour and a half:—

The watchers saw during that time 795 persons enter its doors. Of these 209 were men, 380 women, 83 youths and girls,

and 123 very young children and babies in arms. Seven perambulators were taken in, some of which had in them two children. Outside there was scarcely an uneventful moment. Three women were turned out and five men. There was one very bad fight, and six disturbances. Three girls about seventeen came out quite drunk. Twenty-four men, including a pot-man in livery, and nineteen women left the house helplessly drunk. Two of the women had babies in their arms. At 10:50 the house had to be closed, with the exception of one small door, on account of a frightful row. A policeman had to stay outside after that till closing time.

The saloon tells only a small part of the story, however. It is when one follows the victim of drink to his home, if home it may be called, that the full effects are seen. To let wife and children go hungry and naked is a small thing. That goes without saying. The man who is maddened with drink is capable of any crime. One such poor intemperate was met, as he returned home, by his four-year-old son. Had he been sober, he would have pressed him to his bosom; but he had been drinking heavily, and he took that boy by the shoulder, lifted him over his head, and threw him out of a second-story window. They picked the little fellow up with both thighs broken.

Drunkenness is to be fought, not only because it is a terrible evil in itself, but because it opens the door to almost all other evils. In the words of John B. Gough, who could speak from experience, it "solidifies, crystallizes, and makes chronic every evil passion of depraved human nature. It is the promoter of all that is evil, and all that is vile, and all that is abominable."

But let us not forget to lend a helping hand to the man who has fallen. There is no one more to be pitied than the slave of strong drink; he has the whole world as it were against him. Temptation compasses him on every side, and there are so few, so very few, to put a kind hand on his shoulder, and call him brother. Even the most hopeless cases sometimes respond to kindness. Said John B. Gough:—

In the heart of the worst drunkard, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, covered with cobwebs, there may be a door. It is our business to find that door. It is our business to seek for it, and when we have found it, to knock! Yes, and wait, and not go away and say, "It is no use!" Remember Him who knocks at the door of our hearts, till his hair is wet with the dew; and remember this is one for whom he died, and that he is your brother. Knock on! And, by and by, the quivering lip, and faltering tongue, and starting tear, will tell you that you have been knocking at the heart of a man—a heart that can be touched by tenderness and love.

And what should be the attitude of Christians, yes, of all lovers of their fellow men, toward the traffic in such a monster evil as alcohol? Surely there should be no lukewarmness, no sitting on the fence, no glossing over of the terrible facts. Christians should set their faces like a flint against the drink evil. They should be prohibitionists in word and in deed. Their zeal in fighting the drink curse should be something like that of a very

(Concluded on page five)

Enemy of the Children of Ireland

Rosa M. Barrett

WRITER AND LECTURER ON PRISON AND TEMPERANCE REFORM



HERE are no more enchanting children than the Irish children, and no happier homes or better fathers and mothers than those to be found in Ireland. But the children have one enemy. No doubt you can guess my meaning, so I may as well begin by quoting what I once heard a little boy say: "Drink is the children's worst enemy." Another boy, however, when he was asked what he knew about pins, said that they had saved hundreds of lives, and when the puzzled teacher asked how, he said, "By people not a-swallowing them."

In this sense we may also say that strong drink has saved hundreds of lives. The public house, as we call it, or the saloon, as you call it, has just *one* good side to it, and that is the *outside*. So I want to show *why* it is such a terrible enemy, and also how we are trying to conquer it. We might indeed run a race, and see whether the old or the new country will be the quicker in this task.

It seems as if nothing could be stronger than a mother's love. Gladly she suffers pain; she would bear anything herself rather than let her little ones suffer. A mother's love does not change, except to increase, whether her children are well or ill, good or naughty, beautiful or ugly, big or little, healthy or deformed—to her love they are always beautiful, and her unceasing care is a joy, and her labors a delight. Yet there is something stronger, something which can, alas! drown even a mother's love.

A few days ago two darling little children came into my care, so winning that it seemed as if no one could help loving them. Yet their own mother had deserted them—forsaken even the helpless baby, who could only coo and hold out clinging arms. Time after time this mother had taken the blankets off her children's beds, the clothes off their backs, and left them to shiver and starve on cold, wintry days, just because her selfish craving for strong drink was stronger than even her mother-love. Sadder still, I was shocked one day to hear passionate screams from a mere baby, unable to speak, whom nothing would pacify. An older brother, crying and refusing all food, solved the mystery by pointing to and asking for the "black bottle." These two mites had been literally poisoned by a wicked relative, who herself drank, and had shared her porter, the black bottle, with these little ones. It was weeks before they could or would take milk and ordinary food as they should; but by degrees this unnatural craving wore away, they could sleep quietly at last, and they grew stronger, though the elder boy will never be large or as healthy as other children.

In a Dublin children's hospital, a boy of eight has been treated for delirium tremens, while three children under ten years of age, of one family, were all drunkards. They were poisoned; for doctors now all agree that alcohol in any form is literally poison to a growing child; it is bad enough for an adult, but ten times worse for a child; it injures him physically and morally. A child who is given strong drink even in small quantities does not develop normally; indeed, he may be so injured as not to grow up at all. A leading physician, the late Sir Michael Foster, said that even in the smallest quantities, it is *always* harmful to the young. Children of

five and six years have actually been treated in hospitals for diseased livers, caused by strong drink. Their brain, their nerves, their muscles get no fair play under such conditions. Another doctor writes:—

Ever so small a quantity hinders one from working so quickly, so well, and with so little fatigue as one might otherwise. One can not resist infection so stoutly, can not battle with disease so ably, can not convalesce so completely.

One can not exaggerate, then, the great importance of not allowing the young to acquire a habit that is so dangerous, so stupid, so costly, so senseless and wicked, and that may some day make itself so tyrannical a master. But the only way to avoid this danger is by becoming and remaining a total abstainer. No total abstainer ever yet became a drunkard; but hundreds of moderate drinkers have insensibly crossed the line, and found out their danger, often, alas! too late. If the taste for drink is acquired while young, the habit almost always grows. It must be remembered, too, that a whole gallon of ale does not contain as much nourishment as a lump of sugar.

We must give up the thought that "*a little does not harm*." We do not want to go as near to danger as possible, but to keep as far away from it as we can. That should be our guiding principle. If danger is unavoidable, face it like men; but just to run into diffi-



Miss Barrett and some of the children in her "Children's Home"

culties and into temptation to show off our skill is to court disaster. While one or two may escape safely, many will discover their danger too late, and will be hurled over the brink. If you think yourself safe, are you going to guide others into peril? Will you not rather avoid danger for their sake, if not for your own? Fifty thousand people drink themselves to death in a single year in England.

Indulgence in drink leads into strange paths; for it destroys conscience; it enslaves the will, and changes human beings into demons. This is not mere rhetoric. No facts are more clear than those showing the relation between crime and drink. In one Scotch town it was found that three fourths of the total committals to prison were for offenses committed when the person charged was under the influence of drink; in another, *eighty-eight*

per cent were actually drunk when arrested. Three quarters of the more violent crimes in England are due to drink, and *ninety per cent* of those committed against children and discovered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This is especially true in large towns, such as Manchester and Dublin. In Europe generally drink is the direct cause of sixty-five per cent of all the crime committed; of how much more it is the indirect cause, it is impossible to say. Even among prisoners under twenty years of age, it was found in France that more than half were already addicted to drink. At a famous French hospital, the Salpêtrière, sixty per cent of those under treatment for nervous diseases are alcoholic patients. Crime is increasing among juvenile adults, that is, among those from sixteen to twenty years old, in almost every country in the world, in spite of improving education. This is markedly the case in France, where there is actually a public house to every eighty-seven inhabitants. The exceptions are found only in those countries (such as New Zealand, Canada, and, may we not now say, some of the States?) where the most rigid control is exercised over the consumption of drink. In New Zealand the convictions for drunkenness have fallen off half in a decade, and the arrests for drunkenness numbered only eight per thousand in the last year of which I have a record.

It is no mere fanatic's statement, therefore, but has the support of the most carefully compiled statistical facts, to say that a sober nation, and a sober nation only, can be healthy or moral. To say that only such a nation can be prosperous is to state a now well-recognized fact. Brewing and distilling may make a few men wealthy, but they employ so little labor in proportion to the capital that, regarded merely as industries, they are of little use to the community.

The Best Means of Combating the Evil

Undoubtedly one of the best ways of combating this dread enemy is by giving scientific and accurate instruction to the young. The temperance teaching now so generally given in public schools especially when accompanied by simple experiments showing the injurious results on seeds or growing plants of giving even the smallest quantity of alcohol, must prove of the greatest value. There are many persons now living, who never remember hearing a single word spoken against alcohol when they were young. Happily, few could now say such a thing.

Surely we can well go without this enemy, and so follow the noble example set by the Swedish royal house, and also, I believe, by our own. It has been said on good authority that Queen Mary is a total abstainer, and has brought up her children in the same way. If this were true of all homes, what a glorious transformation we should soon see! Children would be happy. Money now wasted on poison, would be set free to buy food, clothes, and better houses; and that would mean more work for shoemakers, tailors, and builders, and more prosperity for all; and how many more happy homes!

Is there anything you and I can do—or, rather, is

there anything we would *not* do—in order to hasten that happy day?

"Every time would have its song
If the heart were right;
Seeing love, all tender, strong,
Fills the day and night;
For the great love everywhere
Over all doth glow."

Our Responsibility

(Concluded from page three)

determined and pious little girl whose brother had set some traps for singing birds. Asked what she did under the circumstances, she replied: "First I prayed that the birds might not get into the traps, then I prayed that the traps might not hold them if they did get in, and then I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

The application is clear. We owe a duty to the boys and young men who have not yet been caught in these traps. We owe it as a duty to help those who have been caught to get out again. It also behooves us to do our utmost in a lawful way to destroy the traps,—to do away with the licensed saloon, which is responsible for more crime and misery than any other one institution in the world.

Drive the Traitor Back

THE following earnest appeal for the destruction of the liquor traffic is by Rev. Walter Walsh, of Dundee, Scotland. He says:—

The brave days of old produced no grander figure than that of Cato, the Roman senator, who flourished about two hundred years before the birth of Christ. He was one of those who strove to keep the Roman people from those paths of luxury which ultimately ruined them, and urged them to preserve the simple habits which had made them great. Some time before his death, Cato was sent to Africa to settle a dispute, and for the first time beheld the rising city of Carthage. He was much impressed by its powerful situation and great prosperity, and saw that it was likely to become a formidable rival to the supremacy of Rome. Returning to his own country, he confessed his fears to the Romans, and declared his belief that Rome would never be safe so long as Carthage was permitted to live and prosper. Henceforth, whenever he spoke in the senate—no matter on what subject—Cato invariably concluded with the words, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" Was he speaking on finance? Carthage must be destroyed! Was the subject art or literature? Carthage must be destroyed! Did he treat of corn, ships, roads, treaties, or civil progress? Carthage must be destroyed!

For that unshaking word of thine, stern Cato, we thank thee. You spoke better than you knew. The empire of alcohol can not be tolerated in the same world with the human race; the war is to death; the word is kill, or be killed; the game is for dominion. There are some who speak of entering into treaty relations with the rival power of alcohol—of regulating it, controlling it, municipalizing it, taking tribute from it, and what not; but Cato the Just can not away with any of those measures. He sees that alcohol refuses to be bound by treaty; invariably gets the best of every bargain; can not be regulated or held by bond; will be master, not servant; will have all, or nothing; which bursts all bonds of reason and morals. The drink traffic can not be regulated. It must be destroyed. We can not rest till we have driven this arch-traitor from the earth back to the father of lies, whence it came. The drink traffic must be DESTROYED!

Christendom's Sacrifice

Robert Hare

WITHIN our Christian land there dwells,
Enshrined by legal right,
A Moloch dark and strangely rude,
That casts a withering blight
Upon the manhood of our state,
And o'er its boyhood life.
It claims a ceaseless sacrifice,
And calls through all the strife:

"Wanted: a hundred thousand boys
To sacrifice each year,
The blue-eyed, honest, trusting kind,
The treasures home holds dear.
Wanted—to sacrifice for gain,
A nation's life and joys,
To manufacture drunkards from—
A hundred thousand boys.

"Your boy will do; his sunny eyes
Will lose their luster bright;
His manly feet will learn to walk
In shaded paths of night.
I'll touch his lips with liquid fire,
And set his heart aflame
With all the heritage I boast—
Dishonor's tarnished name.

"Your boy will do, that one you love,
The dearest of all on earth.
O'er whom you've watched so tenderly
Since his far-off hour of birth.
His trusting heart will serve our end;
His spirit, free and brave,
Will lose its manhood, and at last
He'll fill a drunkard's grave."

Say, fathers, shall it, must it be
Your boys, the true and brave?
Say, will you let your sons go down
To fill a drunkard's grave?
O mothers, will you let this blight
O'ercloud your sweetest joys,
While Moloch claims for sacrifice
Your hundred thousand boys?

Great Spirit of the Eternal God,
Inspire our hearts to-day,
And for our weakness give us strength
To drive this curse away.
Consume this crimson-handed power,
This Moloch that destroys—
And save to God and fatherland
Our hundred thousand boys.

What the Societies Seeking to Protect Children Say



IN our country there are nearly four hundred societies for the prevention of cruelty to children. The pioneer of these is the New York Society. During the thirty years of its existence this society has rescued and cared for 160,977 children. The present superintendent, Mr. Thomas D. Walsh, says, in response to our letter of inquiry, that at least "ninety per cent of our neglect cases result either directly or indirectly from parental intemperance; indeed, much of the misery among the children the society seeks to save is directly traceable to the drink evil."

Mr. M. J. White, secretary of the second oldest society of its kind in the world, the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, says: "I believe that of every hundred cases reported ninety-seven can be traced directly or indirectly to the use of liquor, and I am indeed convinced that I could find even a higher percentage."

The president of this society, Edwin W. Newhall, says that "the intemperate use of liquor by parents is probably the greatest menace to the welfare of our little folks." He further states that drink has been a prominent feature in every case that he has investigated. From 150 to 190 complaints are received and investigated monthly by this society of which Mr. Newhall is president.

The records of the society show that during 1909 one hundred eighty cases were taken to the juvenile courts in which the cause of complaint was intemperance on the part of the mother.

"The dependent minors taken into court," says Mr. White, "as a rule live in an environment of drunkenness, immorality, degradation, and neglect, which stunts the body and deadens the soul."

Hon. Thomas D. Flynn, of New Orleans, says: "I think I may say with safety that not less than eighty per cent of the cases of juvenile delinquency with which we have to deal are traceable to conditions for which the use of intoxicants is responsible."

Miss Rosa M. Barrett, president of the Irish Women's Christian Temperance Union, and a well-known writer on prison reform, says that "in Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin, for example, ninety per cent of the offenses recorded by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and in Derbyshire nearly all, are due to drink. Elsewhere the authorities say that two thirds would be a moderate estimate. Apart, therefore, from drink, children might hope to lead a fairly happy life, and our country would be freed from one of the saddest, most humiliating sides of our national condition."

Hon. W. W. Morrow, judge of the United States Circuit Court, in a decision in 1908, said that "the moment a child is born, it owes allegiance to the government of the country of its birth, and is entitled to the protection of that government." When a parent, therefore, neglects to perform his duty or disregards his obligations, the government has a right, according to this decision, to step in and take possession of the child. If the parents forfeit to the government their right to a child because of conditions which directly result from their drinking habits, what right has the government to license the traffic that makes the parents incapable of caring for their offspring? If every child at the moment of its birth becomes a ward of the government, why, then should not the government be held equally responsible with the parents in supplying conditions that make for the well-being of the child? What right, I ask again, has the government to legalize conditions that will in time cause the parent to forfeit his claim upon the child?

Something is manifestly wrong in the government's attitude to this question.

We believe that if the federal government would once turn its eyes from the American dollar, and fasten them upon the American boy and the American girl, the liquor traffic would be quickly outlawed; for it is evident to all honest thinking men and women that this traffic is the greatest known menace to our present and our future citizenship.

Rum's World Exposition

COME, all the world, and view the show
Composed of rum-made human woe;

But steel your hearts and shield your eyes
'Gainst horror's sights and sorrow's cries.

Ten million breaking hearts are here;
A tear-made ocean stagnates there.

Here surge the rising tides of grief,
Unmitigate, without relief.

Here crumble walls of myriad homes
Whence nevermore a joy sound comes.

Here worlds of smiles to weeping turn;
Here worlds of hope to ashes burn.

A hundred million brides that were,
Love's dying embers sad bestir.

Unnumbered rum-robbed children cry
For home and love and lullaby.

A million anterooms of hell —
Areek with blood, astench with smell.

Weeds choke the grain in nameless fields
Where once were thrift and golden yields.

Tramp, tramp, sad millions to the grave,
With few to help, — but One to save.

F. FREDERICK BLISS.



Two wards of a society for the prevention of cruelty to children. Parents drank

Despair Across the Waters

THE leader of the French co-operative movement gives the following graphic picture of the drink-saturated provinces of Normandy and Brittany: —

I said to those who know the country best: "Tell me about alcoholism. Is anything being done to stay its advance?" They raised their arms to heaven, and replied in stricken tones:

"The plague advances steadily. It has gone so far that one can hardly speak of it. The children are gangrened with it. The youth furnish a continually increasing number of imbeciles and criminals. In some places a half, in others two thirds, of the conscripts can not be accepted because of physical weaknesses. Those who enter the army sound are dragged down by their comrades. One can not imagine a more dreadful sight than that of these young soldiers at the railway station coming home when their service is over. No jolly songs — only contracted, sinister faces, the dull brutality of condemned souls! Go to the wharves. It is even worse there. The laborer hardly eats now. He never changes his clothes. He rarely washes himself. He has neither money nor time for these things. He only drinks." "But," I asked, after hearing these things, "why don't you cry out to the nation?" "What's the use? No one listens, and besides, it's too late. There is no possible help for us now."

The editor of a Belgium paper says: —

Belgium would be the richest and happiest country in the world if the 200,000 saloons whose existence we shamefully allow, were not poisoning us with their alluring drugs, filling our prisons, poorhouses, and hospitals.

At Messina and Reggio 60,000 were suddenly wounded by the cataclysm; in Belgium 200,000 are wounded every year by alcohol. Messina was built upon a subterranean volcano; but we have 200,000 craters which daily discharge poison and death upon our people.

From every country comes a similar wail. Our own joins in the dirge. And yet not a nation dares to strike directly at the traffic that is responsible for the appalling conditions. Action, wise and just, is the need of the hour.

Optical and Other Illusions

THE full moon appears larger when near the horizon than when overhead in the zenith. It is nearly four thousand miles farther away, so should appear smaller, and astronomical measurements give a smaller diameter; but since it appears nearer when just above the horizon because of intervening objects, the mind sees it larger. This is what physicists call an *optical illusion*. In certain drawings, the farthestmost of several figures seems the tallest, but by actual measurement the first or nearest figure is found to exceed in height the farthestmost one. This is another optical illusion. The light circle here represented seems larger than the dark one, but the two have the same diameter. Here also the eye deceives us.



In other cases, as well, our sensations may prove unreliable. If a very cold hand is plunged into a vessel of cold water, the water seems to be quite warm, whereas if the hand is very warm when put in, the water seems quite cold.

Again, on a cold morning, if a person

steps out of bed onto a woolen rug, then onto a piece of oilcloth, the oilcloth seems much colder than the rug, merely because the former, being a better conductor of heat, draws the heat away from the body more rapidly than does the latter.

These illusions are well known, and are accepted universally as physical illusions. There are other sensations known to the scientist to be mere illusions, which are still regarded by some persons as reliable sensations. Such are some of the sensations accompanying the use of alcohol.

Does Alcohol Quicken Brain Action?

For example, some think that alcohol quickens brain action. But very careful experiments to determine the real effect of alcohol on brain action have been performed by scientists and medical men of every civilized nation; and all these have demonstrated the fact that alcohol even in very small doses interferes with the highest use of the brain. One series of experiments was tried upon expert compositors. It was found that the actual loss of working power caused by the small dose of alcohol was nearly nine per cent. However, "the men *believed* throughout the experiment that they were doing better and quicker work when taking alcohol than when abstaining, although the actual facts were the reverse."

In the Swedish army a series of important experiments in target practise were made upon a number of picked soldiers and non-commissioned officers. "When alcohol had been given, the result was thirty per cent fewer hits in quick fire, although the men *always thought* they were shooting faster, whereas actually they shot much more slowly." When slow aiming was allowed, the difference was even greater, and, as before, against and not in favor of alcohol.

Another investigator studied the duration of the effect of alcohol in light doses, and found that the result lasted all the following day, causing a dulling of mental labor, although the subject was under the impression that his work was as good as usual.

Quality and speed must both have a place in good mental work. The rapid talker is not necessarily the best thinker. The manufacturers of the fountain pen say that when the pen flows too freely, it is a sign that the pen is nearly empty; so the loosened tongue of the imbibor indicates an empty brain, at least one whose higher and more complex processes have been partially paralyzed. To himself the free talker seems more "brilliant," because he can use words so freely; but it is a sad illusion. Alcohol removes the balance-wheel, as it were, that gives the tongue a steady, dignified, thoughtful action. This allows it to rattle along as it will. Soon "this so-called

stage of stimulation develops into noisiness and emotional excitement as the cerebral control becomes increasingly paralyzed," says Sir Victor Horsley. The next change is the commencement of narcosis; and dulness and heaviness succeed.

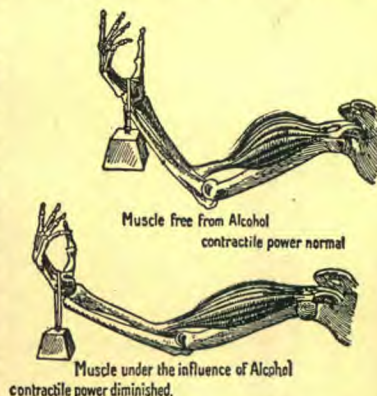
Dr. Kraepelin, of the Heidelberg University,

has made extensive experiments to determine the effect of alcohol upon brain action. He found that while the simple, automatic actions of the brain, such as reading aloud, were at first quickened by a small dose of alcohol, even these were rendered less trustworthy and accurate. He also found that processes involving no more complex actions than adding figures rapidly, or of performing problems in mental arithmetic, were hindered by even small doses of alcohol. The result of these experiments came as a surprise to Dr. Kraepelin himself, who had hitherto shared the popular belief that small doses of alcohol quickened the activity of his mind. But when he came to measure with his unerring instruments the exact time occupied, he found to his astonishment that more time was required to perform these operations than when he did not use alcohol, though it *seemed* to him that the brain was acting more rapidly. Similar experiments were tried upon others, the same results being gained in every instance. And, singularly enough, each one felt, when under the influence of alcohol, that he was doing better and more rapid work, though the tabulated results showed the reverse to be true. Such is ever the delusive effect of alcohol; and the delusion is as real as in those incidents mentioned at the beginning of this article.

This effect is not peculiar to alcohol. "The ordinary anesthetics used in surgery, as chloroform and ether," says Sir Victor Horsley, "make the patient feel that he possesses great muscular strength, and feels himself to be making powerful efforts, which in reality are not in any way superhuman."

A man for a time feels warmer in winter after taking a glass of liquor; but a multiplicity of experiments have proved that he only *feels* warmer, that he is actually colder, and would succumb to severe exposure more quickly than if he had not taken alcohol. This illusory feeling of warmth is no more indicative of an increase of bodily heat than is blushing. The alcohol causes a slight paralysis of the nerves controlling the action of the blood-vessels of the body; and as a result, these dilate, and allow more blood to come to the surface of the body, where it is *cooled*.

The feeling of warmth is due merely to the fact that the skin is made warmer by the increased flow of blood, and the nerves of the skin carry the sensation of warmth to the brain. So well-known is the fact now that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body that



Scientific experiments prove that a half-dozen drinks of whisky in a day produce the same effect of fatigue upon muscles and nerves as a day's hard work.—William J. Wick, M. D.

lumbermen, explorers, and others who are exposed to extreme cold, regard this narcotic as a deadly foe. Chloroform and ether produce a like effect in lowering bodily temperature.

Another illusion of the alcoholic devotee is that intoxicants do not hurt him physically; and this in face of the fact that his reddened face, coarsened features, unkempt appearance, unsteady gait, and dull eye, all betoken a bodily decay that is a recognized inevitable result of the use of alcohol. The seven diseases that account for more than half of our deaths all find far more victims

proportionately among the intemperate than among abstainers. Tuberculosis ranks first in its death-destroying power, and alcohol is responsible for more than one half of these deaths. The statistics of five New England



Adapted from cartoon in Brooklyn Daily Eagle

The condition for which we are working cities show that eighty per cent of all cases of pneumonia occurred in persons who used spirits.

The reason the drunkard is content with his characteristic environment is also due to the delusive and illusive effect of alcohol, which "deadens the power of estimating adverse and disagreeable conditions." It also annihilates normal parental feelings. Ex-Governor Hanley, of Indiana, says that "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." The cries of hungry children, the pleadings of an abused and neglected wife, the punishment by civil power, the scorn and abuse of neighbors, do not penetrate the consciousness. Alcohol makes the brain impervious to all higher sensibilities. In its final stages of wreckage it seems that nothing but the Spirit of God can penetrate the deadened alcoholic brain, and awaken it to its physical and moral responsibilities. And rarely is this Restorer given an opportunity to exert its healing power upon the unfortunate wreck of a human being.

Our Part

More than half a century ago Wendell Phillips said that the person "who sets on two feet a startling fact and bids it travel from Maine to Georgia, is just as certain that in the end he will change the government as if, to destroy the capitol, he had placed gunpowder under the senate chamber."

Wendell Phillips knew the influence of a right thought. He helped to start the antislavery idea on its journey, and he watched it make its way to the capital of the country, and finally annihilate slavery.

In recent years well-known scientists and medical experts have given to the world an invaluable amount of scientific data to be used in the campaign against alcoholic slavery. Perhaps nothing has done more to give prestige and potency everywhere to the work of the anti-alcoholists than this scientific data. Let us all, then, do what we can to give these important facts feet, and wings, if need be, that they may quickly make their way from one end of the earth to the other, exploding all false theories of the benefits of alcohol as medicine, beverage, or brain quickener.

F. D. C.

A CONVENTION of bartenders was held at Euclid Beach Park, one of the very few "dry" pleasure resorts in Cleveland. One of the men when asked, "Why did you fellows pick out Euclid Beach Park, a temperance resort, for your convention?" replied, "Because we are up against the bums every working day of our lives, and when we take a day off we want to get clear of the crowd." Why, then, should the liquor men object so strenuously because temperance people are working to free every day from the "crowd"?

What Physicians Say

ONCE, as shown by the accompanying diagram, used by courtesy of the National Temperance League of England, alcohol held no small place as a supposed remedial agent. But that was before the scientific experimenter and observer had begun his work. Under the light of modern scientific investigation, alcohol as a medicine has been constrained to resign its former position. It has been branded an impostor and deceiver.

An inquiry among hospitals shows that the use of alcoholic liquors is decreasing materially. Most report from a half to two thirds less used than ten years ago. Practically none is prescribed by some staffs.

Dr. W. H. Waugh, editor of *Clinical Medicine*, Chicago, says:—

I do not know a solitary use or a solitary case occurring in the widest range of medical practise in which alcohol is the best remedy that can be applied.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, says:—

Had alcohol never been discovered, and were it then in my power to portray the effects of such a discovery all men, without exception, would declare it impossible for the very fiends of hell to conceive any more diabolical plan for the degradation and destruction of the human race. Our greatest foes are the manufacturers and the distributors of alcohol. The story of injuries done by drink are so written in the sad life history of many of our greatest men; are so evident throughout our land in squalor, poverty, misery, and crime, and replete in prisons, workhouses, and asylums, as well as in domestic infelicity, learned in the

confessional and by the physician, that it is inconceivable that any intelligent, rational man can deny the necessity for strong, united action to rid the land of both manufacturer and distributor.

I have no further arguments, still less new ones. I simply leave the palpable appalling facts to him who would defend the traffic, and for him can entertain only a feeling of astonishment and pity.

These conclusions are, I believe, in the light of experience, unsailable:—

Alcohol is non-efficient as a food, a most condemnable, wasteful substitute.

It may be classed as a drug and a poison, all the more dangerous because insidious and often delayed in its visible effects.

It has no recognized position as a medicine; there is no disease of all the thousand known of which we can say that alcohol or an alcoholic beverage will cure it.

It destroys individual, domestic, and civic felicity.

It increases taxation by filling prisons, madhouses, and poor-houses.

It is the greatest foe to civilization at home and in heathen lands, by corrupting the higher spiritual perceptions. If Chris-



Diagram showing decrease in consumption of alcoholic liquor in the London county insane hospitals in 1905

tianity is the ideal of our modern life, then alcohol is its most deadly foe.

Alcohol therefore could be wholly abolished with profit.

Therefore, as one of the human family, responsible for my neighbor as well as for myself, I have no right to introduce into the household or use for my own pleasure, even moderately, that which may hurt other members of the family, or set at work evil influences I have no well-grounded hope of controlling.

This attitude of the medical profession toward alcohol has had an incalculable influence in promoting the present wide-spread demand for its prohibition.

IN one hundred British cities, by order of the city councils, "municipal posters have been put up, headed in large letters, "ALCOHOLISM AND PHYSICAL DEGENERACY," with this declaration on them:—

Alcohol is an insidious poison, and should be subject to the same strict limitation as opium, morphia, or strychnine. Its supposed stimulating effects are delusive.

Let the Babies Live



THE sweetest gift of God to the world is the baby. And yet this treasure is not always as carefully guarded and protected as its worth demands; for somewhere in the civilized world a baby dies every ten seconds; 360 are laid in the cold ground every hour, 8,640 every day, and more than 3,000,000 every year,—a funeral train of dead babies nearly four hundred miles long! Your darling and that of your neighbor may have been among this number.

Men who have given profound study to the conditions that produce this appalling annual death-roll among the babies of our land, claim that one half, or 1,526,800, of these deaths are preventable. If so, then these million and a half were murdered through neglect, ignorance, and culpability. King Herod of old in his jealous frenzy slaughtered only a few score at most, and still the story of his crime is sounding down the ages — and rightly, too; but what do we deserve who sit quietly by and allow nearly two million innocent babes to be ruthlessly slaughtered every year by unfortunate conditions that might with effort be remedied?

In most cities, according to the report of the Society for Prevention of Infant Mortality, *eighty* per cent of the children that die under one year of age are bottle-fed babies; and *ninety* per cent of those that die from digestive troubles are bottle-fed. If the mothers could have nursed these, a very large percentage would have been saved; for "one ounce of mother's milk is better than one quart of cow's milk for baby."

Professor Bunge, of Germany, spent thirty years in chemical researches on the composition of milk. He found that this composition is adapted, by the God of nature, to the needs of each species of mammal, and is different in the different species. Human milk Professor Bunge found to be more complex than the milk of any other mammal. He also found that it is especially rich in lecithin, which serves for the construction of the brain, because the weight of that of the child's is relatively the highest.

There are several reasons offered why women do not effectively suckle their infants. One is, they are physically incapable of doing so. And this incapability is on the increase. "In the towns of Germany and Switzerland more than half of the women are already attacked by this inability," says Professor Bunge. Heredity plays a large part in thus incapacitating women. Usually if the mother can suckle her child, her daughter has the same ability. This is not always so, but Professor Bunge found that in seventy-eight per cent of such cases of incapacity the father of the daughter was an immoderate drinker. In families where the mothers and daughters can suckle their infants, drunkenness is rare, but in a very large proportion of those families thus incapacitated, alcohol has played no inconsiderable part.

But alcohol does not strike at the baby alone through its mother's breast. It makes the mother indifferent in every way to the needs of her child. It also makes her

cruel and brutal, so disease and semi-starvation often result. And the stupor of the drunken mother is a frequent cause of the overlying, or smothering, of infants. Twenty-five hundred babies perish annually in this country from this cause. Out of 461 cases that came under the direct observation of one surgeon of police, 219 occurred on Saturday night, which fact connects their death unmistakably with alcoholism.

Scientific observation in both Europe and America reveals the fact that alcoholism in parents or grandparents is responsible annually for by far the larger share of the deformed, epileptic, idiotic, and incorrigible children that are brought into the world. Besides this, the children of alcoholics are especially predisposed to tuberculosis and insanity. And many of these children inherit a craving for alcoholic liquor. Mönkemöller found in one reformatory school hereditary taint due to parental alcoholism in 67.2 per cent of all the pupils. The family histories of 3,711 children have been traced by scientists through three generations.

Of the children of abstaining parents and abstaining grandparents only 4 per cent were dullards, whereas, the children of abstaining parents but drinking grandparents, 78 per cent were dullards. Dividing the 3,711 children into the following classes, we note striking contrasts:—

1. Of those free from hereditary alcoholic taint—	2. Of those with hereditary alcoholic taint—
96 per cent were proficient.	23 per cent were proficient.
4 per cent were dullards.	77 per cent were dullards.
18 per cent suffered from some neurosis or organic disease.	76 per cent suffered from some neurosis or organic disease.

"At a discussion on this subject at the Vienna congress against alcoholism, a medical man stated that the teachers in wine-growing districts of Lower Austria know that a supply of very bad scholars in any one year denotes a good vintage six years previously."

Science and practical observation no longer hesitate to hold alcoholic ancestry largely responsible for our hosts of feeble-minded, epileptic, insane, tuberculous, and crippled children. The State recognizes its responsibility to provide homes of isolation for these; but, strange as it may seem, it hesitates to provide preventive and remedial measures, which course, from every view-point, would be wiser and more generous.

The Old Story

"To-morrow," he promised his conscience, "to-morrow I mean to be good;

To-morrow I'll think as I ought to; to-morrow I'll do as I should;

To-morrow I'll conquer the habits that hold me from heaven away."

But ever his conscience repeated one word, and one only, "To-day."



The Circle.

A bucketful of children who want to live

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, thus day after day it went on;

To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow — till youth like a vision was gone;

Till age and his passions had written the message of fate on his brow,

And forth from the shadows came Death, with the pitiless syllable, "Now."

— Dennis A. McCarthy, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

"We will stamp out this evil of drink," said a temperance judge to a youthful offender. The victim of drink responded, "You can never do it, judge, as long as there is an eight-cent profit in every ten-cent drink."

An Auto and a Boy

Joseph Henry Crooker, D. D.

WRITER, LECTURER, AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY



I WANT to have a frank conference with my earnest young readers about a very important matter, the subject of temperance, as important to girls as to boys, but obviously in a somewhat different way. Let us assume, by way of illustration, that some one has given your best boy friend a fine auto. And let us suppose that when he fills its gasoline tank, he also pours into it some other substance that will interfere with the action of the gasoline and lower the speed of the machine; that will injure the delicate parts of the engine, making necessary more frequent repair; and that also will greatly increase the danger of accidents. What would you say about such a boy? You would probably call him some pretty hard names. And you would very likely come to the conclusion that you did not care to associate longer with such a foolish and reckless lad. You would certainly tell him very sharply that if he did not stop it, you would not ride with him any more. The foolishness of such a boy would surely be very plain. But it is something even more foolish that the fellow does who drinks any form of liquor,—beer, whisky, or wine. The human body is not made to be fed with alcohol any more than the auto with the alien substance to which I have referred. The auto is built to be run with gasoline alone. Our bodies are created to be sustained by various foods, and scientists now agree that alcohol is no real food. In years past, even good and intelligent people believed that liquors were beneficial and necessary, not only as food but as medicine. They imagined that alcohol made the human machine run, not only smoother, but faster and longer. They taught that if a man used it, his brain would think quicker, his muscles would be stronger, his body would resist disease better, his heart would be merrier, and if sick he would recover more quickly. But all these old notions have been proved absolutely false. Drinking alcoholic liquors, mild or strong, affects a man precisely as the mixture of the gasoline would affect the auto. The momentary result may be an apparent, and in some cases a real quickening of thought and action. But in a given period he will not have accomplished so much as the total abstainer. He can not set so much type, or lay so many bricks, or walk so many miles, or read so many pages, or commit so long a lesson, as if he had let the stuff alone. In adding figures, in reciting a lesson, in playing a musical instrument, or in running any kind of machine, he will make more mistakes. His body will not respond so quickly or faithfully to his will, but will hesitate and blunder, just as the auto, treated as described, would wobble along the road and frequently stop.

Again, as such an auto would frequently break down and need expensive repairs, so the man who pours liquor into his system is more often sick than the total abstainer. This repeated disability wastes his wages, burdens his family, and finally throws him out of work. He more easily catches diseases; and when sick, medicines do him less good, so that he is ill longer with less

probability of recovery. As the abused auto would often stop when half-way up a hill, so, too, the drinking man when he faces misfortune is less likely to meet it bravely and successfully. He goes to pieces quicker under the stress and strain of life. Whisky may make men rash, but never brave. It was once thought otherwise; but the facts are as here stated. A few toppers who live to old age no more commend alcohol than does the fatness of a pig in a filthy pen commend dirt.

Once more: The auto, so misused, would wear out much sooner than if run as the maker intended that it should be. It would soon go to the scrap-heap. Everybody would be saying, just as they speak about certain young men who take to drink: "How soon that machine has gone to pieces! It was a fine auto, and it ought to have lasted that boy a long time; but it is now a complete wreck."

Things do go to pieces very soon when used contrary to the law of their being, contrary to the purpose for which they were made. Autos are not made to be run in that way, and men are not made to use alcohol.

There is demand and need in the human system for water, and salt, and lime, and carbon, but none whatever for alcohol. It is an unnatural intrusion, like the substance poured into the gasoline tank of the auto. It can do nothing but harm. In several respects, the abused auto does not fully illustrate the misfortunes of the drinker. That is a mere lifeless machine, which does not keep demanding more and more of the unlawful stuff. But just this is the case with the drinker. *The habit grows.* The more liquor one uses, the greater the demand for it becomes; and this constant increase means less efficiency, more danger, and greater misfortunes. If the boy, then, is foolish who misuses his auto, how much more so the young man who abuses his body. There is another way in which the drinker is more at a discount than the ill-treated auto. The liquor which a man uses induces a condition in which he thinks he is stronger and brighter because he uses it, but this feeling is only a part of the various deceptions connected with the drink habit. If an auto driver, he may imagine he is going swiftly up a steep hill, when in fact the wheels are merely revolving without making any progress, and soon his auto is seriously injured, while he is not at the end of his journey. Thousands are thus wrecked on life's highway every year, they meanwhile supposing that all was going well with them. They drank to spur the jaded body or give the mind new energy; but ruin follows surely and quickly. Drinkers imagine that the glass of beer or whisky rests and strengthens them, but our scientists have shown that this is a mistake. They are really numbed and weakened.

This important fact also ought to be kept in mind: The boy who misuses his auto, as indicated, will miss many precious opportunities. For instance: A man who is looking for some one to take a message quickly in a time of distress, or carry a doctor to a patient, or compete in a race, will not select him; for any sensible man will say: "He has put dangerous stuff in his gasoline tank, and such an auto is too uncertain. The risk is too great." So it is in life everywhere to-day. The bar is being constantly put up a little higher and a little higher every year against even the so-called moderate drinker. He is putting into his system something which does not belong there, something that makes him a less desirable



Joseph Henry Crooker

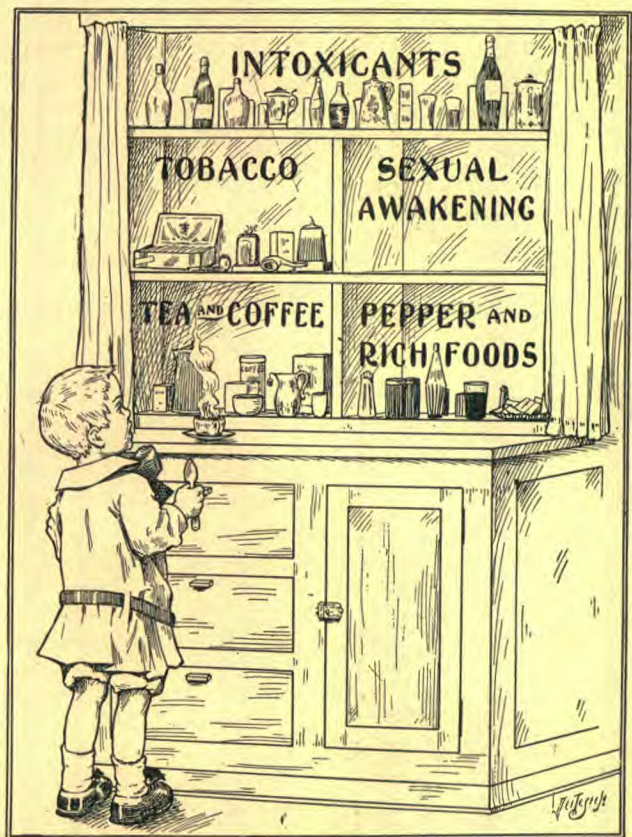
clerk or laborer. The employer is saying, "I can not afford to take such chances; for these persons make more mistakes; they accomplish less; they are more frequently sick; they are less obliging and less trustworthy,—in short, in every way less efficient." So when a hundred young men go down the line of open doors seeking positions, what happens?—The known drinker will find few places where he will be accepted.

Let us for a moment consider how these facts apply in a special way to girls and women. If a young man who so abuses his auto should ask a young lady to take a ride with him, would she not be justified in saying: "I can not accept your invitation. By turning that stuff into the gasoline tank of your machine, you have decreased the pleasure and increased the danger of such a trip. The risk is too great. You are liable to have an explosion. You may break down, and I may have to walk home."

So, too, is not a woman warranted in saying to any drinker who asks her to be his wife: "By pouring liquor into your system, where it is wholly out of place, you increase the probability of sickness, and waste your wages; lessen your efficiency, and loosen your hold on your job; shorten your life, and injure your disposition; and in these and many other ways involve my life in risk and hardship. I can not bind myself to make the journey of life with one who indulges such a harmful and expensive habit, increasing the danger of being left homeless and disgraced." Such a stand on her part is justified by common experience. In the end, as a rule, the man who abuses his body is likely to neglect his wife.

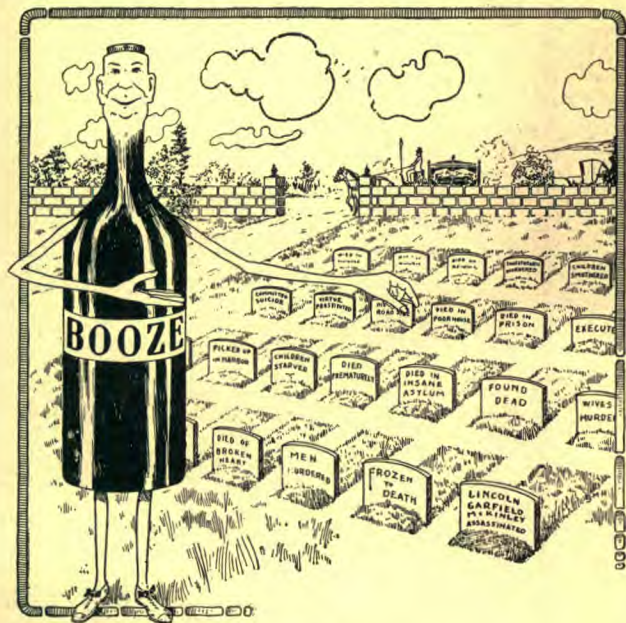
Now, the insurance companies have been finding all this out in a most forcible way during the last fifty years; and this is a matter which I wish to make very clear and emphatic. With them human life is not a matter of poetry or sentiment, but of cold business policy. The crucial question is: What lives make good risks? What kind of men can we afford to insure? What does the world's experience with the death-rate, the problem of the actuary, demonstrate? The answer to this question is clear and decisive. The total abstainer, according to the wide and long experience of insurance companies, lives on the average much longer than the drinker. At the age of twenty, a man, if an habitual drinker, can not expect to live more than some fifteen years; if a mod-

character, all insurance companies are discriminating more and more against all classes of drinkers. Some companies in Great Britain and America grant total abstainers either lower rates or other important advantages. The vitally important problem which every young man confronts is this: Can I afford to indulge in a custom which discredits me in the eyes of all insurance companies; which makes my insurance more expensive,



The World Evangel

Johnny is given nerve irritants, such as tea, coffee, pepper, spices, and highly seasoned foods, which create a demand for stronger things later in life



Adapted from Commercial Advertiser

Continue my license, and I will continue my work

erate drinker, he may last for thirty years; but if a total abstainer, he may expect to live forty-four years. Can any young man afford to cut his life short fifteen or thirty years by the drink habit, which also harms him in many other ways? Moreover, can any woman afford to marry such a man?

In view of these and other startling facts of a similar

whether life or accidental; which, according to insurance experience, lessens my expectation of life; and which surely shuts many doors of opportunity, wastes resources, and multiplies the risks of disease, disaster, and disgrace?

In this discussion, I have purposely left untouched the moral and religious aspects of the drink habit, although these are important matters for consideration. May my young readers decide the question promptly and wisely, and join the increasing host of total abstainers.

The Red Flag

An engineer gave his little girl a small red flag to play with, and explained that on the road the red flag signifies danger. "Would you stop your train if you saw a red flag on the track?" she asked. "Yes," he said, "or there might be an accident." After her papa had left, the little one found her mama crying. "Why are you crying, mama?" she asked. The mother gave no answer. But as the child saw the decanter on the sideboard, she said: "Is it because papa drank some of that nasty brandy before he went to work?" "Yes, dear, you see he is getting worse, and will surely lose his place. He thinks the people do not notice, but they must notice it. And he will, I fear, completely wreck his life."

The child did not forget her mother's worry. All day long she thought of what she might do to help, and at last she thought of the red flag, and what her papa had told her it stands for. Going to the sideboard, she firmly fastened the flag to the decanter, and then went to bed satisfied. The father came home, went to the sideboard for the usual nightcap, but saw the flag, and understood and heeded the warning.—Selected.



The CHILDREN'S RIGHTS



The Rights of the Boy

Alphonso Alva Hopkins, Ph. D.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER, AND AUTHOR OF "PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN," "WEALTH AND WASTE," ETC.



THE Boy,—spell it with a capital B, Mr. Printer, for the Boy is a capital thing,—the Boy has rights as sacred as any which the Man can boast or claim, but to which, in large measure, the Man gives little heed. Seeing that the Man was once the Boy, this carelessness on the Man's part would be inexplicable if it did not follow the Boy's own unconsciousness. The rights of the Boy are not realized by him. Of those deepest and most sacred he can have no clear understanding. They concern his advent into being

as a babe,—they pertain more to his future as a Man than to his present as a lad; to his fitness as a father by and by, when boys come to him; to his career as a citizen and a producing patriot. He can not, as a Boy, comprehend the rights which are his; but as a Man he should understand them, and stand for them, and insist that they be recognized and maintained. If all men were now to concede these rights of the Boy, and fairly guard them, society would soon be revolutionized, and the reformation resulting would shine across our world like a millennial glory. THE FIRST RIGHT OF THE BOY is as fundamental as his birth—the right to be born with pure blood. Suppose all would-be fathers were to admit this, and to govern themselves accordingly, what would happen?—Well, nothing might just *happen*, but a law of cause and effect would insure astonishing results. Saloon doors would close. Distilleries and breweries would go out of business. The liquor traffic would mean bankruptcy for all engaged in it. For pure blood—the blood whereof babes have the right to be born—has no alcohol in it. No Man who expects to be, or who may become, the father of a child, has any right to taint with alcohol the blood of his own veins, and thereby entail such taint upon future generations. How extensive such taint is now, and how prolific of evil, only those can dimly apprehend who have studied sociological conditions with the most care, and who realize the widening effect of hereditary tendencies.

To insure the Boy's right to be born with pure blood, we must deny the Man's right to drink alcoholic liquors. Prohibitionists have not gone that far, generally, in their contention. On behalf of the Boy that is, and the Man who must be, of the nation that is and that must be safeguarded in its citizenship, I am willing to stand on that picket-line of reform, and to deny the right of any Man

to poison his physical system with alcohol. Even if there were no such thing as hereditary taint—even if the Boy were to be in no danger from the curse of inherited appetite—still the effect of alcohol upon the father's blood, and upon his procreative power, would be such undeniably as to prejudice the Boy's rights later on,—to rob him of his proper chance, to place him at a disadvantage from babyhood to manhood and beyond.

The Boy's Second Right

Concede, please, that the Boy's next right, after birth, is the *right to live*. He did not seek this mortal being in which he finds himself. It came as a divine gift, under human conditions. No Man should be responsible for its curtailment, through responsibility for such human conditions as must imperil the divine gift. One such condition is drink in the parentage—paternal, or maternal, or both; drink, in the parent, that means death for the child.

Professor Laitinen has investigated child mortality with great care. His investigation "covered over 5,000 families, in more than a fourth of which parents were abstainers, or had been since marriage." And he found that among the children of these abstaining parents, the mortality was 13.45 per cent, with but 1.07 per cent of abortions, while among the children of moderate drinkers the mortality was 23.17 per cent, plus 5.26 per cent of abortions; and among the children of immoderate drinkers the mortality was 32.02 per cent, plus 7.11 per cent of abortions. When drink in the parent means death for so much greater a percentage of children than results under abstaining parentage,—when, averaging the moderate and the immoderate drinking classes, *drink must be held accountable for more than one half the deaths among children*—are we not justified in denying to parents the drinking right?



A. A. Hopkins

The Boy's Third Right

Concede the Boy his right to live, and you can not rightly deny him the *right to live at his best*, to live long; you surely have no right, as a Man, to weaken the blood upon which his life depends, to cripple the heart which must propel that blood, to impair the lungs which must keep the blood pure and assist the heart to maintain the life. The Boy's right to live, as babe and Boy, is no greater than the Boy's right to physical conditions that can resist the encroachments of disease, as Boy



Is your child marked for a drunkard? Many are

and Man. It must be remembered that the large mortality among children of drinking parentage does not represent all the perils and loss for which drink is responsible through the effect of alcohol upon the blood. The Boy may live to become the Man, yet an easy prey to crippling and costly disease, a frequent burden to his family, if not a constant burden to the state. The blood of the Man must be his productive energy, as it is the seat of his protective mechanism.

Professor von Bunge conducted an inquiry as to the percentage of diseases among children in 2,051 families whose histories can be obtained, the fathers of which were none of them total abstainers. Of these diseases, where these fathers were occasional drinkers, 6.4 per cent were tubercular, and 4.3 per cent nervous; where the fathers were regular moderate drinkers, 9.4 per cent of the diseases were tubercular, and 7.6 per cent were nerv-



Only an insignificant number of drinkers' children are physically and mentally normal: 17.5 per cent according to Legrain, 6.4 per cent according to Demme, and 11.7 per cent according to Demoor.—*Sir Victor Horsley*

ous; where the fathers were regular immoderate drinkers, 17.1 per cent were tubercular, and 11.1 per cent were nervous; and where the fathers were heavy drinkers, admitted drunkards, 24.2 per cent of the diseases were tubercular, and 22.2 per cent were nervous.

Without any statement as to the percentage of tubercular and nervous diseases among the children of abstainers, these figures by Professor von Bunge are painfully impressive as to the effect of alcohol upon the blood of those who do not abstain. The upward sliding scale of mortality, as the drink usage increases, is fearfully eloquent of the awful results.

Professor Landouzi, dean of the Paris faculty of medicine, and said to be "one of the most illustrious of French medical scientists," has declared that "alcoholism is the road to tuberculosis." According to the latest authoritative information, as to France, an appalling number of men are taking that road. As to Great Britain, Dr. John Hay, lecturing in Liverpool, lately reported that in one of the wards of a large union infirmary, devoted to pulmonary tuberculosis, there were thirty-six patients, and that, of these, thirty-four confessed to habits of immoderate drinking. The other two were children.

The admitted effects of alcohol upon the lungs, as related to pneumonia, and upon the heart, as related to the work of that organ, and the vital relation of both heart and lungs to tuberculosis, leave no room for doubt as to the effects of alcohol in spreading the "white plague," and through that in curtailing the life of Boy and Man.

Remarkably wide-spread and active recent efforts, in this country, to cope with tuberculosis and overcome it, have shown how extensive and fearful a curse it is, although the chief cause of it has not been so generally and frankly recognized and asserted as by scientists and others across the sea.

Henri Roberts, a distinguished attorney of Paris, in an address before the Congress of Temperance Societies in Belgium last June, sorrowfully asserting first place for France in the progress of alcoholism and in demonstration of its frightful results, thus declared:—

Entire provinces, such as Normandy and Brittany, have been decimated. In some departments we have seen the population diminish by a half, in others by a third or a fourth, as a result of the ravages of alcoholism. It has been proved that forty, fifty, and even sixty per cent of the young men offering themselves for military service are unfit.

Another Right of the Boy

The right of the Boy to be born with pure blood, and his right to live long at his best, imply and require his right to be born into a sober home, and to go out of that home upon the safe streets of a sober town. To insure these rights, law must stand for them, and on the side of the Boy, not against them, on the side of the saloon. There can not be a license law, anywhere, which does not make against the Boy's rights. No MAN CAN STAND FOR LICENSE, ANYWHERE, WHO DOES NOT ACTUALLY AND DIRECTLY OPPOSE THOSE RIGHTS WHICH, AS A BOY, SHOULD HAVE BEEN SAFEGUARDED FOR HIMSELF, AND WHICH, AS A MAN, HE SHOULD SAFEGUARD FOR BOYS TO-DAY.

According to the most conservative figures, which the least radical investigators have recorded, about fifty per cent of the crime, and over forty-two per cent of the pauperism, in these United States, are the direct result of

the drink habit. This habit would not have been formed in sober homes, on streets that for the Boy were safe.

By the same conservative estimates of men far from radically minded, it has been shown that full forty-five per cent of the destitution of children is directly due to drink; and every destitute child has been robbed in some measure of his or her rights. Bear in mind, let it be said again, that the Boy has the right to live, and to live long,

at his best. When drink means his deprivation, starves his life, and hastens his death, drink is not merely his curse but our crime.

WHOSE CRIME?—HIS FATHER'S, TO BE SURE, WHEN HIS FATHER IS THE DRINKER. THE STATE'S, WHEN THE STATE PROVIDES A LEGAL PLACE WHERE THE FATHER'S CRIME IS COMMITTED. YOURS AND MINE, MY BROTHER MAN, IF WE SANCTION THE STATE'S ACT, AND IF IN ANY MANNER, BY ANY MEANS, FOR ANY REASON, WE CONDONE AND PERPETUATE THE CRIME.

Patriotism alone should forbid the crime and command that it cease; for this republic is founded on manhood; and permanent prosperity, the highest welfare, will never come to our nation, until every man pays dividends on himself. He can do this only after his rights while a Boy have been safeguarded as patriotic duty requires, and under conditions that safeguard his life and labor as a Man, insure him fulness of productive years, make him a profitable producer instead of a costly consumer, and guarantee compensating return from society's cash investment in him. Christianity and humanity should make the crime impossible. No cross of Christ points upward which does not call upon all men to protect the way where boyhood's feet must walk. There is no licensed saloon in all this land which does not mock at Christ's life, and, for many a sinner, nullify his death. The Christian spirit and the Christian faith, the very divine purpose out of which came the crimson cross, the heart of humanity itself, all combine in potent pathetic appeal to the soul and citizenship of every Man, that with every attribute of his, as a Man and a citizen, he shall stand for the Boy's rights,—shall defend from wrong and injustice, from perilous tendencies and ruinous environment, the Boys that are and that are to be.

ONE third of the population of Massachusetts were beneficiaries of charitable corporations during the past year. Nearly six million dollars was used by the State in caring for paupers. Twenty-four out of every thousand persons in London are paupers, and twenty-one out of every thousand in all England and Wales. Drink is the acknowledged paramount cause of all this pauperism. Ireland, said to be the poorest country in the world, spends annually fifty-five million dollars for liquor. This amount, if rightly used, would do much for her needy people.

Why Be a Total Abstainer?

Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D.

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO LABRADOR AND ITS NEIGHBORING ISLANDS

SOME persons do things because they do not think. I am not writing to that class of people; this letter is to those who have some reason for doing a thing or not doing it. In my younger days time was valuable, and to win out in the physical and intellectual competitions everything counted. When it came to the question of, Shall I drink alcoholic beverages as do my acquaintances? the reply was, What's the good of it? It was on the basis that it was not only not necessary, but also not advisable, that I came to my resolution never to swallow alcoholic liquors as a beverage. When I passed a prohibition measure against my own throat, I may as well confess that it was not a high sense of duty to God or to my neighbors that actuated me, but a conviction that it would be an advantage to myself. It has been an immense advantage.

Some will tell you that it is all sentimentality and "goody-goody" to become a teetotaler. I confess again I decided it long before I cared whether it was a sin or not; nor have I ever in all my life known any one who regretted having decided against it; whereas I have known hundreds who have regretted that they ever tasted it, and many who started in life with me whom it has robbed of everything worth living for.

What is the use of working for all you are worth, and at the same time crippling your physical capacities by swallowing stuff to please other people? Very few persons take alcoholic liquors at first because they like them; it is because other people like them; but they soon cultivate a liking for them that they would give any money not to have. What is the good of burning midnight oil to get intellectual honors, or even to keep up with your class, if you are befuddling and crippling your brain with an alcohol-poisoned blood supply?

Is it worth while, just to bid for cheap popularity, or to avoid a silly sneer or two, to pay the price of a self-governed life, and the approbation and respect of one's own conscience? Let me say, without any fear whatever that any person can contradict it, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*;" that is, "The game is not worth the candle."

A farmer, after listening to a temperance orator, said, "Well, guv'nor, you've proved her ain't no good to Oi, and you've proved her makes a peck o' troubles for Oi, but you ain't proved Oi don't like her." Well, I didn't like the first and only taste of whisky I ever had; so I claim no merit for not touching it; nor did I care for wine; and I couldn't afford liquors, if only from the lowest point of view, namely, dollars and cents.

A clergyman sent me a gift of a large case of liquor when I was appointed to my first position of respon-



Dr. Grenfell

sibility, as house surgeon in the largest London hospital. It lasted me to light the fire in the morning till nearly the day I left. I am very glad to-day it never circulated through my blood-vessels and kidneys. Possibly some of the fellows did not frequent my rooms because they never got a drink there. They could get drinks in most of the other rooms if they needed them. So I never thought they suffered much lack, and it is certain that I did not. Yes, I liked the taste of a wine sauce on an English plum pudding,—I am English,—and this is the only reason I might have to feel virtuous in not further cultivating the taste.

No Good in It

I say again, There is no good in drinking it. Deny that who can. "I do not see as there is any harm in it," a man said to me once. But only a mummy, I should think, could fail to recognize the danger and the damage that come from it.

When the licensed victualers proved to the government that enormous sums were spent in spoiling good grain to make beer, the officials replied, wisely enough, that all that was entirely beside the issue. They would be satisfied if, after it was made, it was all poured into the ocean instead of down the people's throats; because the coldest, hardest facts showed the beer river formed an ocean of crime, poverty, and suffering. What the officials wanted to avoid was damned bodies, ruined homes, broken hearts, and starved children. I will admit it would not be quite so bad an economic problem if the cost of all the jails, insane asylums, prisons, criminal courts, hospitals, charities, police, and poor asylums was borne by the trade.

With the government it wasn't a chemical problem as to whether starch and sugar, $C_6H_{10}O_5$, was wasted by becoming C_2H_5OH ; or a physiological problem as to whether in the new form good food supplies, known to be of value, were made more responsive to digestive functions; it was a question of what is the good of letting some people get rich to make a thousand times as many get poor. It was the same question

again, "Does it pay to allow some to tempt, and make it easy for the individual, the home, the village, the city, the nation, to swallow alcoholic liquor?" No one except the seals and fishes but would admit it were far better for humanity, after the liquor is made, to pour it all into the polar sea, where, if it caught fire, and burned the ice instead of men's bodies and souls, it might possibly render access so easy that polar quarrels would be averted; whereas it is, as a rule, only an endless quarrel causer.

So much has been said about alcohol as a beverage that nothing now remains to be said. The up-to-date cry is



Our papa says he thinks too much of his boys, and all other boys, to vote for any man to sell liquor

to DO, not to TALK, and, thank God, the twentieth-century world is doing things in this matter. The best feeling of the world is against the liquor traffic, and America is nobly beginning to do her share to eliminate it.

"But alcohol is a food," some say. What does that matter, when we are not intending to use it as that? It is of about as much interest as to solemnly state that



Ninety-six per cent of moderate-drinking youth are lured to perdition.—Frances E. Willard

our sealskin boots are a food, because poor Wallace and Hubbard, when forced to eat theirs, found that it helped a little to sustain life.

Some argue that it is a good drug. Very well, then, put it in the drug cupboard, on the diffusible stimulant shelf. Laudanum, prussic acid, strychnia, and arsenic are all invaluable drugs. It does not follow that we ought to swallow them every day till we get such a craving for them that they will kill us by a slow and cruel death. I have seen many good fellows die from alcohol. I sat at the foot of a doctor's bed a little while ago, who had brought on arterial disease by drinking alcoholic beverages, and was then reaping a further reward in the horrors of angina pectoris. Poor fellow, he realized too late the awful damage it was doing him! He was only my age.

It was a glorious morning, and I was leaving for a holiday trip, as full of spirits and health as a boy. He had been sitting up all night, the awful horror of death over him every minute, intensified by the knowledge that it was his own fault, and that he might have averted it; intensified, also, by the fact that from down-stairs the sound of the footsteps of a loving, true, unselfish wife, and the ripple of baby voices came floating up to his bedroom door.

It Is a Foe

Alcohol is a foe of our human physical bodies more cruel and hateful because it is so subtle and so absolutely relentless. It passes into the blood, and circulates in every tiniest corner of the body. And it does this so subtly that its victims not only do not get frightened and turn it down until it is next to impossible to undo its work, but foster the appetite until every organ has learned to cry out for more—and more—alcohol. The tissues hardened, or sclerosed, by the use of alcohol never recover.

It is a foe to our minds, also, crippling them and warping them until they can not think straight. A drinker becomes a liar, as sure as the world becomes dark when the sun sinks. If you don't want to get left, don't trust him. I wouldn't dream of turning in below with a fellow at the helm who might see two lights instead of one. I don't take a drinker on any long trips where endurance is called for; because I have seen them play out a good deal too often. In fact, we haven't any use for them down here at all, or anywhere else really. We can't afford them any more than they can afford to poison themselves.

Again, it is a foe to our real selves—our spirits—because it makes them sink to extremities that no one would believe till they actually knew the facts to be true. Where shall I begin to illustrate this? Facts come so fast into my brain that my pen fairly runs away.

A few years ago one of our fishermen, a fine fellow with a delightful family, was doing well. He made good

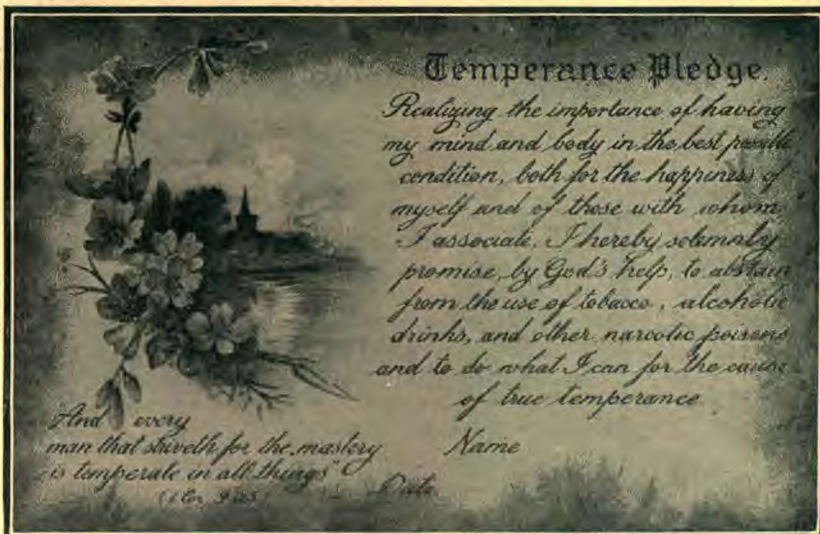
money and had a beautiful little home. He was such a general favorite, and so easy-going, that he often found himself taking "a drop of Old Tom, you know, just to make a good time." Gradually I lost sight of him until suddenly one day I was called in by his haggard, threadbare, broken-hearted wife. He, the splendid fellow I had known, had, in despair, just hanged himself from a rafter in his own ruined home. There was not a cent in the house, and not a thing left to pawn. She had remembered our friendship, and thought I might help to bury him. He had spent everything he owned for some years at the saloon across the way. I went over at once, told the barkeeper the case, and asked him to subscribe to the coffin. It was up to him to do so, as he had made it necessary. He refused in a violent, profane manner. And he was some mother's darling only a few years before.

Yes, I know. I have heard it a hundred times,—There's no danger. You won't be such a fool as to let it become your master. Every man I ever knew submerged in the alcohol flood said the same thing before you. But be larger-hearted than that; forget what you like, and what won't harm you. Remember you are your brother's keeper, and to save him you must be on firm ground yourself.

Enlist at once with those who are fighting this foe. As a first blow, every boy and girl can pass a personal prohibition resolution, without any amendment against drinking the harmful drug. And then right through the land would grow up a battalion of helpers of infinite value in hastening the coming of righteousness, joy, and peace, which is the kingdom of God.

The Baby for Bait

THE Bankutu tribe of Africans lives in the center of the Belgian Kongo. This is almost the only tribe that has successfully resisted the advance of the white man. This fact is attributed to their skill in warfare. The ways to their villages are defended by deadly poisoned spikes hidden by leaves. They use bows and arrows set



Sign the pledge: 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.—W. J. Bryan

like traps in the form of primitive spring-guns, and are quite ready, if a white man is expected, to bait such traps with a live baby, being sure that the European will be unable to resist the temptation to pick up an apparently abandoned child.

If the Indians or any class of people in this country were to use the helpless babe in this way, the country at once would be aroused, and federal legislation would very soon be enacted to stop this cruel procedure. But the liquor men of this country in their use of doped candies, nickel treats of beer and wine, and play-rooms as a bait for children, to insure future patronage, are even more inhuman than the heathen African. And yet we continue year after year to license the business that we know perpetrates such evils.

Boys, Are You Trying for the Prize?

Howard A. Kelly, M. D., LL. D., F. R. C. S.

CHIEF SURGEON JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



LIFE is a race, not so much a race in which we try to get ahead of others as one in which a prize is tried for, and in which there is a big prize for every one who strives honestly and according to the rules of the game.

Boys, I am an older boy than you, but I began when I was your age with great interest watching the other boys around me at school and at college, and, later, at work. As far as I could, I have kept track of every one of them. I was in Switzerland a few years ago climbing a big hill to get a

view out over a glacier, when suddenly I came upon a little party of climbers, and there among them I found an old familiar face. "Are you J. Mc B.?" I asked. "Yes, I am." "Why, I have been trying for thirty years to find out what had become of you, and have never been able to up to this moment."

I was at Silver Bay, on Lake George, six years ago, and there at the head of the table sat a gentleman named Scott. Something familiar prompted me to ask him: "Can you tell me anything about Walter Q. Scott, whom I used to know twenty-five years ago, camping out in the North Mountain, in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania? I have never seen him since, though I have often inquired." He answered: "I am the man. Are you the Howard Kelly who used to swim races up and down the lake [Long Pond]?" I replied that I was. And a delightful friendship was taken up just where it had been left off, and has continued year by year since. Boys, count friends the best possessions on earth. Collect eagerly all you can, and seek day by day so to live in the grace of God our Father that you may be worthy of them.

Now what I have just said was a digression; but I wanted to know you, and to get your confidence, before speaking more in detail about that race of so much importance to us all. At best, though life looks long to you and the goal of the race far away, every one who has got more than half-way over the course says it is really but a short race after all, something like a hundred-yard dash, and it is over, and you are done, and must clear the track for others coming after you. Now not one of you has ever been over the course before, and you don't know where the hurdles and the pitfalls and the obstructions are, the things that tend to throw a fellow, and make him lose his prize. But every older fellow does; for there is not one who has not been tripped sometime or other, and got up badly bruised, and had to nurse a game leg afterward, which seriously handicapped him in continuing his race. Indeed, I have seen some fellows limp all the rest of the way; and a few poor boys at the first fall just lay down by the roadside and died, and never got there at all. How often I think of them, and wonder if I could have protected them in any way if I had run a truer race myself and offered to help!

Now, boys, it is an odd thing that, while we run the race with our bodies, yet it is as a rule these very bodies which have other desires than winning races and prizes, and so conspire to keep us back. The old body, which is of the earth, wants to take it easy, to lie down and sun itself by the side of the track, to indulge its various appe-

tites, many of which are a sore hindrance to the spirit within. The body says: "Let me have all I can get out of life right now and here; don't go to disciplining me. I don't care for that bothersome prize at the end, which the spirit inside me so longs for."

The body asks for things that bring immediate pleasure, regardless of cost, and I grant you there is often a lot of fun in giving way for a time; but it is like spending your capital; afterward you can seldom, if ever, get back to the place you occupied before.

The boy who indulges his body for the sake of the immediate pleasure he gets is like a general who is attempting to hold an enemy in check, but carelessly allows him to occupy every strategic position. Each one he may foolishly give away makes him weaker and weaker, until at last he who was the master now has to capitulate to the enemy.

If you want to make a bee-line for that tree far away across the field, keep your eye steadfastly on the tree and run for it. Don't dawdle and watch your feet as you put one foot before the other, trying to make a straight line, or you will soon begin to go backward.

I tell you, boys, with all the earnestness I can command that most of the fellows I have known who let their old bodies get control of them in that way, and gave up trying for the prize, fell by the wayside; or, if they still live, they — well, I wouldn't be one of them for all the wealth and honors the world can offer.

Now the body is a good deal of a sneak, and utterly lacking in sense, and has to be controlled by its master, the spirit, even for its own preservation, let alone any consideration of that prize at the end of the race. The body tries to wheedle you, saying, "Well, just indulge me a little; I don't ask for much." But, fellows, be warned. That is a trick of the body to pull you over the danger line. Don't give in one inch, or for one minute.

I find one of the things which hinders most is impure talk, telling or hearing stories which are not sweet enough and pure enough to be told to mother and sisters.

Then there is that curse, drink. Don't touch it. No person can tell

beforehand that he is safe. Those are safest, I have found, who have the least self-confidence. What a list I could make out here of the splendid men, so sure and boasting of their will-power when they were young, who have been destroyed by the drink demon! Then, too, even if I can know it is not going to hurt me, how can I in conscience and decency take something which I really do not need, and which has wrecked the lives of so many I love? You, too, when you get to be fifty years old, will be able to make out a sad list of your friends who have died of drink, wrecking their prospects, and blighting the happiness of wives and children.

Boys, if I were you, I would let tobacco alone, too. As a doctor, I see and constantly hear of many who are seriously hurt by it. It is a wasteful habit, and easily becomes a harmful one, readily interfering with your success in life. The national bill for tobacco is something appalling; it is a terrible indictment against a nation like ours, where so much good can be done with modest sums of money, that so much is utterly wasted yearly in smoke.

If you master your body, the other fellows may for a little while think you are odd, and you may feel somewhat estranged from some of the companions you like; but after a while they will rally round you again, and

(Concluded on page eighteen)



Howard A. Kelly, M. D.

Prohibition and Personal Liberty

Lewis M. Simes

SOUTHWESTERN COLLEGE, WINFIELD, KANSAS

[The following article is a prize oration, delivered by the author last June in the national oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, at Valparaiso, Indiana. Mr. Simes won second place in this contest; but in the central interstate contest of seven States he won first place.]

Evil Disguises Itself as Good



THE powers of evil delight to take for their standard an emblem of heaven. The prince of darkness comes "transformed into an angel of light." In the facts of to-day this truth is confirmed. The liquor traffic hides behind the insignia of truth, and takes personal liberty for its watchword. Therefore, I stand here to-night, not to heap anathemas upon the drunkard, not to proclaim the economic evils of the drink traffic, great as they are, but to tear from this shameless hypocrite of the ages his thin mask of righteousness, and to proclaim him as he is.

Prohibition Consistent According to Law

Consider the status of the liquor traffic before the law. More than half a century ago the saloon forces began to make the hollow plea before the courts of the land that prohibition endangered the freedom of the individual. With pretended patriotism they declared that the abolition of the saloon infringed upon the constitutional privileges of American citizenship. The Supreme Court passed judgment upon these sophistries. It swept them away like cobwebs. Decision after decision was handed down. Finally, in the case of Crowley versus Christensen, the court delivered an opinion, approved by every member of that judicial tribunal, and written in such definite and forceful terms that none could misunderstand its meaning. This decision declared that the retailing of alcoholic liquors is not an inherent right of citizenship, and that the restriction or entire prohibition of the liquor traffic does not infringe upon the liberty of the individual. But the crowning decisions rang out in the court-rooms of this grand old State of Indiana, when Judges Artman and Christian boldly declared that the mere licensing of such a moral ulcer as the liquor traffic is immoral, illegal, and unconstitutional. And God grant that, not only from Indiana's district court, but from America's supreme tribunal, shall come the words: From henceforth, O rum king, you are outlawed; no more shall legislatures license your villainies or protect your crime!

Prohibition Consistent According to Principles of Liberty

But some may think that court decisions alone do not prove prohibition consistent with personal freedom. To them I would say, Consider the true nature of liberty itself. What is this freedom we so fondly cherish? Is it the right to do as one pleases, regardless of others' welfare? Is it the right to break law, to injure property, to destroy life?—No, that is not liberty; that is license. Except a man remove beyond the confines of human habitation, he may not do as he will. As long as men dwell together, so long must each regard the others' rights. What, then, is true liberty?—True liberty is that sphere of action granted to the individual in the exercise of which he does not infringe upon an equal sphere of action granted to others. Apply this principle to the saloon. True, we are told the law can not say what a man shall drink if no one is harmed thereby. But the fact is, the saloon does harm some one. It seizes the laborer in its

greedy clutch and filches his toil-bought gold. It crowds the vacant corridors of poorhouses, prisons, and asylums. It touches pure hearts with its polluted finger—and behold blighted souls! It blows its poisoned breath upon innocent womanhood—and behold dead hopes and ruined hearts! Sin and sorrow follow in its wake. Death and destruction marshal their cohorts upon its track. Then do we infringe upon personal liberty by the prohibition of such a monster? The government infringes upon no constitutional rights when it compels the owner of a powder-mill to conduct his business apart from other buildings: the public safety demands it. The law deprives no man of personal liberty when it prohibits public lotteries: the public morality demands it. The health officer tramples upon no individual freedom when he tacks the smallpox placard upon the disease-infected home: the public health demands it. Then who dares to affirm that the prohibition of the liquor business infringes upon personal liberty? For the liquor traffic is a hundredfold more corrupting than a lottery, a thousand times more deadly than the smallpox, and ten thousand times more dangerous than all the powder-mills in America.

Prohibition Consistent According to Evidence

We have seen the rightful place of the saloon before the law. We have tested its false claims by the true principles of personal freedom. One more step remains. Call forth the witnesses. Let us summon before us those countless thousands who have left this demon's baleful hand. Go first to the poorhouses. Bring forth the paupers drink has made. They will not be hard to find; for one out of every four of these unfortunates owes his condition to the saloon. Open the iron-bound doors of the asylums. Lead forth those wild-eyed wrecks of humanity placed there for public safety. One out of every four of these, also, comes to witness before us to-night. Summon the patrons of the saloon. They also witness to the slavery of their taskmaster. Unbar the jails, the prisons, and the penitentiaries. Lead forth the murderers and anarchists and criminals of every kind. One out of every three stands before us to declare: The liquor traffic made me what I am; it took my liberty; it stained my hands with human blood. Some there are whom I would summon that can not appear; for death has claimed them.



Lewis M. Simes

But if I could call back to life George C. Haddock, of Iowa, and Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, those martyrs for the cause of righteousness would stand here to say: The liquor traffic aimed the weapon that took my life. Is not this evidence enough? See this vast array of witnesses who tell of the saloon power's thralldom and crime. Does it look as if the monster is a defender of liberty? Is it likely that the creator of criminals would defend the loftiest principles of our body politic?—No, a thousand times no. When its own votaries declare it to be a slaveholder, when ten thousand witnesses proclaim it an anarchist, and when the departed dead brand it a defiant murderer, it is time for the jury of American public opinion to pronounce the verdict that this thing



I'm for "personal liberty"

shall die. But still the liquor dealer makes his hollow, brazen appeal. Still he blasphemes the sacred cause for which our forefathers shed their blood. I have seen the sacred words of Holy Writ flaunted across the pages of a liquor dealers' paper. I have seen the name of Frances Willard gracing the arguments of a liquor dealers' plea. Aye, I have seen the actions of the Saviour of mankind interpreted as hostile to prohibition. And when I hear the liquor men boast of love for liberty, as they did but recently in Chicago; when I read of their so-called organizations of freedom, like the Personal

friends, but you can not get them, and you can not hold them, unless you keep your bodies in subjection to the spirit. Friendships on a lower plane than this are not worth having, the bond is such a weak one, and so easily broken.

Boys, friends, keep your old body in subjection, and run your race in the grace and power of God, given through our Lord Jesus Christ, and you will surely win the great prize, the only one worth having.

A Temperance Lecture in Brief

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON once said at a dinner in New York that he could not speak for temperance more effectively than to quote the words of old Uncle Calhoun Webster, who said:—

When I sees a man a-goin' home wid a gallon o' whisky an' a half pound o' meat, dat's temperance lecture enough for me—an' I sees it ebery day. An' I knows dat everyt'ing in dat man's house am on de same scale—a gallon o' misery to ebery half pound o' comfort.

Anti-Prohibition Arguments

DURING some extended travel in the West, I came into some territory where a constitutional amendment providing for State-wide prohibition was to come before the people at an early date. Sitting in the writing-room of a hotel, I found literature generously scattered about for the information and education of the guests. The whole tenor of this literature was against prohibition, and presented arguments to business men and working men in general why they should vote against State-wide prohibition.

The key-stone of all these arguments was simply this: If State-wide prohibition is secured, then liquor will be

sold just the same, perhaps in greater quantities, but without legal restrictions. In other words, even in the face of prohibitory enactment, the liquor traffic may be counted upon to violate the law and continue its business even if the people of the State shall present a majority vote against it.

It is worth while to know that the attitude of the liquor traffic, as frankly stated by its friends, has so little regard for the will of the State or the welfare of the community that it boldly flaunts its purpose to violate the laws of the land for the sake of personal gain. Any institution that bears this character, and announces this purpose, is manifestly a menace to the welfare of the nation, and should be driven out of every State at the earliest possible moment.—*Service.*

LICENSE is unconstitutional.



Patriotic Post Card Company

There are forty dollars of economic loss to the country for every dollar of revenue.—*Richard Pearson Hobson*

Liberty League of Southern Illinois,—when I face these facts, I am led to exclaim, as did Madame Roland, going to her execution, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Conclusion

Friends of true liberty, we must still fight the defenders of false freedom. Every atom of energy, every power that we possess, must be spent for the conflict. At the battle of Trafalgar, when the sea powers of France and England were marshaled against each other, Lord Nelson issued this famous proclamation, "England expects every man to do his duty." To-day the defenders of true and false liberty are drawn up in battle array. Hear the command of your leader, O friend of prohibition: The King of heaven expects every man to do his duty. Strike for the land you love. Strike for the untarnished name of American manhood. Strike for the unsullied purity of American womanhood. Strike for the sacred altars of the American home. Strike for the true liberty that was wrought in the battle stains of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. In the name of Almighty God, strike till the rum king turns white with fear; till his cringing henchmen flee. Strike till the liquor traffic falls and dies. And throughout the land there shall be no more a drunkard and no more a legalized saloon. Then, in the light of a larger liberty, freed from the galling bondage of the tyrannical slaveholder of the ages, we shall write in letters of living light: America is free! America is free!

Boys, Are You Trying for the Prize?

(Concluded from page sixteen)

you will become a sort of prop for many who need just such an example and just such a friend.

Now here comes the connection with the digression at the start. There is no more precious possession in the world than good



Adapted from cartoon in New York American

There's no place in my domain for any one of these

Help From Heaven

M. E. Kern

PRINCIPAL OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY, TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE temperance cause has advanced by means of two principal methods of work,—moral suasion and legislative enactment. In the beginning of the great temperance movement, two generations ago, the appeal was mainly to the individual conscience. In the present generation, the efforts of the temperance forces have been concentrated almost entirely on legislative reforms and constitutional prohibition. Both lines of effort are proper.

And they must go hand in hand if the temperance cause is to be victorious.

It is right to abolish by law a business which is a breeder of the foulest crimes the devil can invent, and which casts its hellish shadow over home and country. If it is within the province of civil government to enact sanitary laws for the preservation of the public health, as surely as the moral is greater than the physical it is right to abolish by law any institution or business whose chief product is immorality and crime. If it is proper to protect ourselves by statute against adulterated foods, and to quarantine against deadly germs of contagious disease, it is surely the duty of the state to protect the innocent against this moral leprosy of mankind. Truly this line of effort appeals to all good and thoughtful men. It appeals even to the slaves of intemperance who realize that they must have the help of some power outside themselves to save them from the curse.

But the greatest and most effective temperance reform—without which political effort can not succeed—is the moral and spiritual reformation of the individual which locks the door from within. Said Lincoln: "The man who molds public sentiment is greater than he who enacts laws or enforces statutes. For without an enlightened public opinion, laws will never be enacted, nor will they be enforced." With the danger of reaction, especially where drastic laws are going into effect, and with the necessity of a mighty forward movement before us, surely the times demand a return to the old-time temperance evangelism. In this way only can we hold what has been gained, and go on to perfection.

This temperance evangelism must not be merely a campaign of education. That is good, but many men and

women, though intelligent as to the awful results of drink, have fallen beneath its power. Many brilliant minds, with the fairest prospects in life, have been ruined by this awful curse. After all, the temperance issue is one of moral fiber. Temperance is self-control. A writer, in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, truly said: "Apart from this indwelling of Jesus Christ, there is no hope for the subjugation of the drink curse. Whatever our theory of salvation may be, it remains true that only as Jesus reigns in the citadel of a man's being,—his heart and his will,—is there assurance of complete victory." "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12. The only safety of any man or woman from the power of evil passion or perverted appetite, is to trust in the power of that Name.

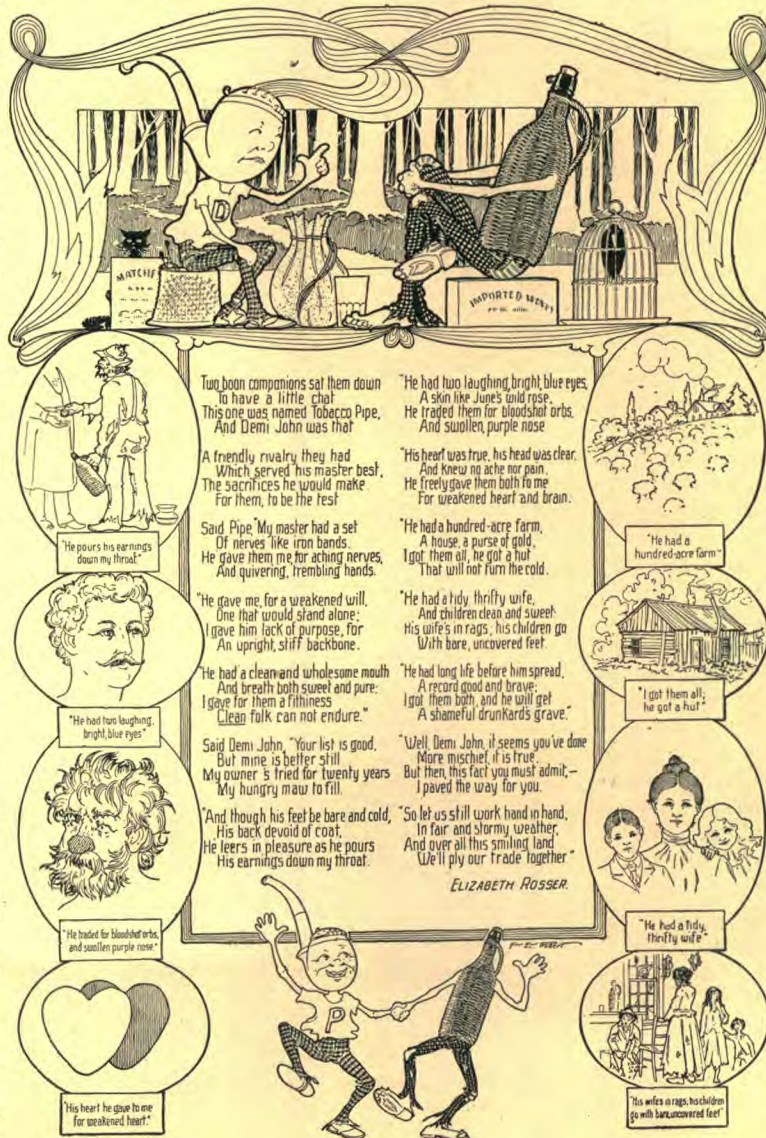
"You talk about my drinking," said the drunkard, "but you say nothing about my thirst." That thirst it is that drives him to despair. His promises and resolutions are like ropes of sand, and the knowledge of his forfeited pledges causes the loss of all confidence in himself. "Never," said John B. Gough, "did I hate liquor more than when I was its abject servant." Many a slave to intemperance has cried out, with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Rom. 7:24, margin. Would that every one might learn, as Paul did, that the power of the divine-human Son of God can set us free! "I can do all things," said he, "through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13. The finite is mastered by the infinite. Men have learned to expect no mastery in the physical world except as they

yield to the God of nature. No one endeavors to make a building stand except by yielding to God's law of gravitation, nor an engine move without applying his law of expansion. Neither can we control our own spirits except as we yield to "the law of the Spirit of life."

Is there hope for the tempted? Is there help for the downtrodden?—O, yes, there is hope! Hope in God! Help from heaven!

Francis Murphy, the drunken keeper of a grog-shop, found help behind prison-bars, where he had been cast for manslaughter. On the cold floor of his prison cell, he found God, and became a new man. And he became one of the most powerful temperance advocates of our time.

The temperance cause is the cause of Christ. Then let the church of the living God occupy her place in this warfare, lending her influence to every good work, and heralding the gospel of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."





The White Man's Legacy

"A little cotton sack of tobacco is bigger than the will-power of many men."

The Rapid Increase of the Tobacco Habit, and Its Effect Upon the Rising Generation

D. H. Kress, M. D.

[Dr. Kress's extended experience as physician and as superintendent of sanitariums in England, Australia, and America, has given him unusual opportunities for observing the effect of tobacco upon the human body.]

THE amount spent in the United States alone for tobacco annually would enable me to provide thirty thousand families each year with all the necessities of life. In addition I could grant an allowance of \$5,000 to each of ten thousand other families. To each of ten thousand others I could give \$10,000. To each of one thousand other heads of families I could make a Christmas present of \$50,000. To each of another thousand I could give \$100,000; and, besides, to each of five hundred of my best friends I could make an annual allowance of \$1,000,000. After doing all this, I would still have left each year \$20,000,000 to bestow on charitable institutions, and at least \$10,000,000 to keep the wolf from the door. Four hundred years ago the use of tobacco was unknown in civilized lands. To-day it is used by men, women, and children. Degeneracy has been the result. What the coming generations will be, if this craze continues to increase as it has in the past, does not present a picture pleasing to contemplate.

Tobacco was early considered a cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. While it removed the unpleasant symptoms associated with dyspepsia, by producing a state of partial anesthesia, or deadening the nerves, it did not cure the dyspeptic, but tended to aggravate the existing condition. When the influence of the nicotine had worn off, naturally the symptoms were found to be worse, and another smoke was demanded. To remain comfortable the dyspeptic discovered it was needful for him to remain under the influence of the nicotine all the time. In this manner the tobacco habit was created and perpetuated, not merely among dyspeptics but among others who desired to feel well, although they were ill. Efforts were made in various countries to suppress the habit as it became more prevalent. James I of England pronounced it "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and dangerous to the lungs," and urged his people to abandon its use. For years the Catholic Church would not permit its use by her adherents. To-day it is used by priests and kings, by rich and poor, by men and women, by boys and girls. A habit so universal can not but make its impress upon the race.

There are in the United States thirteen millions of children of school age who are physically and mentally defective. The real remedy does not lie in the removal of adenoids, and the patching up of decayed teeth, but in reforms in the future propagators of the race. The sins of the parents have been visited upon the children. It is impossible for a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit. The hope of the future lies in making the tree good in order that its fruits may be good also. The injurious effects of tobacco on growing life are well understood. For this reason, tobacco in many lands is forbidden the youth. It retards the normal growth and development of tissue. The boy who smokes before he reaches the age of twenty or twenty-two—that is, before he has his growth—will be an inferior man to the one he would have been if he had not used tobacco. Mentally, intellectually, and morally he will be an inferior man. He will lack in chest development and lung capacity. Other things being equal, he will be inferior in every respect to the abstainer from tobacco. Nicotine, the poison

found in tobacco, when taken into the system lessens tissue changes. The worn-out material that should be eliminated and replaced by new and better materials is retained. Normal growth of muscle, nerve, and brain is therefore arrested. Athletes who wish to excel find they must abstain from the use of tobacco altogether, because it weakens and injures that vital organ, the heart. Accountants who are addicted to the use of cigarettes or tobacco in any form, are not as accurate as are the abstainers. Anything that the user of tobacco can do well, he could have done better had he never used it. The boy, therefore, who wishes to make the most of himself, can not afford to weaken his body and mind by the use of cigarettes. An instructive experiment took place in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis some years ago. The new superintendent found, on entering upon the duties of his office, that there was a rule against smoking, which was ignored and violated by the students. Believing that a law not enforced was demoralizing, he asked the government for a commission of scientific men to make a careful examination for the purpose of ascertaining whether the rule had adequate grounds for existence. Several of the smokers were put through tests for ascertaining their



D. H. Kress



The white man's mouth ornament is used by the Maori woman

muscle strength, heart strength, and capacity for study. The same number of non-smokers were subjected to the same tests. The average of the results was greatly in favor of the non-smokers. Tobacco was then withheld from the smokers for a time, and they were tested again. It was found that the muscle strength, the heart strength, and the capacity for study were all increased. As a result of this, the rule against smoking among the younger men of the school was enforced, and remains in force to-day.

Every teacher, and all who have to do with boys, should know these facts, and by precept and example teach them. Our national life is at stake; for the boys of to-day will be the men of to-morrow. Many boys would not use tobacco if they only knew these facts. They begin to use it because they consider it manly. They are taught by example more than by precept.

Tobacco is bad for both old and young. The school board of Chicago, in a medical examination of pupils before allowing them to take part in certain athletic sports, discovered that a large number of the boys were in a physical condition that made violent exercise of any kind dangerous. Twenty-one out of one hundred were found totally unfit to participate in the sport, and all but three suffered from some form of heart-disease. The verdict was that almost to a man they were cigarette smokers.

At the time of the Boer War in Africa, out of nearly twelve thousand men in the Manchester district, England, who considered themselves fit to fight for their country, and appeared for examination, eight thousand were at once rejected; and out of the entire twelve thousand only twelve hundred passed all the tests required by the physicians. The chief cause of their disability proved to be smoking, as boys and young men.

In Germany heart-disease has increased three hundred per cent during the last twenty years. One half of the young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one are said to be unfit to bear arms. Beer and tobacco are considered to be the chief causes of this degeneracy.

In America out of sixty-seven applicants who appeared for examination to enter the medical department of the army during the Spanish War, forty-three were rejected, having what the doctors pronounced "tobacco heart."

This means much when we consider that in these classifications we have represented not the weaklings or degenerates, but the choicest young men these countries could produce.

In recent years there has been a decided increase in the number of sudden deaths from heart failure. There is no doubt that this increase is partially due to the free use of tobacco. Nicotine strikes a direct blow at the heart. It weakens the heart's action, and in time brings about degenerative changes in its structure and also in the walls of the blood-vessels. The hypertension and arteriosclerosis indicative of degenerative changes, are usually found among users of tobacco.

Flies Die in a Tobacco Show-Case

Tobacco is a deadly poison. Gardeners and keepers of greenhouses destroy grubs and noxious insects with fumes of tobacco. Flies confined in a show-case with cigarettes will die in a few minutes, so deadly does the atmosphere become. Birds and frogs and other small animals die when exposed to the fumes of tobacco in a confined space. Cheese mites, bees, and other insects may be quickly killed by directing upon them a stream of tobacco smoke from an ordinary pipe.

Not only insects, but infants who have but a slight hold on life, and are compelled to inhale the nicotine which is expelled from the lungs and skin of a tobacco-using father, are often seriously injured if not killed by such exposure. Wives who are compelled to sleep in ill-ventilated rooms with tobacco-using husbands also be-

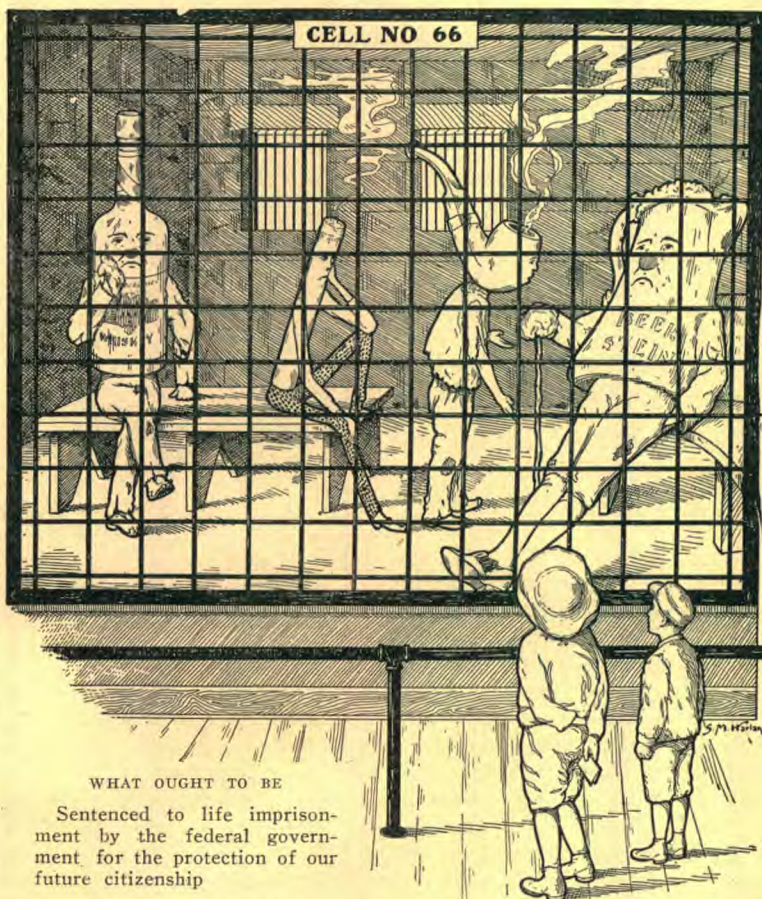
come sickly, as great injury is sustained by the inhalation of tobacco fumes.

In the cigar factories of Vienna, where women are largely employed as workers, the rate of mortality among breast-fed children is eighty-nine per cent when the mother returns to her work soon after confinement, while the average rate of infantile mortality of breast-fed children of the mothers who were not tobacco workers is found to be only thirty-nine per cent.

The evils resulting from the use of tobacco should be determined, not by its effect upon the strong, who are hard to kill, but by its influence upon the weak.

Tobacco shortens life. While occasionally a tobacco user lives to old age, tobacco using and usefulness in old age are rarely associated. It is one thing to really live in old age, and quite another thing to exist merely as an object of charity.

Tobacco destroys the mind. Young men who use tobacco seldom attain to superior scholarship in school, and



are unreliable in business. It is said that for a period of fifty years no tobacco user has ever stood at the head of his class in Harvard University, although five out of every six use the weed.

Dr. Solly, of St. Thomas Hospital, England, says: "I have had a large experience in brain disease, and am satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other cause or agent that so tends to bring on functional diseases, and through these in the end to produce organic diseases of the brain."

Much has been said in regard to the cigarette. Its chief danger lies, perhaps, in its apparent innocence. As in drinking, many who would not begin with whisky are enticed by beer and wine, because they are milder drinks, so the cigarette, because it is much milder than the pipe, encourages the young and even women to smoke.

That the manufacture and sale of the cigarette should be prohibited by law is now generally recognized.

THE government has successfully prosecuted the manufacturers of at least eight soft drinks containing cocaine, one of the most dangerous habit-forming drugs. So deleterious are these medicated drinks that insurance companies are considering the status of soft-drink habitués as future risks.

Evils of the Cigarette

William H. De Lacy

JUDGE OF THE JUVENILE COURT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Forging the chain link by link

I HAVE seen neither boy nor man stand before me with those cigarette stains upon his fingers who amounted to scarcely anything at all."

Thus have I spoken to many individuals of some sixteen thousand men and boys who have had occasion to come into my presence in the juvenile court at Washington, D. C.

"And," I add, "there is something about this cigarette habit that weakens and unnerves the boy. It destroys his memory, impairs his other cognitive

faculties, robs him of his power of attention, saps his will-power, and deprives him of his initiative; he becomes tremulous and timid, and fears to do the thing he would."

Often this filthy and disgusting habit has so fastened itself upon the impressionable boy nature that it can not be shaken off. What base slavery! What bonds of vice that meanwhile slowly and surely eat like canker into the physical being of its victim.

Many boys by repeated effort of the will do persevere and break the habit. Many other boys, alas! fail; but none need have commenced to use the cigarette. The beginning or the first indulgence in the vice, was undoubtedly a volitional act that could have been refrained from.

There is nothing necessary in the use of the cigarette. Alexander led his warriors, without cigarettes or other tobacco, from Macedonia to Persia. Hannibal caused his troops to scale the rocky fastnesses of the Alps without the aid of tobacco. Rome, the city state, extended her authority over the then known world until her eagles claimed respect from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates, from the British Isles to the Sahara Desert, and neither the cigarette nor tobacco in any other form ever appeared at the banquets of her victorious cohorts. Christopher Columbus braved the dangers of the unknown seas without this narcotic.

Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, writes: "I do not know of any habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit." And to the same effect spoke Judge Greiger, of the Springfield, Ohio, Juvenile Court, during a recent visit to Washington.

Many physicians with whom I have consulted in the matter have assured me of the deleterious effect of tobacco upon the growing boy, and all have regarded the cigarette as the most pernicious form of tobacco using. Do college professors, and college men, and those other users of cigarettes who are in a position to influence boys, ever think of their responsibility for the bad example they give? How can advice to refrain from the cigarette be heeded when it comes from one who is himself a user of the cigarette?

It is not at all unusual for probation officers to report to me that boys find it difficult to stop smoking cigarettes. "Landlord says boy smokes cigarettes. Out until midnight. Just growing up for jail and penitentiary," reads one such report.

I recall a case of a boy fifteen years of age charged with larceny from a jeweler. He was of a good family, tall for his age, with large features, that would have been handsome but for the listless, weak look that overspread his countenance. Excessive use of cigarettes had so dulled his memory that he had to refer to his broken-hearted father in order to make reply to the most ordi-

nary questions by the judge about his personal history. Another white boy, thirteen years of age, was in attendance at one of the ungraded schools of the district. One day he came to school with a package of cigarettes. At the beginning of the session, a little Italian boy informed the teacher about the cigarettes, whereupon the teacher relieved the boy of the package. At the close of the session, the teacher was surprised to receive from this boy a demand for the return of his cigarettes; and, when he was refused, he fell into a violent rage, seized a chair, and raised it to strike the teacher.

The teacher, a plucky young woman, caught him about the shoulders, forced him into a chair, and held him there until he regained, somewhat, his composure. She then sent for an officer. The officer testified that, upon his arrival at the school, he found the boy outside the school with a brick in his hand, threatening to throw it through the school window.

While under arrest, he said that he would get even with the Italian boy who told the teacher about the cigarettes. When asked about this remark by the judge, he claimed, in justification, that the boy had no business to tell on him. But when the action of the boy was shown to have been in his own interest, he took a different view of his school-mate's act, and said he was ready to forgive him.

When interrogated as to where he procured the cigarettes, he replied that he had begged them from a colored man. He was unable to say how long he had been smoking cigarettes, for the reason that he did not know just when he began to use them. The boy had so terrified not only his fellow pupils but the teachers, that the

school authorities requested that he be not returned to the school.

As far back as Feb. 7, 1891, Congress passed an act prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors under the age of sixteen years in the District of Columbia, punishing with a fine of not less than two dollars nor more than ten dollars, or imprisonment for not less than five days nor more than twenty days, any person who should sell, give, or furnish any cigar, cigarette, or tobacco in any of its forms to any minor under sixteen years of age. It is regretted that Congress did not pass a law forbidding minors themselves to smoke or use tobacco in any form.

The trustees of the public school prohibit the smoking of cigarettes or other tobacco by the pupils. Superintendent Stuart tells me this rule against smoking is strictly enforced. All probationers in care of the juvenile court are required to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and especially from using the cigarette, which, it is made plain to them, is most harmful in its effects. Boys, eschew the cigarette.



William H. De Lacy



I've turned my back for life on liquor and tobacco

The Secretary's Pipe

His Majesty Ernest Augustus, king of Hanover, could not endure the scent of tobacco, and his private secretary, General Von During, was hard put to it to indulge himself and yet not offend the king. This, according to *Harper's Weekly*, was his method of fumigating:—

Half past nine was the general's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before the time, four servants stood in the passage leading to the anteroom. One held an old horse soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming pan; one held a decanter of water and a glass and a bottle containing a colored liquid; and one was there to hold



AN ANTI-CIGARETTE BOY

From such come our men who "do things"

the papers, and to take the pipe the general smoked down the passage to the very last moment.

Number one then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained cloak, which had gone through the Peninsular War and which was now buckled tight about the neck. Number two poured some incense into the hot shovel and inserted it between the general's legs through the slit in the cloak behind. The process was continued for a minute or two till the old man was nearly stifled. Then number three, from the decanter in his hand, poured out a glass of water, of which the general took a hearty gulp, rinsed his mouth, and spat the water out on the carpeted floor; then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from number four, and rushed steaming into the king's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour.

Used Tobacco Fifty Years

AMONG those who attended a course of lectures I was giving on health and temperance a number of years ago, was a man about fifty years of age, who said that tobacco was placed in his mouth while a baby, even before he had teeth; so of course he could not remember when he began its use. When seventeen years of age he was suddenly afflicted with partial paralysis of the right side. When I became acquainted with him, he was in a condition to excite the sympathy of all who saw him. He could walk only with the aid of a long stick grasped with both hands. He had convulsions, cramping very much, his under jaw being drawn so far to one side that it seemed impossible for it ever to return to its place. His mind was also becoming affected, and it was difficult for him properly to control his tongue when talking.

On the way home from one of the lectures, he said to his wife, "Mary, I have decided to quit using tobacco."

She replied: "John, you know you can't. When you are out of tobacco, you have those terrible convulsions."

He said, "It doesn't make any difference, Mary, I am going to quit using tobacco; and that is settled." And he did.

The lectures closed, and I left the town. Three years passed, and I was again in that neighborhood. Passing through a section one day where most of the trees had been cut down, and hearing some one chopping near by, I went over to see who it was. Imagine my surprise to find that it was the paralytic. I called out to him:—

"Well, well, Mr. Brown, is it possible you are out here chopping?"

"Yes, sir; and it is a good deal more of me than there was three years ago, too," he replied. "I can handle my tongue now as well as you can yours. I am so far recovered from my lameness that I can get around and do a good bit of work. And I never had but one convulsion since I quit the use of tobacco. The miserable stuff had nearly ruined me physically and mentally. I praise God daily for deliverance from the deadly evil, and from the bondage of slavery."

If this man who had used the poisonous weed almost from his birth until fifty years of age, could discontinue its use, there is none that can not do the same; for "My grace is sufficient," says He who is always ready to lend a helping hand.

F. I. RICHARDSON.

The Harmfulness of the Cigarette

FREDERICK S. DENNIS, M. D., professor of clinical surgery, Cornell University Medical School, says:—

The tendency to beer drinking is greatly strengthened by cigarette smoking, because this habit becomes almost constant, causing a dryness of the throat and fauces and hence irritating the throat. Immoderate cigarette smoking destroys to a certain extent the conductivity of the motor nerves, and likewise affects the motor tracts of the cord. The cigarette smoker forms a habit which unfits him for performing mechanical work in which great delicacy of manipulation is necessary. This form of smoking is universally prohibited among athletes during the period of training. By inhalation the nicotine becomes volatile, engenders a gas which acts as a poison, and prevents the capillary system from performing its normal function, which in time affects growth. The action on the heart is deleterious, and gives rise to the smoker's heart, which is incapable of strain in any great physical emergency. Not only the heart, but all other organs sooner or later become affected, so that digestive and respiratory functions are impaired.

HOTELS in some of the large cities are now opening their lobbies, hallways, and apartments to women smokers, and, strange to say, there are women in every city ready to take advantage of such conditions. Surely the world is bent on destroying itself through wicked and unnecessary indulgences. When women openly enlist on the side of such evils, the outlook seems appalling. It means, at least, that those who stand and work for



CIGARETTE BOYS

From such come many of our drunkards, criminals, and paupers

right principles, for strict temperance, must redouble their efforts, else sudden destruction will overtake the nation.

"THERE is more poison in a box of cigars than in the bite of a rattlesnake," says the American Book Company.

A Clear Case Against Tobacco

[The following article is an extract from an address given to the St. Louis Medical Society by Dr. L. Bremer, late physician to the St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane at St. Louis, Missouri. The entire address can be obtained in pamphlet form from the Gospel Publicity League, Tremont Temple, Boston, Massachusetts.]



At the outset, without entering into preliminaries and details, I will state that I side with those who, looking at the injurious effects collectively, consider tobacco more harmful than alcohol, from the simple fact that its use is more general, its effects more gradual and less obvious, and that, from a moral point of view, it is in better standing.

The breath of tobacco is held permissible, and will be condoned by all classes; that of alcohol is looked upon as odious, and exposes its bearer in some quarters to social ostracism.

It is this connivance, on the part of public opinion, at



"In the office, in the parlor,
On the sidewalk, on the streets,
In the faces of the passers,
In the eyes of those he meets,
In the vestibule, the station,
At the theater or ball;

E'en at funerals and weddings,
And at christenings and all,—
Signs may threaten, men may warn him,
Babies cry, and women coax,
But he cares not one iota;
For he calmly smokes and smokes."

this kind of luxus consumption, as it is euphoniously styled by modern physiologists, that fosters its spread, especially among those who can least afford to offer any insult to their nervous systems. And, unfortunately, it is just this class of persons who delude themselves into the belief that tobacco is indispensable to them.

Our ancestors were evidently not so deleteriously affected either by alcohol or tobacco as modern man is, with the strain of the requirements of a more complicated life weighing upon him, and handicapped, as he frequently is, in his nervous and psychical make-up.

Tobacco Leads to Imbecility and Insanity

It may look like overstating and exaggerating things, but I know whereof I speak, when I say that tobacco when habitually used by the young leads to a species of imbecility; that the juvenile smoker will lie, cheat, and steal when he would not had he let tobacco alone. This kind of insanity I have observed in quite a number of cases at the St. Vincent's. The patients presented all the characteristics of young incorrigibles. They had exhausted the indulgence of their parents, who saw no other way to protect them from their insane pranks than to commit them to the institution. Had they been less favorably situated financially, they would have landed at the house of correction or the workhouse.

I do not know whether a lasting improvement was effected in any of them. There was not one among them that was able to comprehend that tobacco was injuring him; they were constantly on the lookout for obtaining it, by begging, stealing, or bribing, and regarded the deprivation of the drug as a punishment. The sense of propriety, the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, was lost. The father of one of them, who looked upon his son only as an aggravated case of bad boy, told me that he himself had been smoking ever since

his tenth year, and it never had affected him. In reality, being only forty-five years old, he was a wreck, physically and mentally, though he came of healthy stock. He could not or would not comprehend that tobacco was gradually undermining his own mind and body, although his wife and his friends knew it.

But it is not only in the young that the use of tobacco is followed with such disastrous effects. Smoking or chewing, when commenced in the period of manhood, and even at the time it generally does least harm, after middle age, will tell on the mind if excessively indulged in. Is it to be wondered at that a drug which has such potent and palpable effects as to produce loss of co-ordination and unspeakable malaise, and after the organism has become used to it, is capable of setting up the well-known heart disturbances, amblyopia and even amaurosis,—which, in short, possesses the characteristic qualities of a powerful nerve poison,—is it a wonder if such drug, when, in spite of the warnings on the part of various organs, excessively and persistently used, finally produces one or another form of insanity?

It has always seemed to me that whenever tobacco entered at all as a factor in the case of insanity, it was the immediate cause, vivifying, uniting, and condensing, as it were, the dormant morbid elements which predisposed the individual to mental disturbance. Thus I have seen melancholia, more often mania, and very frequently general paresis, hastened and precipitated by the excessive use of tobacco. I know, however, of instances where the last-named disease, or "softening of the brain," as it is called by the lay public, could not be referred to any other cause but tobacco.

That tobacco really does cause insanity is evidenced by the magic effect seen in some cases after the discontinuance of the drug, when the patient's condition is still such that he is not wholly inaccessible to reason, and has will power enough to abandon the habit. Thus I have seen that beginning melancholia with suicidal impulses, hallucinations of various kinds, forced actions, besides the precursory symptoms of insanity, such as insomnia, crying spells, præcordial anxiety, fears of impending evil, "that something is going to happen," impotency, vertigo, beginning impairment of memory and judging power,



The cigarette Nero and his living torches

and even the lowering of the moral tone, all of which, and a host of other symptoms, were attributable to chronic tobacco intoxication, disappear after freedom from the habit was established.

But whenever a case has gotten so far that commitment to an institution has become necessary, the prospects are not so good, because such persons, as a rule, can not be convinced that tobacco is, or has been, the cause of their mental trouble. Their argument is that almost everybody smokes, that all their friends and acquaintances chew or smoke, without showing any symptoms of insanity. The alcoholic insane, when leaving the institution to enter active life again, generally knows and admits that alcohol has been the cause of his mental breakdown. The nicotine victim does not admit anything.

French medical observers are of the opinion that one of the factors causing the depopulation of France is the excessive use of tobacco by its inhabitants; for the offspring of inveterate tobacco consumers is notoriously puny and stunted in stature, and lacks the normal power of resistance, especially on the part of the nervous system. Again, in our country it is a significant fact that an astounding percentage of the candidates for admission to West Point and other military schools are rejected on account of tobacco hearts. From all countries and from all classes of society come reports in increasing numbers of the baneful effects of the tobacco habit.

But the consumption goes on, and will do so until an example is set by those who, above all others, can estimate the disastrous effect of the habit. If—

Teachers, Preachers, and Physicians

would pronounce an anathema against tobacco, and abstain from it themselves, others would follow. But here is the difficulty. It is only exceptionally that a smoking pedagogue, clergyman, or physician can be convinced that he would be a better man physically, intellectually, and morally, if he would give up tobacco. Instances are cited by them of great men, inveterate and excessive tobacco consumers, who left their mark in the history of civilization as savants, artists, etc. They do not consider the possibility that these men accomplished what they did in spite of their habit, and not in consequence of or aided by it.

There is only one way to lessen the evil, and that is by the dissemination of knowledge of the baneful effects of tobacco among the rising generation, initiated and sustained by the three professions mentioned above. Of course they ought to practise first what they are going to preach.

Why Men Smoke

THREE centuries had hardly passed after the introduction of tobacco into Europe before its use was world-wide. Though borrowed directly from the North American Indians in their aboriginal condition, civilized nations have readily acquired the smoking and chewing habit. At first protests were made, especially by the rulers; but their efforts proved unavailing.

King James I of England sent to his subjects the following worthy appeal:—

Now, my good countrymen, let us, I pray you, consider what honor or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous and beastly manners of the wild, godless, and slavish Indians, especially in so wild and filthy a custom. Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in peace, famous and invincible in war, fortunate in both,—shall we, I say with blushing, abase ourselves so far as to imitate these beastly Indians?

The grand duke of Moscow forbade his subjects to use tobacco, and made a second offense punishable by death. In Turkey stringent laws were made against its use, and the victims of the habit were bastinadoed and beheaded. The pope issued bulls of excommunication; but, notwithstanding all the vigorous efforts made to suppress and forestall the tobacco habit, it steadily gained ground, and soon found a foothold in "every nook and corner of the world where civilized man has erected his habitation." "It is prevalent in Polynesia, China, Japan, and Siam. In Burma the mother takes the cheroot from her mouth, and puts it to the lips of her nursing babe. In New Zealand the habit is almost universal among the natives, women and girls using it the same as do men and boys. The Kafirs of Africa are habitual smokers.

Stanley's pygmies of Central Africa are also said to be inveterate users of the weed."

But the Indians are not the ones who have introduced the weed into every quarter of the globe where human beings exist. No; the white, the civilized man, the so-called Christian man, must bear the responsibility of this degrading act. We would that he had committed this grave wrong unwittingly, and was now seeking in every way possible to counteract his evil work. But, rather than this, every year multiplies his efforts to increase its exportation into heathen as well as into civilized lands.

As one writer observes: "Good men have written against it on the ground of its immoral effects; political economists have attacked it on account of its entire uselessness; physicians have fought it because of its mischievous effects on the health of the body; yet its use has crept on, and is still advancing." And why?—Simply because it is one of the enemy's best means of destroying man's moral, physical, and spiritual nature. And he has succeeded in making it a source of so great revenue to individuals and to nations that the sacrifice of the bodies and souls of men seems of little matter compared with the loss of the revenue.

May heaven yet find some way of arousing men and nations to their God-given responsibility of conserving humanity, instead of destroying it by heathenish habits.

The Tobacco Habit

TOBACCO using in any form is a vile, selfish habit. It is vile because it defiles mouth, breath, clothes, blood, and person. It is selfish because others are forced against their will to breathe the smoke, clean up after the chewer, pay extra in fares that a special car, and a special room at railway stations, may be provided for its users. Then, further, it is decidedly selfish for a father to spend from twenty-five to fifty dollars or more every year just to satisfy a filthy habit of his own, when his wife, his boy or girl, and perhaps an aged father and mother, must go without many little luxuries which he could provide for them were it not that he must keep himself in tobacco.

While it is a vile habit for any one who really wishes to be master of himself, what can be said about one using it who professes to follow in the footsteps of the pure Jesus of Nazareth? The very thought is repulsive. It is said that a minister of the gospel by the name of Vinton suddenly gave up tobacco, because a young miss of about twelve caused him to see the selfishness and sin of the habit. Dr. Vinton was urging her to perform some self-sacrificing service during the season of Lent.

"Pshaw," she said, "don't preach self-denial to me when you have your mouth full of nasty tobacco!"

This remark so stung this ambassador of the Lord Jesus that he turned aside and removed the odious quid from his mouth, and was never again defiled with it.

No, my boy, it is not even manly to chew or smoke. If you want to be a man, a genuine *man*, let tobacco entirely alone forever.

T. E. BOWEN.

What the Boys of Round Rock Did

I LIKE the attitude the boys of the dormitory of Trinity College, Round Rock, Texas, took after making a study of the evil results of smoking cigarettes. They immediately signed a pledge of total abstinence, and began to work for others who were addicted to the habit. By earnest, persevering effort the cigarette was finally banished from Trinity College.

Mr. Wald, professor of Latin in Trinity College, who espoused the cause of the boys, says:—

While we must continue our work of trying to save those who have become victims of the evil, and of persuading others from coming under its bondage, yet the *ultimate aim must be finally to secure prohibitive legislation*. To save a hundred boys by pledging them to abstain is well, but to remove the temptation from thousands of them is better. In Texas, with its large Mexican and Negro population so sadly addicted to the habit, it will mean a fight of years. But the cigarette *must* go. This is a struggle for a great and noble cause, and it shall, it must, go on to final victory.

THE PEOPLE'S OPPORTUNITY

It is not enough that we close saloons; it is not enough that we teach men obedience to law. We must teach the childhood and the manhood of this nation the value of abstinence and sober living.—*Ex-Governor Hanley, of Indiana.*



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.*

The Ballot-Box

"BE the ballot-box a pillar that shall not be overthrown,
Rising still erect, unbroken, 'mid the perils which abound;
While around it men shall gather, in the greatness they have
grown,
To defend the rights of manhood they have found.

"Make it clean from all corruption, keep it free from curse of
gold;
Shield it well from sin that sanctions other sin for guilty gains,
Till the lords of mighty nations in their majesty behold
How the rule of man in majesty remains."

State-Wide Prohibition

R. B. Glenn

EX-GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA



HAVING been requested to give my reasons why I believe that State-wide prohibition is the most effective method of curtailing the liquor evil, I desire to make a few statements which I believe will convince any fair, impartial reader that State prohibition does more to prevent the evil than any other plan yet tried. There are three views on the liquor question: First, high license; second, local option; third, State-wide prohibition. Now the one that lessens the drinking habit most must certainly be considered the best. No one will contend truthfully that the open saloon does this, even though operated under high license; for the higher the license, the more strong drink has to be sold in order to make it a paying investment; and therefore the owners of saloons have to make their establishments as attractive as possible in order to insure them enough cash to make their investments pay. The second method, local option, is an improvement on the open saloon, and is to a town or community what State-wide prohibition is to the entire State; and as it abolishes the bar, with its enticements and mixed drinks, and does away with a place where men can meet for social drinking and enjoyment, it does a great deal to promote the cause of temperance, and may be a stepping-stone to final adoption of prohibition in the State. Being confined, however, to a community or a town, which community or town is often surrounded by other counties and cities where the open saloon is still retained, persons from the dry territory easily go or send into the wet section, and bring back their supplies of liquor for personal use in their homes, or for distribution among others. Even the most effective laws—which are not very prevalent in the States—forbidding the shipping from wet territory into a local option community, do not always avail; for the law can be evaded by bringing the liquor in valises, wagons, etc., and when shipped, it is often disguised under another name than that of strong drink. Any thinking person will admit that the farther you remove a temptation from individuals, the easier it is for them to resist that temptation. This is embodied in the prayer of our Master, when he said, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." A man will not go out of his State, or even solicit a shipment from another State, in order to get strong drink, as quickly as he will go around the corner to an open saloon, or from a dry place



Robert B. Glenn

to an adjoining wet one. Transportation from State to State has to be made generally over railroads or through steamboat facilities, and has to be handled by various agents, thus making it more conspicuous than when one goes in person or sends by a friend to an adjoining town for a small supply. The officers of the law also can more readily see what is going on when it is done by public transportation than when smuggled in secretly; and no one yet has been found so bold as to want the public to know that he is receiving shipments of liquor, especially when in so doing he is opposing the public sentiment of his State, which has declared for prohibition. In the last two years I have been in thirty-seven different States, and after a thorough and most careful examination, I can truthfully say that in the States that have State-wide prohibition—though there is some violation of the law, and some persons who, by permission of the interstate commerce law, have shipments made to them of liquor from other States—the drink evil is fifty per cent less than in States having high license, and even thirty or forty per cent less than where there is local option. Take, as an example, the State of Kansas. Its governor sees to it that the law is enforced, and with the exception of towns and communities bordering on States where liquor is allowed to be sold, one scarcely sees any indication of liquor selling, and the people are sober and industrious. Take my own State of North Carolina: I know there is not one half the drinking in the State to-day that existed under the old system; and it was amusing when a leader of one of the political parties recently gave as a reason why our State prohibition law should be repealed, that the people who drank were getting tired of having to go all the way to Virginia to get a little booze. The very class that we desire most to protect from the liquor habit, being unable to order, or afford the expense of going after it, are compelled to be temperate; and now we hear less complaint from employers, and from fathers and mothers, of the drinking of their employees and their children.

Let each State where public sentiment is ripe for it, adopt State-wide prohibition, and then let Congress pass a law prohibiting any public utility corporation from hauling liquor into a dry State, and also refuse to license persons in a dry State, and the liquor problem will be on the way to solution; for, unable to spend their money

on strong drink, persons who have hitherto wasted their substance in riotous living will invest it in homes, in stock, in mills, and in other corporations; or put it in clothes for themselves and their families, and in better educating their children. When this is done, the development and upbuilding of these prohibition States will so far exceed that of those where open saloons encourage, and local option only partially forbids, that, to keep up in growth and prosperity, the liquor States will perforce be compelled to adopt similar laws prohibiting the sale and manufacture of liquor in their borders. To prove this assertion I will give you a brief comparison between the State of New Jersey, which has high license, and not even local option in any county, and the States of Maine and Kansas, both of which have State-wide prohibition:—

	New Jersey	Kansas and Maine
The unofficial population for 1910	2,404,617	2,435,336
Assessed value, real and personal property	1908 \$918,418,741	1909 \$2,876,068,999
Valuation per capita	\$381	\$1,139
Unmortgaged homes	661,755	192,046
Rented homes	250,848	181,268
Liquor dealers, including druggists	11,605	3,694
U. S. liquor tax	\$3,470,644	\$102,508
Convicts in State prison and penitentiary	1,827	1,036
Insane	6,075	3,519
Cost of maintaining insane, 1909	\$1,125,491	\$763,481
Average school attendance	289,167	384,387
Students	3,214	7,604

These figures fully explain themselves, and show that in one State the people are spending their money upon the things that perish, while in the other two States they are spending their substance for homes, investments, and deposits in banks. One column also shows increase in poverty, ignorance, and insanity, while the other is a strong argument that prohibition tends to make a State wealthier, healthier, and wiser. With such facts staring us in the face, who can deny that State-wide prohibition is the most effective way for regulating the whisky traffic, and is really a boon to every legitimate interest of the people? Again quoting from the report of F. B. Coburn, secretary of the board of agriculture of Kansas, I desire to add these facts. He says: "After thirty years' trial, prohibition is so popular in Kansas that no person would dare to advocate its repeal. Twenty-eight poorhouses are without inmates; eighty-seven have no insane inmates; fifty-four have no feeble-minded persons in them; twenty-one counties have no convicts in the penitentiary; thirty-six, no prisoners in the reformatory; fifty-two, no prisoners in jail; and sixteen, without a single person serving any kind of sentence." The governor confirms this report, and says the people of Kansas were never better clothed, better fed, had finer houses, or larger bank accounts, or were in better health, than they are to-day, and they attribute these great blessings to a very large extent to the effects of State-wide prohibition.

With these facts, then, before us, desiring as we do to save our children from the liquor evil, and to make them more useful citizens, let us use every honorable method to bring about State-wide prohibition in the vari-

Our Temperance Creed

There is a cause for the moral paralysis upon society. Our laws sustain an evil which is sapping their very foundations. Many deplore the wrongs which they know exist, but consider themselves free from all responsibility in the matter. This can not be. Every individual exerts an influence in society. In our favored land every voter has some voice in determining what laws shall control the nation. The advocates of temperance fail to do their whole duty unless they exert their influence, by precept and example, by voice and pen and vote, in behalf of prohibition and total abstinence. We need not expect that God will work a miracle to bring about this reform, and thus remove the necessity for our exertion. We ourselves must grapple this giant foe, our motto, "No compromise, and no cessation of our efforts till victory is gained."

—Mrs. E. G. White.

bodies and minds of our people while in this life, and dwarfing the development of souls intended for the enjoyment of life eternal.

Again, unhesitatingly, I authorize you to quote me as saying that State-wide prohibition is the one end for which all true temperance people should contend, as giving the greatest good to the greatest number, the fundamental doctrine of our democratic form of government.

Teachers and Doctors to Guide

Dr. T. N. KELENACK, honorary secretary of the British Society for the Study of Inebriety, says of the relation of teacher and doctor to the alcohol problem:—

The bishop of Birmingham, some time ago, at a conference in London, caused some surprise by saying: "People tell us that a man's first duty is to obey his conscience. It is not so. That is only a man's second duty; his first duty is to *instruct his conscience*." In making such a statement, Dr. Gore manifested true insight and real scientific precision. "Verify your references," is advice which every one would do well to comply with, but I know of only two professions that habitually and of set purpose revise their precepts—the teaching and the medical professions. It takes much grace for an ordinary man or woman to admit that he or she is an imperfect being. But teachers and doctors have ever the witness of dead and departed editions of their works, literary and otherwise, to testify that their knowledge is in need of growth and revision.

Teachers and practitioners of medicine have for long loyally co-operated, and with the entry of the doctor into the schools, they look forward to association as allies. Together they seek to lead the child into his kingdom, to aid each life to win the best, to shield and shelter all committed to their care from the manifold hampering, hindering, deranging, and destroying influences of evil in every form. Facing work in this spirit, it comes to pass that teachers and doctors have to study the problems which circle around the alcohol problem. To these two professions the nation rightly looks for direction and guidance.

America Blacklisted

THE following paragraph on law enforcement is by Dr. Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Georgia:—

I am satisfied that the great problem before the American people to-day is the problem of law enforcement. It outweighs every other consideration. Do you know that America is blacklisted in every other country with reference to this one matter? There were over eleven hundred murders in the United States last year. There were three hundred fifty murders in the city of Chicago,—more murders in Chicago last year than London has had in the last fifty years, and Chicago is just one third the size of London. In three years London has had only twenty murders, and Chicago has had three hundred fifty in one year. Out of the eleven hundred murderers in the United States less than one hundred have been convicted and punished. The rest have gone free. These facts are talked about and written about wherever I have gone; and we stand before the world to-day as a people who disregard the laws that we make. Our judiciary has no force, and people are thinking that perhaps it is not safe to invest money here if life is so cheap, and if law is so easily disregarded; they reckon that money and property interests are also cheap and lightly regarded. So I say to you again, From a financial consideration, and of course from a moral consideration, the one supreme problem in America to-day is that of law enforcement.



Vote for prohibition umbrellas for all boys

Temperance To-day

Hon. John G. Woolley

ONE OF THE MOST ACCEPTABLE TEMPERANCE ORATORS OF THE DAY



Since the fires of the human body are in the muscles, so the fires of the body politic are in that mighty network of applied morality that we call, in a word, business; and this shows why philanthropy, however broad and deep, bears mostly disappointment until it works its way into the shafts of competition.

The temperance movement, now so imminent and compelling, began in terms of fear and pity; and, for all the logic, loyalty, and labor it employed, and the sporadic

betterment it wrought in individuals and homes and towns, the balance of account stuck like a leach to the wrong side of the social ledger. The light of its arguments was clear, but not impressive. "Quit the drink," it said to the drunkard; "it tends to poverty, sickness, degradation, and domestic discord." But the infatuated devotee only muttered, "They have stricken me, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, but I felt it not; I will seek it yet again."

"Sign the pledge of total abstinence," it said to lusty youth. "'Wine is a mocker;' it will ensnare you; it may make you a drunkard." But "the glory of young men is their strength," and the young man answered: "Not me. I am too sound and proud and strong to go that way."

Of all the fuel energy consumed in the initial period of the great reform, perhaps not less than ninety-five per cent went up the smoke-stack; but the good fraction of power was enough to keep the keel of progress up into the wind. Some debauchers reformed. Some young men took warning. Parents and priests began to notice, learn, and teach. Flocks of children — thickets of twigs in the forest of humanity — were bent so that their maturity was inclined to total abstinence. But the great body of society showed no interest; and the degrading business held its cruel sway. The medical profession kept the liquor side, and statesmanship was silent.

A Small, Sure Gain

Yet there was a small, sure gain of position. Farmers began to see that the jug in the fence corner slowed the harvesting. Builders took notice how the black bottle scored in accidents, when the swaying bents were raised. Factories began to recognize the heavy tare of boozy holidays upon their labor cost. Here and there antagonism to the traffic organized feebly, but on the blindly wicked basis of its sharing profits with the public. And money talked so fluently that for many years the rising tide of temperance sentiment rolled back and downward in a treacherous undertow of license legislation, in which the weak were swept away by thousands, while the liquor trade grew rich and powerful and insolent by the terrible wreckage.

Then came Neal Dow, and, later, Frances Willard, and an epoch of organization, interrupted by the Civil War and the reconstruction period. And the scouts and prophets of the movement came together and let up the banners of a compact army of invasion. Medical science saluted the colors ungraciously, after the manner of hard-headed doctors in presence of their ancient blunders suddenly exposed. Practical politics, in legislatures, uncovered in

presence of deputations of unfranchised womanhood, and lit the beacons of abstinence in the public schools. But this was altogether, or nearly altogether, on the negative score of inebriety. Alcoholic drink tends to excess; therefore eschew it; that was the argument.

Meanwhile, boys and girls who learned at school that alcohol was a poison, dangerous even as a drug, were taught by home example that it was an almost universal remedy. The school taught boys that drink meant peril of drunkenness; while the habit of fathers and visitors swerved the teaching in most attractive and convincing ways. Progress never ceased; but it was deadly slow on the surface. Society drank more and more. The slums sank deeper and deeper into the coma of despair. The per capita consumption of the drink increased. The liquor business grew in impudence and power like a forest of green bay-trees. But a mighty change of position was taking place, that would convert the rebellion into successful revolution.

Out of the Valley and Upon the Heights

Not to follow tediously the blazed trees through the wilderness of agitation, we find ourselves to-day advanced from the valley of the shadow of defending against drunkenness, to the high plateau of economic fitness. Not failure but efficiency is our major premise now. The guns of argument train no more on loss, at the edge of the target, but on the bull's-eye of profit. The drunkard's story of redemption has not lost its interest or its power; but men of science have become the chief trophies of the agitation. The argument now is: "CUT OUT THE DRINK. EVEN IN MODERATION IT BEARS DISEASE, AND LETS YOU DOWN THE SCALE OF FITNESS IN THESE DAYS OF STRENUOUS COMPETITION, WHEN SUCCESS TURNS ON HAIR-LINE MARGINS OF ABILITY."

Chas. W. Eliot, for instance, long president of Harvard College, and accustomed for a lifetime to the temperate use of wine, steps to the front of the movement with a message on moderation, backed by all the bayonets of science, which neither youth nor age will venture to gainsay. "It is well known," he says, "that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind or enable one to support mental labor. We have had a great deal of German investigation and some American investigation in psychological laboratories in that direction, and the results are perfectly plain, and they are all one. The effect of alcohol on the time reaction of the human being has been studied carefully, tested in hundreds of thousands of cases, and there is no question about the ill effect of alcohol even in very moderate doses on the time reaction. That means that alcohol in moderate doses diminishes the efficiency of the working man in most instances, and makes him incapable of doing his best in the work of the day."

This, I think, is the present message of the great reform: If you would be sufficient unto your day in this great age of the world, avoid the drink. Even a little alcohol as a beverage means to be a little less a man. So the high appeal at last goes to the whole range of manhood, and its corollary grips the throat of the infamous liquor business. Everywhere the signs are eloquent of trouble for the trade that robs all trade. The doctor and the grocer and the butcher are tired of writing in their books the bad accounts of drunkards' families, while the liquor dealer sells his wretched merchandise for cash. Politicians begin to loathe and fear the dirty, insolent



John G. Woolley

fellowship of the liquor traffic. Half of the population of the nation is nominally, and with increasing actuality, under prohibition. It is the beginning of the end; and the lesson borne in to us by all the symptoms of the struggle is, Keep sweet; keep together; keep right on.

What You and I Can and Ought to Do To Overthrow the Tobacco and Liquor Habits

BE a total abstainer, and sign the abstinence pledge. By personal effort seek to lead others to sign the pledge. Educate the people by distributing anti-tobacco and anti-alcoholic literature.

Speak against the habits whenever opportunity presents itself.

Appeal to our lawmakers for aid in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of tobacco and liquor to minors.

Endeavor to secure officials that will demand the enforcement of law.

Since tobacco is no real benefit to the adult, but is generally, if not always, a positive harm to him; since it produces very grave injuries to the growing youth;

Be on the right side of the debate whenever the question of the use of these stimulants comes up in our circle of acquaintance.

Encourage every effort that looks toward the overthrow of this traffic.

Cease being intolerant of the views held by others as earnest in this cause as ourselves.

Support every effort toward educating the young to sentiments that will be actively and intelligently hostile to the business of liquor making and selling.

Refuse absolutely to touch fermented wine when offered at the communion table, as well as elsewhere.

Study the question in all its aspects till we have some fair notion of what remedies to use for the cure of these national diseases.

Pray daily for God's blessing on all efforts in opposition to intemperance.

Do our part toward securing a practical enforcement of the law for temperance instruction in the public schools.

Make earnest effort to arouse public sentiment to demand the cessation of the exportation of tobacco and



"Children should be legally protected. Patriotism as well as humanity demands this; for what can be the future of a country that allows young life to be wasted, and moral character degraded from birth?"

and since boys are largely influenced to smoke and chew by the example of their elders, hold *the same standard* of abstinence for teachers and students, for ministers and laymen, for men and women, for father and son, for business and laboring men, for Sabbath-school teacher and pupil,—tobacco to be eschewed alike by all sexes and all classes of mankind.

Cast our vote always with the "drys."

Refuse to sign any man's petition for license.

Refuse to rent property to be used for the manufacture or sale of liquors.

Cease arguing that the beer-drinking habit aids sobriety by reducing the consumption of distilled liquors.

Remember that a man drunk from a gallon of beer is as drunk as a man drunk on a half-pint of whisky. *

Refuse to deal with stores that sell liquors as part of their business.

Refuse to laugh at stories of drunken debauch.

Refuse to apologize for the drinking habit.

Personally seek to encourage young men just forming the habit to become total abstainers.

Do not regard the inebriate as past reformation until we have tried to lift him up.

liquor. AMERICA is charged, and we would it were unjustly, WITH TURNING "THE ENTIRE WEST COAST OF AFRICA INTO ONE LONG BARROOM, FROM WHICH NO FEWER THAN TWO MILLION SAVAGES GO FORTH TO DIE EVERY YEAR AS A RESULT OF THE TRAFFIC." According to Dr. Reichel, of the Moravian mission, "a cry of horror rises from all mission fields at the ruin wrought by intoxicating liquor"—from civilized lands.

FREQUENTLY in the children's court I hear the statement, "The boy is addicted to the use of cigarettes." Who is to blame for it? Is cigarette smoking harmful? If we say, "Not to an adult, but it may be to a child," why do we criticize him who smokes cigarettes? And when shall it be determined what is the proper age when cigarette smoking is reputable and when it is disreputable? Can we expect the children of the community to attain a higher standard than that of the body politic? Must we not all make an effort, therefore, to raise the standard of that body politic, so that the growing child may see the example and be attracted to follow it by imitation?

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
Judge of the Brooklyn Juvenile Court.

Woman's Effort at Extermination

AN ALLEGORY

Frances E. Beauchamp

[The following article was read as a paper, by Mrs. Beauchamp, president of the Kentucky W. C. T. U., at the Inter-church Temperance Federation held in Washington, D. C., Dec. 9-11, 1910, then passed on to this paper for publication.]



HAVE you heard the fable that once the animals of the tropics were called to meet in convention? A great company responded, large and small. The giraffe was chosen chairman, and called upon the lion to state the object of the meeting.

The king of beasts made a remarkable speech. He stated that the terrible drought had dried up the springs and brooks, and that this had forced all the animals to seek water in the larger streams and lakes. Ferocious crocodiles,

hearing of this, had gathered from every quarter of the globe and swarmed in these waters. "They are preying upon all animals until longer endurance is not to be considered," he said. "Not only is our offspring destroyed, but our wives, flying to the defense of our young, are also killed, and the enemy has even dared to attack and destroy many males; and, Mr. Chairman, this meeting has been called to determine upon some method of defense, that the animals of the forest may not be exterminated."

This statement of the object of the meeting opened the debate, and for two days able and eloquent speeches set forth the audacity and destructiveness of the crocodile. No epithet was too strong or too violent to describe his baseness, no language too insinuating to picture his guile and his depravity. But all this florid eloquence failed to set forth any system for ridding the country of the curse of the crocodile. Even while the convention was in session, word came more than once that the deadly work of destruction was going right on, and one and another of the members of the convention were called to mourn the loss of members of their own family.

At last the chairman, as he busied himself browsing on the tip ends of the boughs and branches of the near-by trees, ventured to remind the assembled hosts that they had been two days in convention; that in these two days not fewer than forty of the animals that were sent to represent had been slain by the destroyer, and there was no further need of eloquence to convince this assembly of the necessity of immediate action. He was personally in favor of sending a committee to interview the crocodiles, and see if they would not consent to yield certain lakes and streams to the other animals,—a sort of local option.

This suggestion precipitated a second debate, which continued for some hours, but the committee was appointed and went on its errand. Alas! while under the flag of truce, many of these committeemen were caught and devoured. The survivors, however, reported favorably, but added that the crocodiles suggested a high-license law as better even than local option, as local prohibition could not be enforced, because the crocodiles already held the waters and controlled them, and they would not enforce a law against themselves. If their suggestion for high license was accepted by the convention, they would put a heavy tax on the business of destroying animals; and only when this tax was paid, could crocodiles catch and eat any animal.

Finally both propositions were approved and set in operation, but, alas! after many years of test the number of animals slain was not decreased, but continued to increase, until it looked as if the land animals would indeed be exterminated. Meanwhile great meetings were being held, and eloquence flowed, and collections were taken, and especially gifted speakers were employed at

fine salaries as advocates of the two systems of regulating the crocodiles. All the while death held sway.

There was one little animal that was frequently seen to come and go at these great conventions. Occasionally it was observed in earnest conversation with small groups or addressing moderate-sized audiences. At one great convention of the Anti-Crocodile League one of these insignificant animals on the outskirts of the vast assembly called out, in piping tones, "Mr. Chairman, I have a suggestion."

The giraffe was outraged that so insignificant an animal would dare lift its voice in the great assembly. He was at first inclined not to recognize it; but the piping tones were insistent, and finally it was with scant courtesy recognized. Then, in clear, forcible tones, came the suggestion, "The way to be rid of the crocodiles is to destroy them in the eggs." The chairman replied, "A good suggestion, Mr. Ichneumon; come up and have a seat in the convention, and tell us how to proceed."

So modestly this meaneast of all animals came forward, and set forth in gentle, persuasive voice that its family were all prohibitionists, not local optionists nor license advocates; that they believed in the extermination of all crocodiles; that all the time these learned theories were being set forth, they had been at work training the children of all animals to destroy the crocodiles' eggs. These children had been gathered in the Sunday-schools, and once a quarter the dangers of the crocodile, and the only way of practically dealing with it, had been faithfully taught to them; that they had been instructed not to go near the crocodile, but to be faithful in destroying its eggs, which were its source, and thus they could easily exterminate them. These truths had also been faithfully taught each day of the week in the secular schools, until every year twenty million young animals were being instructed as to these facts; and laws had been secured in this country and in many other nations, compelling such instruction. He also stated that great was the magnitude of the evil against which they contended, since the laws of all countries protected the crocodile for the sake of its teeth and also for the revenue; therefore they taught the children, until now they knew better than to go near the crocodile, and they were intelligently at work creating sentiment to destroy its eggs. And so great had been the success of this manner of dealing that they had driven the crocodile from many waters. And if this larger, more powerful and influential body of animals would unite with this force of young recruits that had been so thoroughly drilled, the enemy could soon be exterminated.

It seemed such a simple proposition that it was received with enthusiasm by the laity. But there was scurrying to and fro of the wise ones, hurried whispered councils were held, and just when the motion to adopt the suggestion as a plan of work was about to be carried, one of the wise, conservative, trained leaders arose, and gracefully and graciously complimented the speaker, but cautioned the convention against the danger of rashness and haste in any action, and claimed that the methods of the Anti-Crocodile League have thinned out the crocodiles till there are not nearly so many of them. True, the ones that remain are far more destructive than they have formerly been, but the crocodile is a very great interest in this country, and has to be dealt with cautiously. So he earnestly hoped nothing rash would be done. He urged not to enrage them. We must be tactful. Of course, we all agree with the modest and forceful speaker, and ultimately we all intend to arrive at prohibition. But, really, would not the speaker agree that he and the others associated with him in the work, and who had built up this splendid league, knew more of conditions than one, however active and devoted and long

in the service, who was not acquainted with political methods? Gradually they would all work up to prohibition, but patience was essential to reach that end. So he moved to refer this plan to the official board to consider carefully, and report on at the next or some other annual convention. The motion was adopted. The cause was lost.

However, little ichneumon went cheerily on its way, training the children of all animals, knowing that one day enough of these would grow up in the strength of this teaching to destroy the source of the evil.

The meaning of this allegory is too apparent to need explanation. While men in church and state have declared the evils of liquor, have organized great movements, collected and expended thousands and millions of money, the modest, persistent, insistent, gentle-voiced women have entered the church through the Sunday-school, have taught God's "Thou shalt not;" have emphasized his fiat, "You shall be ashamed of your revenues;" have entered the public school and there secured the teaching of the law of nature, which is but another way of saying the law of God; and have organized juvenile societies. All these forces have resulted in bringing up an army that have oiled the hinges of the church door until it swings easily to admit prohibition advocates. They have entered legislative halls, and they have sung and prayed until legislators have forgotten graft, and have been inspired with a courage that raised them above intimidation, until in nine States, legislators have dared to stand for the enactment of prohibition laws. All the while these meek, disfranchised citizens, "the queens of the home," have gone about their work of living in three hundred thousand homes the principles of total abstinence. This healthy administration has filtered out through the communities, and touched and transformed thousands of other homes. The loyal young subjects of these miniature kingdoms have formed alliances and gone out to establish domains of their own. In these new kingdoms these principles have been established until to-day from a million homes, forces, more or less demoralized, it is true, by the voice of expediency advocates, are striking wildly at the foe. The church is getting its key-note from these homes, and is appointing permanent committees on temperance. These are ringing true to the home doctrine of total abstinence for the individual and total prohibition for the State and the nation. The church can not, will not, stand for compromise. Its constituency has been drilled for prohibition in the homes. And to our expediency brother, who is now on the throne, we say, with Elijah of old, "Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not;" for these prohibition "clouds are big with mercy, and will break with blessings on your head," if you take note in time; but will prove an overwhelming torrent of destruction if you continue your efforts in the name of temperance to obstruct the rising tide of prohibition flowing from the homes of this nation.

"Ye Have Done It Unto Me"

A TRUE INCIDENT

Arthur V. Fox

It was an August afternoon. The hot winds were sweeping over the Western prairies. Not a green thing was to be seen. The earth was parched and dried up, and the heavens were brass. Everything seemed to be crying, "Water! Water!"

Rachel stood in the door of the rude cabin on the plain, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked far out over the prairies. "Why don't father and mother come?" she said. "There, I guess they are coming now."

No, it was only an immigrant wagon, but it was following the trail that would bring it right by her door. Two half-starved horses drawing a dilapidated wagon, a drunken driver, a sick woman, and four children,—these were what Rachel saw when they drew near.

"Any water?" asked the driver. "Whisky ain't as cooling as some other things on a day like this."

For an instant Rachel hesitated; a pail of water stood

on the bench behind the door, but it was the very last they would be able to draw from their well, and when that was gone, where was more to come from? A thin white hand lifted the cover, and a pale face looked out. "God will bless you, my child, if you will only give us a little water."

Rachel hesitated no longer. She quickly took the dipper from the nail on which it hung, and carried the pail to the wagon. The half-famished creatures soon emptied it, and the dog came and licked it dry. "Remember, child," said the woman, as they drove away, "who it was that said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Rachel watched them out of sight, and when she turned and entered her humble home, she felt happy, despite the fact that she knew not whence the next drop of water was to come. All the afternoon a still, small voice kept saying, "Ye have done it unto me; ye have done it unto me." It was dark before her father and mother returned. They had gone several miles beyond the village to a well where they heard water was to be had, and brought back two barrels full. The little family on the plain suffered many privations during that year of drought, but the needy were never turned from their door.

The years passed by, and the desert began to "blossom as the rose." Fertile fields, thriving villages, and populous cities were to be seen on all sides. It was then that the brave-hearted people began "a peaceful war for God, and home, and native land."

Rachel was no longer a barefooted girl, but had developed into a comely matron, and was one of the most valiant soldiers in the great struggle. She had been the means of securing a well-known speaker to deliver a lecture in her town.

"I love this country," said the speaker, as he looked over the large audience. "I shall always love it; for it was on these plains that I took my first temperance pledge. When I was a lad, my father settled in the western part of the State, but during the summer of the great drought we were literally starved out. Packing our few effects into the wagon, we started back East."

"For days we traveled over the parched desert, through scorching winds and drifting sand, with scarcely water enough to moisten our burning lips. Finally we came to a house. It was only a shanty standing alone out on the wide prairies, but it was the home of the angel of our deliverance. A sweet girl brought out a pail of water, and gave us all we could drink. I have since been afraid that it was all she had, and have often wished she could know just how much her cup of cold water did in our family. We held a praise meeting right there in the old wagon. My father threw away his whisky bottle. 'That is my thank-offering,' he said. 'Mine,' said my mother, 'shall be my boy.' I promised her then for the rest of my life to be a soldier in the cold-water army."

Rachel bowed her head to hide the tears that were coursing down her cheeks, and she heard the still, small voice say, "Ye have done it unto me! Ye have done it unto me!"

I HAVE been in the ministry over fifty-five years. I was chaplain in the regular army of the United States for eleven years. During all my life I have seen the most dreadful results from drinking intoxicating liquors. I charitably beg of all our American people to quit drinking intoxicating liquors, and all our young people never to begin it. E. W. J. LINDESMITH (a Catholic priest).

THE Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church recommends its ministers to refrain from the use of tobacco. Why shouldn't it recommend the same to its laymen? And why shouldn't every church do the same? There is one church in our country that receives no one into membership who uses tobacco or liquor. All churches should put the ban also on fermented wines at the communion supper.

A Bottle of Tears

A TRUE INCIDENT

ONE moon-bathed evening in October a sweet girl stood by the baptismal font, and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord forever.

Only two brief years later, attractively attired in lovely orange, she stood by those same altars, with her hand resting, with poetic confidence, upon the arm of a strong, noble man, as she, with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for loyalty to him, "as long as skies and waves are blue." They soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping through strange scenery, on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at the gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said: "Surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality to make this place perfect. Can anything but heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-cried place, to bring breath of poison?" Poor woman! We shall see.

Between this lovely mansion and the large, well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty groggery, the gathering-place of the toughs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend (?). Later, he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he drank, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered in that place, and carried home, and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and it covers a term of ten or twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scanty breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had gotten out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note from the barkeeper. It ran something like this: "DEAR MADAM [Dear!]: This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's horse and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunk, wardrobe, and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things."

This was unlooked-for news to the poor woman. While the farm horses had gradually shrunk from twenty-six to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner, she thought the few acres, house, and contents were hers. She had wept for the past few years until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding, dry tears left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken; for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sac, which trickled into the

saucer as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken—only cried; had not thought—only cried; had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note—only cried.

Reason again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer; and with a woman's intuition, she poured them through a spoon into a vial. This she placed in the folds of her wedding-dress in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had sold her husband the liquor which had ruined him, her, and the children:—

"SIR: You demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with the red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding-dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress you will find a small vial, with a few tears in it, the last I

had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof; of fifteen joyous, girlhood, school-day years; of a short, sweet courtship, and marriage to the bravest, best man I ever knew but for whisky; of the day we moved into this, then palatial and well-kept home; of the—alas! so short—honey-moon spent here. You will find all these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden, came. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of kisses, saying that for my sake he would never be brought under the baneful effect of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home love; of the



The Midwestern

We drink only water

ease with which he would misunderstand me; of his first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find there, too, one rainy, windy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this old whisky-soaked world. You will also find, in the bottle of tears, the greed-gorged part you played in my house that night; for while one physician attended me, another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas, and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears.

"I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade-trees. I heard the rain dashing in fury against the windows. The room was jarred by angry thunder. But louder than thunder to me were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly but now fallen and cowardly husband.

"You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry—the advent cry of my first baby—a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy, but which filled me with a new anguish as I thought of such a fit beginning to a career destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the paths of sobriety, from which you, for gain, had led him.

"The next morning he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish luster kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home. But they were soon dashed and broken; for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irretrievable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless. I grew old; my heart petrified.

"I need not tell you of the next few sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury; of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses, and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled by night from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table; of the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squalor to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my now helpless husband.

"One night there was such a pain at my heart that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain that I must be dying; that she would have to take mama's place and care for papa and little sisters; that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only bread-winner. You will find in the bottle of tears how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn in the doorway and watched for her papa's return; how with the rising of the sun he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms around her father, and said: 'O my papa! our mama came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sisters, too. O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath, which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the graveled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had in my own name and right to leave you as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

"Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my lifeless husband home to me at break of day, and laid him on the floor, and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling-table over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly Negroes to dig the grave in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer, and shells in the winter, and teach my girls how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden and under your apple tree. Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stains of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears.

"You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this, I will be on my way down the road, east. I take

that route only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I do not know where I, with my three girls, will spend the night. But one thing I promise you, whatever there is in a widow's wail or an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at his judgment-bar, there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."

But what cared the petty whisky-dealer? He already reveled in sixty-five thousand dollars, stolen from that woman and her children, to say nothing of the trouble he had brought, the insults he had heaped upon them, together with the murder of his duped patron and the damnation of his soul.—*Selected.*

Something to You

"'Tis nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."

It was something when, in after-years,
Her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

"'Tis nothing to me," the mother said;
"I have no fear that my boy will tread
In the downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name."

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body, a sin-wrecked soul.

"'Tis nothing to me," the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
"I am busy to-day with tare and tret,
I have no time for fume and fret."

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre;
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"'Tis nothing to me," the voter said;
"The party's loss is my only dread."
Then he gave his vote to the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after-life;
His daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is something for us to idly sleep,
While cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in,
And grind in our midst a grist of sin.

—*Selected.*

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