

# *The* <sup>YOU</sup> *Instructor*

TEMPERANCE ANNUAL



PRICE, TEN CENTS  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WASHINGTON, D.C.



## Why Is It?

"No whisky advertising will be printed in this paper after this issue," was the full-page head-line that appeared on the first page of the *Republic* of St. Louis, Missouri. All honor to the editor and managers of the *Republic*! Kansas has not a newspaper that will print a liquor advertisement. Why should it not be so everywhere? One of the leading dailies of Washington, D. C., regardless of politics or any other personal consideration, seems always to espouse the cause of the people, except in the case of the liquor traffic. This paper will plead for lower railway rates, universal transfers, cheaper gas, higher salaries for teachers, shorter working-hours for various classes of men, for playgrounds for the children, charity enterprises, pensions for the superannuated, and for any other similar enterprise that would make for the comfort or betterment of the citizens of the city. And yet it will display full-page whisky and beer advertisements. This one act seriously dulls the luster of its otherwise praiseworthy policy.

The *Detroit Times* went "dry" on Jan. 1, 1911. It had previously refused to advertise whisky, but had accepted beer advertisements. Mr. Schermerhorn, publisher of the *Times*, gave the key to the whole situation when he said:—

If the advertising is at all productive, it makes the newspaper a part of the selling and distributing department of the brewery.

An editorial that appeared in the *Des Moines Register* said:—

It is a well-settled principle of law that he who aids and abets a crime is a partner in the crime. We can not see how the liquor dealer or the voter or newspaper who supports the liquor dealer, can divorce himself from the responsibility that attaches to the product of the business.

Some say, Call drunkards criminals, and shut them up. We say, Call the factory a criminal institution, and shut it up. We lay down this self-evident proposition, that "anything that produces no good and that interferes with the public welfare ought to be destroyed," and we defy the world to prove that this does not fit the liquor traffic. *The only way to do away with the evils of the liquor business is to do away with the business.*

## The Plain Truth

You, the men who by your vote make the laws of our country, do for a paltry sum of money license other men to station themselves with their hellish wares along the public highways, and tempt every passer-by to purchase their goods, which so poison the brain that a man is not himself at all, and may without intent become a criminal. He may even be *wholly unconscious* of what he does while under the influence of liquor, and yet you arrest him for a crime committed while in this condition, pronounce him guilty, and sentence him to ten or twenty years' imprisonment. And you and the men whom you stationed along the streets to tempt this youth, go free.

The life of the victim of the trap set by your consent to ensnare him is eternally wrecked, and his friends are given intense sorrow and shame, because your vote gave the town the licensed saloon. Should not an outraged public rebel against the infamous crime of licensing men to do that which works only injury to their patrons?

A man who had been county clerk, private secretary to one governor, State librarian, and a good attorney was in a certain town a few months ago, and one cold night asked to sleep in the filthy calaboose, saying its moving blankets were better than no blankets outdoors. He had slept in the open among lumber for several nights previous. One of your licensed saloons gave this promising man a start in the downward path, and other similar dens all along the way kept him traveling toward the drunkard's grave, the goal placed before every saloon patron. *You* by your vote are responsible for his wrecked manhood.

A widow with two noble boys traded her country home for a cottage in one of our towns. The cottage was near a little shoe-shop, where the honest workman plied his honest trade to the hurt of no one. These boys went and came in their daily toil, and were innocent and happy about the cottage door of their widowed mother. But a saloon took the place of the shoe-shop, and the music in the saloon attracted these boys. A while they stood on the outside and listened, and then they stood on the inside, and then the saloon got on the inside of them, and you know the old story. The mother wept over her drunken boys. The older, intoxicated on the public square, picked a quarrel with a man, drew his knife, and started toward him, and was shot down on the street. His bleeding body was carried to his broken-hearted mother. It was but a short time until the other boy came to his death through that same saloon. And this widow joined the great army of suffering mothers who make contributions of the precious boys to this infernal traffic. Shortly after her last boy was buried, the saloon took fire, and from it her cottage caught fire, and she barely escaped with her life.

But why cite individual cases? You know of thousands of similar ones. And you know that the licensed saloon is directly responsible for them. And you know that your vote created the licensed saloon. You then are an accomplice in all the evil wrought by the saloon. Whether prohibition proves a success or not, neither you nor any body of men can rightfully give *permission* for the establishment of an institution that can bring only ruin to your fellow citizens.

## Hon. Champ Clark's Testimony

WHEN the speaker of the national House of Representatives was asked if he regarded the saloon a fit place for a young man to frequent, he replied:—

Not if he is ambitious to live a clean, successful life. If he wishes to excel in crime, rob his mental and physical powers, consort with thugs, blacklegs, prostitutes, and thieves; be a disgrace to his family and a stench to his own nostrils, why, I'd advise him to frequent the saloon. He can learn to be all that in any liquor saloon. In fact, he can take a postgraduate course without leaving the premises. The saloon is bad mainly because of what it sells. But it is also bad because the selling of liquor always somehow creates in the premises where it is sold a most unhealthy atmosphere. One of the worst phases of the saloon life is the treating system. I have seen a half-dozen choice American citizens, leaders in their line of work, line up in front of a bar, and in less than thirty minutes come out indecent, jabbering idiots.

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# WHY *the* LIQUOR TRAFFIC STILL EXISTS *in* AMERICA.

*J. FRANK HANLY, Ex-GOVERNOR of INDIANA.*

**W**HY does the liquor traffic still exist in the American republic? The reasons are many and varied. Complete answer can not be made in two thousand words, the space allotted me. But here are five,—two primal, each of the others important, and all, taken together, controlling: First,—

## The Use of Intoxicating Liquors Is a Racial Evil

deeply rooted,—old as David, old as Lot, old as Noah,—woven into the texture of our mortal being by sixty centuries of indulgence and carousal. Creeping through our arteries ebbs the poisoned blood of six thousand years of excess and of passion,—a curse-laden, sin-impoverished, disease-infecting stream, transmitted from sire to son for two thousand generations; a thirst-begetting, will-impairing current, drained from the veins of drunken queens, inebriate kings, imbecile nobilities, and rum-besotted peoples,—depleting the physical and mental vitality, wrecking the nervous system, blunting the moral sensibilities, weakening the moral stamina of each generation, putting the conscience to sleep, awakening appetites beyond control, and setting passion on fire.

The traffic and the causes that feed it, and in turn are fed by it, are a part of our heritage from the past,—encumbrances upon our ancestral estate. We are still paying the price of our fathers' sins. The debt is not yet canceled. Payment is heavy and slow. Being a racial evil, its eradication is an evolutionary movement, a growth into which the "process of the suns" must go. It is not to be put off in an instant and at the word of command. It must be outgrown. It can not be sloughed like a worn-out skin. It is too deeply embedded in the structure of our being for that.

In keeping the traffic, we are piling up for our posterity the same old heritage of woe our ancestors piled up for us. As an evidence of the inheritance the present generation is preparing for those that are to follow it, I submit:—

The fact that the death-rate in France has come to exceed the birth-rate, and that the consequent depopulation of France is due more than to any other single factor to the excesses of her people in the use of intoxicating liquors;

The fact that in Manchester, England, during the Boer war, out of twelve thousand recruits, eight thousand were

rejected as virtually invalids, and only twelve hundred—one in ten—were regarded as entirely fit. Fully sixty per cent of all offering their services were rejected, and the physical impairment of London's population is even worse;

The fact that "in Russia drunkenness is a wide-spread social evil, eating away the lives of whole generations, ruining the organisms not only of men but of women and children;"

And the final fact that conditions abroad are being duplicated in every great city here.

I have presented briefly and imperfectly the primal reason why the liquor traffic still exists in America, and why it will continue to exist here and elsewhere for years to come. I now crowd it into a single sentence: Sixty centuries of indulgence and dissipation! Science, medicine, and sociology affirm it. Every laboratory of research proclaims it.

## Our Foreign Population Responsible

The second reason, more subsidiary than primal, but still important, lies in the enormous foreign population that has recently been incorporated into our citizenship and the social life of our people (ten million immigrants in twelve years!—one out of every nine in our entire population); and in addition, the prolific progeny of these ten millions which has been born since their arrival here,—a turbulent, engulfing, continuing stream. These newcomers are alien to our traditions, unsteadied



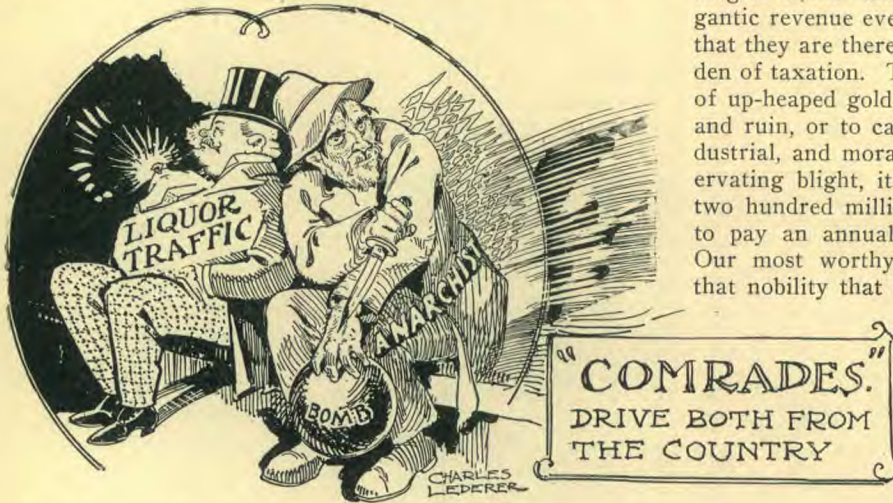
HON. J. FRANK HANLY

by training or qualifying associations, and many of them the most ignorant, discordant, and recalcitrant of the Old World's corrupted and overflowing masses. The world is not their friend, nor the world's law. Their hands are against authority. This country is to them nothing more than a place to get their daily bread. They are ignorant of its history, strangers to its institutions. Its flag is but a meaningless rag. They bring with them Old World ideals and Old World habits. Unacquainted with liberty there, they abuse it here, mistaking their new-found freedom for license. Habits, the gratification of which was held in restraint there for lack of means, find opportunity here for almost unrestrained gratification. Coagulated in the congested districts of the great cities and impaired by the past's untoward heritage, they constitute a ready-handed means through which and by which the liquor traffic has been able to fasten itself like a vampire upon the social and political life of the nation.



If the question of the traffic's annihilation were left to the Anglo-Saxon and native-born citizenship of America, its end would be quick and decisive. The accuracy of this conclusion is demonstrated by the fact that the traffic is already barred from the rural districts and smaller towns and cities of the entire country by the affirmative action of the people residing there. Rural America is "dry" in sentiment and in fact. Only urban America is "wet." This is conclusively demonstrated by the recent State-wide elections in the States of Maine, Oklahoma, and Texas, and by local option elections in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, and throughout the commonwealths of the South. The rural population of the country is American, three to one. The urban population is foreign-born, in many cities two to one, and in some three to one.

**The Federal Excise Tax Is Another Potent Reason** why the liquor traffic still continues. The exigencies and necessities of war coerced the reluctant consent of Presi-



dent Lincoln to the levying of a heavy excise tax on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. With him it was a war tax, levied in a necessitous hour. But the traffic was prompt to comprehend the value of the bribe offered the American conscience through the apparent relief from the burden of general taxation an excise tax afforded, and quick to recognize the worth of the badge of legitimacy governmental sanction and certificate would give it.

Immediately preceding the civil war its existence had been seriously imperiled. A number of States had hedged it about with limitation and restriction, and a number of others had inhibited it altogether. Civil war alone had stayed the movement for its extinction. It knew that with the return of peace and the dissolution of the perils of war its right to exist would again be challenged.

In the guise of a burden-bearer it sought the shield of governmental sanction and protection, believing its existence would be thus assured, and if so, willing to pay for the boon, to confess itself an evil and to submit to regulation,—regulation which it knew would not regulate, regulation which has broken down and failed whenever and wherever tried, from then till now.

The necessitous hour, because of which alone Mr. Lincoln consented to the principle, passed away, but the tax remained. The bribe succeeded. And the principle of governmental sanction for cash-in-hand-paid became the settled policy of all government, federal, State, and municipal.

For fifty years the children of the nation have been largely educated through the price paid by the traffic in municipal and State revenues for the privilege of ravishing their bodies, breaking their wills, impairing their intellects, and corrupting their morals. Enormous revenues have long been paid by the traffic into public treasuries, and in exchange therefor it has received governmental protection, until it is now more strongly entrenched as an institution among our people, and is a more monstrous peril to the physical, industrial, and moral efficiency of the nation, than slavery ever was;—

Until a commerce has been established, "which," in the forceful language of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, at Toronto, last October, "strikes at the very heart of all we hold dear; which debauches men, undermines the very foundations upon which the home rests, and imperils our social order, and threatens the moral fiber of the community itself;"—

Until, risen superior to all authority and to the law itself, it regulates and controls the governments of great cities, dictates executive messages, usurps the preparation and the writing of legislative enactments, and disputes the sovereignty of the State itself.

The amount of the annual bribe the traffic now pays to the American conscience is more than two hundred million dollars in federal revenue alone. If to this be added the annual bribe in State, county, and municipal revenues, the sum would be greatly augmented. The effect has been to deaden the civic conscience of the nation, to embed the traffic in the financial affairs of all government, and to give it the sanctifying seal of legality. With this gigantic revenue ever before them, men are wont to believe that they are thereby relieved to that extent from the burden of taxation. They do not see beyond the traffic's bribe of up-heaped gold. They do not pause to count the cost and ruin, or to calculate the loss in physical, mental, industrial, and moral efficiency the traffic occasions, its enervating blight, its moral degradation. For the sake of two hundred million dollars of revenue they are content to pay an annual drink bill aggregating \$1,750,000,000. Our most worthy government has not yet attained to that nobility that impelled the emperor of a heathen nation

nearly three quarters of a century ago to say to those who were urging him to license the opium traffic, "No, I will not take a revenue from what represents the vices and misfortunes of my people."

For the sake of one dollar in revenue the federal government is

content to see its citizens squander \$8.75 in the consumption of an article that injures every high quality of citizenship they possess, and adds an incalculable burden of crime, dependency, and taxation. *It condones the sin because the sinner contributes to its coffers.* The moral effect has been and is disastrous. Our conscience has been deadened until we are willing to dethrone manhood for revenue, and to discrown womanhood to escape taxation. This brings us to the fourth point, or to the second primal reason,—

#### **Our Absorbing, All-Consuming Love of Money**

We tolerate the traffic because of its high return on the labor employed and the capital invested, and defend and protect it because there is money in it to those directly engaged in it. We are so eager for wealth that we do not hesitate to destroy manhood in the making of it; it is more sacred than motherhood, more beloved than childhood. To obtain it we despoil the heritage of the one, and trample upon the heart of the other. We are more censurable than were our fathers. Apprised of the evil, we accept it, silencing our conscience with the profit it brings, and hesitating not, though every coin we receive is salt with tears, every bank-note odorous with blood.

Knowing the true and living God, we stoop to worship the idols of the market-place. Possessing freedom, we value only that which figures in the price current.

With knowledge that there is no nobility but character and service, we are satisfied to write our history in a cash-book, and to weigh all questions of right and wrong in balances of trade. We recognize no higher law than interest and cupidity. Possessed by a consuming love of the sensual, we prefer property to principle, and money profit to moral sentiment. Taking advantage of our weakness, this predatory and destructive traffic has entrenched itself in the sordidness of our natures until it is financially impregnable. Because of this it still exists.

#### **The Colossal Power of the Traffic—**

its ability to injure men and parties—is a fifth reason why it still exists. It possesses gigantic wealth, owns



vast resources of property and capital,—more than two thousand millions of dollars,—and touches the financial interests of many men in every section of the country. Grown rich and endowed with colossal and irresponsible power, it holds an impudent and arrogant lordship, demands the reins of government, and does as it wills with the authority of great cities. Its every instinct is predatory and destructive. It intimidates and corrupts officials elected by the people to enforce the laws of municipalities and of commonwealths, and overrides the law when it

stronger than everybody. No combination of brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers, and politicians can prevail over the people, once the people are welded by the indignation of insult. An institution founded upon human wrong can not abide. It may stand for a while, but in the end it will go by the board. You may lay its foundations ever so deep and so wide; you may build it, and hedge it about and entrench it with wealth and power, and pile it high as the Himalayas; but if it rests upon iniquity, the heart of a woman or the pulse of a child will beat it down. Arrogant and powerful as it is, its days are numbered. We ourselves shall be privileged to see the dawn of the dynamic hour when its power shall be broken. A force is gathering that will find a way to overthrow it, or will make one,—make one though party ties be rent and party affiliations be sundered.

Increasing numbers of men are coming to believe the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be wrong,—wrong not only in its abuses, but wrong in its very nature, wrong per se; as morally wrong as slavery was wrong, or as the sale of diseased meats or of milk impregnated with the germs of tuberculosis. To them personal ambition has become a little thing. They have come to a stand. They will trifle no further. No longer mad for party, place, or power, they are resolved that party and governmental complicity in the traffic shall cease. They are weary of denunciation in the abstract and acceptance in the concrete. They are done with the evasions and the hucksterings of politicians. They have come to realize that without moral genius there can be no real statesmanship. They mean to make the coward lips speak out. They are prepared to emphasize their belief with ballots. And they can not be silenced with revenue or place, nor coerced by the crack and lash of the party whip. The opponents of slavery were never more deeply stirred by conviction, and were never more resolute or militant than these men are. Sincere, earnest, and purposeful, they will be heard, and they must be reckoned with.

There are others—multitudes of them—who, not yet



A Russian wife, with her boy, in desperation barring the saloon door, so that the husband can not enter.

wills. An abbot of unreason, a lord of misrule, it takes its ease, and riots at pleasure. There is no law made for its regulation or control that it respects; no ordinance it does not infract; no constitutional provision, however solemn or sacred, that it does not trample upon; no day so holy that it does not desecrate it. It has no religion but the greed of gain; no patriotism, no love, that the lust of gold does not corrupt; no pity that avarice does not strangle. It knows richer streams of profit than obedience to the law can bring it. The king of anarchy, it keeps its forces organized and compact, round as a cannon-ball. All act together—every brewer, every distiller, every saloon-keeper, and the manager of every associate evil. Politicians in and out of office fear it,—those who make platforms, and those who are ambitious. Bold and unscrupulous, it coaxes, wheedles, and cajoles; it coerces, bullies, and intimidates, by parade of its members and its power, and if necessary, corrupts and bribes, until licensing boards and city officials yield to its demands. Then, once in the saddle, every restriction laid upon it becomes meaningless and impotent. The most sacred holidays are openly desecrated. Forbidden hours are unobserved. Windows are darkened with screens. Liquors are sold to minors. Wine-rooms are operated, and gambling is permitted. Punishment rarely if ever follows. Licenses are not revoked. Existing licenses are renewed, and the monopoly is continued. All that has been provided for in advance. When arrests are made and convictions found, the guilty perjure themselves when necessary in their applications for renewal of licenses. Licensing boards make no investigation, and the renewal is granted.

Because of its power to injure them in business, in profession, and in politics, men who hate it at heart bow before it, worship at its unholy shrine, and weakly do its bidding. For this reason it continues to exist.

But it will not always be so. I have an imperturbable faith that its domination in this land is to end; that its death is as certain as the evolution of the race, as inevitable as the purposes of the Almighty. Nobody is



A graphic comment in stone on the saddening and debasing effects of the liquor traffic. The monument stands in the city of Paris, France. But every licensed city is filled with the real experiences which this represents.

conceding that the traffic is wrong per se, but concerned at its economic waste and alarmed by its social dangers, its domination of political parties, its control of executives and of legislators, its utter disregard of law, and its flagrant and continuous defiance of all restraint and authority, are convinced that, as now conducted and represented by the American brewery and the American saloon, the traffic is an imminent menace to the economic and social welfare of the State and the nation, and are  
(Concluded on third cover page)



# A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE

V. H. PODSTATKA, M.D.

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF ILLINOIS NORTHERN HOSPITAL



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JUST can't doctor, I can't." The boy whose trembling lips spoke these words was barely eighteen, yet his eyes were bloodshot, his hands were trembling, and there was a purplish hue upon his cheeks. As he stood there before me, the story of his life passed before my eyes in vivid colors. His father

was not a drunkard. He would have been greatly insulted had any one suggested to him that he was even immoderate in his use of alcoholic beverages. But he drank; every day he took some of the stimulant which he considered necessary for himself, a "bracer," as he called it. And while he did it, the little curly-headed boy at his knee would look on and ask, "Papa, what is that you drink?" And papa would smile a knowing smile and say, "O, that's none of your business! You run along and play." And if the boy would not be satisfied with such an answer, he would assure him that it was just a little "medicine" he was taking for his stomach.

But the little fellow had his doubts. He saw the flushed cheeks, and noticed how restless and talkative his father would become after taking this particular medicine. What was worse, the child would plainly smell a peculiar odor upon his father's breath as his father would lift him upon his knee and "trot" him. And while he smelled it, and breathed it into his young and sensitive nostrils, his own eyes would dilate a little, and his cheeks flush a deeper red, while he became conscious of an indefinite desire for something that made one's nose and palate tingle, and one's head swim in a peculiar way.

Of course, his father almost grew angry when the child asked for it. Such stuff was not for youngsters like him. He had better stick to his milk; then if he needed anything extra, perhaps candy would do.

But the little boy was not satisfied. There was some candy he had found that had a little of the same flavor, and had made his blood tingle a little, but only a very little, not nearly so much as when he would lean real close to his father's chest and, with his head uplifted, get the full force of the peculiar odor. It used to make him almost dizzy at first; but very soon he got used to it and liked it, when his head would begin to "swim" ever so little. He knew that his stomach would be upset for the next meal, and that he would be very miserable, restless, and dissatisfied with everything for some time after, but he just could not help it. The next time he saw his father take the medicine, or smelled it from the next room, his little legs ran apparently of their own accord, and he pretended he wanted to hug his father ever so

tightly, when in his mind he knew that it was only a pretense.

It did not stop there. He soon found that his father would set aside the glass he used, a special little glass that he used only for that purpose. It was not long before he was driven to look for that glass, first just to smell a little of that peculiar flavor, and later to place it to his lips and drain into his mouth the few remaining drops. It burned, it scorched his tender mouth so badly that he had to run and drink water, a lot of it, before he felt comfortable again. But the few drops did warm up his stomach, and very soon he felt his head go dizzy with that same peculiar feeling he had felt so many times before, only stronger. After that he knew better than to taste the fiery liquid as it was. He added water to it until it did not bite, but just warmed him up, and sent that peculiar feeling to his head.

His mother found him once or twice with dry lips, cheeks flushed red, and pupils dilated; and she became alarmed lest some fever had attacked the boy, but never did she think of the real cause, and the boy never told.

Then the time soon came when the few drops left in the glass only aggravated the peculiar feeling and desire of the little boy. They were not enough to satisfy. Once or twice again he turned to his father and asked him for ever so little of the medicine. But here he met with strong and repelling words. The father must have had a slight inkling that something was wrong, and sought to set matters right by using his authority to command obedience. He wanted his boy to know that such things were not to be thought of by a youngster like him, that he must quit thinking about it, as he would not get it.

The command was all wrong, of course, but it might have done good if it had not been too late. The boy's desire was not appeased nor controlled by the words, "You must not!" If his heart had been in close sympathy with the father and mother, and they had taken him and in close confidence had fully and truly explained just what it all meant, then he might have been able to rid himself of this new thing that gripped him with an irresistible force, and made him do things that even he in his young mind knew to be wrong.

The father was now more particular about his glass, and placed it where his boy could not easily reach it. He did not notice that the boy's eyes were upon him, and that the look of desire was on his face. He did not know



Papa, what is that you drink?



It was not long before he was driven to look for that glass, first just to smell a little of that peculiar flavor, and later to place it to his lips and drain into his mouth the few remaining drops.



that after the boy had gone without his usual drops for a day, the desire almost drove him frantic as he looked at his father taking his usual medicine the following day. Also he did not know that as soon as he had left the room, the boy, standing upon a chair, had reached for the glass with fingers trembling with excitement and desire. Further, he did not know that the few drops this time did not satisfy him, but his shaking hand reached for the large bottle, and, before he realized it, he had poured out a teaspoonful or more of the reddish liquid.



He lay there on the grass, breathing noisily through wide-open lips, the little body twitching now and then.

that he lay there upon the grass, breathing noisily through wide-open lips, the little body twitching now and then, while the dark-purplish flush distorted his pretty face.

He lay there for hours. When the cool evening air stiffened his body, and his senses returned, he heard his mother calling his name. He attempted to sit up, all dazed, and not comprehending what had brought him there under the tree; but a dull, heavy feeling in the head, throbbing with each beat of the heart, caused him to reel back and to grasp his head with both hands, while terrible, sickening pain turned his attention to his stomach. Now it was not simply a disagreeable feeling and loss of appetite, but nausea, a nasty, violent retching, which turned to vomiting that almost killed him, as it made the poor little head throb all the more with every effort.

He could not answer his mother's call. Further, she did not repeat it many times. He always had come home before, and he would now. When, half an hour or so later, the boy dragged himself to the house, pale and weak, he was ready to tell his mother all. Had she noticed the true longing for mother's love and care, had she opened her arms to him and allowed him to rest there against her heart, it still might have been well with him. Instead, he was met with a severe look and closely questioning words. He was suspected of different evil things, forbidden things, and even the evident signs of his physical weakness were not enough to appease the violated sense of discipline. It was for that reason that his lips shut tightly and kept back the confession that might have saved him and her. And when his mother accused him of eating unripe fruit, thus making himself sick, he rather delighted in that, as it made it easier for him to say nothing of the truth.

That was all several years ago. As the boy stood before me, I reviewed his story. He did not need to say more than I have just told. What followed was the usual sequence,—utter disgust, and then new craving, new indulgence, and so on. Of course, he could not hide it long. His parents were truly shocked when they found it out. In no gentle words they told him how he had disgraced them and himself, and how they would punish him if he did not at once give up the craving.

The result was also as one might expect. He drank in

secret. Every penny he could secure went that way. When he could not earn money, he cheated, and, finally, stole. At the time he stood before me, he had already been at the prison's door. He had signed his father's name to a note, and only the pleading of his mother prevented his strict father from handing him over to the authorities. Later, after his father's death, he forged his mother's name. As I looked at the still youthful face, I could but feel that the poor boy never had a fair chance. I still looked upon him as a mere boy,—a poor, deluded boy, with a horrible curse upon him, a craving beyond his power to control. I talked to him as if he were my own flesh and blood. I told him that there was only a step between him and real hell on earth. His big blue eyes were upon me while I spoke. Then his lips trembled, and tears, big, bitter tears, came to his eyes when he confessed:—

"I just can't, doctor, I can't! I can't stop it. When I am over one of those terrible sprees, my head aches, and my stomach revolts, and I tremble like a leaf; then I say to myself that never, never again, will I take any more of that cursed stuff. But when I leave my bed and pass the wide-open door of a saloon on the street, when the slightest suggestion of alcohol touches my nostrils, I am like one whose very throat is in the grip of a giant. I walk in, and I drink; and while I do it, I curse myself for the coward and liar that I am. And when my money is gone, and my throat still craves more, I would sell my clothing, my body, my honor, yes, my very soul, for just one more drink."

My own eyes were moist, and yet I had heard a story just like this many a time. I had also heard that which the shamefaced boy added: "I have not always been like this, doctor. As a boy, I hated a lie, and my promise was sacred to me. It is only since I got into the clutches of this devil that I am so weak and worthless."

I turned from the boy to the tear-stained face of his mother. There was in her face that misery which is beyond words to express. She said nothing. Her boy, the pride of her heart, the hoped-for support and cheer of her later years, was a miserable drunkard. More than once she had pulled him bodily out of the mire. More than once she had cried bitter tears over him, as he lay there stupid and breathing heavily after his spree. And fight as she might against it, in her mother-heart there was growing the wish that he had never been born. Again, when he lay there and in his intoxication cursed her and all who loved him, there would come to her the wish that he, her only child, would die, that he and she and the memory of his father might be spared worse suffering and disgrace.

I could not mitigate the mother's suffering to any great extent. I could build up the boy's body and free him, for the time being, of his desire for drink; but too well I knew how temporary might be such a cure, and how easily the desire might return, if suitable temptation arose.

Then, with this pitiful case before me, I could see, passing before my eyes, not dozens, but hundreds of men, and not a few women, who had come to me, some of their own accord, others because they had to, for just such a cause as this. Among them I could see some who were almost children, and some who were old men and women: some with uplifted heads, proud, self-satisfied, and utterly oblivious of their physical and moral failure; others cast down with the burden of their shame and dis-



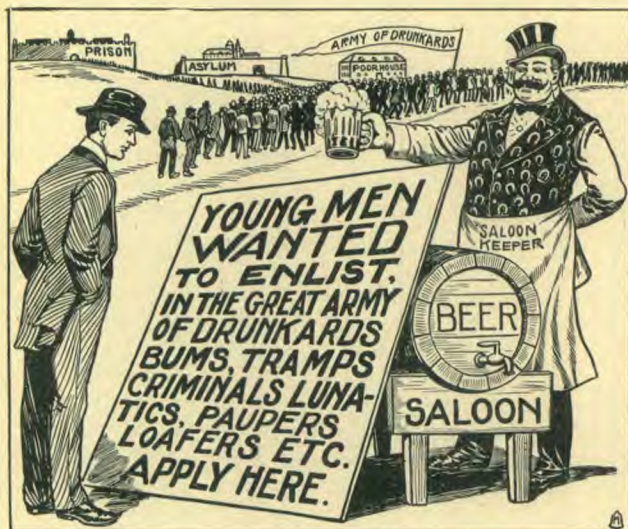
He was met with a severe look and closely questioning words.



I just can't, doctor, I can't.



grace: some priding themselves upon their vigor and strength in the false security of ignorance of the serious disease of blood-vessels and nervous tissue already preying upon them; others with drawn faces, in true physical and mental suffering: and, last of all, that most pitiful group of sufferers,—the little innocent victims, the chil-



dren of parents who drink,—the idiots, with distorted, ugly heads; the imbeciles, with the silly, leering, meaningless smile; and the even more pitiful epileptics, with their contorted, jerking, and twitching bodies. And as these sad memories passed before me, my heart sickened at the enormity of the suffering and misery, because always with and about each such pitiful creature there were others whose happiness, perhaps health and needed bread, were involved. And so the hundreds grew into thousands. And they were only those within my own knowledge—the experience of only one man.

Is it any wonder that my eyes grew dim, and that I asked, 'Why so much misery and suffering?' Believing that true relief must come through knowledge and from deliberate choice, rather than from compulsion, is it any wonder that I feel it my duty to speak and to tell all this so that men and women, more particularly boys and girls, may know these things, and, knowing them, be warned, and thus enabled to avoid this most serious danger they are likely to meet?

Surely no boy nor girl will deliberately choose disease and mental degradation. Surely no boy nor girl will deliberately take any serious chance of such a fall. It is ignorance more than a risky, venturesome mind that is



The world's home crusher—at work day and night.

most often at fault; and I, for one, do not wish that through neglect of mine any bright boy or girl should ignorantly suffer this misery, which is often worse than death.

Livermore, California.

THE labor of 4,339,085 men, the whole year through, at the average wage of ten dollars a week, would be required to pay the annual drink bill of this nation.

## A Saloon for Five Hundred Years

THE accompanying cut of the Seven Stars Hotel shows the front of a public house, or saloon, in Manchester, England, from which it is said that intoxicating liquor has been sold for five hundred forty years!

As I looked upon this place during a recent visit to England, I thought of the terrible results of the more than half a millennium of business done here. During this time kingdoms have waned and been overthrown, but this hellish business survived. More than a century of business had been carried forward here before Columbus discovered America. Generations passed away and were forgotten in the tomb of time, but the dispensing here of that which ruins soul and body lived on and flourished. Bartenders died, and others took their places to continue from the same old stand the business which wrecked homes, and destroyed noble manhood made in the image of God. Enough rum, I judge, has passed over this one bar in its five and one-half centuries of business to fill a basin large enough to float the "Olympic."

Think of the riot and bloodshed this half millennium of business has incited. Think of the boys, the pride of parents' hearts, that it has made into paupers, beggars, and vagabonds in the earth, to be destroyed at last in the lake of fire. Think of the accidents and incurable disease, the insanity, the dethronement of reason, caused by the ceaseless stream of rum from this one bar. Think of the ignorance, the vice, the dissipation, the lewdness



Enough liquor has been sold in this place during the last five hundred years, it is estimated, to fill a basin large enough to float the "Olympic."

for which it is responsible. Think of the drunken fathers, widowed mothers, orphaned children, diminished comforts, ruined homes, blighted hopes, wasted lives, and the untold wretchedness and sorrow which none but the omniscient eye of God can trace, caused by this one place where intoxicating beverages have been sold for hundreds of years. It is a terrible story, the history of which is written nowhere except in the books above, which, when opened, will tell the awful sequel. Then when we add to the heartaches, the shame, the profligacy, the unuttered sighs and unspeakable debauchery and misery caused by this one rum-hole, that of all similar places in all the world through the millenniums since drunkenness came into the world, the heart becomes overwhelmed, and grows faint and sick at the awful picture of desolation, and we wonder why the terrible traffic in souls is sanctioned by law.

The sale of this vile, soul-destroying beverage brings in a revenue, it is true, upon which the government lives; but to fatten on this is something like a man living from blood sucked from his own veins. The saloon-keepers do not produce the revenue, *they merely collect it*. The man who drinks pays it. The poor old drunkards—the bums and thugs, made so by strong drink—are the real revenue producers. Would God that both the manufacture and the sale—State, national, and world-wide—of this soul-destroying poison were prohibited by law.

G. B. THOMPSON.

Avoid the saloon; it is the grave of talent.—Rude.



# Money, Money, Always Money



HE sound of jingling coin and rustling greenbacks is not an unwelcome sound to any of us. We all like money. In itself money is not an evil; but when the love of money becomes the ruling passion of the life, then that love is the root of all evil. There is one institution in our country that has no

other object in its existence except the getting of money; and it accomplishes no worthy deed to any one in its money getting. This you know is the liquor traffic. As a man with a raging fever calls, "Water! water!" so the liquor traffic in its hellish delirium cries, "Money! money!" It is always money.

To furnish the continuous stream of coin demanded by the tills of the infamous business, means and men must be constantly sacrificed. I say men because the drinker hands himself over, piece by piece, with his coin; his health, his intellect, his self-respect, his business ability, his affections, and his sense of personal responsibility to God and man,—all these he passes over the bar with his coin. And in the majority of cases he sacrifices not only himself, but his family, those dependent upon him for care and support. And indirectly the whole world is made to suffer by the alcoholic devotee.

The liquor traffic never handles clean money. Every coin it receives is dripping with the life-blood of some one. No other business makes such demands upon a man; and yet it never lacks patrons.

It is said that on the last fourth of July but two, one hundred seventy-one children lost one or more fingers; forty-one lost a leg, an arm, or a hand; fifty-two lost one or both eyes; and two hundred fifteen were killed. The same year there were about fifty deaths reported from the football games. The country has been stirred, and justly too, over these unnecessary injuries and fatalities; and laws have been devised to avert the recurrence of such tragedies. But all these casualties are as nothing compared to the continuous record of the liquor traffic.

Many wives were murdered in this country last year by drunken husbands; thousands of mothers were made widows; one hundred thousand children were left orphans, and thousands of girls lost to home and virtue. A half million paupers, lunatics, and criminals were placed upon the care of honest, sober citizens.

Nothing is too pure or sacred to escape the blighting breath of the liquor traffic. On one street in Chicago, we are told, there have been fitted up by the saloons and breweries a score of play-rooms furnished with hobby-horses and other attractions for children. Into these, boys and girls are decoyed, and treated to diluted intoxicants, for the sole purpose of creating a liquor appetite. Brandy drops and other doped candies are also used as appetite creators. One confectioner said that a leading brewer told him that if he could not sell such candy to the children, to give it to them, and send the bill to him.

Men say, "If you let the liquor business alone, it will let you alone." But what had that innocent baby girl done that she should lose both her arms by the pistol-shot of a liquor-crazed brother?

What had little Bessie done but refuse to eat the coarse corn bread and molasses that had been her portion until it became nauseating, that she should be snatched up by

an infuriated, drunken father, carried to the river, and held under the water until she was dead? What had the mother of Bessie done that she should be sent to the madhouse by this last dagger plunged into her heart by a cruel, drunken husband?

What had bright seven-year-old Ben done that he should carry through life a deformed body because, as he ran to greet his drunken father one evening, he received a kick and a broken back instead of a loving caress?

What had that noble Kentucky mother done that she should recently have received that fatal blow from a hatchet held in the hand of her own son, because she did not at once hand over to him for whisky the money he knew she had on her person?

What had that frail wife done that she should be felled to the floor by a blow from an intoxicated hus-

band, and then pulled to the door by the hair of her head, and cast out into the snow, there to die?

What had her innocent baby boy done that he should be pushed out into the cold by that same man? And why should that baby hand have been cut off at the wrist simply because it clung to the father's coat and prevented the closing of that cruel door?

But enough! What cares the liquor traffic for wrecked lives? What cares it for ruined homes? What cares it for abused childhood? What cares it for suffering womanhood? It wants money, and money it will have, whatever the cost.

And others, lest they lose their own dollars, will stand idly by and, without protest, allow this heinous business to prosecute its hellish work.

The money spent in our country last year, if converted into dollar bills and these fastened end to end,

would girdle the globe ten times. It would require twenty-two men working night and day with shovels to throw away money as fast as the American citizen passes it over the saloon bar. The estimated cost of the Panama Canal is three hundred sixty-one millions of dollars. The liquor traffic money would build three such canals every year. It would give every boy and girl in the country a college education. It would supply three hundred thousand families with a five-thousand-dollar home.

No writer, no artist, can portray the misery in this country resultant from the liquor traffic. If our ears were not so filled with the coarser voices of bustling activity about us, and with the insistent whisperings of a selfish life, we should hear from every quarter of our globe the cry of anguish from heart-broken wives and mothers, the pitiful wail of starving, abused childhood, the pleading for help of conquered manhood, and the soul-appeal of fathers whose boys are being torn from home and loved ones by the cruel demon Drink. If we could once hear this concerted cry for help from the victims of the liquor traffic, we could not longer refuse to go to their relief. Surely we could not go to the polls and vote for the continuation of a traffic that causes incalculable harm to millions, and benefits none.

The liquor traffic is the greatest known menace to our country's prosperity. Then if by our inaction, by our failure to protest, we allow others to license this gigantic, heart-breaking, and soul-destroying evil, are we not also guilty of the blood of its victims? — We are.

## A Mother's Prayer



"My child, I fear thee! thou'rt a spirit, soul!  
How shall I walk before thee? keep my garments whole?"

O Lord, give strength, give wisdom for the task,  
To train this child for thee! Yet more I ask:

"Life of my life, for thee I crave best gifts and glad,  
More than, even in dreams, thy mother had!  
O Father! fine this gold! O, polish this, my gem,  
Till it is fair and fitting for thy diadem!"

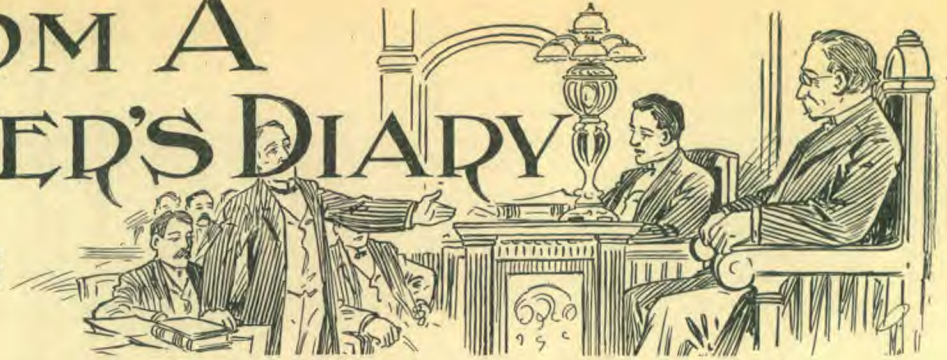
## A Liquor Dealer's Plan

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



# FROM A LAWYER'S DIARY

We stand for prohibition of the liquor traffic every day in the week, and every week in the year. Where do you stand?



## The Legal Right



HAVE been at the bar over thirty years, have been engaged in nearly four thousand criminal cases; and on mature reflection I am satisfied that over three thousand of those cases originated from drunkenness alone, and I believe that a great proportion of the remainder could be traced

either directly or indirectly to this great source of crime. Out of fifty-six cases of homicide, forty-three were caused by the maddening influence of strong drink. I have seen upon the counsel table of our courtroom the skull of an aged father who was killed by a drunken son. My brother and myself sat by his side as his counsel, and I never shall forget the look of that son when the ghastly evidence of his guilt was laid upon the stand before him—that silent yet eloquent witness! It was but an arch of bone, and was handled carelessly by the jury in their investigation, yet it had once been covered by a father's gray hairs; beneath it had throbbed a brain full of pride and affection for the son who was now on his trial for murder; and as it passed from hand to hand, the fearful expression on the face of the accused plainly told the terrible feeling of remorse that filled his soul. It was a wicked and most unnatural crime, and begot feelings of loathing and horror in the breasts of all who witnessed the trial. Yet it was not in reality the son who had committed the crime, but the demon that lurks in every cup of strong drink. And that cup had been filled and placed to the lips of that son by the hand of a man who had a license from that very court to sell that which maddened the brain and prompted the hand to commit the murder.

I saw upon that table the skull of young B—, who was killed by his most intimate friend in a drunken brawl; and the respectable proprietor at whose hotel the murder was perpetrated, and who sold the maddening spirits that prompted the deed, was a witness at the trial. He said he had a license from that respectable court to sell liquor; yes, from the very court then sitting in judgment on that act, which was but the natural sequence of the license it had sold and granted.

I once defended a man for killing his own brother, by whom in a fit of drunken frenzy he had been attacked with a dangerous weapon, thereby compelling him in

self-defense to strike a blow that had taken his brother's life. He was tried for murder, and in defense I called the "landlord" to prove that the murdered brother was mad from the effects of the liquor he had received at the witness's bar. He so testified, yet seemed conscious of no wrong. Why should he? He had a license from the court, and why should that brother's blood cry to Heaven for vengeance against him? O, no! he was a respectable citizen, possessing "a good moral character," for the law grants licenses to none other. He had a legal right to present the maddening cup to his fellow's lips, and no one should complain of him. He had acted in accordance with law.

## Patrick Flannigan's Logic

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the attorney of Patrick Flannigan.

"I am not guilty of half thim things ye've read to me," said Pat, looking at the court; "but I did have a bit of a row last Saturday week; an' I dunno jist what I did, fer ye see I was drunk, on the meaneest corn whisky yer honor iver tasted."

"But," said the court, "you are charged with perpetrating aggravated assault and battery on Mr. S—, the hotel-keeper."

"Well, yer honor," said Pat, "if I did, I only gin him back jist what's in his own whisky; an' if yer honor hadn't gin him a license, I wouldn't 've got the drink; and if I hadn't 've got the drink, I wouldn't 've bin drunk; an' if I hadn't bin drunk, I wouldn't 've got into the fight; an' if I hadn't 've got into the fight, I wouldn't 've bin here this mornin', onyhow."

This was a self-evident truth dressed in plain clothes; and while the law was with the court, Pat evidently had all



Connecticut Pauperism. Maine Pauperism.

On the same date, Maine had 163 paupers to every 100,000 of the population, and Connecticut (a license State) had 256 to every 100,000 inhabitants.



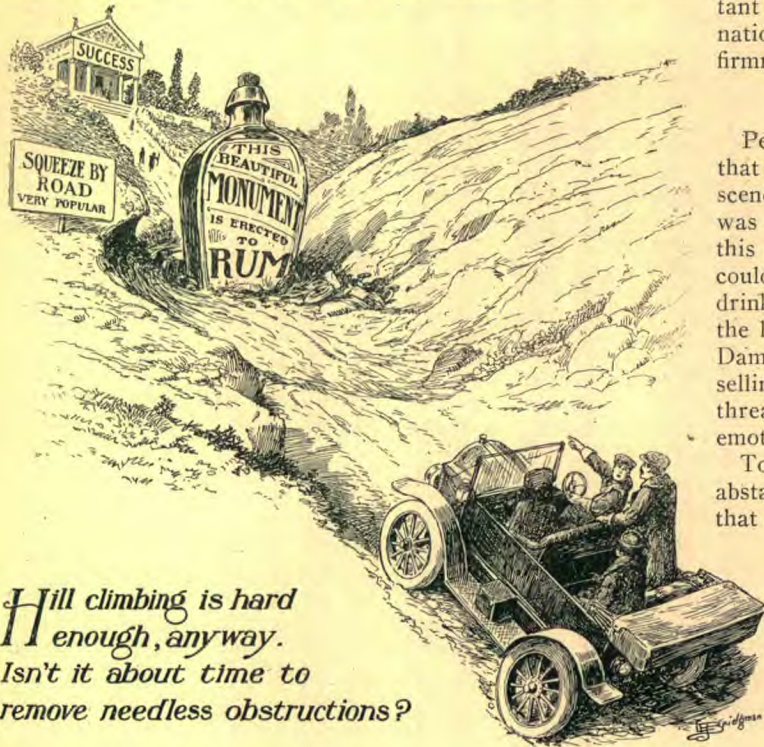
LET'S CUT IT DOWN AND PULL UP THE ROOTS



the logic, and he here summed up the mischief of the license system in a few sentences.

#### The Remedy

It is true that crime will exist, even under the best and wisest laws: so will disease. Yet we may assuage if not stop the plague and pestilence by proper sanitary measures; and so may we abate and decrease crime if



*Hill climbing is hard  
Enough, anyway.  
Isn't it about time to  
remove needless obstructions?*

we keep from the people strong drink, the great source from which crime comes.

#### The Unreasonable Request

What is it that the advocates of prohibition ask that is unreasonable? They seek to disarm the murderer, to wrest the knife from the hand of the would-be suicide, to protect the wife from the brutal blows of the drunken husband, to wipe the tears of sorrow from the cheek of the mother who mourns over the frailties of a wayward son. They seek to destroy the grog-shop, and, by its destruction, prevent its attendant evils—pauperism and crime. They desire to promote temperance, sobriety, and their every-day companions—industry and morality. This, and this only, is their demand. To do this there is one way, and only one, and that is *prohibition, strict and absolute*. Banish the accursed stuff from our streets and byways; stamp the traffic with the infamy it deserves; punish the man who sells whisky, just as you would punish any other criminal; and, if ever the law is effective in doing good and eradicating evil, it will be here, and will save thousands of men from crime, poverty, and drunkards' graves.

#### A Pertinent Question

No man should be elected to any office of public trust and confidence unless he is opposed to licensing sin and legalizing crime. We would not vote for a thief, nor a robber, nor a murderer. Why, then, vote for a man who supports and upholds a law that begets thieves, educates the robber, and makes murderers by license and legal enactments?

#### An Appeal to Legislators

Ye venerable and honorable men, raised to seats of legislation in a nation which is the freest, and is destined to become the greatest, and may become the happiest on earth, can you, will you, behold unmoved the march of the mighty evil? Shall it mine in darkness, and lift fearlessly its giant form in daylight, and deliberately dig the grave of our liberties, and entomb the last hope of an enslaved nation, and nothing be done by the national

government to stop the destroyer? With the concurrent aid of an enlightened public sentiment, you possess the power of most efficacious legislation, and by your example and influence, you, of all men, possess the best opportunities of forming correct and irresistible public sentiment on the side of temperance. Much power to you is given to check and extirpate this evil, and to roll down to distant ages broader and deeper and purer streams of national prosperity. Save us by your wisdom and firmness; save us by your example.

#### Persuasion and Stones

Persuasion is most generally like the fair words that the farmer used to prevail upon the boy to descend from the tree—when they were ineffective, it was found there was great virtue in stones. And in this great temperance reform, while I would, if I could, persuade everybody to abstain from strong drink, I would hang the naked sword of justice and the law over the head of the grog-seller, like that of Damocles, by a single thread; and if he persisted in selling liquor to the ruin of his neighbors, and the thread should break, I would try so to restrain my emotions that my grief would not be obtrusive.

To say that men can not be compelled or driven to abstain from the liquor traffic by legislation is to say that they can not be controlled or governed by law.

Let us have laws that prohibit the sale of liquor under severe penalties, and those who violate them will soon discover that the arm of the law is stronger than the arm of man.

The truth is, men can be driven to do right, and by the law are so driven all along the highways of life; with grace or without it, sanctified or unsanctified, it matters not; they obey because disobedience brings punishment.

As in the physical world, so is it in the moral. Men are driven by hunger to labor for food, by thirst to work for drink, and by cold they are driven to toil that they may be clothed. Men were born slaves to nature's laws, and they must obey or die; and in society every man is a slave to the laws that compel him to respect the rights of his neighbor as he would have his rights respected; and when he disregards the obliga-

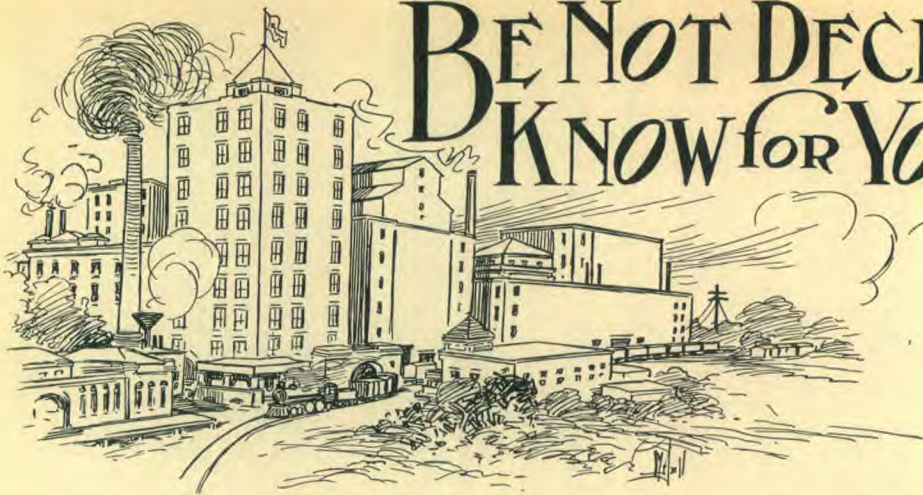


One of Sir Thomas Lipton's most successful advertising placards represented a long line of thin, scrawny, woebegone people entering his tea-house, but emerging as a fat, well-fed, jolly crowd. The cleverness of the advertisement, rather than its adherence to fact, caused patrons to flock to the tea-house. But the *saloon* actually does make just such radical changes in its patrons, though directly opposite in character. A man goes in with clear eyes and sweet breath, and comes out with bleared eyes and foul breath; he goes in with money, and comes out with empty pockets; he goes in with home and friends, and comes out with neither; he goes in with a reputable character, and comes out with no moral sensibility. Over 200,000 of these *licensed* exchanges are plying their infamous work in our land, and by the consent of our federal government.

tions he owes to society for the protection afforded him by the law, our courts do not try to persuade him, but he is driven by penalties to obedience and subjection.  
—A. B. Richmond.

DURING the last eighty years the criminal statistics of Massachusetts show that a yearly average of 32,639 persons were committed to prison; 95 per cent of these, or 31,178, were of intemperate habits. Who goes to jail?





# BE NOT DECEIVED: KNOW FOR YOURSELVES

Like a red cord through the rope of all the city's iniquity runs the blood-reeking trail of the liquor traffic.—American Advance.



HE brewers of the country are making strenuous efforts to gain the favor of the good citizenship of the nation toward the brewing business. Apparently their late convention had this for its chief object. Their literature, which is their most effective agency in misleading the people, is scattered broadcast throughout the country. Their pompous advertisements in the great dailies deceive many, and their agents everywhere talk blandly of the patriotism and beneficent work of the brewers; but all who take the trouble to test, by existing facts, these professions of good intent and endeavor, oral or written, find them wanting in integrity. So it becomes one to be shy of accepting anything that comes from the pen or tongue of the liquor traffic without having absolute proof of its truthfulness. At their last convention, as in years gone by, the following resolution was passed:—

*Resolved, That public drinking places which are the haunts of vice are dangerous and should be eliminated.*

Such resolutions are deceptive, and are meant to sway public sentiment for the brewing business, but the business is disreputable and produces disreputable results, and the only way for an otherwise reputable man to create for himself a desirable reputation, is to sever completely his connection with the brewing interests and its allied evils; for the people see the brewing business as it is.

## The Brewer's Beautiful Story

As an illustration of the deceptive character of the claims made by the liquor men for their business, we give a recent conversation, as reported in the *Vindicator*, between a brewer and a representative of that paper. This conversation was provoked by the following dissertation of a brewer to a group of men in a hotel lobby:—

*The public, my dear sir, has been very slow to give the brewers the character that is their due for the great work that they have done for the reforming of the liquor business during recent years. We all know that abuses have crept into the saloon business. The brewers regret it as much as any other class of good citizens, and were among the first to call attention to it.*

*I may say that we made use of our political influence to prevent the licensing of bad men and bad places. We had considerable success in that. The marked reduction in the number of saloons in many States was not caused by the wild efforts of the so-called temperance people, but resulted from the refusal of the public officials to grant licenses to saloon-keepers who were not such men, in character and conduct, as the brewers could commend.*

*But we found that something more drastic than that was needed. In many places the public officials were slow to do their duty even when we pointed it out to them most forcefully. The political influence of the bad saloon-keeper was too strong. So we struck at the root of the matter. We cut off the supplies.*

*In our conventions we passed resolutions discouraging and practically prohibiting the sale of beer to dives and low saloons. It cost us a great deal of money,—hundreds of thousands of dollars,—a clear sacrifice to public welfare. But the result gained was worth the cost. The tone of the whole saloon business has been raised. Thousands of dives have been closed. The morals of our cities are better by far. Not the prohibitionists but the brewers did this. We have even raised large*

*sums of money to be spent in law-enforcement—far more than the temperance people have given.*

*In view of those facts, I say that I feel that the public should recognize us as benefactors, and that the senseless denouncing of the brewing interests should stop. I have faith to believe that the people are disposed to do right, and that recognition is about to be given us.*

The reporter for the *Vindicator*, a prohibition paper, had dropped into the group as if he belonged there. In the tone of a seeker after knowledge, he entered into the conversation.

"I am," he said, "a student of sociology, and very much interested in what you have been saying. My practical studies have taken me into dives and saloons of all kinds, and I have noticed the evils of which you have been speaking. I am glad to hear you say that the brewing interests are opposing them; but have you ever visited such saloons as the Rialto and the Princeton in this city?"

There was just a shade of dissatisfaction on the face of the brewer, but his voice was calm and sweet still. "I never visit such places, my dear sir," he replied; and the slight emphasis on the "such places" was marked enough to mean much.

"You recognize the character of the places, I see," said the student. "I may say that they are situated in the very heart of the business center of Chicago, and bear the same relation to vice that the pit bears to the sales of the stock exchange. They and a dozen others like them are the most public places for the sale of vice. Every afternoon and evening scores of poor girls hawk themselves about the big drinking-rooms of those places in the presence of hundreds of visitors, and the interesting fact is that the best-known and most popular beers are always on sale there, and are advertised with elaborate signs furnished by the brewers."

## Binding "Contracts"

The brewer said, a bit tartly: "You doubtless recognize the binding force of contracts. These places contracted for these beers years ago. The contracts *we* are forced to live up to, but they will never be renewed."

"I can hardly believe," the student said, "that Silver, the notorious keeper of the Rialto, would or could legally compel the Pabst people to furnish beer for his dive. I do not believe that even a Chicago court would enforce such a contract, if such a contract exists. Why do not the brewers make a test case of it? It would be worth a good deal to prove to the world your good faith in your effort to separate the liquor business from vice."

"As to our 'good faith,' there's no doubt about it," said the brewer. "We, in common with most good citizens, recognize that vice is inevitable in our present stage of civilization, but *we insist that it shall be segregated and rigidly regulated and absolutely divorced from the liquor business.*"

"Accepting that statement of your policy, does it not seem that Chicago, one of the greatest brewing centers of the world, should be a fairly good place to find the brewers putting their theory into practise? But the fact is that Chicago has four big vice preserves, outside of



the vice dens of the business center, and every one of these is honeycombed with saloons, scores of the worst dives are run as parts of saloons, and the beer of the great 'respectable' brewing companies is not only sold, but openly advertised with huge signs furnished by the brewers. How is that to be accounted for?"

"Who knows that it is true?" There was a sneer in the brewer's voice.

"Well, I do," spoke up a young man on the outside of the group. "I was down through the 'levee' only last night, and the big brewery signs are all over—over the doors and on the door-posts of some of the toughest places I ever saw."

"As to the sale of beer to dives by the breweries," said the student, "I don't think anybody will undertake to deny it. Chicago would laugh the man out of court who should even question it."

"In Chicago," continued the reporter for the *Vindicator*, "no saloon can have a license unless it files with the city two bonds, each signed by two qualified bondsmen—one \$500 bond and one \$3,000 bond. I am going to tell you, gentlemen, in the presence of these brewers, that scores of these bonds, not only for tough saloons, but for saloons that are actually parts of houses of prostitution, are signed by agents and officers of brewing companies."

"That is a lie," snapped one of the brewers, losing self-control.

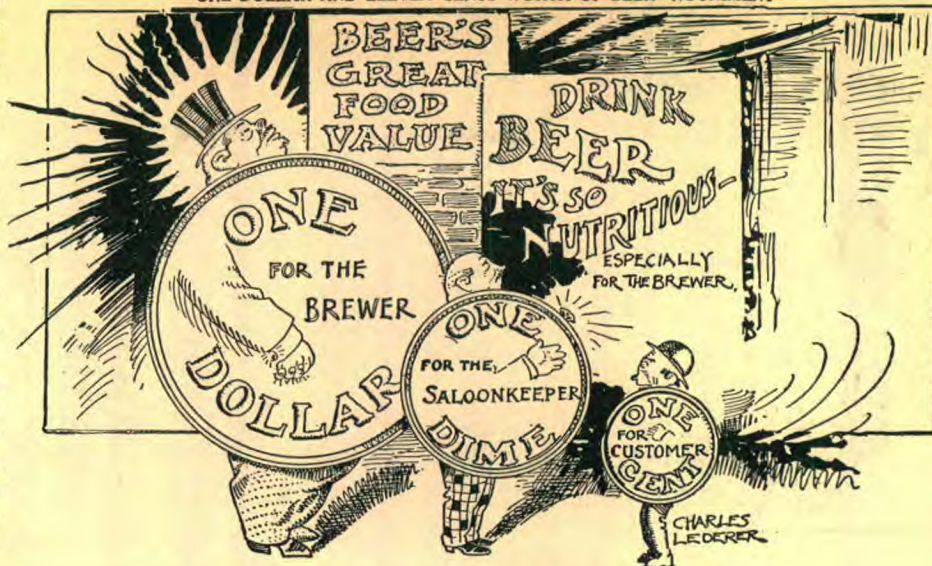
"It is not false," said the student firmly, "but a most damning truth. On Dearborn Street, near Twenty-second Street, is a saloon that is really just the down-stair bar-room of a big house of prostitution. Its back room is filled with poor girls, there for sale. On each side of its entrance are the signs of the *Wacker & Birk Brewing Company*, and two men whom I can prove to be employees of that company are the bondsmen on the bonds of the man who appears as the keeper of the saloon."

"A few rods away is another saloon run in the side



If our government would only break friendship with the brewer and the distiller, national prohibition would quickly follow, for the people want it.

ONE DOLLAR AND ELEVEN CENTS WORTH OF BEER "NUTRIMENT"



AND THE CUSTOMER HAD IT ALL IN HIS OWN POCKETBOOK FIRST.

When taken into the system, alcohol does not build tissue nor multiply blood-corpuscles, the office of a true food, like bread and meat. The only basis for the claim of food value is that the oxidation which occurs imparts a transient energy. The lipoids, recently discovered simultaneously by Overton and Meyer, are the fatty substances which coat all the tissues and fibers of the human body. Prof. J. J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, one of the greatest living authorities, says that alcohol destroys these lipoids, uncovering the telegraph- and trolley-wires of our system, and so deranging it that the user is deceived while he *actually loses vital energy*. But suppose that alcohol were a valuable food under certain circumstances, what then? Would a food value compensate for the terrible havoc which its use occasions? If eating rice led to the annual arrest of nearly 50,000 persons in Boston, a single file of wretched humanity longer than from the State-house to Salem, would there not be a stop put to its use? If drinking-water out of a certain well caused one death in a community, how quickly it would be discovered, and the well purified or closed.—*J. H. Crooker.*

room of another big house of infamy. The same two men sign the bonds for this saloon. The Capital occupies the front room of another vice den. One of the signers of the bonds of this saloon is the secretary of the *Peter Schoenhofer Brewing Company*. The other signer is an employee of the same brewery.

"A block away from this saloon is a saloon in the barroom of which I have more than once seen crowds of scantily dressed girls from the big house of ill-fame of which it is a part. This place displays big signs of the *Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company*, and its bond is signed by agents of that company, for the company."

"A block away from this place, on Armour Avenue, is another saloon of the same sort. One of the signers is the secretary of the *Best Brewing Company*. The same man is also signer of the bonds of another saloon of the same sort, just across the street from this."

"I could go on with the list for an hour. I will, however, take only one more case for fear of keeping these gentlemen from their important engagement. On Dearborn Street, in this same bad neighborhood, is a saloon which is a part of a house of prostitution run by the notorious 'Vic' Shaw, who drives a gang of twenty-one white slaves. The signers of the bonds of this place are the manager and the treasurer of the *Independent Brewing Company*."

"I am not surprised that the brewers feel the need of changing public opinion about them, but the facts more than warrant the opinion."

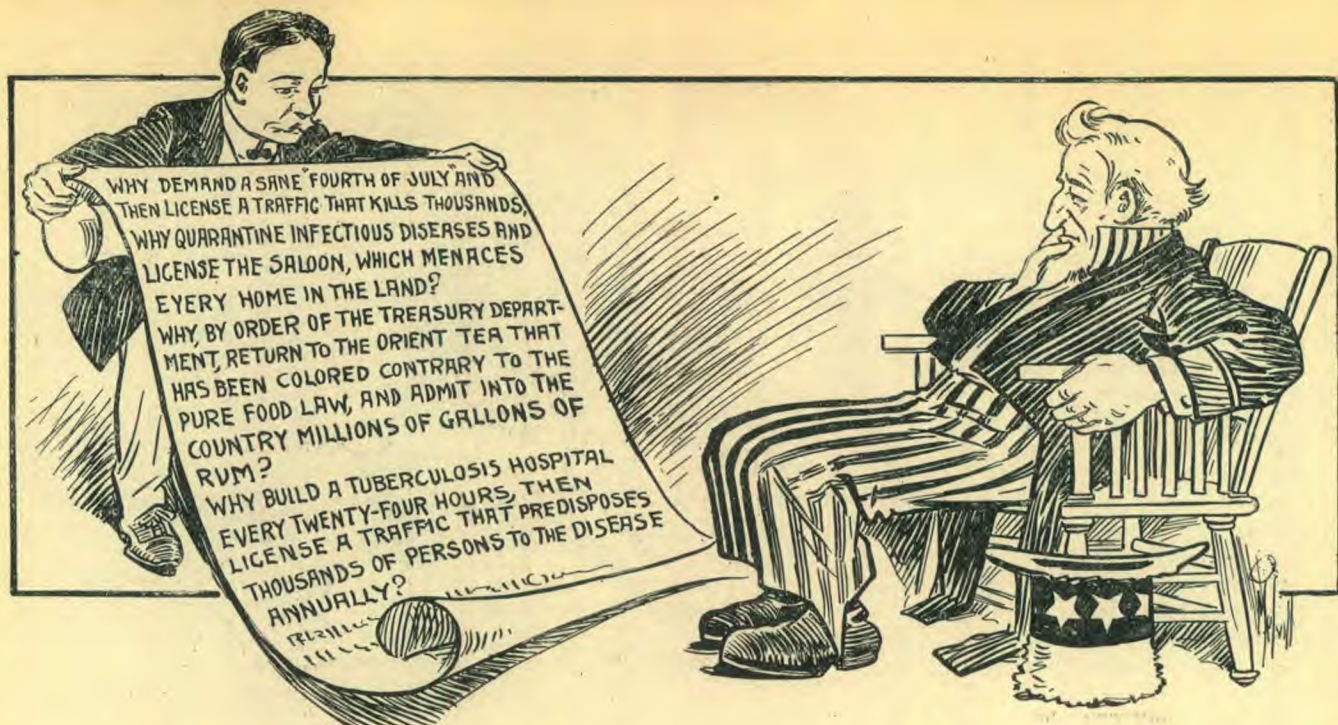
The brewers did not seem inclined to say much, but finally one of them began to talk about the contributions of the brewers to the revenues of the government, when one of the listeners took that up sharply.

"I don't care to consider that," he said. "I don't want my taxes paid by houses of prostitution. I'd rather pay my own taxes."

It was certainly time for the brewers to go, and they went; but as they left, one of the crowd, now grown quite large, gave them a bit of advice worth printing:—

"You brewers have had a 'soft snap' for a good while. You have made lots of money and had a pretty good time. But you can't make dirty money, you can't fill your pockets with blood money, and fool the American people into thinking you angels."





## Before Voting, Answer Candidly

### Some Insistent Whys

**W**HY by city ordinance demand a "safe and sane fourth of July," and then license a traffic that will kill several thousand times as many persons during the year as the use of firecrackers and other explosives on the Fourth has ever done?

Why by order of the Treasury Department return to the Orient tea that has been colored contrary to our pure food law, and admit into the country millions of gallons of rum, the vilest and filthiest stuff ever put upon the American market, and far more injurious than any tea ever shipped from the Orient?

Why hire inspectors to examine all milk to be sold, lest it be given to the consumers with a little chalk and water in it, and license people to sell liquor, all of which contains one of the most subtle of poisons?

Why build a tuberculosis hospital every twenty-four hours, then license a traffic that is acknowledged by scientists of all nations to predispose thousands of persons annually to the disease?

Why prohibit by law expectoration on the street to prevent a few germs from getting into the air, and then license a business that is the greatest disease-spreader of the twentieth century?

Why prohibit six of the eight money-making vices,—house-burglary, train-robbing, counterfeiting, kidnapping, grafting among the rich and trick-stealing among the poor, gambling, bawdyhouse-keeping, and the saloon business,—and license the seventh and eighth, associate vices?

Why prohibit cruelty to dumb animals, and then license a business that makes a man viciously cruel not only to animals, but to his own wife and children?

County officials unearthed the fact that the brewers of a certain city had stolen more than one hundred thousand dollars from the county in the following manner: The brewers pay the license fee. The saloon-keeper goes into business. After a few weeks he announces that he is about to retire from business, and makes application for the return of a percentage of his license money. His request is granted, and he hands the money over to the brewer, but continues his infamous business. Why should such men escape the law while the man who steals a chicken must serve time in jail?

In a New York factory inadequately provided with fire-escapes, one hundred fifty girls lost their lives. At once a country-wide demand for remedial measures went up, and there has already been enacted a drastic law by the New York Legislature designed to safeguard the lives of factory employees. Other cities are catching

from the New York Legislature an inspiration to take similar preventive measures. Why isn't prevention as laudable when applied to death from alcoholism as to death from fires? If a government has a right to demand a man to provide fire-escapes and other means of fire protection, has it not a more compelling right to prohibit the selling of that which it knows will destroy tens of thousands of girls annually, and a much larger number of men and boys?

Why prohibit the public drinking-cup, which undoubtedly is a menace to the health of some, but license the wine-glass, which destroys the souls and bodies of hundreds of thousands of persons each year? Within two months after the return of the saloon in Lincoln, Nebraska, liquor was the direct cause of the death of five men. Similar conditions prevail throughout the country.

Why remove the slaughter-house outside the city limits, and allow thousands of licensed saloons, which are naught but the slaughter-houses of men, women, and children, to crowd the business and residential parts of our cities?

Why exclude pestilence, the plague, cholera, obscene paintings, lottery tickets, and convicts, and yet allow the vessels that enter our ports to unload barrels of liquor, which will create within our borders all these things?

The gambler, the hold-up man, the get-rich-quick man, the jockey, the burglar, the dive-keeper, all prefer license or local option to prohibition. Why not grant their wishes as well as that of the saloon-keeper?

Why sentence a man to life imprisonment because he feeds a few typhoid germs to some of his kinsfolk, and thus causes their death, and then license thousands of other men to sell to men, women, and children every day in the year that which is quite as fatal as the typhoid germ?

Over three hundred children were killed in the streets of New York last year, and in the majority of cases drunken drivers were responsible. Public sentiment is aroused against this wanton slaying of children by intoxicated chaffeurs and truck-drivers. And why not? But who is at fault? Has the city government any right to give permission to people to sell to men that which they know will incapacitate them for their work, and will make them a menace on the public highway?

If evil results directly from a business, then the business is at fault, and should be prohibited. If evil results not from the business itself, but from the manner of conducting it, then the method is at fault, and should be changed. This is illustrated by the recent action of the



government in the case of certain great trusts, where dissolution was ordered. This action was not taken because of the business, but because the manner of conducting the business wrought injury to others. If the government had the right to dissolve the oil and tobacco trusts, why has it not the right and the duty to dissolve the liquor trust, whose results are evil both from the nature of the business and from the method of conducting it?

Why imprison a man who makes a counterfeit dollar, and license one who makes counterfeit men, which Abraham Lincoln declared to be ten thousand times worse?

An American woman is traveling over the civilized world securing signatures to a petition for permanent peace. She does not intend to present her petition until she has secured one hundred million signers. But a billion signers to a petition for peace will not bring peace so long as nations license the liquor traffic. "If a house be divided against itself, that house can not stand." The most militant power in the world is the liquor traffic; so while it is tolerated and protected by governments, there must be war. Why waste time, then, over peace treaties and peace temples so long as that which is subversive of all peace is tolerated and even licensed by the federal government?

### The Twin Brothers

THE activity of the liquor barons during a temperance campaign in opposing prohibitive measures is phenomenal, since they claim that prohibition does not prohibit.

The president of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association says that "the illicit distiller and his twin brother, the illicit dealer, are the offspring of prohibition." Then is the president generous enough to oppose prohibition in order to prevent illicit dealers and distillers from plying their wretched vocation? How philanthropic! A writer in *Champion of Fair Play*, a liquor trade journal, says:—

The city of Chicago has licensed 8,135 saloons; the United States government has collected a tax from over 12,000 persons who have sworn that they are engaged in the sale of wines and liquors by retail.

According to this statement, there must be nearly four thousand illicit liquor dealers in at least one anti-prohibition city. The excise board of New York City found five thousand unlicensed liquor sellers in that city. Are these the offspring of prohibition? Similar conditions prevail in many other places where there is no prohibition statute.

Since anti-prohibition territory presents such a wonderfully fruitful field for the exhibition of one's patriotism and philanthropy, would it not seem quite as fitting that the worthy president give himself little concern about prohibition territory until he has expelled the illicit dealer from his own borders? Surely the gentleman has confused prohibition with license, the true father of the illicit dealer.

### "A Wicked Thing"

A PROMINENT business man said, during the recent campaign in Maine:—

I think it a wicked thing to try to enforce the prohibitory law in this State. It creates a desire—and it always has, especially among young men—to get something the law says they can not have. Then they turn around and absolutely defy the law and make a farce of it.

Fourteen States were recently placed under quarantine by Secretary Wilson because of the prevalence of Texas fever. In these States the removal of cattle is prohibited except for immediate slaughter, and then only upon a certificate of a government official. But what an unwise prohibition! Does not the venerable Secretary know that

this prohibition will only arouse all the cattle owners to special activity in seeking to transfer cattle from these States to every other State in the Union? It will not lessen the danger of spreading the disease at all, but greatly increase it, and foster a spirit of defiance to law. If not, it will be merely because cattle owners are less refractory than friends of the liquor traffic, if the reasoning of the anti-prohibitionist is logical.

By a ruling of the attorney-general on a traffic law re-



Alcoholism predisposes the human body to all germ diseases.

cently passed in St. Paul, Minnesota, baby buggies and wheelbarrows, as well as all wheeled vehicles, must display white and red lights when out after dark. Could not the attorney-general discern that such a ruling would only fill the streets with refractory mothers and nurses, wheeling lightless baby carriages; with laborers pushing their unlighted wheelbarrows, and with teamsters defiantly driving their vehicles without displaying the white and the red lights?

In the city of Washington, D. C., a young man and a young woman on the same motor-cycle ran down a young girl and severely injured her, whereupon a city ordinance was passed forbidding two persons riding at the same time upon a motor-cycle built to carry only one. But did not the city authorities know that the moment that such a law was announced, there would be born in the heart of every motor-cyclist a determination to secure a companion on his wheel, and thus defy the law?

But we all know that prohibitory laws do not work thus. This reasoning would make all law a menace to the citizenship of the country. The same principle, if true, applies with equal force to moral and spiritual law. Therefore neither God nor man could enact laws, lest they incite transgression. The fallacy of the argument is apparent.



Fifty per cent of the idiots and even a larger per cent of the crippled children are the offspring of alcoholics.

### A River of Gold

At the late liquor dealers' convention one speaker, in referring to the revenue from the liquor traffic, said: "The river of gold flowing into the Treasury of the

United States points to its place in the finances of this country and justifies its function and existence." This river of gold totals annually \$225,000,000; but the government expends several times that amount providing for the criminals, orphans, incurables, insane, and paupers produced by the traffic.

From a cold business view-point therefore, existence of the liquor traffic is not justified. And besides, no nation is justified in taking revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of its subjects. A government has a much better right to sell its citizens into physical slavery than to license a traffic that destroys its patrons, soul and body.

### Foreign Missions and the Liquor Traffic

WHAT can missionaries do in this war for righteousness, for purity, when the great civilized nations enter into a sort of combination to debauch millions of pagan people for the profit of merchants, brewers, and distillers? What can they do when Africa receives three missionaries from a ship, and from that same vessel also receives 200,000 gallons of rum? The testimony of the workers among the natives in many parts of Africa is that the rum shipped in by America and Europe, kills at least four times as many people as all the fevers and diseases in that country.—Homer Clyde Stuntz.



# A True View of the Liquor Traffic



ANY persons think it wrong to lie because God said, Thou shalt not lie. A great many think it wrong to steal because God said, "Thou shalt not steal." It has always been wrong to lie. It has always been wrong to steal. Woe and sorrow do not come upon a people who build their towns with blood and give their neighbor drink because God says, "Woe unto them;" but it is the warning of God because the all-wise Being knew what would be the legitimate fruit of such doings. Woe and sorrow come as naturally from the liquor traffic as fruit from a tree. Every city in the United States has laid her pavements in the blood of her people, and the United States has put her stamp upon her liquor-bottle, and pressed it to her neighbor's lips. And to-day God Almighty's truth is verified, and woe and sorrow are upon us. If I should name the things that are most hurtful to American peace, happiness, and prosperity, and trace them to their legitimate sources, I would locate them in the liquor-barrels and beer-kegs of America. What are the troubles that threaten us to-day? One says the spirit of anarchy. And that spirit is born in the saloon.



All the national banks can go into the whiskey hole.

Another great trouble in our country is our strikes and mobs, and when they become uncontrollable in any city, the first thing the mayor does is to order every saloon closed. He goes to the fountain from which the mob springs, and the only hope for life and safety is to stop the fountain. Again, we look to-day in the face of the most heinous and wicked corruption in our political life, and every man knows that the infernal liquor business is back of all the political corruption, corrupting our officials and subsidizing our American ballot. The significant fact of closing the saloons on election day shows how dangerous they are; but why tie the mad dog after all are bitten? It is folly to talk of a free ballot and a fair count, when the brewers and distillers of the United States have throttled the country, and literally bought our political leaders.

I walk up to Colonel Politics, and ask him what is the matter with our country. He answers: "The tariff question properly settled will bring prosperity." Come with me to the custom-houses of America, and write down every import into the United States at its ad valorem value, to say nothing of tax, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for one year. What is the matter with the country, Colonel Politics? The answer comes back: "Settle the national-bank question properly, and we shall have prosperity." I will go to the city of New Orleans and get every national bank in the city; I will go to New York, to Boston, to Chicago, to San Francisco, and get every national bank; and will take every national bank in the United States, not leaving out one, and pile them down in one pile, every dollar of national bank-stock in the United States, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for one year. All the national banks in the United States do not aggregate \$1,200,000,000. When a few banks break in New York, and a few in Chicago, and a few in New Orleans, the whole country becomes alarmed; yet we can throw our arms around all the national banks in the United States, and chuck them into the whisky hole, and still the country lives. How can we live? Nothing but the almost infinite resources of America could have kept us from star-

vation during the past. But at last drink has blocked up the channels through which our resources flow, and our wheat and flour rot in the warehouses for want of a market, and the women cry for bread.

What is pure and undefiled religion? "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The way to visit the widow and the orphan is to come in time to help. Suppose as I pass down the street with Brother Jones, a man should rush up and draw a keen-bladed knife, and stab me three or four times. After seeing me fall on the street, Brother Jones says to me: "Is there anything I can do for you? I will stay with you to-night and give you anything I have." I would reply: "Nothing now, nothing now. You came too late. When the blade of that knife glistened above me, you ought to have caught the arm and stopped the knife." The infernal liquor traffic has its knife, crimsoned with the blood of millions, lifted above the homes of this country, and almost every hour of the day it comes down with fearful execution, and we follow up and help the widow and orphan in their affliction. The sensible thing to do is to grab the arm and stop the knife. Down with the infernal liquor traffic and its bloody daggers, which butcher the homes of our land. We have had theory long enough; the preachers and churches of our land have gone down on record in their resolutions as opposed to the liquor traffic. God help us to get off the record now and go to work.

It is my object to brighten the homes of the poor, by turning this \$1,200,000,000, now annually burned up in liquor, into the homes of the poor drunkards' families, that it may carry the necessities and comforts of life to them. But, says a man, money is money, and business is business; and when you spend money for liquor, you are conducting a great business of our country, carrying on an important traffic, and the money is not burned up.

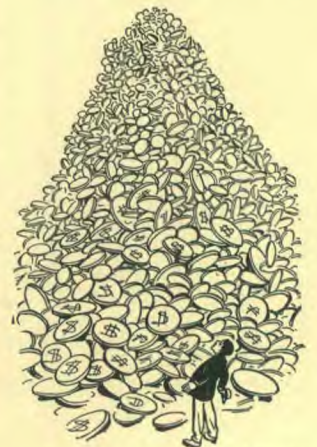
Now, I am going to show you that it is burned up. It costs about twenty cents a gallon to manufacture whisky. It used to sell in my State for twenty-five cents a gallon. It sells over the saloon counter at ten cents a drink, or for about four dollars a gallon, not taking into account the licorice and tobacco and other evil put into it. Now let us see where this four dollars comes from, and where it goes. If you would see



Grab the arm and stop the knife before it does its work.

where it comes from, stand at the door of a saloon and watch the men come and go. They are the laboring men, the mechanics, the wage-earners, whose families need every cent of their wages.

Now let us see where it goes. Twenty cents of the four dollars goes for apples and corn and rye and other materials out of which the stuff is made, and to pay the few men used in the manufacture of the stuff. This goes back into the legitimate channels of trade. Five cents on a dollar goes back into legitimate trade. Where does the rest of it go? One large bulk of it goes to the United States government to pay the great army of officers to look after this business and pay the other expenses of running this murderous and expensive traffic. Another bulk of it goes into our big city corporations to pay extra policemen to take care of drunks



Our annual drink bill is equal to all the gold and all the silver coin in the United States of America.



and brawls and fights, and to quell the mobs created by this traffic, and to lay the streets in front of the palaces of the rich. The poor rascal out there who can not build a front gate to the cottage of his home is planking down his money upon the counter of the saloon to pave the streets of the great cities.

Another bulk of it goes into the hands of the brewers and distillers of this country to make up the millions of dollars which are used by the great liquor organizations of this country to buy our politicians and lawmaking bodies, to subsidize the American ballot, and to dig down the very pillars of American liberty. The meat and bread and comforts of the poor drunkard's cottage are turned into the corrupting fund of our country. Another bulk of it goes into the hands of the thousands of diamond-studded gamblers, who, with velvet hands and elegantly clothed bodies, have their rooms in the saloon buildings.



Five cents of the dollar spent for liquor goes back into legitimate trade; ninety-five cents is distributed to the government, to the big city corporations, the brewers, distillers, and gamblers.

I hold in my hand a silver dollar. That you may see clearly what I mean, I will spend this money before your eyes. I drop it on this table, and call it a saloon counter. That dollar buys a quart of liquor. Now I will take the saloon end of that dollar, and then I will take the home end of it, and see what becomes of the dollar. I will say my name is John; I am a poor drunkard, with a wife and six children. It is my dollar lying on the counter. I get the quart of liquor, and the saloon gets the dollar. Five cents of that dollar goes back into legitimate trade; and the ninety-five cents remaining is distributed to the United States government and to the big city corporations and big brewers and distillers and the diamond-

studded gamblers of this country, and nearly all of it, as you see, is drawn out of the hands of the common people, and does not go back. So far as the masses of the people are concerned, that money is gone. Now let us take the home end of it. I drink the quart of liquor and start home to the drunkard's cottage. My wife meets me at the door, surrounded by her hungry, wretched children, and says: "John, what did you bring home?" "I brought you a quart." What is the quart of liquor in the poor drunkard's stomach worth? I say that the dollar is burned up at the home end; not only is the liquor worth nothing to the poor old drunkard's home, but it burns up his body, his mind, his soul, destroys the happiness of his wife and children, ruins his business or trade, disqualifies him for making another dollar, hurts the community, hurts everything. Do you see where the saloon dollar goes? I will spend this dollar again.

I now drop it on the counter of a legitimate business, say the shoe store. I buy a pair of shoes; the shoe merchant gets my dollar, and I get the shoes. Let us take the shoe end and the home end of this dollar, and see where it goes. The dollar is dropped on the merchant's counter. A little of it goes to the home merchant, a little to the wholesale merchant, a little to the man who made the shoes, a little to the man who blacked the leather, a little to the man who tanned the leather, a little to the man who skinned the calf, and a little to the man who raised the calf; and from the store counter to the calf-plot, that dollar distributes itself in blessings to the poor. Like one of our mountain streams, it gladdens and blesses wherever it touches. Now let us take the home end of it. Remember I am still John, the drunkard, with my wife and six children at home. What is the pair of shoes worth in the drunkard's hands?—They are worth one dollar. Why?—Because my boy John can put these shoes

on his feet, and with them earn another dollar to pay for another pair of shoes, to earn another dollar to pay for another pair of shoes. That dollar, like a silver thread in the shuttle of business, is woven into the industry of our country and helps to make our prosperity. That dollar never dies.

I recently passed through a town after the saloons were voted out, and my friends gathered round me and told me of the results of the victory. One merchant said: "A few weeks after the saloons were closed, I saw a drinking man walk out of my store, with shoes, domestics, and calico. I touched one of the men in the store, and said: 'There goes George Stuart's man now. Look at him. Instead of liquor, he carries home to his wife and children of the comforts of life.'" The milkman came up and said to me: "I wish you could have been with me in my wagon a few rounds after the saloons were put out." I said, "What about it?" He replied: "The milk would not hold out. I drove up to a drunkard's cottage, and a little girl came out to the wagon." God pity the little girls of the drunkards! "I noticed that her face was brighter than usual, and she said, 'We want a quart of milk this morning.'" I replied: "No, you don't. I know what you get. You want only a half-pint." As they did not pay promptly for that, I did not care to increase it. Looking up into my face, she said: "Yes, sir, we do; we want a quart of milk this morning." I said: "No, you don't; I know what to give you." She called her mama, and as her mother stepped to the door with a full week's milk tickets in her hands, the little girl said: "Mama, don't we want a quart of milk this morning?" The mother said: "Yes, we will take a quart of milk." As I filled up the child's cup until the white milk crowned it, she looked up with a smile playing over her sweet little face, and said: "Mr. Stuart drove the saloons out of Bowling Green, and my papa has quit drinking, and we are now going to get a quart of milk every morning."



My papa has quit drinking, and we are now going to get a quart of milk every morning.



The dollar spent for shoes, like a silver thread in the shuttle of business, is woven into the industry of our country, and helps to make our prosperity.

Friends, my life-work is to push the bottle from every drunkard's hand, to crown the cup of their helpless children with pure, life-giving milk. Will you help me?—  
*George R. Stuart, in "The Stump Digger."*

### An Anomaly

ONE Sunday morning a young woman, while on her way to church, mysteriously disappeared. When she did not return by the end of the day, searching parties were organized, and early the next morning a systematic hunt was begun. Ordinarily one hundred fifty of the people of the village would have gone to their work in the factories. On this day, however, they joined the searching parties. The factories closed for three days, till the searchers found the missing girl.

Factory employees are not millionaires. They earn small wages and work hard for them; yet they willingly sacrificed three days in the effort to rescue a lost girl. Other working men and women in other villages would do the same thing if occasion demanded.

And yet many of these same persons would vote to license the saloon, which perchance would wreck the life of the brother of this girl, and cause him, in a fit of drunken rage to take the life of his devoted sister. So prone are we to act without thoughtful conviction.

THE cigarette habit is a powerful cause of idleness in the child.  
THOMAS D. FLYNN, *Attorney-at-Law.*





"There was never a drunkard but that once was only a moderate drinker, and who firmly believed that he was fully able to control his appetite, and always would be. Strange infatuation, doubly strange, is that self-reliance whose broken staff has pierced so many hands, and whose frail and feeble armor has so often failed to protect men of the strongest will and most brilliant intellect! The example of the temperate drinker is more pernicious in society than that of the drunkard who reels along the public streets—an object of loathing and disgust to all who behold him." There is safety only in total abstinence. Proclaim your principles and practise by signing the temperance pledge.

## The Efficient Life

MATILDA ERICKSON, AUTHOR OF "TEMPERANCE TORCHLIGHTS"

**W**HO are the heroes in life? What is success? The man whom some consider marvelously successful, others regard as an ignominious failure. Yet there is but one true standard for measuring success, and that is character, not the bank-book. Money has done much good in the world; but manhood and womanhood ever come before gold, and wisdom before wealth. A noble character is the basis of all true success. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." If we are selfish, unkind, uncharitable, or faithless, then the wealth of Cæsar can not make us rich. If we are pure, tender, loving, self-denying, and honest, then the lack of worldly possessions can not leave us poor. The grandest, the most successful life ever known was lived by One who had not where to lay his head; and his is the standard for the efficient life.

Sir Walter Scott says, "A sinful heart makes a feeble hand." Then if you would live this life of efficiency, you must "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset" you. You must be temperate in all things; for intemperance in any form saps the muscles of their strength, the mind of its vigor, the soul of its courage, and the heart of its purity. All these are absolutely indispensable weapons for fighting victoriously on life's battle-field. "He that hath clean hands," says Job, "shall be stronger and stronger." Purity is power, and the clean life is the strong life. The young man with clean hands and a pure heart leaves untouched the social glass; he refuses the cigarette; his feet never cross the threshold to places of questionable amusements, nor his eyes pursue the columns of an immoral page. He has not only power to resist, but he has strength to forge ahead when duty calls to dare and do.

The poet sings truly of his brave soldier friend, "The hottest engagement he ever was in, was the conquest of self in the battle of sin." It is a struggle to be strictly honest in all things and to keep one's purity uncorrupted; but it is possible, and it is worth while, for only through resistance does one rise and find strength for greater battles. Again, he who continues the struggle, never compromising with wrong, finds not only the road to success but to happiness as well.

But how can we live the efficient life? We all know that such so-called pleasures as gambling, drinking, and smoking are on the black list; but let us guard also against lesser evils. Two theological students, walking down-street in London, suddenly stopped before a shop window where hung a suit of clothes. The tag read: "Slightly soiled; greatly reduced in price." "That's it exactly," began the first observer, "we young people get soiled slightly, seeing a vulgar show in a theater, reading a coarse book, allowing ourselves a little indulgence in dishonest or lustful thoughts, just slightly soiled; and, lo, when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised, we are 'greatly reduced in price.'" Beware of the little sins that rob one of the absolutely upright life. Be honest. Do not attempt to deceive people as to your real self. Remember when there is something radically wrong with the clock, it is useless to spend time adjusting the hands. Even so, you can not carry an honest face above a corrupt heart. Some wheat found in a mummy-pit was brought to the British Museum, and the librarian planted a few grains under a glass. In thirty days the wheat sprang up. For perhaps four thousand years it had lain dormant, but it retained its vitality. Just so with secret sins. We may keep them hidden for a time, but eventually they will surely grow and yield. The only safety is to get rid of them. Never fall back on the excuse that young men must sow their wild oats. Forget not that if you sow, you must also reap, and reap more abundantly. Once a young man asked an old pilot, "How long have you piloted the boat on this river?" "Twenty years," he replied. "Then you must know all the rocks and sand-bars in the stream." "O, no; but I know where the deep waters are." He knew the safe course; and that is what every young man and young woman needs to know, and then to stay in it.

There are other things that hinder young people from living the efficient life. Some permit themselves to be idle for hours at a time, forgetting that the unoccupied moment is the dangerous one. One writer says that the young men who go wrong do so after supper. Other young people disregard the laws of nature, and soon ill health trips them, and through disease they are incapacitated for running well the strenuous race of life. We



yield to temptation because the deceiver promises us pleasure or gain on easy terms; but alas, there are no easy payments. Have we not yet learned that the way of the transgressor is hard? Of course, it is always easier to be almost right than just right, easier to wish than to do; but it is the doing that counts. Never excuse yourself by saying, "Well, I must live; I must do this even if it isn't just right." Remember, right living is far more important than merely living.

What splendid helps have been provided for those who choose to live the efficient life! Work helps to preserve purity, and is a secret of added strength. Have faith in your work. Believe it merits your best effort, and then throw yourself into it. Men and women of wide experience tell us that carefulness in diet, regularity in bathing, and faithfulness in vigorous exercise are surprisingly good helpers in the struggle for pure lives. Good reading is also a valuable helper. Charles Dickens says his love of good books was one of his strongest defenses against temptation. Many young people have been saved from wrong through devotion to hobbies. There is reading, writing, and various kinds of missionary work. All these are good hobbies for spare moments. Charles Kingsley, when asked the secret of his beautiful life, replied, "I had a friend." Gather about you good, noble friends by striving to be such a friend to others; and above all, make God your friend, for truly, as James Whitcomb Riley says, "He passeth all the rest."

### Alcoholic Intemperance

"You may spade up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterward if you care—but the moon still will lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface." This is Oliver Wendell Holmes's way of saying that you can not change the ocean. It is just as impossible to change the great sea of human life by misdirected effort.

We are in the midst of a terrific struggle against intemperance. The excessive use of alcoholic drinks is an unmitigated evil, attended with the most disastrous physical results,—results so startling that it makes this one of the great economic questions before the civilized world to-day.

But to restrict temperance or intemperance to the use or non-use of alcoholic liquors is simply restricting one's efforts only to the fruit gathering. To expect to wage a successful warfare against this gigantic evil in this restricted sense is like cutting off the boughs of the tree in order to kill it. The tree only grows stronger and produces more branches. When the great prophet appeared in the wilderness, he said, "And now

also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees." We must apply this principle to the tree of intemperance, and then permanent success will crown our efforts.

Intemperance, in whatever form, has its beginning in the home; and therefore the solution of this great problem lies largely in home training. Educators may educate, and preachers may preach, but if fathers and mothers will not practise, but little will be accomplished.

Children who are not early taught self-control, and who are not restricted in what they eat and when they eat, who are fed on highly seasoned foods and an abundance of meat, with the later use of tea and coffee, are receiving early but forcible lessons in intemperance, and subsequently this is manifested in greater excess of temper and passion. "Every perverted appetite becomes a warring lust."

The principles of temperance should be carried out in all the details of home life. Self-denial should be taught to children, and enforced upon them, as far as is consistent, from babyhood. They should early learn to eat to live, and not live to eat.

The body is the masterpiece of creation, and therefore should be given as sacred regard as an individual gives to his character and good name. The object of life is the formation of a right character, which will make one a useful member of society. Nothing so effectually defeats this great purpose as intemperance.

A writer has said: "The most profoundly efficacious temperance man is the temperate man. Not by wind power, not by water power, but by power of example, he reforms others. His conduct is a moral prohibitory act. His practise preaches. His influence enforces constitutional amendments to the habits of his associates and observers." Every individual should be this kind of temperance worker.

F. M. ROSSITER, M. D.

THE money spent annually by the borough of Manhattan for liquor totals \$135,500,000,—a sum sufficient to create and maintain forever a great university like Yale or Harvard. If all the beer and liquor used by the borough of Manhattan alone were put into a tank and were allowed to run through an ordinary water-tap at the rate of a gallon a minute, the receptacle would require ninety years and thirty-six days to empty itself.

THE Atlanta *Georgian* says: "Prohibition in Georgia is not what it should be, but things are ten thousand times better than before the law was passed."

EIGHTY-EIGHT per cent of the manufacturers of the United States demand total abstinence of their workmen.



Your vote for the licensed saloon has sent many a child as promising as this baby, to its grave. Dare you continue thus to vote?



Train the boy to right habits of eating and drinking, and he will be far more likely to escape the later temptations of the open saloon.



# Why I Am a Prohibitionist

W. A. COLCORD

**B**ECAUSE I believe in sobriety, temperance, and good government.

Because "wine is a mocker," and "strong drink is raging."

Because intemperance undermines the very foundations of civil society.

Because intemperance unfits men for the proper discharge of their duties in either private or public life.

Because traffic in that which deprives men of their reason and incites them to crime, ought not to be treated as a legitimate or honorable line of business.

Because a traffic which is so dangerous and deadly in its nature and tendencies as to require constant policing and heavy licensing in order to prevent it from overrunning and ruining society outright, can not be a good traffic.

Because the liquor traffic is a curse, God himself having pronounced a woe upon it. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Hab. 2: 15.

Because no drunkard can enter heaven; and the saloon makes drunkards. The state has no right to legalize, foster, or receive revenue from that which sends men to perdition.

Because prohibitory and penal laws are made to prevent and punish crime; and the liquor traffic is one of the greatest promoters of crime. For the state to legalize it, therefore, is for it to work at cross-purposes.

Because, as Aristotle wisely said, "The fate of empires depends upon the education of youth;" and the saloon gives youth a bad education.

Because good government is possible only where the majority possess self-control, or are self-governed;

but the whole tendency of the liquor traffic, as its entire history shows, is to cause men to lose self-control.

Because the liquor traffic is one of the greatest incentives to vice, immorality, and deeds of violence.

Because the liquor traffic is responsible for a large share of all the murders, wife-beatings, divorces, neglected homes, accidents, and business failures of the country.

Because the liquor traffic can thrive only upon wasted money, wrecked manhood, and ruined homes.

Because the sighs and sorrows of broken-hearted wives and neglected children, caused through drink, appeal to me for help.

Because the liquor traffic tends to pauperize those who assist it most, and gives no adequate returns for the money paid in to it.

Because alcohol is a poison, and the sale, use, and traffic of alcoholic beverages weakens men physically, mentally, and morally, unfits them for life companions and parenthood, and is one of the greatest causes of insanity.

Because the liquor traffic fills our courts with criminal cases, our jails and prisons with convicts, our hospitals and infirmaries with patients, our orphanages with homeless children, and our insane asylums with inmates, thus imposing a heavy burden upon society.

Because the liquor traffic tends to produce "an indigent class, an unemployed class, and an unprincipled class,—the greatest foes to society and free institutions."

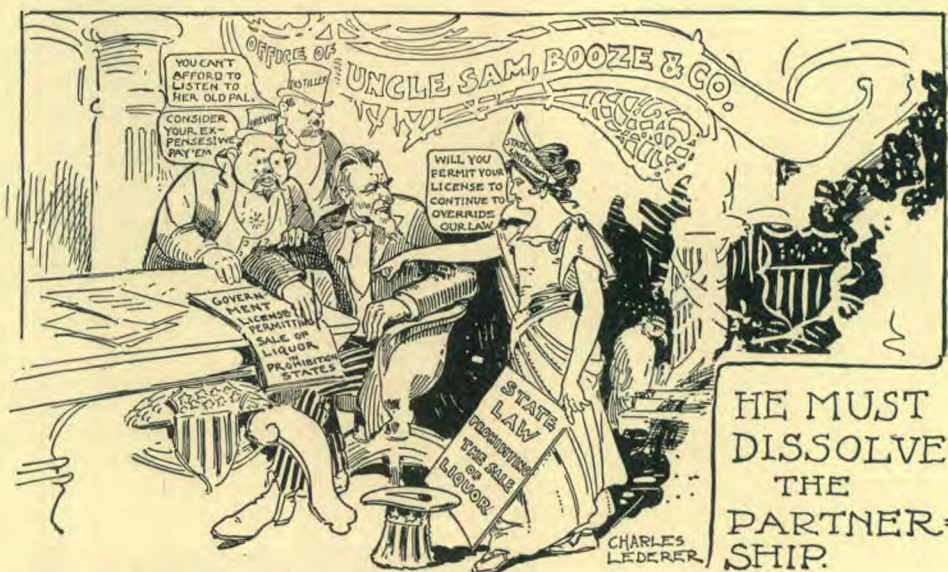
Because without prohibition, the consumption of spirituous liquors in the United States has increased during

the past seventy years from 4 gallons per capita in 1840 to 25 gallons per capita in 1910,—an increase of over 600 per cent,—the drink bill of this country now standing at \$1,750,000,000 annually; and crime, divorce, immorality, and suicides have increased measurably at the same ratio.

Because where prohibition has been tried, and allowed to *prohibit*, it has lessened crime, relieved suffering, dried tears, brightened homes, emptied jails, increased prosperity, promoted peace, and been a blessing in every respect.

Because no nation was ever known to perish because it stood for temperance, while all the nations of antiquity went down through intemperance and its attendant evils. Babylon fell in the midst of a drunken revelry. See Daniel 5.

Because, lastly, I love my wife, my children, my neighbors, my country, and my God; and I do not wish to see my home, my children's homes, my neighbors' homes, my home land, nor the world—God's home for man—ruined through the withering, blighting influences of drink.



HE MUST  
DISSOLVE  
THE  
PARTNER-  
SHIP.

## Home Rule Wanted

ACCORDING to a recent inquiry conducted by the interstate commerce commission, *twenty million gallons of liquor* a year are shipped from outside into prohibition States. This liquor is carried chiefly by the express companies. In one place one man received during five months over three hundred barrels of liquor. Into some prohibition States liquor has been shipped by the car-load. There is no greater breeder of anarchy than this lawless shipment of liquor into dry territory.

The editor of the *Independent* speaks strongly of the injustice done prohibition States by the indifference of the government on this question. He says:—

The liquor business in this country is one of the most powerful and influential organizations in the world. It does more damage than any other one organization in the entire universe. It casts its blight over thousands of otherwise happy homes. It wrecks and ruins and annihilates. It is an enemy of good politics; it is a disturber of the common peace; it is hell on earth to the multitude. But the *United States government protects this monstrous thing*. A law is passed by a State declaring this business to be criminal, and treating it like a criminal. It sends to jail the man who makes this poison and sells it, just as it sends horse thieves to jail; and this law is upheld by the highest law in the land as constitutional. What does the national government do? *It allows this traffic to come into the prohibition States at will*. If a drove of diseased cattle attempted to cross the border from Missouri into Kansas, driven by some money-loving owner, the authority of the State could keep them back; but Kansas is powerless to forbid the entrance into its borders of car-loads and train-loads of whisky, which it has declared in its laws to be poison to the people. Why does



the government trample on the rights of States in refusing to pass an interstate commerce law which will protect the people from an iniquity which they have declared to be criminal?

When the people sufficiently sense the injustice of such a course to demand proper legislation of Congress, then relief may come; but the people must make their wishes known in an emphatic way.

The Kenyon-Sheppard bill now before Congress will, if passed, do much toward alleviating the present condition. The president of the Liquor Dealers' Association declared the fight for interstate commerce amendment to be the most dangerous present development of the prohibition war. He urged that his colleagues take immediate steps to frustrate this undertaking. Have you taken any steps to make it succeed? Have you written your congressman about it?

### Letters of Marque and Reprisal

WE read of "letters of marque and reprisal" in the histories, instead of in the newspapers. Letters of marque and reprisal, long since eliminated from the world's civilization, were commissions issued to privateers to prey upon the lives and property of some other nation. They were licenses to steal and kill. The license, or "letter," alone distinguished the operator thereunder from the pirate. The bearer of a letter of marque was merely a pirate duly authorized to pursue his calling as such. Many years ago the civilized nations not only quit issuing these letters of marque, but agreed together to hang all pirates, that is, those who would not quit their business. One feature about this business was that each nation always issued these letters of marque against the people of some other nation, and not against those of its own. And even the pirate had one virtue,—he did not make war upon women and children. In America we are still half civilized, half savage. We issue letters of marque, under the guise of "retail liquor licenses," against our own people—men, women, and children. The man who votes "yes" to the saloon proposition, votes to issue a letter of marque against his own children. He says to the saloon-keeper, "Here is my authority to make a drunkard of my son if you can." He says by his vote, "Here is my letter of marque to debauch my daughter if you can." If it is bad to issue letters of marque against the people of another nation with whom your country is at war, how much more diabolical is it to issue letters of marque against the people of your own country, your own State, your own town, and—God pity you!—against your own family?

W. E. JOHNSON.

### Who Has the Right?

If a man thinks it best for his children to work in a factory instead of going to school, who has a right to make him do otherwise? The state says it has.

If a man chooses not to support his family, who has a right to interfere with his family affairs? The state says it has.

If a man wants to rob a house, or cheat a buyer, who has a right to say that he shall not do it? The state says it has.

If the owner of a mill thinks it unnecessary for him to equip his building with fire-escapes, who has a right to compel him to do it? Is it not his own property? Has he not a right to conduct his business as he pleases? The state says No. It demands fire-escapes.

If a man wants to kill another, who has a right to stop him, or to punish him if he does it? The state says it has.

If a man wants permission to sell poison to his neighbor that will wreck his life and make of him a criminal,

who has a right to say that he can?—No one. Who has a right to say that he shall not?—The state has such a right, and should make use of it. And you by your vote should express that conviction.

### Saloons as Beneficent Institutions

No one, I suppose, ever held that saloons were of educational or spiritual value to a community; but few have ventured the statement that they offered social attractions, but many have claimed that they were of financial benefit to a town or city.

The perpetual-motion idea comes nearer to finding its solution in the travels of a false judgment once expressed than in anything else. There is nothing more difficult to stop, retract, or corral. While some are being converted to the true idea, legions are being deceived by the old; and error seems ever to travel faster, and to cling more readily and tenaciously to the soiled human mind, than truth. The idea that the liquor traffic is of financial benefit to a city or nation, is chief of the much-traveled, tenacious errors now extant in the world. Thousands of concrete illustrations have been cited to disprove this, but still one meets it everywhere. Every town that had its saloons and succeeded in closing them, has found that business and population increased, while taxes and crime diminished.

The attorney of Rockford, Illinois, says:

"Since the saloons reopened, the work of the State attorney's office has increased *three thousand per cent*. We have one hundred cases in our office today, and nearly every one of them can be traced directly back to the saloon. This is certainly expensive business." Mr. M. L. Cox, municipal examiner for the State of Iowa, has given for publication the following interesting account of his findings on this question, as municipal examiner: "I have discovered that a saloon revenue is not necessary for a city's maintenance. Instead I have found, as stated to you before, that from a financial viewpoint saloons are a menace and hindrance to the welfare of any city. Having formed this opinion after making a comparison of cities of near the same population and surroundings, one with and the other without saloons, I found that without exception, *the city without saloons was in the better financial condition*. After discovering that this condition

existed, I undertook to find the reason for it.

"For example, after examining the accounts of a certain city which had two saloons to each one thousand inhabitants, I found its indebtedness so great that it exceeded the legal limit, which is based upon twenty-five per cent of the taxable value of property, except for the buying of municipal plants. Its bonds couldn't be sold in the markets at less than six per cent. It maintained a uniformed force of police, which each day marched, or sometimes dragged, to the jail its regular number of drunks to be kept overnight and brought up next morning before the police court, and in the majority of cases the fine imposed was paid by a jail sentence at the city's expense. The books of this city were poorly kept and in a mixed condition, and the mayor refused to sign the record of the council proceedings when I asked him to do so.

"My next examination was a city of the size and surroundings as the above. There had been no saloons for years. *I found better sidewalks, better and more paved streets, an indebtedness about one fourth the amount of the former city's, besides owning its own water plant, valued at one hundred thousand dollars. The police force consisted of a day and a night marshal, with one arrest during my stay of two weeks in the city.*

"The above examples are not isolated for the purpose  
(Concluded on page twenty-nine)



My boy will at least have the protection of his own father's vote. How about yours?

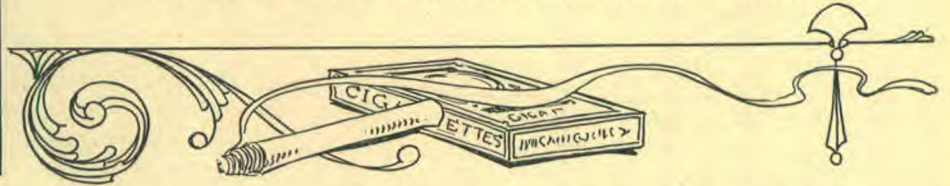




# The SLAUGHTER of the INNOCENTS

DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

PRESIDENT of the ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE of AMERICA.



**W**HEN a student in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, I performed an experiment that impressed upon my mind the fact that nicotine is a deadly poison. A large, healthy cat had become such a nuisance that it seemed best that it should be killed. This I proceeded to do. I soaked enough tobacco in water to make an ordinary cigarette. Then I injected under the cat's skin a hypodermic syringe full of this tobacco juice. In a few minutes the cat began to quiver, then to tremble, then it had cramps, and in less than twenty minutes it died in violent convulsions.



An object of pity.

this awful "slaughter of the innocents" that is taking place right before their eyes.

Years ago God used a never-to-be-forgotten incident to burn into my soul the enormity of the cigarette evil. An elderly woman, with a faded red shawl thrown over her stooping shoulders, came into my office, and asked if I could see her boy. Two strong men then brought before me a wild-eyed, thoroughly insane youth of seventeen years. The mother wanted to know if the boy could recover. After investigating his case, I was compelled to tell her that the outlook was hopeless, that she might as well send him to the insane asylum. She broke down and sobbed as if her heart would break. I asked her what had brought this terrible condition upon her son, and she said, "O, it was cigarettes! He smoked more and more until he used fifty a day, and then his mind gave way." That day I became thoroughly enlisted in the anti-cigarette war.

Thousands of boys' workers, public- and Sabbath-school teachers, will read this article. To such I now wish to offer a few suggestions regarding what I have found to be a successful method of presenting the cigarette evil so that it will secure decisive results.

First of all, I ask God to saturate my soul with the importance of what I have to say. Children are quick

to detect pretense, and can smell a soulless talk with surprising accuracy. Next, I endeavor not to overdo the matter. Here is where many workers fail. Boys are naturally adventuresome. Picture a thing as extremely dangerous, and the heroic element in a certain type of boys will be aroused to brave it, just as certain boys of a generation ago wanted to go out West to shoot Indians, merely because it was dangerous. So I emphasize the *weakness* of the tobacco habit rather than its danger.

### Making the Hero an Object of Pity

When I talk on the cigarette evil in the public schools, I ask how many of the children know of some poor crippled boy whose leg was cut off in a street-car accident. I then impress upon them that such a boy, if he has brains and character, may yet fill a position of trust and usefulness in the world, but that the boy who begins to smoke cigarettes early enough can never be of any great use in this world, and unless he repents, there will be no place for him in the next. The effort to put knowledge into his brain is almost as hopeless a task as it is to fill a basket with water.

Then the cigarette-smoking boy is rightly viewed as an object of pity, instead of the brave hero that he has been regarded by the small boy who has thus far reluctantly been carrying out his mother's instructions to leave cigarettes alone.

I ask for a show of hands of those who have learned to swim. I then tell them that the cigarette habit pulls one under in life's struggle just as half a dozen bricks hung about each of their necks would pull them under water when they are in swimming.

I sometimes ask them what they would think if they should find a boy vigorously rubbing sand into his eyes. Invariably some child responds that he would think the boy was crazy. Then I ask if it is more foolish to rub sand into the eyes than it is to rub poison into the brain, and they generally see the point.

I say to them, "Suppose I should give one of these boys my watch, and directly he would pour tar into its works; would you think he had much sense?" Then I say a word or two about this wonderful mechanism, the human body, and tell them how much more wicked and senseless it is to defile it by an injurious habit.



Rubbing sand into his eyes.



Pouring tar into a good watch.



### Destroys on the Instalment Plan

I occasionally ask the children how many of them have noticed that a cat kills a mouse a little at a time, crushing its teeth into the poor thing's body, then letting it limp away a short distance, then springing upon it and crushing it more. Then I tell them that the cigarette



Cat killing mouse by degrees.

kills the boy on the instalment plan, as the cat does the mouse.

I assure them that I can pick out a cigarette slave almost as far as I can see him, for no boy can smoke cigarettes any great length of time without the evil results being plainly apparent.

Space forbids me to relate any more of a series of similar illustrations that I use instead of presenting logical arguments. I do not hesitate to tell these children that we pass over this road only *once*, and that when we reach the end of the journey, if the

### A Simple but Sure Cure

I then turn my attention for a moment to the poor cigarette slave, to assure him he may become delivered from his cruel bondage by living exclusively on a fruit diet for several days, eating all he wishes of it three or four times a day, drinking plenty of water, and availing himself of a sweat bath or two. I tell him I know from personal experience that God is on the side of the fellow who is trying to do right, and that he may look to the Lord for special help, and he will be astonished how easily he will slip out from under this habit.

In conclusion, let me say a few words to grown people who use tobacco. I have seen a father teach his boy to pray, to ride a bicycle, and to spell, but I have never seen a sensible, respectable man teach his boy to smoke. That is the best argument I know against tobacco using. If a man really *believed* tobacco was good for him, he would desire his wife, sister, mother, and child to share the blessing with him.

Tobacco does give a certain amount of unearned felicity, just as alcohol or as morphine does, but it charges a terrific toll in the way of high blood pressure, injury to the nervous system and digestive organs, and more or less impairment of the whole man. Every man who is a tobacco user sacrifices some of the *best* that is in him, spiritually, mentally, and physically, by worshiping at this altar. The intolerable craving for the after-dinner cigar is largely produced by the juicy beefsteak, highly spiced food, and tea and coffee that compose the meal. Hence he who wants to be delivered from the tobacco habit should religiously avoid, for a time at least, such articles of food as produce a craving for tobacco.

But some ask, "Is it worse for a child to smoke a cigarette than it is for a man to smoke a cigar?"—Yes, for three reasons. First, *a man may safely tolerate a quarter of a grain of morphine, while we dare not give a child more than a sixteenth of a grain.* The child's nervous system is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of such narcotic drugs as nicotine and morphine, and hence an introduction to either of them early in life means almost certain nervous or mental disaster later in life. Second, the loosely packed cigarette does not permit the nicotine to condense to the same extent as when it is drawn through a pipe or cigar, hence the



Fruit diet aids in curing cigarette habit.

smoker gets the full benefit of this virulent poison. Third, the oxidation of the cigarette-paper produces a deadly poison that is only second in its effect to that of nicotine itself.

[Those who desire full instruction regarding the anti-cigarette crusade can obtain the same by addressing (enclosing stamp) Lucy Page Gaston, Superintendent Anti-Cigarette League of America, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.]

### A Smoke-Abating Invention

THE rain of cinders from the stack of the locomotive, the pillar of black smoke from the factory chimney, have been denominated the "smoke nuisance," and it is said to cost the country, through waste of fuel, injury to merchandise, and unnecessary labor, over \$600,000,000 a year. For more than a century the world has been seeking to abate the smoke nuisance. James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, is said to have brought out the first smoke-abating invention.

But the smoke sent into the air by thousands of tobacco users is more prejudicial to the health, comfort, and morals of a community than that from our multiplied engines and furnaces. Only recently Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago schools, began her address at a meeting of the board of trustees with a clear voice, but finished with a voice so husky that her friends thought she was suffering from a severe cold.

"It is not my throat," she answered to inquiries, "it's the smoke. When I went into the board-rooms, the air was blue with smoke. My throat is very sensitive to nicotine, tobacco fumes always affecting my voice this way."

On the street, in car, restaurant, and in the home, the non-smoker is harassed with the offensive smoke. Only the church seems to be exempt from the evil; and even there men's clothing often smells so strongly of tobacco smoke as to become seriously offensive to near-by worshippers.

As the smoking habit increases, the chivalry of the manhood of our country lessens. Were this not so, a woman who may chance to be walking behind men and boys would not be subjected to the indignity of having a continuous stream of offensive, nauseating smoke puffed directly into her face. The best smoke-abating device that can be offered to an offending tobacco user is that of total abstinence. It is an economical, health-preserving, and chivalrous device.

### "Business Fallen One Half"

A COMMITTEE was appointed to interview the business men of New Castle, Pennsylvania, in regard to the effect upon their business of the abolition of the saloons. The two hundred men interviewed almost unanimously reported a

greatly improved condition in their business affairs. One insurance man said his business had increased seventy-five per cent; but a cigar dealer reported, "Business fallen one half." This is significant. It indicates a close relationship between liquor and tobacco. This relation has long been apparent to thoughtful observers. If by destroying the liquor



No tobacco nor whisky for me.

traffic we can give a fatal blow also to the tobacco evil, we should be inspired to double our diligence to eliminate these great curses to the manhood of our nation.



# A Talk to the Schoolboys

Edward Hyatt

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA



HERE are five or six million schoolboys in the United States. I would like to have a ten-minute talk with each of them. But a hasty calculation seems to show that this would require five hundred years. This is too big a job to tackle; but I can talk to the boys who read the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, all at once and right now. Boys, if I could get you out one at a time, I should try to say to each of you something like this:—

Brother, it is only a short time, just a few years, till you will be a man. If you will stop to think a moment, you will see that you are at heart very anxious to be a *successful* man, one who can take care of himself in a fight, who can make his own way among other men, who can gain the respect and admiration of the people who surround him. At heart you want to become a strong man, with a home of your own, and the power of earning your own family's living wherever you may be thrown.

But mark this: To do these things successfully amid the fierce competitions that you must go up against will surely require all the strength, courage, steadiness, patience, and toughness that you can summon to your aid. No possible doubt about that.

And mark this: It is easy for you as a schoolboy to give away your strength, courage, and steadiness as a man,—very easy indeed, by taking on bad habits while a boy. The particular bad habit that is easiest to acquire, and that I particularly want to talk about now, is the smoking of cigarettes. This habit acquired during your boyhood will surely cut you out from many of the things you need most in your manhood.

We all admire *strength*. But the cigarette boy is most likely to become weak in body and mind, thin, sallow-faced, flabby-muscled. The team doesn't want him.

We all glory in *courage*. But the cigarette boy has a yellow streak on his fingers, and is most likely to have a yellow streak inside. He can not be depended on in stress and trouble. The brave man doesn't want him around.

We all need *steadiness* and *patience* to get anywhere in this world. But the cigarette boy is notoriously inconstant, changeable, unable to stick to a job. He can not study well; he can not work well; he can not think well. The boss doesn't want him.

We all must have *coolness* and *will-power* to succeed in any walk of life. But the cigarette boy grows nervous, excitable, and devoid of any will of his own. He is likely to lie and steal. The world does not want him, and he loses the prizes of life.

Too bad, isn't it? And what does a boy get in return for all this loss? What kind of bargain does he make? Figure it out for yourself, Boy, and then bend all your will-power upon a resolution to avoid this one habit for ten or a dozen years, until you are grown. You can do this for yourself, but no one on earth can do it for you. Perhaps it will be hard to do, perhaps it will require oft-repeated courage of a high order, perhaps it will need bulldog tenacity many a time; but it can not harm you. It will not really cost you any one's respect, and it will reward you a thousand times and in a thousand ways in your after-life. It will help you to seize and to enjoy the good things that life has in store for you. It will add to the happiness of those who must live with you.

You have a will. Use it to keep yourself from smoking for ten years. Are you strong enough to refuse to drug yourself until boyhood is past? Your answer to that question will tell of what material you are made, and

it will also tell what you will amount to as a man.

I say all this knowing how gay and stylish cigarettes are; but there is many a gay and stylish thing that weakens and injures one. I say it knowing that you will see many striking, handsome, well-dressed fellows smoking them—but still more so the bedraggled bums and hard-faced criminals. I say it knowing that perhaps the very man you would like to be is himself a smoker; but you can see many thousands of miserable wretches you would not like to be who also are smokers, and whose smoking started them down the slide. I say it knowing that you will hear men boasting that fifty years of smoking has not affected their health and strength, but they probably would have been stronger without it; and they tell you nothing of those who weakened and fell out, and who are not alive now to make their boasts.

Cigarette boys are like wormy apples; they drop long before the harvest-time. They do not go far in high school as a rule, and they can not stand the work of the college. Athletic managers do not want them. Business men would rather have some one else. They are undesirable to those who employ brains or bodies. They have a poor chance when they go against strong, alert, and steady people everywhere. So it will always be with them. They join the Down and Out Club in their youth, and they get life memberships.

That was a weighty saying of a great engineer when he was sending his students into the world to work out their own careers. It is worth meditating upon, perhaps worth carving inside of your watch or printing as a motto for your wall. Said he, "*Let your competitor smoke.*"

Figure for yourself what the engineer had in mind.

Some one spends hours of his best time rolling, rolling cigarettes. Some one's mind is dulled, his initiative and aggressiveness lulled to sleep by the odors of nicotine. Some one thinks he is working, imagines he is thinking, when he is really only smoking. Some one's mind and body are not equal to the strain of a long and grueling contest. Which will it be, you or your competitor? And which will go down to humiliating defeat in the struggle? Let your competitor smoke, if he must; but you, Boy, can not afford it. There is too much of your joy and prosperity at stake. Make your will protect you, at least while you are a boy.

And now, good-by. You will never hear of me again, and I shall never learn of you; but the use the world will find for you will largely depend upon your living now so that the man you ought to be may in his time be actual and real. Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He can not help himself. *What will you leave for him?*

GOVERNMENTS, schools, business, societies, medicine, science, and the home all emphatically proclaim the evils of cigarette smoking to the boys. In view of such irrefutable testimony one would expect that *the men all over the land would make haste to band themselves together to protect and reform the boy by pledging themselves to total abstinence*. For it is the example of the father, the big brother, and the educator that leads the boy to smoke. It would seem that patriotism, magnanimity, and religion would compel them gladly to renounce a habit, even if it is harmless to themselves, that influences and sanctions the use by hundreds of thousands of boys and young men, of what is universally acknowledged to be to them a body- and soul-destroying narcotic. Men, do it.



HE star batter of the Philadelphia Athletics, "Home Run Baker," says: "I don't drink nor smoke. Never did drink nor smoke. If any youngster wants advice from one who doesn't mean to preach, there it is. Leave cigarettes and tobacco in any form alone, and don't touch 'booze' now or at any time. It's the usual advice and doesn't carry much weight as a rule, but coming from a ball-player perhaps it may mean a little more to the American boy. Mine is the total-abstinence platform for both liquor and tobacco."



## What the Boys' Friend Says

THE laws of nearly every State in the Union forbid the sale of tobacco to boys, and the laws of Colorado even forbid people to *give* boys tobacco, so that those who use



Judge Ben B. Lindsey

cigarettes are not only disobedient to their parents, but they are disobedient to the laws of their State. Patriotism is, after all, duty to one's home, one's school, and one's city. And *no boy does his duty either to himself, to his home, school, city, flag, or country, who will indulge in the vile habit of smoking cigarettes.* I know a newsboy who is too brave and manly to smoke cigarettes. Sometimes he has to face the taunts and jeers of his companions, the kind of boys who think it is smart to smoke cigarettes, who will come up to him and ask him if he can "inhale." This little newsboy is not afraid of the weapon of cowardice—ridicule. He would say (using his own language): "Say, kid, cut it out; do you think that I'm going to burn my brains out just because you do?" And he would stand his ground, and, if necessary, have what he called a "scrap" rather than let any boy induce him to smoke a cigarette. He was really the brave boy, after all, and the boy who thought it was smart to smoke cigarettes was the real coward. I have been in the juvenile court nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands and thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and who have brought sorrow and misery into their lives; and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the troubles of these boys than the vile cigarette habit. No pure-minded, honest, manly, brave, gentle boy will smoke cigarettes.—*Ben B. Lindsey, judge of the Denver juvenile court.*

### A Mother's Plea

THE following letter from an anxious mother, asking for advice in regard to her only son, who is addicted to the cigarette habit, describes so fully the evils resulting from the use of cigarettes, I pass it on, hoping that it may be a help and a warning to other youth:—

DEAR DOCTOR: I have recently read your article in the *Sunday School Times*, entitled "Tobacco as a Physician Sees It." I have a son who has ruined himself with tobacco and cigarettes, and seems unable to control the habit. Is there anything you can do to help me? He is twenty years of age, but unable to study or apply his mind. He was very bright and capable until he became a victim of this evil habit. If you can advise me in any way, please write me, and I shall be more than grateful. It seems as if there ought to be some way to save such boys.

In replying to this letter I endeavored to give the mother all the helpful suggestions I could. I inquired, however, if the young man was desirous of giving up the habit himself. Later the following reply came:—

DEAR DOCTOR KRESS: I thank you so much for your suggestions and the interest expressed in your recent letter. The boy does not want help. The use of cigarettes and tobacco has made him sullen and ill-tempered to the point of desperation. He was as fine and bright a boy as one could meet anywhere until he began this habit. This seems to have changed his entire disposition. He can not study nor read, and has given up his music, in which he was always much interested. He has given up his

school and his young friends, and devotes all his time to this one thing. He has developed a taste for cheap entertainments of all kinds, as picture shows and cheap theaters. We have tried all kinds of inducements, but he is determined not to be helped.

One day when I tried to talk with him about his future, and our hopes and plans, he said he despised all of us, and had no desire to do right or to please us. I have made great sacrifices to help him, even to doing heavy work in order to take him out of the public school and put him in a private school, thinking the environment might be better. He will go without clothes to buy tobacco, and, as he is *my only boy* and I had hoped much for him, I have felt I could not give him up. This, and this only, is my excuse for troubling you with my affairs. I have been for five years on the constant lookout for something or some one to help me.

This is certainly a pathetic motherly appeal, and demonstrates how completely nicotine will obliterate all the higher and nobler instincts in the young. And yet the use of cigarettes is increasing in the United States at the rate of over four hundred millions each year. It is difficult to imagine what future generations will be if this craze for cigarettes continues. But so long as men indulge in smoking, especially ministers of the gospel, Sunday-school teachers, and doctors, it will be hard to convince the boys of the evil effect. The time has come when the search-light of science must be thrown upon tobacco, as it has in the past few years been directed on alcoholic beverages. When this is done, we shall discover that much that has been attributed to alcohol, should be attributed to both alcohol and tobacco. Since they are nearly always associated, it is difficult to determine how much to attribute to the one and how much to the other. The effect of each is to deaden the nobler and higher instincts, and to degrade physically, mentally, and morally. D. H. KRESS, M. D.

### Testimony of the State of Tennessee

"We think cigarettes are not legitimate articles of commerce, because they are wholly noxious and deleterious to health. Their use is always harmful; never beneficial. They possess no virtue, but are inherently bad, and bad only. They find no true commendation, or merit, or usefulness in any sphere. On the contrary, they are widely condemned as pernicious altogether. Beyond question, their very tendency is toward the impairment of physical health and mental vigor."

### Hints to the Wise Boy

MR. O. M. STIFFNEY, teacher in a business college in Elkhart, Indiana, gives the following testimony:—

A young man employed by an ice company as delivery man, had become so enslaved by the cigarette habit that his memory was almost entirely useless. He would deliver ice on one street, and within an hour would start over the same route with no recollection of the previous delivery. On account of his incompetency he lost his job, and later came to our college to enroll for the bookkeeping and stenographic course; but his memory was so impaired that his progress was slow, although he had given up cigarettes and had taken to the pipe. After a great deal of arguing and encouragement we induced him to give up tobacco in every form, and very soon a marked difference was noticed in his appearance as well as in his school work. He completed his course, and is now holding a responsible position. No young man who would succeed in business should have anything to do with the cigarette.

Edwin C. Dinwiddie, national electoral superintendent of the International Order of Good Templars, says:—

It is my firm conviction, after years of observation, that the cigarette is most injurious and productive of evil, both physical and moral, to those who use it.

Wm. R. Heath, vice-president Larkin Company, Buffalo, New York, says:—

We do not employ boys in the Larkin office who smoke cigarettes. An applicant addicted to the use of cigarettes would hardly interest us; but if he seemed to possess qualifications that made him desirable, he would have to decide between cigarettes and the job.

SHOULD three of our largest American cities burn down each year, it would be considered a national calamity; and yet each year the people of this country burn up in tobacco leaves an amount equal to the total assessed valuation of Detroit, Cincinnati, and Buffalo. But the financial waste is of small consideration compared with the physical and moral waste resulting therefrom.



"Slim" who can't live without cigarettes

Anti-Saloon League

Which?



"Chunk," who prefers a strong body



## The Price He Paid

[The following story relates a true incident that occurred only last year in connection with the firm that prints *Farm and Home*. Fictitious names, however, are used.]

AN agent from the great firm of Dodge & Davis was to be a visitor at the Marlboro high school. It was rumored that the firm desired to hire a strong, wholesome country lad from their own home town, to begin duty in their employment. It was considered a great chance for an aspiring boy. The school was quite excited over the news. Every boy who had ever entered this firm's employment had prospered and was holding an honored position. Several of them had come from Marlboro, and now owned estates and farms in their home districts.

"They'll offer the place to young Hardy," was the general verdict, and so it proved. James Hardy was the head of the school. His marks were the highest, his conduct the best, and his habits, as far as was known, irreproachable, and so to James the coveted prize came. There was rejoicing at his home. James was the oldest of seven children.

"He'll be a credit to us and a help to the other youngsters, as well as a splendid example," said his father, proudly; and mother, save a few tears at parting, rejoiced and felt that her son James was in the path that led to honorable worldly success and a high position of influence and importance. All Marlboro thought so. He was envied by some and congratulated by many as the next Marlborite who was to win success and honor, while Dodge & Davis thought themselves fortunate to secure such a splendid specimen of clean country living and rearing to help them in their work.

When James had been at work some time, the foreman was asked by Mr. Dodge, who took a personal interest in all his boys and men, how James was getting along.

"I'm disappointed in him," answered the foreman; "he isn't up to the mark."

"What?" Mr. Dodge was alertly interested, and curious, too. He inquired minutely.

"Well," said the man, reluctantly, "Hardy seems to lack staying power. He gives out easily. He's willing. He's bright. He looks strong, and he ought to be, reared as he's been all his life in healthful country surroundings; but he isn't. He has a good education, learns quickly, and takes hold well, but he doesn't seem strong. You know, a beginner here has hard work to do, stacks of reports to deliver on time, or they're no use; and, to tell the truth, Hardy hasn't made good. He's tried to. He wants to please, but it looks as if he isn't strong enough. Complaints of late delivery are coming in."

Mr. Dodge called James into his office. He examined the boy closely. He *did* look "pasty," for a country lad. There was a white streak around his lips which did not belong there, his eyes looked dull, and his shoulders drooped. Mr. Dodge looked the boy over critically. There was a yellow tinge to what should have been pure-white teeth, and a yellow, streaky appearance on his finger-nails, also a faint odor of tobacco.

"James," asked Mr. Dodge kindly, "do you smoke cigarettes or use tobacco in any form?"

James flushed, but acknowledged that he did smoke. He began while in the senior class at school. The boys used to go into a barn near the school during the noon

hours, and there, shut closely in from the sweetness of the clear air and sunshine, pass the time in breathing poisoned air and drenching their young lungs with vile vapors. James said the habit had become fixed and strong. He had kept it up since coming to town, smoking mornings, during noon hour, and in the evenings. He knew, he said, that it was a costly habit; but he had no idea of the immense price he was paying in the sapping of his strength and the weakening of his will.

Mr. Dodge talked wisely and kindly to the boy. He warned him that the undue use of tobacco at his age would prove a handicap to him throughout life's entire race, a burden which would make him lag behind stronger contestants and lose him all prizes. Even with men it is harmful, but to a boy's immature physique, it is a slow poison. "Business is a hard master and driver, nowadays, James," ended his employer. "Even if you were my own son, I could not keep you in your position unless you were equal to all its demands. You are like a cog in a machine. If you give out, the whole establishment is disarranged, just as the machine is hindered if that one small bit is imperfect. If you fail to deliver your reports every day on time, our whole system is delayed and damaged, and we can not afford it. Do you see, my boy?"

James did see, and he begged Mr. Dodge to give him another chance. He would stop smoking at any cost, he declared, and he did. But it was too late; the nicotine had done its work too well.

When James reached some of the buildings where his reports were to be left, he often had to walk up several flights of stairs; and it chanced many times that before he reached

the top he found himself breathless, his lips open, his lungs panting for air, his heart beating furiously, and his body trembling, and he knew that the poison was in his system and had affected that vital organ, his heart, although for weeks he had not touched the weed.

No boy with a "tobacco heart" can keep up with the swift and steady onward and upward march of our modern industries. *James had to go.* With regret the firm dismissed him, and took in his place a boy of less scholarship, but whose mental and bodily powers had not been tainted by a foolish habit.

Mr. Dodge told Mr. Hardy just why he had to discharge James. "I tell you," he said emphatically, "no boy nowadays, when business is so strongly competitive, can afford to saddle himself with any destructive habit. Why, it's like trying to swim with a stone tied to one's neck, or race with a ball and chain at one's heels. What is needed now, and always will be, are boys unfettered and untainted by any evil habit—be it smoking, drinking, or uncleanness of any kind. Such entangling defects are fatal to a boy's success. A successful boy must be strong and healthy, and the tobacco-drenched boy is never that, even if he is not so weakened as James was."—*Farm and Home.*

AN anti-tobacco crusade in the town of Mars Hill, North Carolina, ended in a bonfire of cigarettes and cigars on the campus of the Mars Hill College. Students of the college raised money to reimburse merchants for the stock destroyed.



America and China join hands in the temperance cause.



## The Cigarette-Smoking Boy

MR. WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER, M. A., PH. M., professor of philosophy in the Kansas State Agricultural College, gives the following testimony on the evils of tobacco smoking:—

"Out of one hundred smoking men whom I interviewed, ninety-nine frankly admitted that smoking tends to injure the health, and that they would not advise any young man to begin the habit. This practise is very offensive to many delicate natures, is somewhat filthy at its best, and disgustingly filthy at its worst, as the ordinary smoking-car will bear witness. Often, in public places, even refined women are forced to breathe the fumes coming from the nostrils of some coarse, brutal cigarette smoker.

"But the serious nature, and even the cruelty, of this smoking habit among men is at once apparent when we consider its influence and its effect upon boys.

I have tabulated reports of the condition of nearly two thousand five hundred cigarette-smoking schoolboys. From the evidence obtained, I am led to the conclusion that, in the case of boys and youths, cigarette smoking is very deleterious to the physical and mental well-being. Moreover, my investigations indicate that it makes little difference in the effects whether the victim uses pipe or cigarettes, provided he inhales the fumes. The injurious effects of smoking upon the boy's mental activities are very marked. Of the many hundreds of tabulated cases in my possession, several of the very youthful ones have been reduced almost to the condition of imbeciles. Out of 2,336 who were attending public school, only six were reported "bright students."



Wm. A. McKeever

## The Boy's Problem

THE superintendent of public instruction of the State of California has issued a booklet authorized by the State legislature, entitled "The Cigarette Boy." This booklet is intended as a help to the public-school teachers in the difficult task, imposed upon them by law, of checking the use of narcotics by the children of the State.

The superintendent of the Preston School of Industry, California, is quoted as saying:—

Of some seven or eight hundred boys who have come under my care during the past two years, my records show that ninety per cent use tobacco, and that eighty-five per cent use it in the cigarette form. In my judgment, the smoking of cigarettes by young boys, from ten to eighteen years of age, is the *most insidious and subtle destroyer of the boys' mental faculty of all habits followed by them.* It is also the hardest to correct. Every teacher in the State of California should consider himself a specially appointed police officer to see that such legislation as we have in this State is enforced. A discouraging experience, which we have in connection with the cigarette habit, is that after we have had boys in this institution from twenty-four to thirty months, during which time they have little opportunity to indulge in the habit, a very large percentage of them, as soon as paroled, return to it almost immediately, and we have many instances of broken parole where boys are returned to the school for the second time, which we can trace directly to excessive cigarette smoking, because of the fact that the employer, to whom we have sent the boy on parole, will not put up with one who has this habit to excess.

THE president of a cigar manufactory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in a personal letter to a reader of the INSTRUCTOR said:—

A brand-new Panama Canal could be built each year for the money that is reduced to ashes between the lips of America's cigar smokers. And the census report shows that the consumption of cigars since 1860 has increased twentyfold, while the population has increased only twofold. Every year our cigar bill increases another \$30,000,000, which is more than the annual cost of running this government during the administration of Washington.

An industry that shows such stupendous figures of present volume and of steady growth indicates unusual stability.

This without doubt is all true, and yet it ought to be a cause of shame rather than an argument for further extension of the business.

## Who Is Responsible?

IN a case involving damages for broken windows, brought by a saloon-keeper against a drunken man in the State of Washington, the court maintained that the responsibility of the act rested not upon the drunken man, but upon the one who sold him the liquor. The justice of this decision can not be questioned.

Another court awarded to a wife whose husband was sentenced to life imprisonment for a murder committed while drunk, \$3,500 from the saloon-keeper who sold the murderer the whisky he drank.

If the unusual action of these courts should form a precedent for all the courts of our country for just one year, making the liquor dealer and the liquor manufacturer responsible before the law for all the crimes committed by their patrons, the liquor men would doubtless change their opinion as to the respectableness and value of their business. Why not try the plan? It is reported that Mrs. J. E. Warden has, on a compromise, accepted \$16,000 in settlement of her suits brought against 110 saloon-keepers in southern Illinois. Mrs. Warden brought these suits under the dram-shop act to recover damages for the death of her husband, who died from alcoholism. Such a statute as this should be enacted by every State in the Union; and when once enacted, every person who could be benefited by its humane protection should take advantage of it. Why do not the women throughout Illinois who have, through the saloon, lost the support due them from their husbands, bring the action granted them by the State? Why do not orphaned or injured children do the same? The saloon-keepers have long had their way; why not, then, suffering ones, since it is your privilege, compel them to give you some material remuneration for the sorrow and suffering they have brought to your home?

## The Seal of the Devil

JAMES the Sixth of Scotland claimed to be an expert in the science of demonology. He was persuaded that some persons might carry upon their bodies certain spots that were insensible to pain. Such a spot was a "seal of the devil." Just so, in certain periods when civilization has been developing, there seems to have been placed upon the public conscience spots that were insensible to pain, seals of the devil.

At one time the public conscience not only condoned slavery, but defended it as a divine institution. Those who opposed slavery were outcasts and enemies of society. They were shot and hanged amid the applause of the multitude. But when the seal of the devil was removed, the people—both North and South—saw the institution in all its horror; so they blotted it out, root and branch.

At one time public conscience espoused the lottery. Churches and schools were built with the proceeds of the lottery, and it was invoked to provide funds for all sorts of public enterprises. But when the seal of the devil was removed from the public conscience, the lottery appeared in a new light, and was driven *as an outlaw* from American life.

Again, in these latter days, the seal of the devil is being lifted, here and there, from the public conscience in another spot. The people are beginning to see the saloon as it is,—opposed to every good thing, a corrupter of public and private life, a debaucher of children, and a defiler of women. Wherever the seal of the devil is lifted, there the people, with a whip of small cords, drive the saloon off the streets, and out of communities, counties, and States.

In the spring elections that are upon us, let all good men do what they can to remove the seal of the devil from each community. Get out of the dark ages, and live in the twentieth century.

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON,  
Press secretary, Presbyterian Temperance Committee.





# WHY *the* JANITOR WAS NOT DISCHARGED



**T**HE principal said it dreadful cross," announced Bobby Burke to a group of boys and girls in a corner of the school yard. "He said, 'Peterson, if this happens again, I shall certainly report you to the superintendent, and you know what that means.'" "He's been doing it lots lately, most every day," said Nan Crockett, "only Professor White never caught him at it."

"It's straight against the rules that he should drink beer, my papa says; and why such a nice man as Mr. Peterson should do it, I can't see," said Don Russell.

"I guess I know partly," piped up Jean Gladding. "Mr. Peterson's wife, she's mostly sick, and they never have regular meals, and he just has to bring a dry, old lunch, and probably, Uncle Ned says, he wants the beer to wash it down with, or thinks he'll get a free lunch with his glass of beer."

"It would be just dreadful if they discharged Mr. Peterson, and had a man for janitor like the one they have at the Babbitt school, who doesn't like boys and girls a bit," said another.

"Mr. Peterson's just splendid. He taught me how to skate last winter," chimed in Nell.

"And he has pulled Don and me to school on our sleds lots of times," added Dorothy Russell.

Then the bell rang, and Mr. Peterson and his troubles were forgotten; not forgotten by all, however, for Donald and Dorothy Russell kept thinking of him all the afternoon.

"I could let him have my orange every day," said Dorothy, as they trudged home that afternoon.

"And mother always puts in an extra sandwich; he could have that. And we could go without pie; we always have cookies, too," said Don. When they talked the matter over with mother, she entered heartily into their plan.

"What he ought to have is something hot, like soup," she suggested.

"Mother," said Dot at last, "if Don and I promise to wipe every single dish after dinner at night, do you suppose that Ann would bring us over a little pail of real hot soup every day just before the bell rang?"

"Ask her," said mother, with a smile.

Mr. Peterson had half a notion not to try to eat the dry, hard lunch he knew he would find in the newspaper parcel in his overcoat pocket. But when he went to get it, it had disappeared, and in its place was a neat white box. Across it and across the shining surface of a little tin pail that hung on the next nail was written on a slip of paper in a boyish hand: "For Mr. Peterson's lunch." The janitor felt a queer lump in his throat as he took down the pail of delicious soup, and tasted the appetizing sandwiches and fresh doughnuts and pie. It seemed almost too good to be true, when the same delightful miracle happened every noon for weeks. During those

weeks, Mr. Peterson quite lost his appetite for the things they sold in the saloon around the corner.

Then came a whole long week when Mrs. Russell was away from home to take care of a sick sister, and Don and Dorothy quite forgot about the lunch. It happened about that time, too, although Dot and Don couldn't know it, that Mr. Peterson's baby was sick with croup, and Mr. Peterson was so tired when he came down on Friday morning that he could hardly hold up his head to attend to his work. It was harder than ever after having had Mrs. Russell's well-cooked lunches, to take out the newspaper parcel and munch its dry contents. It had been weeks now, he reasoned, since he had taken a drink of beer; he would just run over to Dannehy's back door and get a taste; it would brace him up for the afternoon and night. Alas for Mr. Peterson! just as he was sneaking out of the saloon door back to the schoolhouse, he met Professor White. "It's all over with me now," thought the janitor. "What a fool I am!" But somebody else had seen Mr. Peterson.

"O Donald," exclaimed Dorothy, "we forgot it—the soup and the rest, and he went for his beer, and Professor White—"

"We just ought to be ashamed of ourselves," said Don. "I heard somebody say this morning that the Peterson baby was sick, and maybe that's why. Well, we couldn't be always taking care of Mr. Peterson anyway!" and Don tossed his head impatiently.

"But it's too bad we forgot just when the baby was sick," said Dorothy, with a tremble in her voice. "Donald Russell, I'm going straight to Mr. White's room and tell him all about it, and tell him we—you and I—will be re-spon-si-ble." Dot stumbled over the big word. "Isn't that the right word, Don, that we'll be re-sponsible for Mr. Peterson, if he'll let him try again?"

Don stared at his sister. "You, Dorothy Russell, you go up to the principal's room! You know you'll be scared to death to go near there."

"I know it," said Dot in a very shaky voice, "but mother says it's brave to do things you're afraid to do, if it's right." Dorothy hastened off. Donald hesitated a minute, then he called, "Stop, Dorothy Russell. You needn't think I'm going to let you go all alone."

Mr. White was looking out of the window, trying to make up his mind to go down and have a talk with the janitor, when there came a timid knock at the door.

"We know all about it," began Dorothy, plunging into the middle of her story.

"Know all about what?" asked the principal.

"About your having to tell Mr. Peterson to go if he went after the beer, and we've come to tell you that we—Don and I—are partly to blame, and that we'll be re-sponsible for Mr. Peterson's acting right, if you'll let him off," replied Dorothy.

"You see Mr. Peterson's wife and baby are sick," spoke up Don, "and he doesn't have nice lunches." Then



Don explained about the way these had been supplied, until the unhappy days they had both forgotten to do it.

"You'll please let him off this once, if we promise to be re-sponsible for him?" chimed in Dot.

"Bless your hearts, children," answered the principal, with a tender smile. "I certainly will give Mr. Peterson one more chance on the promise of such good friends to be responsible for him; and after this there'll be at least three—for I shall join you—who will stand by him and help him fight his battle; and I'm sure he'll not disappoint us, when he knows how much we all care for him."

The principal was right, and the children of the Wilcox school still rejoice in having the best janitor in the city. — *Julia F. Deane, in Union Signal.*

### In a Felon's Cell and in the Halls of Congress

I WAS once sent for to see a prisoner in our jail, who had just been committed for passing counterfeit money. A package of this money had been found concealed in his bed at the hotel. He had passed a ten-dollar bill, was detected, arrested, and committed to prison for trial. I went to the jail, and in a cell I saw a young man not over twenty years of age. His face bore the unmistakable evidence of dissipation and drunkenness, while his language showed that he had received the education and culture of a gentleman. He was the only son of wealthy parents, petted and spoiled by a fond mother and an indulgent father. Bad company, which he met at the fashionable saloon and barroom, led him astray. The appetite for strong drink had fastened upon him with a force he could not resist. His father had remonstrated with him in vain. In a fit of drunken anger, he struck the old man to the earth, and then fled from his home and friends, becoming a wanderer and an outcast. He soon fell in with some of his old associates of the saloon and barroom, who induced him to undertake to pass counterfeit money. He was detected in the first offense, and there, friendless and a stranger, without money to assist him in his defense, he was a prisoner in a felon's cell.

I desired him to write to his friends, but he refused, and would not even tell me his right name. He said it would break his mother's heart to hear of his crime and shame. "But O!" he said, "if you can only save me from the penitentiary, I will reform. I will go back to my home, for no one there will know my crime, and I will never taste liquor again."

This was before the adoption of our criminal code, and when we practised under the old common-law forms of pleadings, which required great accuracy in indictments. The hour of trial came at last. In the indictment, the district attorney made a slight mistake in the description of the counterfeit bill, and when it was offered in evidence, on an objection being made "that it was not the bill described, and therefore was not admissible as evidence," the court sustained the objection, ruled in my favor; the fatal testimony was rejected, and my client was safe. Joy was in my heart as well as in that of the poor prisoner. Not so with the noble and generous public who erect barrooms and drinking-saloons, and sustain them by law for the ruining of the young: O, no! Rome fairly howled with rage and disappointment that so great a criminal had escaped. No one seemed to deprecate the temptations that had beset him, or to feel pity for his youth and friendlessness. The public prints never said one word about the many pitfalls that are placed by law in the pathway of youth, and I was most heartily abused and berated for my efforts in his behalf.

As some months had elapsed between the time of his arrest and his trial, my unfortunate client was entirely

sobered. He had conquered the thirst for strong drink; its fatal craving was no longer upon him. We parted: he, like the prodigal, to return to his father's house; and I to receive the censure of many in our community for "clearing a man" who so richly deserved the penitentiary. Fourteen years after that I met my client in Washington, a representative in Congress from his native city, an able and influential member of the House, and a Christian gentleman. But for the pernicious influences of those licensed saloons and barrooms, those connecting links between virtue and crime, he would never thus have sinned. But for the nets *spread by law* for the unwary feet of the young and inexperienced, this bitter lesson in crime and remorse would have been spared him; and had not the district attorney omitted that one little word in the indictment, he would have been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a period of five years. He might have survived the sentence. To a man like him the punishment consists not in the imprisonment alone, but in the fact that even when the term of punishment has expired and the prison doors have been thrown open, he would go forth into the world ruined and dishonored, with the felon's brand on his forehead. No one would have remembered his temptations; no one would have forgotten his crime; the stain of the penitentiary would have followed his footsteps, though he had gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the

taint of that terrible punishment would have clung to him through life like the poisoned garment of Nessus.

Why is it that an enlightened Christian people can not see the terrible consequences that arise from those gilded allurements and temptations to sin and crime with which the law besets the path of youth and innocence? — *A. B. Richmond.*

### A Pitiful Sight

O, THE shame and the sorrow of it all! It was one of those mornings in the early fall which bring to us a buoyancy of spirit and a feeling of keen physical delight. I was on my way to work, enjoying to the full the change from the oppressive heat of the summer just past, and flooding my lungs with the crisp, life-giving air provided so bountifully by our gracious Heavenly Father.

My enjoyment came to a sudden termination; for in crossing the street I witnessed a sight pitiful in the extreme. Lying on his back in the street, with arms outstretched, lay one of my neighbors—dead! A glance into his face told the awful story, another victim of the arch-enemy of our race, alcohol. Mouth and nostrils and eyes were covered with red ants, giving evidence that he had lain there for several hours. Hastily securing a sheet, I covered the poor face and body from the gaze of a morbid crowd that had gathered. Being a suburban place, it was difficult to find the coroner, and for hours the body lay in the open street, no one being permitted to remove it.

The history of the man's death is a sad one, yet one which suggests several lessons. His physician had repeatedly warned him of his danger from sudden death, owing to a weakened condition of the heart. Shortly before his death he decided to forever part company with alcoholic beverages, and devote the money thus squandered to the building of a home for his family, a lot on which to erect the house having already been purchased.

Evidently he decided to indulge in a last taste of the loved drink, the evidence at the coroner's inquest showing that on the day previous to his death he was somewhat intoxicated, and in this condition he wended his way homeward. Within sight of his home, he had the misfortune to encounter two whisky sots, who produced a two-quart bottle filled with common whisky, and all three

#### Then I'll Take to Drink

When by sports with festive wink  
I am asked to take a drink,  
Then I'll tell them what I think.  
This is what I'll say: —

When good counsels I despise,  
When for truth I take to lies,  
When my aspiration dies,  
Then I'll take to drink.

When all virtue I reject,  
When I glory in neglect,  
When I've lost my self-respect,  
Then I'll take to drink.

When I forfeit manhood's claim,  
When I'm careless of all blame,  
When I've lost all sense of shame,  
Then I'll take to drink.

When I've mother-love forgot,  
Spurning good by choosing rot,  
When I want to be a sot,  
Then I'll take to drink.

When I yield to Satan's spell,  
And to friends have said farewell,  
When I'm satisfied with hell,  
Then I'll take to drink.

— J. H. Fillmore.



partook of its contents. It was destined to be his last drink. He was heard to say that his heart was failing, and that he must lie down in the street; and down in the street he lay, and died. His whisky-loving companions staggered on to their hovel, demonstrating once again that strong drink eliminates the last vestige of common decency from the human heart. His wife spent an anxious night, as it was the first time since their marriage that he had been away from home for an entire night. Taking the first car in the morning for Washington, she began the search for her husband. Soon she learned the truth; she was husbandless, her children fatherless, her home desolate, her heart broken — and the cause of it all was the traffic legalized by a money-blinded State. When free from the power of alcohol, this man was a devoted husband and father; and it was his love for his family which led to the resolve never again to indulge in the cup which biteth like a serpent. Had there been no licensed saloon, to-day he would be alive, instead of being under the sod. And had he not joined himself to the whisky sots, he no doubt would have reached home in safety, and thus escaped such a shameful end. The boisterous voices of these drunkards had been so often heard as they staggered home that no more attention was given to them that night than at other times, and not one of those who heard the cry of distress had the faintest idea that the neighbor now dead was with them.

Warnings disregarded, association with those who could but drag him down, perverted appetite yielded to, these resulted in his ruin.

JOHN N. QUINN.

### One of Father's Stories

WHEN children, nothing pleased us more than to listen to father's stories. Mother Goose melodies were nothing beside them. In fact, we never heard fairy stories at home; and when father told of his boyhood days, the stories had a charm which only truth can give. I can hear him now, as he would reply to our request for a story by asking if he had ever told us how his father tried to have a "raising" without rum. Of course we had heard about it many times, but we were sure to want our memories refreshed; so we would sit on a stool at his feet or climb upon his knee, while he told us this story: —

"My grandfather, George Hobbs, was one of the pioneers of the Kennebec Valley. He had an indomitable will, and was the kind of man needed to subdue a wilderness and tame it into a home. He was a Revolutionary pensioner, having enlisted when only twelve years of age. He was too young to be put in the ranks, and was made a waiter in camp. When I was a boy, I can remember that he drove twenty miles, once a year, to Augusta, Maine's capital, to draw his pension. Snugly tucked under the seat of his sleigh was a four-gallon keg and a box. The keg was to be filled with Medford rum for himself, and the box, with nuts and candy for his grandchildren. After each meal, as far back as father could remember, grandfather had mixed his rum and water in a pewter tumbler, stirred in some brown sugar with a wooden spoon, and drunk it with the air of one who was performing an unquestionable duty.

"Grandfather was a ship-carpenter by trade, and therefore in this new country was often employed to frame and raise buildings. Raisings were great social events. The whole neighborhood went, and neighbors covered more territory then than they do now. The raising of a medium-sized building required about one hundred fifty men, and their good wives went along to help in the preparation of the dinner. The first thing on the day's program was the raising, and not a stroke of work was done until all had been treated to a drink of rum, the common liquor of the day. After the frame was erected, one or two men, whose courage fitted them for the feat, had the honor of standing erect on the ridge-pole and repeating this rhyme: —

Here is a fine frame,  
Stands on a fine spot;  
May God bless the owner,  
And all that he's got.'

Men would sometimes walk the ridge-pole, and sometimes one, more daring than the others, would balance himself on his head upon it.

"Then followed a bountiful dinner, in which meat and potatoes, baked beans, boiled and fried eggs, Indian pudding, and pumpkin pies figured prominently. Often as many as one hundred twenty-five eggs were eaten. After dinner came wrestling, boxing, and rough-and-tumble contests, in which defeat was not always taken with the best of grace.

"This was before the subject of temperance was agitated much in the good old State of Maine. The spirit of it, however, was awakening in the younger generation. My father was enthusiastic over it, and announced his intention of raising his new house without the aid of rum. To grandfather this was no trifling matter. It was the encroachment of new ideas upon old ones — a pitting of the strength of the coming generation against his own. To his mind, no less than to father's, a principle was involved, and the old soldier prepared to fight his battle. With some spirit he said to father, 'It can't be done, Jotham; it can't be done.' But father was just as sure that it could. It was grandfather's task to fit the frame. He went industriously to work, and father thought that he had quietly yielded the point.

"The day for the raising came, the first in that part of the country to be conducted on temperance principles. There were no telephones to spread the news, but long before the day arrived, everybody, far and near, knew that Jotham Hobbs was going to raise his new house without rum. The people came, some eager to help to establish the era of temperance, and some secretly hoping that the project would fail. A generous dinner was cooking indoors; for the host intended to refuse his guests nothing that was good. The song of mallets and hammers rang out, and the timbers began to come together; but the master-framer was idle. Over by the old house door sat grandfather. He positively refused to lend a hand to the enterprise unless treated to his rum. For a time the work progressed rapidly; then there came a halt. There was a place where the timbers wouldn't fit. After much delay and many vain attempts to go on with the work, father asked grandfather to help; but he only shook his head, and grimly replied that it was ten to one if it ever came together without rum. There were more vain attempts, more delays. Finally, father, seeing that he must yield or give up the work, got some rum and handed it to grandfather. The old man gravely laid aside his pipe, drank the Medford, and walked over to the men. He took a tenon marked *ten* and placed it in a mortise marked *one*. The problem was solved. He had purposely marked them in that way, instead of marking them alike, as was customary. As he turned away, with a sly twinkle in his eye he said, 'I told you that it was ten to one if it ever came together.'

"But the cause of temperance had come to stay, and grandfather met his Waterloo when Squire Low built his one-hundred-foot barn. Three hundred men were there to see that it went up without rum. Grandfather and a kindred spirit, Old Uncle Benjamin Burrill, stood at a safe distance, hoping to see another failure. But section after section was raised. The rafters went on, and finally the ridge-pole. The old men waited to see no more. They dropped their heads, turned on their heels, and walked away."

These events occurred between 1830 and 1840. Since then the cause of temperance has made rapid progress.

In the State Capitol at Augusta, Maine, is a petition sent to the legislature in 1835 by one hundred thirty-nine women of Brunswick, Maine. It is a plea for a prohibitory law, and is, probably, the first attempt made to secure a legislative enactment against the liquor traffic. One paragraph, which is characteristic of the whole document, is worth quoting: —

We remonstrate against this method of making rich men richer and poor men poorer — of making distressed families more distressed — of making a portion of the human family utterly and hopelessly miserable, debasing the moral nature, and thus clouding with despair their temporal and future prospects.



This petition met with no recognition by that legislature. There were many customs to be laid aside, many prejudices to be overcome, and it was not till 1851 that Maine became a prohibition State. Since that time her health and wealth have steadily increased, in greater proportion than other States which have not adopted temperance principles; and public sentiment, which is a powerful ally, is against the liquor traffic.

ETHEL HOBBS WALTERS.

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### Held Her Own Boy Over the Fire

A MOTHER, annoyed because her baby boy could not go to sleep, lifted the lids from the kitchen stove, and held the boy's face over the fire till his cheek was scorched to the bone and one eye was so seared that he will never see with it again. Then in her effort to stop the screams of the child by placing her hand over his mouth, she rubbed all the burnt skin off around his mouth.

What had driven mother-love out and let fiendish cruelty and fury into that woman's heart? Only one answer can be given. It was whisky. This woman when herself was a kind and loving mother to her boy. Trouble had caused her unwisely to seek for solace in liquor; and this infamous drink drove her in madness to a crime of which she would have been incapable when in her sober senses.

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### Saloons as Beneficent Institutions

(Concluded from page nineteen)

of making an exclusive comparison, for I continued my investigation throughout the State with like results, and were I justified in naming the different cities and making a public statement, there would be no foundation for the claim that the revenue derived from saloons was beneficial to the interests of a city.

"I will state further that there are two or three cities in Iowa which have a larger city debt than Des Moines, and each one of these cities has more saloons than has Des Moines. About the time of the closing of the saloons in Muscatine, I visited that city. My attention was called to the vacant buildings caused by the closing down of the saloon business, and I will admit the old town did look bad, for the breweries had placarded the windows of these buildings, calling attention to the deplorable condition of things. Two years from this time I again made an examination of the accounts of the above-mentioned city. I found every one of those empty buildings occupied by some legitimate business. New business blocks had been erected, one banking interest had already erected a very commodious cement structure, and another had its foundation started. A business man told me conditions were better, as the laboring people were able to pay for what they bought.

"I asked one of the city officials as to what he thought of the change, and he said he had been converted to the change, as he was an officer in one of the banks and the small savings deposits in his bank had increased *over one hundred thousand dollars*, and by inquiry he had found the deposits of the other banks had increased accordingly.

"After discovering the facts I have here enumerated, I am convinced the saloon is a curse to any city."

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### Prohibition Beters Conditions

BELLINGHAM, Washington, and its sister town of Everett, are the largest seaport towns in the world without saloons, under local option, voting themselves "dry," without aid from county or State. Before January, 1911, there were in Bellingham forty-five saloons, and dives and gambling-joints without number. Figures furnished by the city comptroller show that the arrests from all causes during the past year are *more than a hundred less than one half as many* as during the previous year. Mr. J. C. Natrass, of that city, gives the following testimony:—

During 1910 we collected \$45,000 from these saloons; during 1911 we did not derive a cent of revenue from this source, yet the city has met its bills without a cent of increase in taxation. The water-rates have been largely reduced; bills are being paid better than ever before, and drunkenness, immorality, and prostitution have been enormously reduced. So well satisfied are the voters with present conditions, after a year of prohibition, that they have just elected a solid dry council.

The mayor of Orillia, Canada, says that since his town became dry, the assessed value of hotel property affected by local option has gone up twenty per cent; building lots have increased from twenty-five to one hundred per cent; the population has increased twenty-three per cent; thirteen new stores have been opened on the main street; two hundred new houses have been built; there is not an empty store in town; a large industry just started, was induced to choose Orillia because of its reputation as a model *dry* town; and every manufacturer in town has recently signed a statement fully indorsing and testifying to the benefit that has come to Orillia by the abolition of the licensed liquor traffic.

Such is the universal testimony where prohibition or local option has a fair chance.

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### What Shall I Do?

AGITATE for total abstinence on the part of all individuals.

Agitate unceasingly for State and national constitutional prohibition.

Demand an interstate commerce law that will allow "dry" States to protect themselves from liquor interests outside the State.

Cooperate willingly and faithfully with every one working for the betterment of the world through the overthrow of the liquor traffic.

Circulate widely educative temperance literature.

Vote for prohibition when opportunity offers.

Work energetically to arouse public sentiment against the exportation of American liquor and cigarettes to heathen lands, and then work until that sentiment is crystallized into a national prohibitory law.

Renounce personally every habit that is not in accord with the highest principles of true temperance.

Seek by earnest, sympathetic, personal effort to reclaim to total abstinence those who have yielded to the infatuation of the wine-cup.

Endeavor to secure legislation in your State similar to the Illinois statute mentioned on page twenty-five, which gives one who has received any personal injury, as loss of means of support, from an intoxicated person the right to bring action against the one who sold him the liquor, and also against the one who rented or leased the property to the one selling the liquor with the knowledge that intoxicants were to be sold there.

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### Ready to Assist Editors

THE *Golden Age*, in speaking of the zeal of the liquor interests in opposing prohibition, says:—

Through their political retainers and their serfs of corruption, they will buy any individual, control any legislature, pack any court, stuff any ballot-box, and subsidize any newspaper within their reach. Letters were recently made public from the Model License League, of Louisville, Kentucky, offering ambitious young lawyers in Georgia big money to campaign against State prohibition. And the Publicity Bureau of the Protective League of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, with headquarters at Cincinnati, has been offering plate matter for ready-made free news stories and ready-made editorials, bless you! proving and commenting on the fallacy and failure of prohibition.—that prohibition which these same liquorized barons and serfs have tried so hard to nullify.

Newspaper and magazine arguments against prohibition may seem less convincing when one ascertains that they are ground out in the offices of the Publicity Bureau of the *Liquor Dealers' Association*, and especially if one realizes that truthfulness is not cherished there so highly as the dollar and the whisky bottle.



# From the Shadow of Death

## A Life Experience

PAUL DE MEURERS



CAME from a well-to-do family, but was a spoiled child, having my own way in everything, never dreaming that I would ever become a tramp and a bum.

When I was nineteen years of age, my parents came to this country, and I obtained a good position in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beer and whisky were considered articles of necessity in our home. Under such influence the desire for strong drink increased as I grew older.

When I was twenty-four years of age, I married a good woman, but I was not a fit husband, and helped to drive her to an early grave. I took my children to the saloon with me, where they learned to partake of all kinds of intoxicating drinks.

All this time I was under the impression, as are so many others, that I could drink or leave it alone; but later on I found out my sad mistake. When I returned home in the earlier part of my married life, the first thing I did was to get a pitcher of beer; but as time rolled by, my appetite for drink increased to such an extent that I could not wait till I reached home, but stopped in several saloons on the way; then of course I was under the influence of liquor before reaching home.

At last I gave up my position, as I did not care to work. All we possessed I took to the pawnshops, even my wife's rings and dresses; everything went for rum. You may imagine the struggles and sufferings of the dear wife and four children. At last one of the children was taken very sick, and for many weeks the mother sacrificed the little strength she had left, but at last it gave way.

I obtained work again, but the first night, on returning home half intoxicated, I found my wife lying on the floor, and a physician and several policemen holding her. She had attempted to throw herself and baby out of the second-story window, but had been prevented by a sergeant, who had broken into the house in time to keep her from plunging into the street. That night she was taken to the hospital, where she died from exhaustion within a few days.

A day or two previous to her death I called at the hospital, but was refused admittance, as I was intoxicated. After her death I sold what few things were left in the house, spent the money for drink, and my children were taken by my wife's relatives, as I cared little what became of them.

I lost position after position, and at last I was a bum and a tramp in the streets of Philadelphia, friendless and forsaken. I wandered around the streets many nights, slept in market-sheds, on hard boards, and in cellars. Finally I found refuge in the cellar of a disreputable house in a dirty alley surrounded by all kinds of people. Here I stayed for nearly two years, sleeping on ashes, with nothing to cover me but old burlap and rags. I had scarcely any shoes on my feet, and no shirt on my back. I collected rags and paper from ash-barrels on the streets. Whatever I made was spent for the cursed drink, and I was always hanging around the saloons, waiting for some one to give me something to drink, as I never



I took my children to the saloon with me.



I collected empty whisky bottles and stale bread from garbage-cans.



If there is a living God, reveal thyself now.

could get enough, and was never sober.

Sundays I wandered around all day, shaking like a leaf for the want of drink. I collected empty whisky bottles wherever I could, and kept them till twelve o'clock at night, when the saloon opened. For each half dozen empty bottles I would get a free drink. At twelve o'clock, more dead than alive for the want of the cursed stuff, when the bottle was handed to me I would have to ask some one to pour the liquor into the glass for me, as I could not hold the bottle, or even lift the glass to my lips. I also collected stale bread from garbage-cans, which I took into the cellar to eat; and well do I remember how the rats would snatch the bread out of my hands. One Sunday morning, half starved, I collapsed

in the cellar, and those who found me in a dying condition tried to revive me with alcohol. In this state I was taken to the hospital. When I was released from that institution, I was supplied with new shoes, and my first act was to sell them for relievers, using the difference for drinks.

Many times I tried in my own strength to stop drinking, but it was impossible. The devil had me hard and fast under his control. I was disgusted with myself, and wished many times that I were dead, or that something would fall on me and kill me. I was well aware that under the circumstances I could not live much longer.

On several occasions I visited the Sunday Breakfast Association, where coffee and rolls are given to the poor fellows; but I always feared to get into the line, because I was unable to hold my cup for shaking. One night, discouraged to the uttermost, I went again. Very little did I care for their pleadings, as I thought I was beyond redemption.

I left the place that night, to return to the cellar to get ready to collect paper and rags. At the same time I was thinking of the promise I had made the barkeeper to be there at four o'clock in the morning to clean the gutter, for which he promised me a large drink. I made ready with my bags under my arms to go, but I could not make a start. I felt sick and exhausted for want of drink, and I shook like a leaf. The chorus of the hymn which I heard before leaving the Breakfast Association kept ringing in my ears:—

"Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen, and keep  
you;  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through."

It kept ringing, "Ask him, ask him." I surely thought I was getting the "tremens." Again and again the words came: "Comfort, strengthen, and keep you." It was then between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. Holding myself to the railing of a house, I cried out: "If there is a living God, reveal thyself now; take away the cursed desire for drink, and once more make me a respectable man." I felt as if some one threw me down on my knees, and there I was at the feet of Jesus, crying like a child. The Lord heard my supplication, and from "sinking sand he lifted me." Praise be to his holy name! I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. When I got on my feet, everything seemed brighter to me.

I still felt weak, and the perspiration was running down my body. A well-dressed stranger under the influence of



I will never touch the stuff again.



liquor came up and asked me if I was sick. I said, "Yes." He asked me to go with him and get a drink. I answered, "No, I do not want any liquor," but pointing to a cheap restaurant, I said, "If you would kindly give me two cents for a cup of coffee, I would appreciate it." His answer was, "No coffee, but I will pay for a couple of drinks." I said, "Never! I do without."

I dragged myself toward the cellar, and lay down a few minutes to collect strength. I felt happy, and saw a new life before me. Getting up, I went to the saloon to keep my promise to clean the place. When I entered, the bartender at once filled a large glass of the cursed stuff, and told me to drink it before I started. But I said, "I came to do the cleaning as promised," and I declined to take the drink he offered.

He thought I was out of my mind, and said that I was ready for the insane asylum.

He even tried to force the vile stuff upon me, saying, "Rummy, come here and drink it, or I will make you." I said that before I would touch it, I would pour it into the gutter. So I did, and he told me to get out and never come again. I told him that with the help of God, I never would touch the stuff again, and never, no never, enter a saloon.

I had not a cent in my pocket, but I had Jesus with me. I was indeed poor, but rich in his love, redeemed and washed in the precious blood of Jesus Christ. I said to myself, "I have a hard battle; but, Lord, help me."

That day I went around to the business houses, asking for old paper, instead of collecting in the streets. I told every one that I trusted in God and was a changed man. I made enough that day to have a few good meals; and, thank God, I had no more desire for drink. That night returning to the cellar through the alley, I was singing aloud and praising God. The people thought I was crazy.

I kept on collecting paper from stores, and at the end of the first week I had \$2.75 saved; and since the day I got up from my knees, I have never been in need. I now have a comfortable home, a good Christian wife, and the Lord has blessed us with two little children. O, it pays to serve God! What happiness! What a contrast between the past and the present. Before, I was teaching my children to drink and to curse God; now, I teach them to pray, and tell them of the love of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For nearly five years I have been employed in a banking institution, trusted and respected by all who know me.

#### A Prayer in Armor

LORD, give me a place in the world's great fight,  
The fight for the good and the true;  
A place where the wrong outrivals the right,  
And there's a soldier's work to do.

Make strong my heart, and tender as strong,  
Prayer-tempered and toned for the fight;  
With love for the man whose monstrous wrong  
I loathe, and must dare to smite.

And when with earth and its strife I'm through,  
Let me leave it a safer place,  
With a clearer field for the good and the true,  
And the kingdom of love and grace.

— Selected.

#### Unanswerable Arguments

A LADY in New England was once remonstrating with an "old toper" concerning his course, when he remarked, "It's nobody's business if I do drink rum; I pay for it with my own work." This man was dependent on public charity for his food and clothes. Was that any one's business? Occasionally he did a few chores, around a tavern, to pay for his rum. He was not only a public charge, but being drunk most of his time, a public nuisance. Liquor had destroyed about all his sense of obligation and of gratitude to God and man. He was one among thousands whose parents, because of intoxicating drink, had really wasted their time in rearing. Yes, worse than wasted it; they had literally fulfilled the command given to our first parents, as rendered by an illiterate preacher, namely, to "multiply and punish the earth."

A young man in a temperance meeting said: "It's nobody's business if I drink; I'll not sign any pledge." A young woman sitting near heard his words, and soon after left her seat, and walking past the young man, said, "John, I shall not be home next Sunday evening." That young woman knew that it was some of her business whether the company she kept, and especially the company of a companion for life,—one to share not only her joys, but her sorrows, the one who should be not merely the father of her children, but the one who should stand with her to guide their steps,—was a sober, temperate man, or a vile drunkard. While a person is in this world associating with other people, it is some of their business what course he pursues, in all matters which may affect them.

The Bible says, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Each individual person is a unit in the great body of humanity, entitled to assistance from it, and in duty bound to do his part toward others. In order that all may have their rights, we organize society into what is called government.

It is the duty of government to have a watch-care over all its subjects, from their earliest life to the grave; to see that they have a chance to live, to be educated, to have food and clothes; to be nursed when sick, and buried when dead. It should not necessarily fall to the government to

do these things, but to see that none destroys the individual's right to them, and when necessary to provide them.

To prevent confusion concerning rights that belong to all alike, the government defines them. This definition we call law. The government has a right to demand of all its subjects their moral, physical, and financial support of, and obedience to, these laws.

The strength or weakness of a government is in its subjects. The greater number of intelligent, law-abiding subjects a country has, the stronger will be that government. Idiots and criminals are elements of weakness and shame, and all proper means should be used to prevent their existence. A few glasses of intoxicating liquor turns the wisest man into a driveling idiot, and makes a heartless criminal of the most peaceful citizen. If all opposition to the liquor traffic should be withdrawn, America would soon become a nation of drunkards; for those who would refuse to be drunkards would be killed by the drunkards, which would mean a nation of idiots and

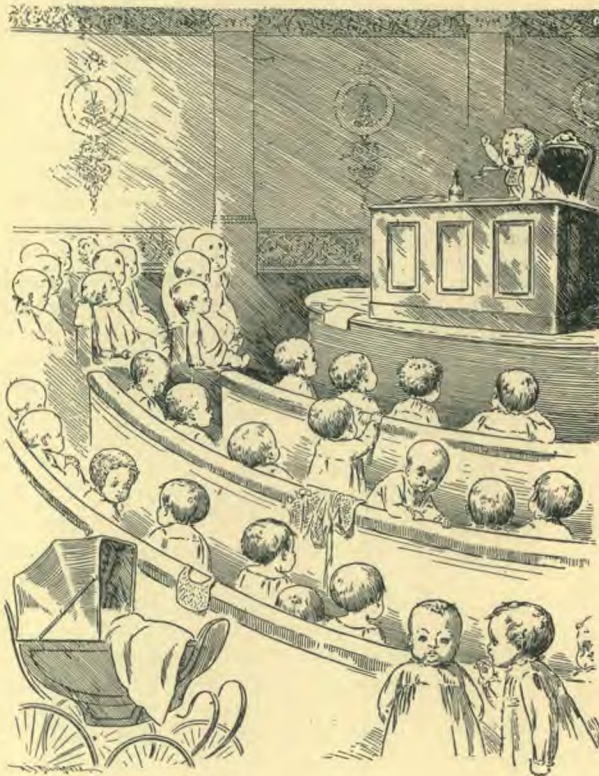


"I wanted a piece of ribbon once for my hair, as other little girls had," said a temperance worker. "I asked my mother for it. She told me that the money for my hair ribbon had gone into the saloon. Again I wanted a little white parasol, as other girls had. 'Your parasol is in the saloon,' my mother told me. I went out into the woods and cut the white flower from an elder-bush. I played it was a parasol. My father saw me playing with it, and struck me. I was rendered unconscious. When I awoke, I was bandaged head and arms, and my mother was watching over me. I heard her say, 'A drunkard's home is no place for a child.' I resolved to kill myself. My mother followed me to the river, where she found me saying to my dolly, 'A drunkard's home is no place for a child.' She saved me, but then and there I resolved to dedicate my life to fighting the saloons."



criminals, incapable of self-government. This is as sure as the rule of addition or the multiplication table. Self-preservation, then, demands that the government interfere with the liquor business, which is ruining hundreds of thousands of its subjects, and which, unchecked, would destroy all.

Our law sanctions the arrest and punishment of persons *when drunk*, not because they have killed or robbed any one, but because, in their condition, they are liable to do so. No longer able to control themselves, they be-



Adapted from Harper's Weekly

The babies or the liquor traffic — which? Gentlemen, that is the question to be considered. The liquor traffic kills more babies every year than die from all other causes combined. Are we not worth more to the nation than a thousand billion-dollar liquor trusts?

come a menace to the lives and property of others, and must be controlled. Our law admits that it is legally wrong to be drunk; then it should be legally wrong to drink that which will make one drunk. To say that it is wrong to be drunk, but a personal right to do that which will make one drunk, is about as sensible as it would be to say, It is wrong to commit suicide, because one's life is not *wholly* one's own; but there should be no interference until a person has actually killed himself, for it is every one's personal liberty to cut one's own throat.

A bomb was found under a man's window, and was quickly removed, not because it had done any harm, but because it was liable to cause much destruction to life and property. Then the government spent thousands of dollars trying to find, and punish, the persons who prepared that bomb, and placed it where it might destroy the life and property of another. An intoxicated man or woman is the most "infernal" machine for mischief that was ever turned out of any factory. Why do we punish the man who made and placed the bomb, and do nothing to those men who make the man drunk, and send him forth not only prepared to commit any crime, but likely to do so? Instead of punishing them, we grant permits, or licenses, to thousands of factories in the shape of distilleries, breweries, saloons, and bars, to make all the drunkards, idiots, and criminals they can. Prohibit the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating drink under penalty, and so protect all against its terrible evils.

A law prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and excessive drinking of intoxicating drink is not an interference with personal liberty, but is a law of protection. The United States of America and other countries have laws of precisely the same character in regard to opium.

W. M. HEALEY.

## "Faster, Faster!"

Two friends were sitting on the shore of a bayou in the South. While they were busy talking, the child of one of these men played about in the water. Suddenly there was a splash and a scream. An alligator had risen from the depths, and was towing off the boy. The two men sprang into a boat and rowed with all their might. The child's head was yet above water, and he screamed, "Faster! papa, faster!"

But what parent would not rather lose his child in this way than have him beguiled by the saloon into its miry depths of sin, and finally fill a drunkard's grave?

The saloon kills hundreds of thousands of its victims annually, and it is therefore compelled to take measures to secure recruits. Its dance-halls, rear rooms, doped candies, free treats, playrooms for children,—all these are illicit means of enticing and initiating boys and girls, young men and women, into the terrible evils accompanying the licensed saloon.

The special vice commission of famous men and women appointed to make extensive investigations into the social evils of Chicago said, in their report, that their researches covered 445 saloons, and that —

children, girls whose innocence yet followed hard upon their shame, tiny boys and even babies, messengers far under age, and half-frightened countrymen were found in practically every saloon, while drunken women, short-skirted, bleary-eyed, with sin and disease written strong upon their faces, lolled beside them, and drank imitation drinks at exorbitant prices.

### How the Trap Is Baited

Many a young working girl who wishes recreation in the evening, visits the dance-hall near the saloon. Through the flattery of the waiter or of some friend whom he introduces, she is persuaded to drink, and then her future is settled. She becomes a regular visitor of the saloon, and leads a life of vice. Thousands of girls annually are thus entrapped by the saloon. And the law makes it possible and easy for these young girls to be thus debauched.

Mere physical death by accident is not to be compared with this slow killing of soul and body by the heinous liquor traffic. May God help us all who love humanity



From Maine to California, from Washington to Florida, the country is covered with children who might live to become useful citizens, but who through the nation's licensed saloons are doomed to an early death, or to wrecked manhood and a drunkard's life and death.

to work with all our powers until this slaughter-house of the nation is blotted out of existence; for from every quarter the childhood and youth of the land cry to us, Faster, faster!

### Only

A drop, boys, a drop, and a seed hath been sown.  
Like the upas, ere long, that shall spring up on high.  
A drop, boys, a drop, and the curse is thine own.  
Drink, drink, if you will, till the goblet be dry.

Shake up the glass, till the demon within  
Is white with the venom that comes to the top.  
A drop, boys, a drop, it will do to begin;  
But, remember, the gallows hath also a drop.

— John W. Storrs.



## Why the Liquor Traffic Still Exists in America

(Concluded from page three)

prepared to join in the movement for its annihilation. The revolt is wide-spread. It embraces the nation, and includes men of all sections and of all parties.

I am privileged these days to see much of the country, and to meet thousands of the people, traveling and speaking in forty States last year, and I find this feeling everywhere and among all people. The enmity against the traffic is deep, profound, and abiding. It is not an enmity against *men*,—an enmity that passes with the personal difference that begot it. It is an enmity against a *thing*—against the *traffic*, against the *system*, against a closely organized and a sordid and wicked special interest, and above all, against its *further domination of party councils and governmental action*.

### The Canteen Question

THE agitation to restore the canteen to the United States army is ill-advised. What is needed, and urgently needed, is a reformation at the mess-table.

Abolish the use of so many condiments, inferior coffee, highly seasoned canned meats,—foods which irritate the stomach and create a desire for strong drink. Let the ration of the soldier be as wholesome as possible. This will largely obviate the desire for the canteen.

Let social centers be established where the men can spend a pleasant evening, reading, playing games, or listening to good music. Healthful refreshments could be sold there, and the profits go to the company funds. Such conditions will do much to make the soldiers better and purer men, and will greatly lessen the call for the canteen. I write from personal experience.

EDWARD QUINN,

Formerly of Company C, 16th U. S. Infantry.

## A Right Judicial Decision

THE state can not under the guise of a license delegate to the saloon business a legal existence, because to hold that it can is to hold that the state may sell and delegate the right to make widows and orphans, the right to break up homes, the right to create misery and crime, the right to make murderers, the right to produce idiots and lunatics, the right to fill orphanages, poorhouses, insane asylums, jails, and penitentiaries, and the right to furnish subjects for the hangman's gallows.—*Samuel R. Artman, Judge of the 20th Judicial Circuit of Indiana.*

THE money spent in New York City for drink in ten years would buy every working man in that city a beautiful home, allowing him \$3,500 for house and lot.

ONE half the counties of Kansas did not send a convict to the penitentiary last year.

## The Youth's Instructor

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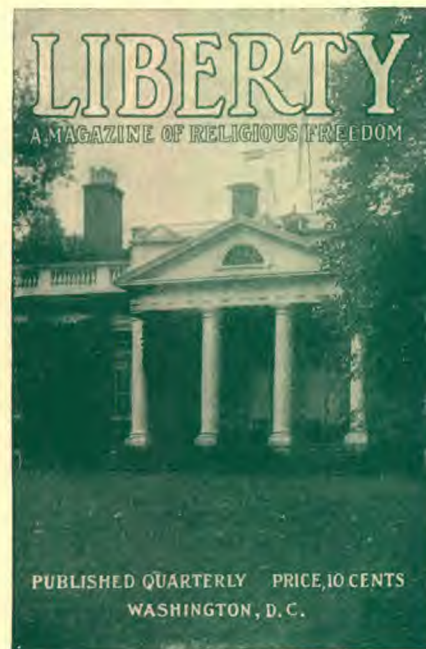
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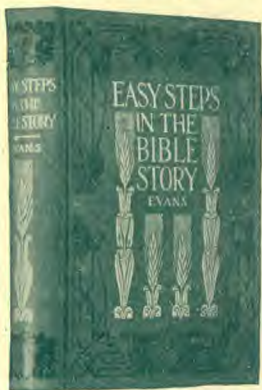
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