

THE INSTRUCTOR

TEMPERANCE ANNUAL

PROTECT THE CHILD BY EDUCATION AND LEGISLATION



PRICE TEN CENTS
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

1913

WASHINGTON
D.C.

The High Cost of Living

EVERY producer lowers the cost of living. Every non-producer raises the cost. Our country supports an army of non-producers necessitated by the licensing and tolerating of the liquor traffic.

To protect the people from the lawlessness of the traffic 150,000 policemen are required.

There are in our jails and penitentiaries 250,000 criminals, seventy-five per cent of whom, according to the most conservative estimates, are there through the influence of the liquor traffic. These are non-producers.

There is also "the never-ending army of mentally defective victims of the traffic, at present 150,000 strong, who, though still consumers, are deprived of reason and producing power by the protected traffic in alcoholics."

Then the "number of non-producing judges, court officials, jailers, county officials, United States marshals, and various other officers occupied on account of crime caused by the infamous traffic, is estimated to be not less than 150,000." Besides these, there are the millions of drinking men who have been almost if not wholly incapacitated as producers.

It is readily apparent, then, that were these 10,000,000 non-producers to become producers by the annihilation of the liquor traffic, the supply would be so greatly increased that the price must be lowered. Herein is the chief reason for the high cost of living. Why do our legislators not acknowledge the fact, and then act accordingly?



Not Related to Each Other

PRESIDENT DENNEHY, of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, in speaking of the campaign for prohibition in West Virginia, said:—

The contest there, as everywhere else where State-wide prohibition is an issue, will again be between the prohibitionists and the "bootleggers," on one side, and those who favor regulation and control on the other side.

Mr. Dennehy knows full well that there is no legitimate reason for classifying the bootleggers with prohibitionists. The bootleggers and the speak-easies are not the offspring of prohibition. They are children of the same father as the rest of the liquor dealers. The bootlegger, the speak-easy, are just other black sheep of the infamous liquor family. They are not related in any way to prohibition. It is true that illicit dealers exist in prohibition territory, but they are far more prolific in wet territory.

The only reason the bootlegger and speak-easy are disowned by the liquor men is that they have not paid the full price for the privilege of debauching men and women. They have paid Uncle Sam his tax, but have evaded the regular license fee. This is the only reason the licensed liquor dealers oppose them. It is because of the dollar, and not because of principle. Their business is one. According to the figures of the licensed liquor dealers there are in Pittsburgh, a wet city, 2,000 places where liquor is sold without the payment of the license fee. Reading, Pennsylvania, has 169 licensed saloons and 400 clubs and speak-easies.

In Wheeling, West Virginia, there are 135 licensed saloons, and 137 unlicensed dispensaries of the infamous beverage. Of course the licensed dealer would denounce the unlicensed dispenser of liquor. But the two are brothers, for they do the same infamous work for their fellow men. At Parkersburg, West Virginia, there are 11 speak-easies in an alley one block long, opening out upon Court House Square. In Massachusetts there are 140 per cent more unlicensed payers of internal revenue liquor taxes in wet places than in dry places. There are more than 1,000 unlicensed retail liquor dealers in the city of Chicago alone. Surely no one could hold prohibition responsible for these. Boston has nearly 400 blind tigers, and New York has 5,000 unlicensed dealers. Philadelphia has 2,000 licensed saloons, and 1,200 unlicensed. No prohibition town or city is known where the unlicensed dealer makes himself so numerous as in the leading wet cities of our country.

But what if prohibition laws do not absolutely prevent men from selling liquor? Is there no benefit in having the law?—Indeed, there is great gain. The town, city, State, or nation that enacts a prohibitory law is not an accomplice in the liquor evil; does not give its sanction to the selling of that which destroys its citizenship, even though some man may in secret dispense the body- and soul-destroying stuff. The voters of the town who refuse to license any man to sell liquor are not responsible for the results of the selling done in secret and in opposition to the law, provided they have taken every lawful means of having the law enforced.



Criminals Keep Sober

JUDGE KIMBALL in speaking at the hearing before the United States Senate subcommittee on the bills for regulating the liquor traffic

in the District of Columbia said:—

Putting a low estimate, much lower than I think the facts would warrant, I believe in my nineteen years I have tried 150,000 cases, and not less than seventy-five per cent of these, in my judgment, were due directly or indirectly to strong drink.

The gentleman who was the warden for the jail for many years made it a habit to interview every new prisoner relative to the cause of his appearance there, and his estimate was that ninety per cent came there directly or indirectly through liquor.

Mr. Hugh F. Harvey, who enthusiastically represented the liquor interests at this same hearing, said in reply to Judge Kimball's statement:—

While I admit there were many cases brought into the court that perhaps could be traced to liquor, by no means were all of the cases brought there, while I was a juror in the court, chargeable to liquor. For instance, any number of pocketbook-snatching cases, instances of assault and hold-ups, robberies, etc., were brought into the police court, and it is my recollection that there was no mention of liquor in connection with any of these cases. *Criminals seem to be wide awake and keep sober in order to carry out their illegitimate business without detection.*

If abstinence on the part of pickpockets, robbers, ho'd-ups, and similar professionals is necessary in order that they may more successfully prosecute their work, how much more necessary that the legitimate business man should refrain from intoxicants! Surely Mr. Harvey admitted more than he intended

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The Chief of Evils



THE liquor traffic is the most infamous, the most diabolical thing in America. It is the most infamous, the most diabolical thing in the world. Proofs to corroborate these statements are multitudinous and everywhere apparent.

This country expends nearly thirty times as much for intoxicating liquors and for counteracting their evil

results as it does for its churches and schools together, the two greatest uplifting forces in the nation.

Insanity and the Liquor Traffic

The Census Bureau reports that there was on Jan. 1, 1910, in our hospitals one insane patient, not including epileptics, for every 490 of our entire population, making an army of nearly 200,000 of the "intellectually dead;" an army almost as great as Gettysburg's two contending forces. The percentage of insanity for the last decade has been increasing about twice as fast, proportionately, as the population.

Dr. T. S. Clouston, of Edinburgh, acknowledged to be perhaps the highest living authority on mental unsoundness, says, "Alcohol is by far the most common and the most characteristic of the poisons introduced from without that have a markedly hurtful effect on the brain." This statement emphasizes the fact that different poisons have affinity for different tissues, strychnine affecting especially the spinal cord, phosphorous the teeth and bones, arsenic the liver, calomel the salivary glands, and alcohol the brain. Recent annual reports from forty of our hospitals show that in 15,353 cases of insanity where the causes were known, alcohol was given as the single direct cause in twenty-two per cent of these cases.

The lessened insanity in prohibition or dry States over wet States is a significant comment on the influence of alcohol in producing insanity. Reports from thirteen hospitals in distinctly wet States show that of cases of insanity where the cause was discernible 26.9 per cent was caused directly by alcohol; while reports from hospitals in dry or quite largely dry States show that only 5.9 per cent was caused by alcohol.

Mr. Filmore Condit, who has given careful study to this phase of the alcoholic problem, says that "the entire eight States having State-wide prohibition have only one insane person to every 873 persons, as compared with one to every 490 in the entire nation," or about one half as many proportionately. Maine has only about half as many insane cases according to the population as Massachusetts; while New York State, with a population of some over 9,000,000, has only 500 fewer cases than were in all the fifteen Southern and Southwestern States,—Kentucky, Ten-

nessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and West Virginia,—which have an aggregate population more than three times as great as New York. Careful research and observation having demonstrated that alcohol is directly responsible for much insanity, it is therefore logical to

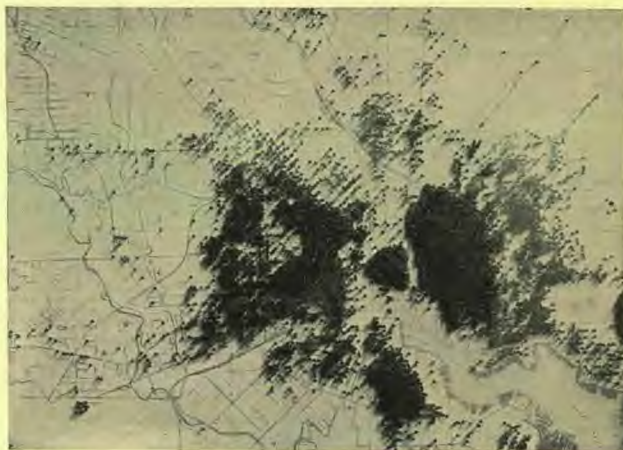


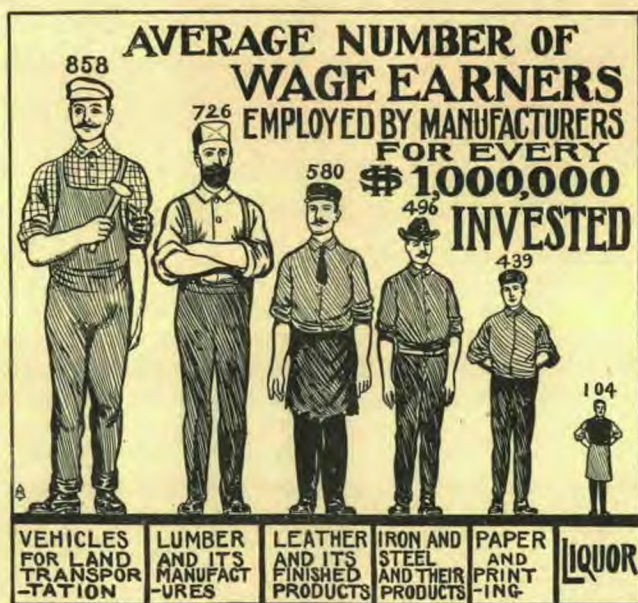
Diagram of Baltimore, showing location of a portion of the city's insane.

conclude, when one learns that New York has at least 12,000 more saloons than are in all the fifteen States of the South and Southwest, that these saloons are responsible for a large measure of the excessive insanity in that State.

Other Unfortunates and the Liquor Traffic

Not only the insane are products of the liquor traffic, but the epileptic, the idiot, and the deformed are largely the result of the same curse. It is estimated that 50 per cent of these defective ones are the offspring of alcoholics. "A scientist, having investigated more than

800 cases, announces that of children born to alcoholic parents one out of every five will be hopelessly insane, one out of every three will be hysterical or epileptic. More than two thirds will be degenerate." Not only the chronic drinker, who has injured his constitution by alcohol, but the one who poisons his body cells by temporary indulgence in this race poison, may find himself afterward confronted with a defective child. A German physician, Dr. Holitscher, testified to three instances of this kind occurring in his own practise, where the evidence was indisputable



Liquor gives least employment to labor.

that a defective child resulted from a single intoxication.

In view of these facts is it not readily believable that our five million hard drinkers and our twenty million moderate drinkers are responsible for 60 per cent of all the imbeciles and epileptics in this country? Truly does "the liquor traffic hold a mortgage over every cradle."

And the liquor traffic holds the key to our prisons and penitentiaries. And every day it throws open the doors

of these institutions, and shoves hundreds of its victims within.

The lord mayor of London asked the matron of a home for women and girls discharged from Holloway Prison, "If there were no such thing as alcohol, how many of these 735 women would have been sent to prison?" "Only 35," was the prompt reply. Then but for liquor 700 women would have been saved from prison disgrace.



The liquor traffic is the warden of all our prisons.

on it. These two observations reflect seriously upon the liquor traffic. It is acceded that the liquor traffic is responsible for a large proportion of all assassinations; so that the open Sunday saloon, when the majority of men are unemployed, must be responsible for the greater number of assassinations occurring on that day than on any other. The men who go to work on Monday morning have not altogether recovered from Sunday's dissipation, so serious accidents follow as the result of a disordered brain's being unable to take the precaution necessary to avoid explosions. Ex-Governor Hanly asked a wealthy factory owner who was endeavoring to close on Sunday the saloon opposite his factory, "Why is it that you are trying to close this place now when a year ago you were fighting me for trying to enforce Sunday closing?" "Governor," the man replied, "it's not a moral standard with me at all; it's economic. My men are worth 50 per cent more to me on Monday morning if that saloon is closed over Sunday."

Nearly 90,000 murders have been committed in the United States during the last ten years, or a number equivalent to the population of Springfield, Massachusetts.

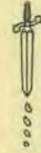


Why debar absinthe and license whisky?

true of a large per cent of the murders committed throughout the world.

Similar conditions prevail in the United States. Only a very small per cent of the crimes committed annually in this country would occur but for the liquor traffic.

For the last 150 years, according to the Chicago Tribune, statistics show that far more assassinations have occurred on Sunday than on any other day of the week, while Monday has the distinction of standing far above the other days of the week in the number of great explosions that have occurred



SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

More assassinations occur on Sunday than on any other day of the week.

The warden of our District of Columbia prison said that in a term of ten years as warden of the United States jail he had officiated at fifteen executions, and only fifteen. All of these, he declared, without a single exception were due to drink. This is

An indirect comment on the relation of the liquor traffic to crime was recently given by a woman in North Carolina, who kept a hotel in a county seat. When asked in regard to the success of her business, she replied: "If conditions do not change soon, I shall have to close the hotel. Since the prohibition law went into effect, there are very few cases to be tried in the courts, consequently the term of court is shorter, fewer lawyers come, and the judges themselves remain but a short time."

In Atlanta, Georgia, during 1907, the last year of the open saloon, there were 24,882 arrests; in 1908, the first year of prohibition, there were only 16,072; in 1911, after the liquor people had done all they could to make the prohibition law ineffective there were 5,175 less arrests than in 1907.

This infamous traffic not only holds the keys to our penitentiaries, epileptic and insane hospitals, but to the doors of our poorhouses. It is estimated that 48 out of every 100 persons that enter these homes are there through the influence of liquor, either directly or indirectly. A strong point in verification of this statement is that pauperism in prohibition States is universally less according to the population than in the wet States. Kansas, one of the driest of the dry States, has no inmates at her poor-farms in 57 of the 105 counties. Cook County, Illinois, in which Chicago stands, has more than five times as many paupers as all Kansas. Kansas has 54 counties without an idiot, and 87 without an insane inmate. Cook County, Illinois, sends more of her people to insane hospitals than the State of Kansas has in all her charitable institutions of all kinds, including blind, deaf, dumb, insane, inebriate, feeble-minded, and orphaned.

Charles Sumner, one of America's greatest statesmen, once said, "Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in

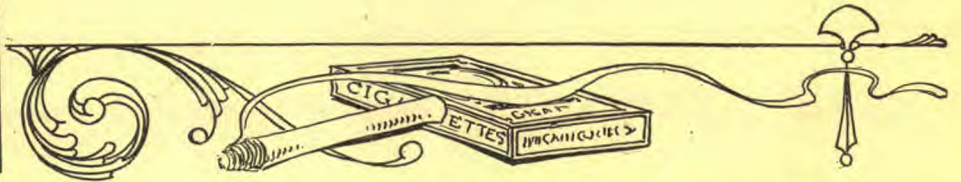
an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth, I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace." All the great wars of the world from 1852 to 1877, a period of twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, including the Franco-German and the American civil war, it is estimated, cost some over \$12,000,000,000. But the cost of the liquor traffic in the United States alone for one year, is estimated to be from \$16,000,000,000 to \$17,000,000,000, a sum \$4,000,000,000 or \$5,000,000,000 in excess of the amount spent for the wars of the world during the militant quarter of a century, from 1852 to 1877. "Here is a foe," says Congressman Hobson, "that has come upon us and is taxing us far more than the values of all the products of all our farms, all our forests, all our mines, all our fisheries; equivalent to taking from our people all that mother earth produces on land and water combined. What should be the attitude of the state in face of a foe that has disinherited the whole nation? Clearly the state has not only the clear right but the bounden duty to take up arms and expel the foe."



Only One Road to Temperance

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Author of "Training the Boy," "Farm Boys
and Girls," etc.*



IF parents could only realize it, there is but one road over which the boy may safely travel to a temperate manhood; namely, the way of a temperate and well-regulated boyhood. Temperance character building is easy and natural, provided one follows carefully a few well-tried rules. And when we stop to think that the liquor consumed in this country costs more than the meat, that the tobacco costs more than the bread, and that the worse than useless "soft drinks" cost more than the milk, is it not high time we were undertaking some radical and national movement in the direction of cutting off this enormous waste of the people's substance? But all good reforms begin at the bottom—in the home and the school, and with the care and management of children. Bring up a boy sober and decent, and he will stay that way, and most probably fight during manhood for the good principles out of which his character is wrought. On the other hand, let him indulge his youthful tastes for the dangerous indulgences till his adulthood is reached, and you have a confirmed slave to appetite, and a man who will "go with the crowd," whenever a moral issue is at stake. So I contend that the temperance problem is now, and is long destined to remain, a parents' problem. It puts squarely up to the father and mother the tasks of temperance training and discipline during the years of their boys' and girls' growth. Now, right here, it is necessary to make clear a point with reference to the temperance training of the girl. At first thought such discipline might seem less necessary in her case than in the boy's, but such does not prove to be the case. While tradition is strong against her becoming debauched in her own character, she is often indirectly a party to man's intemperance. She often tolerates, or sanctions, or regards as a matter of necessity, a man's weakness for tobacco and alcohol, simply because of her ignorance. Teach her to despise these things and to condemn them in her brothers, and more will strive harder to resist their base temptations.

How to Build a Temperate Manhood

Now it seems to me that there are a few well-defined rules through the application of which to boyhood we may reasonably expect to develop a sober and temperate manhood; and those rules are as follows:—

1. *Develop the habit of obedience.* Teach the boy

from the beginning to obey. Such training will reduce the work of home discipline fifty per cent, and the ordeal of worry about the boy's morals still more. From the time the child begins to creep and walk, he will show a natural and wholesome wilfulness. This need not be broken, but it must be bent. For example, the child will cry for food when he does not need it. Then is the time to be firm and not give it to him. He will attempt to get into places where his life or health is endangered. Then is the time to call a halt. Obedience comes slowly at first, and is unnatural to the child. But mild and gentle persistence on the part of the parent—with sane judgment as the guide—in time brings most satisfactory results. It is never a question of what the child wants so much as it is a question of *what he should have*. It is not breaking a child's will when you deny him an uncalled-for indulgence. It is strengthening his will for future sober and self-reliant action. Once the young boy has been brought under the habit of obedience, the foundation of a temperate life is laid. 2. *Training in industry.* The habit of industry and the ability to do some worthy work constitute a large measure of guaranty of sobriety. Men indulge their appetites for drink partly as a means of finding a short cut to ease and satisfaction. The man who has been trained to work at some productive industry has thereby acquired the best means of happiness and contentment in life. He is less likely to seek a cheap substitute for this satisfaction in some form of sensuous indulgence.

American parents now accept it as a matter of course that their children should be sent to the public schools. They must learn to regard industrial training in the same light. They must learn to regard it as a mark of weakness in their children and a mark of disgrace in themselves if their boys and girls do not become proficient in at least one of the world's great industries, such as agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, and housekeeping.

Teach your boy to earn his own way with the use of his own hands. Teach him to save a part of his small earnings, and to put this sum to a sensible use. Teach him to believe that he can not get something for nothing, and make it pay in the end. Teach him to believe that the best price to pay for every good thing is the expenditure of his own personal effort. These are all temperance lessons.

3. *Avoid youthful dissipation.* It has been proved be-



The child must be protected by education and legislation.

yond a doubt that no youth should be allowed to sow his "wild oats." The carrying out of the old theory that a boy may be allowed to debauch himself when young and may straighten up and become a decent man when he "sobers down" has accomplished the ruin of untold thousands of human beings. On the other hand, it has been proved beyond question that the boy's moral

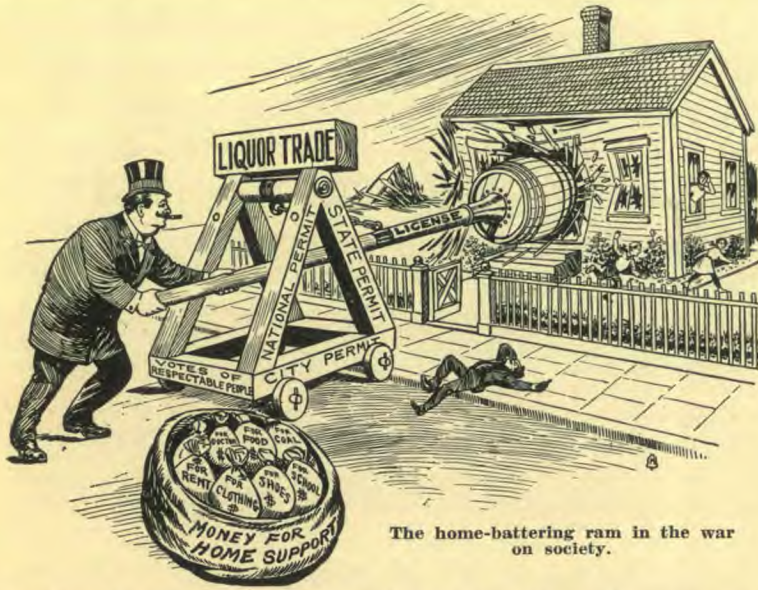
is any such thing as a genuinely moral man or woman.

4. *Work for a system of prevention.* All the foregoing evil habits may be prevented from fastening themselves upon the life of youth provided there be persistent care and vigilance on the part of parents. It is comparatively an easy matter to keep a boy at home evenings and on other occasions when he should be there. Mere force, however, will avail little. There must be home amusements and entertainments. Playthings, books, and arrangements for the boy's comforts are as essentially a necessary part of the household management as is the purchasing of food supplies and furniture.

The soft-drink nuisances may also be kept out of the boy's life through proper supervision. The toning effect of the drink is soon gone after the indulgence, and a deeper craving than ever follows. A little common-sense observation will prove to any parent that these abnormal indulgences of the appetite bring a net loss into the life of the victim. It will also appear that rigid abstinence from these practises will result in a better state of health, a more contented frame of mind for the youth, as well as a larger amount of courage for performing the juvenile work.

By far the most difficult problem in relation to boy rearing to-day is that of combating the cigarette evil. But this, too, can be successfully accomplished if one is determined. Persuade, admonish, and reward the boy in your dealing with this problem. Let him know how seriously you regard it. Show him how it weakens boy life in school and out; how it cuts off mental and physical vigor in the present, and blurs the hope of the future. Make every reasonable sacrifice to prevent his tasting the first cigarette. Offer a suitable reward for his abstinence, say, so much a month or year. Many have found it practicable to offer a liberal sum for continued abstinence up to the time the son becomes of age.

Deal in like manner with the liquor habit. Talk the subject over freely and frankly with the boy; argue with



The home-battering ram in the war on society.

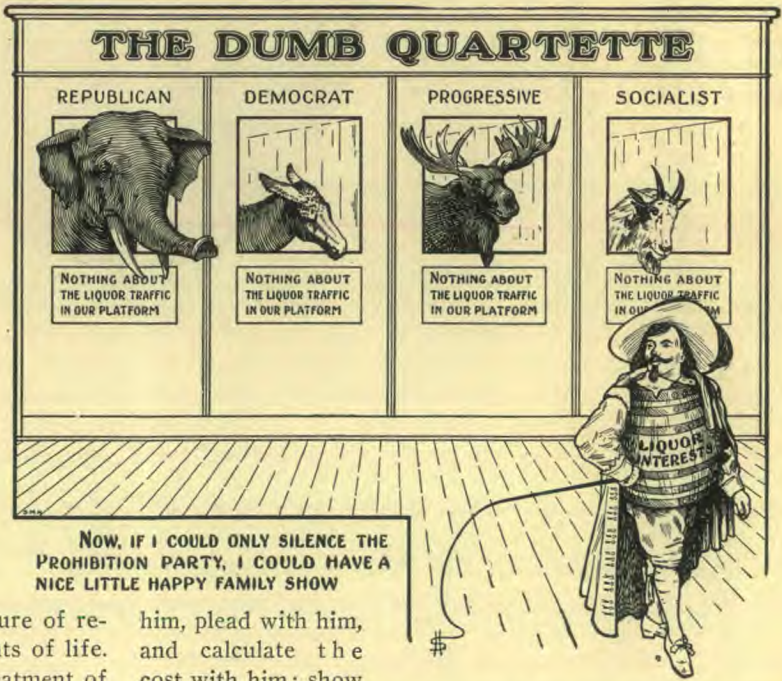
direction should go on just as carefully during his youthful years as during his childhood years. The training in industry of a heavier sort, the compliance with the rules of obedience, and the other forms of discipline must be kept up practically until full adulthood is reached.

The more common forms of youthful dissipation, and those to be assiduously guarded against in the interest of a temperate character, are these:—

a. The practise of running the streets at night, and with dissolute characters both day and night. It spoils a boy to allow him to acquire the habit of leaving home in the evening, no matter how exemplary his conduct during his absence. He should have the habit of staying at home in the evening, and should be allowed to leave only occasionally.

b. The practise of overindulging in the so-called soft drinks is most hurtful to juvenile character. In fact, this practise seems a direct first step to the use of alcohol. As Dr. Wiley has so ably proved in his magazine articles (*Good Housekeeping*, 1912), many of the soft drinks are tinctured and doped with narcotics, stimulants, and other materials hurtful to young life. The boy who acquires a craving for even so mild a stimulant as tea and coffee is thereby injured, and is placed in position to yield more easily to the temptation of alcoholic beverages.

c. Cigarette smoking is the most destructive habit known to American youth. It is blighting the lives of great armies of promising boys. It causes practically all its youthful victims to fail in school, and leave that institution permanently to become irresponsible as workers and employees, to lose a large measure of respect both for self and for the higher refinements of life. No cigarette-smoking boy will be fair in his treatment of his sister, his mother, or any other woman. He will be much inclined to falsehood, and to the taking of an unfair advantage of any one who may stand in the way of the gratification of his sensuous desires. The cigarette-smoking boy is practically certain to be a sexual pervert. In a typical case he is one who places a low estimate upon virtue, and refuses to believe that there

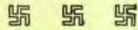


him, plead with him, and calculate the cost with him; show him that the boy who takes up smoking thereby makes a lifetime investment amounting to ten thousand dollars of his money; show him by numerous examples that to begin the practise of tipping is even more calamitous as a life venture. You will easily find instances of men who seemed strong and self-reliant who began "to take a drink occasionally, and let it alone" apparently

at the direction of their will, and who finally were devoured by the beast of appetite.

Prevention, PREVENTION, PREVENTION — this is the only rule for the parent in respect to all the destructive habits of childhood and youth. And the parent who persists in this good work, who prevents his children from beginning the vicious habits, may be assured that the reward will be certain. No full-grown man who is in his right mind, ever deliberately takes up the destructive habits so often carelessly and thoughtlessly begun in youth.

Therefore, build a good life through a careful application of the rules of training; and when adulthood is reached, the well-matured man will be a joy to his parents and other relatives, a credit to his country and home community, and doubtless a blessing in the eyes of his Maker.

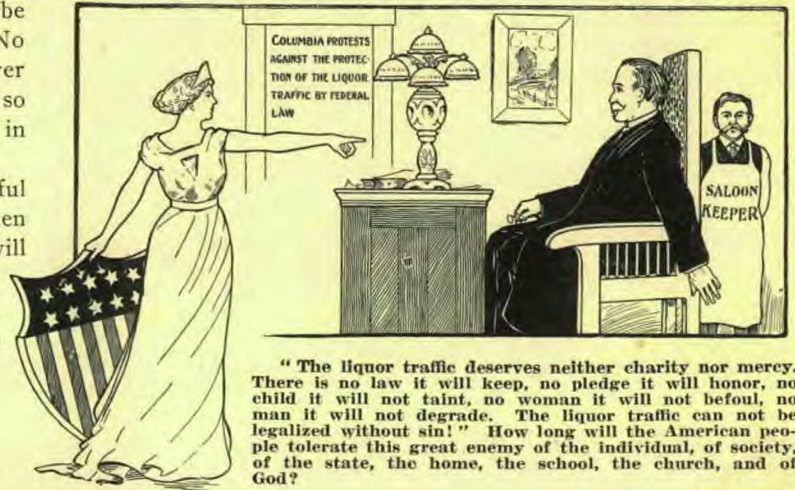


Eternal Principles of Truth

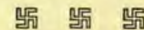
No man is free to throw another into slavery. No man's right in a democracy goes so far as to wrong another man. Chains and slavery there must be so long as the weaknesses of human nature exist. But these chains in democracy should be of our own forging, and should bind ourselves alone. The children of the republic should be all free-born. A wiser training and a purified society will one by one strike off the fetters that bind us to-day. *There is no method of taxation, no adjustment of capital, no system of distribution of earnings, that will give freedom to a man who is a slave to drink.* His tyrant is on the inside, and will be with him wherever he goes. There is no system that will give the unskilled

is our fault that boys who might be free grow up sodden and ineffective because society can not protect itself against an evil traffic.

I once attended a meeting in Los Angeles, in which a well-known and impassioned orator depicted the sad



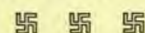
conditions of wage-slaves, with special reference to some decision that had riveted their chains. If I remember, it was a judge in Nebraska who did this. But the real author of these chains was not hard to find. The whole room was rank with the odor of beer and whisky. Doubtless wage-slavery makes for drink. But drink in its turn makes for slavery, and no man can be a free unit in a free nation so long as his mind is kept dull with alcohol. He can not expect to master the problems of life unless he is master of himself.—*David Starr Jordan, LL. D., president of Leland Stanford Junior University.*



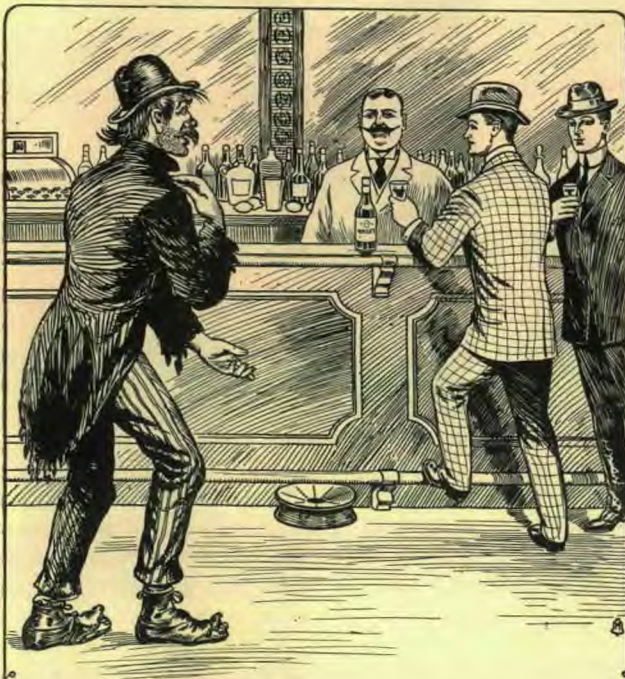
Alcohol the Foe of the Army

COL. L. M. MAUS, of the army medical corps, declared before the Association of Military Surgeons at Baltimore last October, that repeated investigation had failed to reveal one single benefit resulting from the use of alcohol. On the contrary, he claimed, "it lessens the ability of resistance of army men in every line. The use of alcoholic stimulants has no place in the army or navy, either as a medicine or as a regalement, and its use should be barred by legislative enactment. It has been the cause of countless unjust court-martial sentences against officers and men, of harsh official decisions and discriminations in assignments, of hopeless aspirations, and ruined careers. It causes sickness, impairs health and usefulness, adds greatly to the non-efficiency of officers and men, adds additional burden and cost to the medical department, deprives the government of otherwise valuable officers and enlisted men, and forces them on the retired or pension list with corresponding increase of governmental expenditures."

"Practically all the crimes in the army can be directly traced to the use of alcohol. Most of the murders, suicides, robberies, court-martials, and dismissals of officers, defalcations and peculations, duplications of pay accounts, prison and guard-house sentences of enlisted men, desertions, venereal diseases, and insanity are due to the use of alcoholic beverages."



THE world drinks more than \$1,000,000 worth of liquor every hour. The world's beer gathered into one body would make a lake four miles long, one mile wide, and six feet deep. That lake would be large enough to drown every man, woman, and child in England, Canada, Australia, and the United States.



Old Man: Gimme a whisky.
Bartender: Where's the price?
Old Man: I have spent my youth, I have spent my reputation, I have spent my prospects, for whisky. I have spent everything I ever had. Haven't I paid the price?

laborer the rewards of the man who uses his brains as well as his arm. A bushel of coal and a bucket of water will do the unskilled laborer's work, and require little supervision. The unskilled laborer is an anomaly in a land of freedom. He exists because we are not very far from the dark ages even yet. He exists because Freedom herself has not yet overtaken her insistent duties.

There is no system by which man stupefied by alcohol can take an even share in the man's work of to-day. It

Alcohol and To-Day

IRVING FISHER, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, YALE UNIVERSITY



THE day will come, I believe, when alcohol as a beverage will be practically abandoned. In the first place, social ideals are changing. Alcohol won its popularity in those bygone ages when the ideal life was supposed to be a life of leisure. But in this modern age, when the ideal life is recognized to be a life of work, alcohol is sure to become less of an "institution." When leisure was the great object, bacchanalian revels were a crude and primitive way of enjoying it; and the use of alcohol, therefore, became a kind of badge, to prove that the person indulging in these revels had the leisure to do so. There was a time when the English gentleman thought that to prove he *was* a gentleman he must get drunk at least once a week. Thus he proved that he had the time to spare for lordly amusements. Those were the days when the royal courts were scenes of conviviality and strutting, and a king regarded it as beneath his dignity to do any useful work.

How different are the scenes of to-day! Now the highest classes in all lands are workers; and while there is still a class of idle rich who gamble and carouse, they are looked down upon by the real leaders of the world. Kings and presidents and nearly all who set the fashions for mankind no longer have time for much drinking; and what is more important, they do not wish to waste their working power in this way. The Emperor of Germany, the President of the United States, and a great many others in the highest positions have become teetotalers, simply in the belief that in this way they increase their efficiency; while others in similar positions, if not teetotalers, are at least abstemious and temperate as compared with their predecessors of a generation ago.

In industry we see this continually. Corporations and employers are demanding sobriety of their office force, and even of their manual laborers. Captains and officers of vessels, and even sailors, are no longer served with grog as a matter of course. Locomotive engineers and others in positions where anything less than the highest efficiency may result in serious accident, can no longer keep their positions if they show the slightest tendency to befuddle their faculties through alcohol. The climax of this reform came the other day when the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad made a rule that all its employees must be abstemious not merely while on duty, but absolute teetotalers all the time — even when off duty. And this reform was adopted on the ground that it meant life and death to passengers, and dollars and cents to the railroad company. Thus we see that the needs of modern industry are a factor that will increasingly require the abandonment of alcohol.

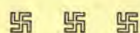
A second great factor tending toward the abandonment of alcohol is the increasing knowledge of the evils that come from its use. After many centuries of vacillation and quibbling, modern science has at last satisfied itself that alcohol is injurious even in small quantities. Temperance reformers have never before had the scientific backing which they have to-day. It is not merely drunkenness and railroad wrecks that are to be avoided. Merely to be "below par" is almost as disgusting to a bright modern man as drunkenness — and also, almost as dangerous. Mere weakness of body and mind — lassitude, lack of brightness and energy and self-control — is often brought on and made permanent by a much milder use of alcohol than will make men drunk. And we know that these little ills that interfere with daily effi-

ciency multiply as life goes on, and sometimes, in middle age or later, produce ills that are as painful in their way as delirium tremens. Alcohol is now given a place among the habit-forming drugs, such as opium and cocaine. Physicians often abandon alcohol even as a medicine, and at any rate advise their patients to discard it as a beverage. In a short time the habitual use of alcohol will be regarded by the medical profession in the same light as the use of patent medicines. In fact, one of the most effective arguments that a reputable physician can make against any patent medicine to-day is that it contains alcohol — as many patent medicines certainly do.

For these very excellent reasons alcohol has already begun to be abandoned. Statistics prove this. At the International Hygiene Exhibition held at Dresden in 1911, a demonstration on the evils of alcohol was given twice a day. Statistical charts were exhibited showing the great decrease in alcohol in the foremost countries of the world. In Sweden, which was once called "drunken Sweden," the progress has been very rapid indeed. In the last few years it has become unfashionable and unusual to drink much alcohol. As a result, sickness and weakness and inefficiency are disappearing, and that little country is fast becoming the healthiest country in the world. In England, too, the use of all forms of alcoholic drugs since the beginning of the twentieth century has astonishingly decreased. And even in Germany, the original home of beer drinking, the use of alcohol, and even of beer, has begun to decline, largely through the influence of the kaiser, reenforced by the pronouncements of scientific men. The reason why Germany has been slower to see the need of reform than some other countries is that the German method of drinking has been different. Wild debauchery was never common in Germany. A great deal of beer was consumed, but it was consumed slowly. The bodies of men were gradually flooded with the poison. The result was not spectacular ills, like delirium tremens, but ills that were slow and silent and unseen, like kidney diseases. These ills could not be traced until science with its microscope and its patient study discovered them. Then reform began; for Germany is one of the most scientific and logical countries in the world. The kaiser of Germany is a very modern kind of man; and Germany is a very scientific kind of country. To catch this king or this country in a nap, you will have to get up quite early in the morning. The kaiser would rather lead than follow. Therefore as soon as he got really scientific news that alcohol was a handicap both in war and in peace, he did not wait for all Germany to change its fashion, but began at once to set the pace. For himself, he became a total abstainer — think of that for Germany! For his son, he picked out a college where there was less drinking than in any other college. And for his beloved Germany as a whole, he did what he could by advice and example to turn it face about toward the new era. Germany is a bigger country than Sweden; and when it catches up with Sweden in the race for health and efficiency, England and the United States together will hardly be a match for it, either in war or in peace — unless we too become leaders in that race, instead of followers.

Yes, for centuries people who have been followers instead of leaders, have, through blindness, tradition, fanaticism, ignorance, and the handcuffs of habit, refused to face the facts. Now we are beginning to see dispassionately the terrible wrongs to the human race which

King Alcohol has wrought. The dulling of mental and physical power, the inflaming of evil passions,—of vice, idleness, and crime,—these are the fruits of the vine. And boys, whose first impulse is to imitate their elders, used to think it manly to drink. But to-day the model which boys most admire is not the strutting, leisurely, tipsy "gentleman" who has nothing to do but "enjoy himself;" it is rather the leader in industry or in politics, — firm-limbed, clear-headed, useful, efficient, who lets alcohol severely alone,—the man who would rather lead in good things than follow in bad things.



It's Great!

ONE day last summer while passing down the street, I noticed an afternoon news bulletin. Pausing for a moment to read the latest despatches, my eyes rested upon a news item, immediately followed by a striking advertisement. Here they are just as displayed:—

Shoots Wife While Drunk

Special to THE BULLETIN by United Press

New York, Aug. 9—Matthew O'Callaghan, a cotton broker, was arrested today charged with shooting his wife who is now in the Swedish Hospital in Brooklyn in a critical condition. O'Callaghan said he shot the woman thinking she was a burglar. She declared that the shoot was deliberate and that her husband was drunk.

Drink Mark Rogers Whiskey. It's great!

I read and reread this unusual display. That whisky advertisement was just where it ought to be. Filled with astonishment that all could not see in the combination what I saw, I turned and once more passed down the street soliloquizing:—

"Yes, it's great! No matter by what name the whisky is called, all brands are the same. Whisky is great!

"Great for brazen arrogance and sneering hypocrisy.

"Great for promoting vice instead of virtue.

"Great for inciting crime and murder.

"Great for turning men into beasts.

"Great for filling lunatic asylums and prison cells.

"Great for destroying happy homes.

"Great for breaking the hearts of wives and starving the bodies of children.

"Great for wrecking human lives.

"Great for sending men to the gallows.

"Great for destroying the minds of men.

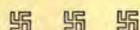
"Great for blighting the souls of men.

"Great as the greatest curse of the nation.

"Yes, great as Satan's master weapon for destroying bodies and souls."

J. L. McELHANY.

Washington, D. C.



Whisky Did It

ON the night of Sept. 17, 1912, Arthur A. Webster, a handsome young man of Washington, D. C., was murdered, and his body cremated in a combustion chamber at the National Capital Brewery. Going to the brewery against the earnest protest of his wife, he became engaged in a quarrel with a fireman at the place, and the awful sequel, as stated, followed.

The murdered man, it was said, "had silver money, a gold ring, a bunch of keys, and a whisky-bottle on his

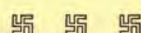
person when last seen." Both men had been drinking. Apprehensive of consequences, the murderer himself committed suicide a few days later.

Speaking of the fate of her son, Mrs. Webster, the mother, said: "It was the drink. If he had not been drinking, he would never have gone to the brewery, he would not have associated with those men, but instead would have been safely at home with his family. I talked to him, and pleaded with him for years to leave it alone; but that was his one failing. My poor boy!"

The father's testimony is equally significant. "My son," he says, "would take a glass of beer or whisky; but that seemed to be his one weakness."

In a word, whisky did it! Two lives destroyed, a wife widowed, three small children left fatherless, and parents bowed in sorrow, all because of drink. Well did the eloquent Henry W. Grady say of this terrible evil: "It is the destroyer of men and the terror of women, the shadow on the face of childhood. It has dug more graves and sent more souls to judgment than all the pestilence since Egypt's plagues, or all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho."

W. A. COLCORD.

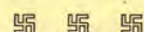


The Temple Mark

IN some heathen temples the priest puts a mark on the face of the worshipers who have made their offerings before the idol, and all day they bear this mark wherever they go. All who see them know where they were in the morning and what they did. So does the liquor traffic mark its devotees. The flushed face, the bleared eye, the unsteady walk, the blatant talk, all tell at what altar the person has knelt. A young man to whom I spoke on the street-car about his intemperate habit, asked how I knew he had been drinking. His breath, eye, and face all told the story, and yet he did not realize that people could discern that he had taken liquor. No more deceptive poison exists. But strange to say, it deceives only the user. Every one else can readily detect its evil work on the human mind, body, and soul.

A few men have by chance discovered how a drink transforms them into chattering imbeciles, and have had grit and grace enough to sign the total abstinence pledge, and thus preserve their mental power and self-respect. But so subtly deceptive are the wine-cup and the bottle that even while a man is in a deplorable condition from drink, he imagines he is more brilliant and companionable than he is without the liquor; so the majority of alcoholic devotees are self-satisfied. They make no effort to free themselves from that which makes them objects of pity or disgust to all observers.

If a man drinks at all, he may rest assured that his actions are not normal, and that people detect his condition, and to a degree, if not altogether, he loses their respect. No man can afford voluntarily to deprive himself of the good will and confidence of his associates by so useless and injurious a habit.



Alcohol, Axes, and Dead Men!

"CRAZED by drinking wood-alcohol, a camp of lumbermen turned Christmas day into a bloody massacre. Armed with axes, the crew attacked one another. When the carnage was over, *fourteen men lay dead* from alcohol and ax wounds."

This was the word that came from a Minnesota lumber camp following our last Christmas celebration. It is gruesome news; but the legalized liquor traffic is doing more bloody work *every day* of the year. See that you have no part in this wholesale slaughter, by voting to outlaw the traffic.

A Nation's Greatest Asset

HEALTH is conceded to be fundamental in human welfare. Upon it depend the efficiency of the individual and the progress of the commonwealth.

Conservation of health, therefore, is the most important civic duty.

There obtains now a national effort to conserve all material resources. Without physical vigor, conservation of land and forest and mineral will not avail, either for individual happiness or for national permanence.

Our civilization develops according to the forces that drive it on from day to day. The public mind has been set on leadership in material activities. Absorbed in



Dr. Oscar Dowling, president of the Louisiana State Board of Health. Dr. Dowling does not know the taste of tea, coffee, liquor, or tobacco.

this effort, the economic base of permanent prosperity and supremacy—health—has not been considered.

Health is a nation's greatest asset; good blood means force; physical vigor implies power.

Labor power of a well people is greater, more intense, more intelligent, more inventive. Waste, whether of vital force, or land, or mineral, or forest, is unscientific—uneconomic. Low vitality tolerated in a nation's life implies lack of intelligence on the part of those in power. Hence, intelligent apprehension of our own situation, and constructive remedial measures, if necessary, are economic, wise, imperative, if we would keep our coveted heritage.

Prevention must be the method against evil. Relentless effort to remove causes of disease, and to substitute health environment, is the new way, the scientific way, to enter into the age-long battle with vice and poverty.

Prevention of disease is the solution of many human problems. To live in the abundance of health, not the few, but the many, is the open sesame to happiness and material prosperity.

OSCAR L. DOWLING, M. D.



Suggestions Worth Testing

THE playgrounds committee of the federation of women's clubs in Dallas, Texas, last summer held a "tooth-brush day," at which instruction was given to

hundreds of children. An illustrated lecture on the danger to health from decayed teeth formed the basis of this instruction. One thousand good tooth-brushes were sold at five cents apiece to the enthusiastic children. Why could not this same committee, and similar committees in all our cities, plan for an outdoor anti-cigarette day? Where a large number of children receive effective instruction together in this way, there is an inspiration and a courage given to the boys and girls that will do much toward helping them to resist future temptations. There is an inspiration and confidence given that

home, school, or even church instruction does not always give. Experiments, placards, charts, and lectures could be utilized in this instruction, which undoubtedly would do great good.

To attain the highest results, much of the instruction given to the children under the auspices of these committees should be given by men of high educational and business reputation, men who are clean themselves, who would not do that which would in any way influence a boy to endanger his well-being.

Why should not the State boards of health make their campaigns against the health-destroying agencies of the State include tobacco and liquor? Do they find the dairies, slaughter-houses, hotels, restaurants, schools, jails, sanatoriums, and railroad stations greater menaces to the citizenship of the State than these narcotics?

Let the health officials and others continue their heroic and praiseworthy warfare against house-flies, mosquitoes, hookworms, tuberculosis germs, rats, fleas, ticks, impure milk and water, public drinking-cups, unclean and decayed teeth, and poor environment; but let them not overlook the weightier matters. The proper solution of the greater would noticeably lessen the work of eradicating the minor evils.

If the health boards of every State in the Union and every temperance organization would adopt some methods as spectacular and effective as Louisiana's heroic measures of enlightening the public on the evils threatening the health of the people, and would boldly include liquor and

INDIANA STATE BOARD of HEALTH



I AM DEATH

TO EARLY JOIN ME
BREATHE MUCH FOUL AIR.
DRINK ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

EAT MIDNIGHT SUPPERS.
EAT LOTS OF RICH FOOD.
BOLT YOUR FOOD OR WASH IT DOWN WITH LARGE AMOUNTS OF BLACK COFFEE.
NEGLECT YOUR BOWELS.

INDIANA STATE BOARD of HEALTH



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

PUBLIC HEALTH IS PUBLIC WEALTH.

Clean up your premises.
Prevent Flies.
Eat plain foods.
Eschew Alcoholic Liquors.
Don't take Drugs.
Don't Breathe Bad Air.

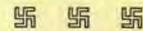
KEEP WELL

A Plea for Help

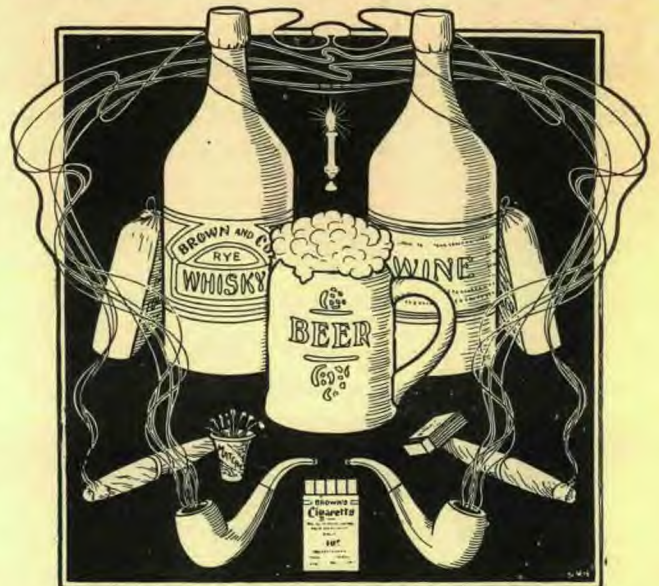
WILL you help us get these little girls out of the factory and into the school? asks the National Child Labor Committee. Yes, we shall be glad to help you in your worthy endeavor to remove from the factories, mills, mines, and stores of our country the two million boys and girls under sixteen years of age who ought to be in school. But we shall begin by making our first attack upon the liquor traffic, for we find that the school attendance, without exception, in licensed towns is less according to the population than that of the dry towns. From the last report of the Connecticut State Board of Education it appears that more than one child in five is denied high-school education in the license towns who would receive it if these towns would stop the liquor traffic. The wet county-seat towns of Nebraska show a high-school attendance of less than one half that of the dry county seats. The attendance in the Massachusetts high schools two years ago was thirty-seven per cent greater in the no-licensed towns than in the licensed ones; while in the lower grades seventeen children out of every one hundred were deprived of an education in the licensed towns.



These figures, with similar ones from other States, show that the liquor traffic is directly responsible for a large share of the child-labor evils, the children having been put to work to earn money to take the place of that which the father spends for drink. Then destroy the liquor traffic if you would strike directly at the great wrongs perpetrated against the world's childhood.



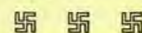
As Judge Shattuck, of Denver, Colorado, sentenced to death Oscar Cook, who in a saloon brawl murdered a



Greater enemies of our present and future citizenship against which State and national health officials should wage persistent and relentless warfare until these evils are wholly annihilated.

policeman and a saloon-keeper, he said, with much feeling:—

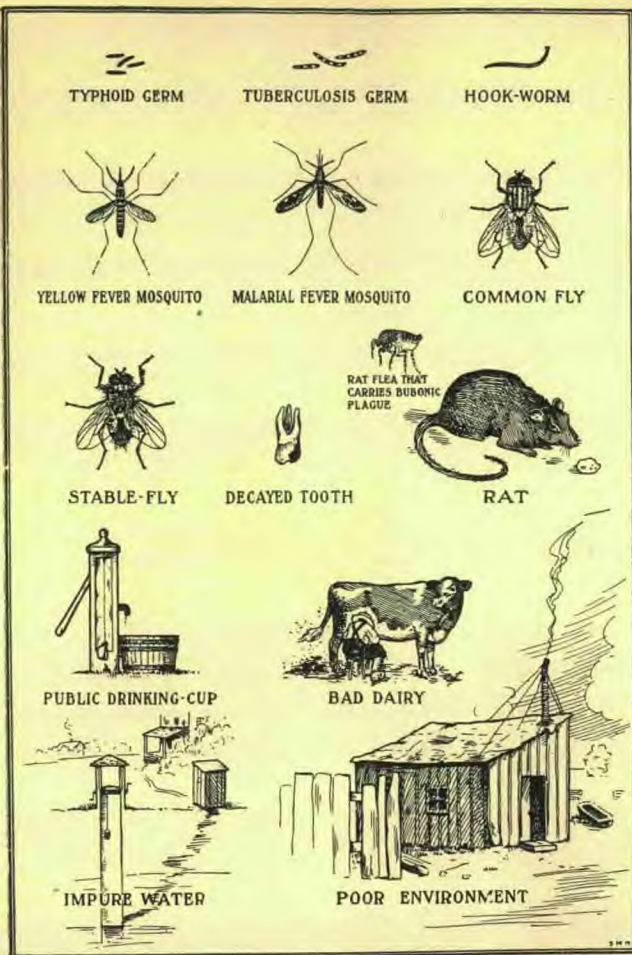
Before God, the people of this State are guilty. They must one day answer for permitting that to exist which sent you here. The people must answer for your crime and for your death.



THREE BAD BEES —

- Brewery
- Barroom
- Booze

Beware of their sting! — *The Lookout.*



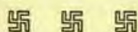
Enemies of mankind against which the boards of health of our various States, cities, and towns are waging effective and untiring warfare.

tobacco in their campaign, untold good would result. And why should not these two evils be the chief things against which the warfare is waged, since there are no greater enemies of the public health?

At the superb health exhibit of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held last September at Washington, D. C., I observed but one exhibit of a State board of health that mentioned the liquor question, and that was the Indiana exhibit. There was none, so far as I saw, that mentioned the tobacco evil. The charts on the preceding page show the prominence given the temperance question by Indiana. Why should not every State have made much of both these evils?

Less than two per cent of our population, according to Dr. Dowling, escape preventable disease. A larger percentage of the preventable diseases are occasioned by the liquor traffic than by all other evils combined. Then if the board of health, whose effort is directed chiefly against preventing ill health, would work most effectively, it should strike first and hardest at the basic evil, which scientists and students of sociology concede to be the liquor traffic.

In many European countries, city and national health officers display in conspicuous places large posters setting forth the evils of alcoholic beverages. These, being signed by the city boards, have a strong influence for good; so would the prohibition cause be wonderfully advanced all over the State if health officers would espouse the temperance cause as it deserves.



ONE day a Mr. Reynolds, who was smoking a cigar, accosted Mr. D. L. Moody. "Hello, Moody, didn't you see me?" "No," said Mr. Moody; "I didn't expect to find you smoking a cigar. Suppose I had come to meet the Lord Jesus here by appointment, do you think I should have found him smoking?" "No," said Mr. Reynolds; and that was the last cigar he ever smoked.

Shall I Vote to License Liquor?

C. M. SNOW

Shall I vote to license liquor?

Yes —

When I cease to sense the heartaches
That are weighing millions down;
When I cease to feel the sorrows
That a million hearts would drown;
When my heart is no more tender
For the woes of those who mourn,
And I gloat upon the ruin
Of the wretched and forlorn,—
Then I'll vote to license liquor,
Not till then.

Shall I vote to license liquor?

Yes —

When my soul is seared and cankered
With the rust of lust and greed,
And from every sense of justice
And of virtue I am freed;
When the anguish and the heartaches
Of a stricken world I see
As a cause for joy and gladness
And a blessed boon to me,—
Then I'll vote to license liquor,
Not till then.

Shall I vote to license liquor?

Yes —

When God shows me that the drunkard
Is the highest type of man,
And that slavery to passion
Is his purpose and his plan;
When our womanhood is safest
Where the drunkard freest goes,
And our children best protected
Where Rum's river freest flows,—
Then I'll vote to license liquor,
Not till then.

Shall I vote to license liquor?

Yes —

When the prisons all are emptied
Of the hordes Rum drove to sin;
When the brothels are abandoned
By the painted slaves within;
When no more the drinker's children
Cry for clothing and for bread,
And the demon in that liquor
Has been numbered with the dead,—
'Twill be time to talk of license,
Not till then.

Shall I vote to license liquor?

No!

Gold can never right the ruin
Rum is causing in our world,
Turning humans into demons
Where its banners are unfurled.
Day by day the list increases
Of the numbers of its slain;
If I license that dread business,
I shall bear the brand of Cain.
Shall I vote to give it license?
I shall not.

Shall I vote to license liquor?

No!

Every little child that prattles
On the knee of parenthood,
Every trusting wife and mother,
All things noble, all things good,
Plead with manhood to be manly,
Plead protection at our hand
From that King of Degradation
That has ruined every land.
Shall I vote to give it license?
I shall not!

Washington, D. C.

Bribed for Taxes



GOVERNOR of one of our Western States was approached once by a man who offered him \$200,000 in cash if he would allow the lottery business to gain a foothold in his State. The governor merely showed the man an open door. He was above being bribed to do what would result in evil to others for financial gain to himself. You honor that governor. The world honors such men.

But why are you not as noble spirited? You know the liquor traffic debauches men, women, and children; and yet when you are told that prohibition of the liquor traffic will increase your taxes, you vote for license lest you should have to pay a few paltry dollars more in taxes. Suppose this were so; suppose it would cost you more, have you any right as a man of honor and integrity to vote to license the liquor traffic in order that you might save a few dollars to yourself, when you know that every licensed saloon will destroy some of your neighbors that very year, and cause untold suffering to many others?

But prohibition never increases taxes. In the thousands of places where it has been tried, there is no record of such a case. It reduces taxes, as has been proved again and again. Do not suffer yourself, then, to be bribed for a falsehood. A vote for prohibition means a vote for humanity's sake, a vote for right instead of wrong principles, a vote for *lower taxes* and greater financial prosperity.

But suppose your vote for prohibition does not prevent your neighbors from wrecking their lives by intoxicants; you at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not responsible for their debauchery. But if you vote for license, then know that every time you see an intoxicated man walking your streets, Heaven holds you responsible in part for his condition and for the neglect and suffering thus brought upon his family.

The idea that prohibition increases taxes is a deception perpetrated by the liquor men. Last summer during the campaign in West Virginia the liquor men masqueraded under the deceptive name of "The Taxpayers' Protective Association of West Virginia." This association and all allied associations protect only their own taxes. It is this traffic more than anything else that makes taxes high.

The devastating character of the traffic necessarily increases our taxes, as well as the dishonesty of the liquor

men and of town and city officials who are controlled by the traffic. Hon. Frank Regan says that he found from personal observation that a poor widow was sued in a certain State for 75 cents she owed as taxes, while a large brewery worth over \$200,000 paid taxes on only \$2,800. Another brewery in a different State that had a capital stock of \$2,000,000 was taxed on only \$647,310. The Anheuser-Busch Brewery Company was found in more than one State to be relieved entirely of taxation, while a brewer in St. Louis worth millions paid taxes on only \$367 worth of personal property. Other liquor barons are favored in this same way; consequently you and I have to pay far more than our share. Is it not evident, then, that if the conspiracy between the infamous traffic and town officials should cease, taxes would be greatly lessened? A vote for prohibition means, every time, reduced taxes. Whoever testifies to the contrary is uninformed or is related to the traffic in some way, and is a deceiver. But whether it increases or reduces taxes, vote for prohibition because it is a right thing to do, because it is a patriotic and humane thing to do.



The Favored Scourge

AN impressive article entitled "The Silent Scourge," by Dr. F. C. Walsh, appeared in one of our leading magazines not long since. The writer thus characterized typhoid fever, which cuts down on an average one hundred Americans every day, and more than 35,000 every year.

The worst epidemic of yellow fever ever known in this country caused only 15,000 deaths. While this appalling list of fatalities staggered the country, it is less than one half the number of yearly deaths from "the silent scourge." New Orleans was perhaps the worst sufferer at the time of the last siege of yellow fever, losing 451 victims. The result of this terrible scourge "burned itself into the memories of stalwart men and left a scar. And yet as a result of typhoid fever alone New York's death record two years ago was 556, which is more than one hundred in excess of the number of deaths in New Orleans in that 'lamentable year of 1905.'

But New York's death-rate from typhoid fever is not so great as that of several other American cities. The cities of other countries long ago "aroused themselves to the

tragic seriousness of a preventable condition, and have almost succeeded in wiping out typhoid from their municipalities. Our own city of Milwaukee has an annual death-rate from typhoid forty-five times that of the capital of Sweden; nine times that of London; about six times that of Paris; and nearly twelve times that of Berlin and Hamburg. Baltimore and Louisville do not come far behind Milwaukee. In fact, the American city that has the *least* number of fatalities from typhoid per one hundred thousand of population has a higher death-rate than the European city that has the largest number of fatalities from typhoid.

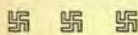
Has this difference always existed?—No. But Europe awoke to the situation long ago, and by *preventive* methods practically wiped out typhoid. America is beginning to arouse from her slumber. A number of cities by heroic effort have cut down the annual death-rate from "the great American scourge" more than one half. And they are working for still better conditions.

It is no small matter when a preventable disease is allowed every year to strike with severe sickness 350,000 persons, and annually to wipe out completely, as it were, a city of 35,000 inhabitants.

But what are these figures, appalling as they are, compared to the real American scourge, the liquor traffic? According to the researches of Congressman Richard P. Hobson, alcohol is destroying twenty times as many persons every year as typhoid fever. It is wiping out a score of cities every year where typhoid fever destroys one. And yet the government seems blind to this evil. It fosters, licenses, and protects it. Indifference toward destructive forces is reprehensible, but conspiracy on the part of the government with that which blights and destroys its citizenship, is incomprehensibly diabolical.

What shall be done? What can be done? An aroused, indignant people must demand a dissolution of the partnership between the government and the traffic. Yea, they must demand the complete annihilation of the traffic.

Let us have no favored scourges. Let us rather apply the effective preventive method to all our national scourges, and especially to that one which strikes down a hundred thousand men each year, and then gains its recruits from our American boyhood.



The Awakening of the Cities

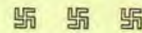
"EVERYBODY satisfied, nobody hurt," was the comment of an Irish school janitor at the close of a "safe and sane" fourth of July celebration in one of our large cities. The year that seventeen of our American cities first carried out organized celebrations of our national holiday, the common verdict was: "Everybody satisfied; nobody hurt." And there was good reason for this sane comment; for the children, and adults as well, had had more fun, more music, and grander fireworks, while the casualties were much fewer.

The movement for a safe and sane Fourth has now become almost nation-wide. The cities have been awakened to the necessity of conserving human life by prohibiting the wide-spread dangerous use of explosives on Independence day, and then expending energy and means for a more intelligent and pleasurable celebration of the day.

The abolition of the white slave traffic, the beautifying of the cities, the establishment of parks and children's playgrounds, the prevention of disease, the abolition of child labor, the curbing in power of the great business

monopolies,—all these are reforms to which our better citizenship has also awakened.

None of these evils, however, compares in seriousness with that of the liquor traffic. Why is it then that more of our great cities do not awaken to this gigantic soul-and body-destroying evil, and annihilate it entirely? There can be but one reason. The question whether the boy or the bar should be retained could be settled at once if it were not for the greed of man. No one can claim honestly that the open saloon is a benefit to our civilization, our national or social life. Every one knows that its one business is to destroy citizenship; but because it *promises* to pour into our State and national treasuries a few million dollars, we not only tolerate it, but coddle it, license and protect it. Shame on mankind with his greed and baseness! Shame on those who vote to *destroy the boy and save the bar!*



A CALL FOR A MILLION MEN

A MILLION men are wanted to pledge themselves to-day to the principles outlined in the following —

CITIZEN'S PLEDGE

Men will have strong drink, and men will sell liquor, but

Not by My Vote!

Every five minutes of the day, the bells may toll the death knell of a human being slain by rum, but

Not by My Vote!

Truth may be wrecked and character dismantled, homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared, but

Not by My Vote!

Children may be caught in the saloon snare, the victims of alcohol may fill our jails, almshouses, and insane asylums, but

Not by My Vote!

The saloon may impoverish and degrade the people; produce idleness, disease, and pauperism. It may breed anarchy and crime, but

Not by My Vote!

The government may license the drink traffic, and for



The man with the dollar specs — he can't see any harm in the liquor traffic.

a consideration take "a reward against the innocent," and bargain away the public health and the public morals, but

Not by My Vote!

The liquor traffic may corrupt the social and political life of the nation; it may worm its way into all business, and even into the sacred precincts of the home and church, but

Not by My Vote!

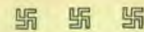
Africa Not Dry

THE American liquor traffic is conscienceless. As if this country did not offer it vast enough opportunities to destroy mankind, it sends its hellish wares into every land upon the earth. In Sierra Leone two hundred fifty tons of liquor were unloaded in three months at a "dry town," to be transported to inland towns and villages.

In one week's time there passed Madeira, a port of registry for the coast of Africa,—

28,000 cases of whisky	800,000 demijohns of rum
30,000 cases of brandy	24,000 butts of rum
30,000 cases of old Tom	15,000 barrels of absinthe
36,000 barrels of rum	960,000 cases of gin

no part. But the liquor men are not pleading for the family. They are pleading for their own depraved appetites and for their avaricious coffers.



Facts That Count

THE three fastest-growing cities in the United States are prohibition cities.

The State that has had prohibition the longest has fewer women and children working for a living than any other State in the Union.

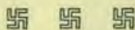
The State that has fewer criminals and paupers according to its population than any other State has been a prohibition State for many years.



A photograph of thirteen cars of rum leaving Medford, Massachusetts, for Japan.

Heroic efforts have been made to introduce American beer in China. A large brewery was established in Hong-kong; but fortunately the Chinese are not so enthusiastic over the American product as was hoped, so the brewery failed. But one failure will not discourage the infamous traffic. An American tobacco company has announced its determination to put its cigarettes into the hands of every man, woman, and child in China. Brewers and distillers have similar evil designs upon this awakening but struggling people, and they will not desist until their purpose is realized. Shame on America!

From every heathen land comes the pathetic wail: "Drink is killing our people. We weep over it. You bring us the good news from the Great Spirit in heaven, and we live; but why do your countrymen bring us death in the fire-water?"



For What They Plead

IN an impassioned speech on local option, one of the officers of the National Liquor Dealers' Association said: "The scheme engenders hypocrisy in its most objectionable form, and is an incentive to *home drinking in the family circle*." If the privilege of drinking is a thing to be so ardently sought for, if it is a proper thing for those to do who eschew hypocrisy, why is it unfit for the family circle?

I once heard a woman remark that a certain man was very frequently seen at the soda-fountain and at the moving-picture show, but never seen sharing these with his wife. It seemed reprehensible for a man to so frequently indulge himself in cooling drinks and pleasant scenes without securing equal privileges to his wife, who was free to share them with him if she had only been invited.

If liquor drinking is unfit for the family circle, and it is, it is evidently improper for the man to spend a large sum yearly for that in which his family can have

Fargo, North Dakota, due to the prohibition principles of the State, instead of collecting taxes, will next month return a six-per-cent dividend in cash on her surplus funds to the taxpayers.

In the District of Columbia there were last year thirty murders and seventy-two suicides; while in Maine, which has had a prohibition law for fifty years, there have been only thirty-three murders in the entire State during the last five years.

Through the outlawing of the open saloon, more than 5,000 sober men were given to Atlanta in 1911 instead of 5,000 drunkards. That this meant much to the homes of these men, and to the business and morals of the city, all candid observers know.

Rev. Samuel W. Grafflin said, "I have known of people going through the State of Iowa buying corn from the farmers, who have found the doors of one hundred fifty jails standing open, which had formerly been occupied—a demonstration of what law had been doing."

Of 20,000 destitute and homeless men on the streets of New York, a straw vote just completed by the charity organization shows that 60 per cent ascribe their destitution to intemperance. The liquor traffic, then, robbed 12,000 men of home, money, and everything worth while, and turned them out upon the streets for others to support.

These 12,000 are in one city. Every city that licenses the liquor traffic has its proportional quota of destitute and homeless. Of 352 able-bodied men in the city of Boston who failed during a recent year to support their families, 243, or nearly 70 per cent, were drunkards. It is the same everywhere. Why should not the traffic be compelled to care for its own victims? Why should the government, ordained to promote the well-being of the people, license a business (?) that robs a large per cent of the nation's citizenship of everything worth while in this life and in the life to come?

Testimony of Two Judges

A JUDGE of Knoxville, Tennessee, when asked if prohibition had failed in that city, answered:—

If larger and more regular attendance at Sunday-school, preaching, and other services in our churches; if a larger and more regular attendance at schools, by better-shod, better-clad children; if \$40,000 more for increased room, better equipment, and better-paid teachers; if sixty per cent decrease in arrests for drunkenness and kindred crimes, if a decrease even greater in the per cent of murder and all grades of crime; if \$1,000,000 spent for necessities is less helpful than the same amount spent for liquor,—if these things indicate failure, then prohibition has failed in Knoxville.

Judge William H. Thompson, of the thirty-second judicial district of the State of Kansas, in answer to a letter received from Mr. B. F. Edwards, of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, relative to the working of the prohibitory law in Kansas, says:—

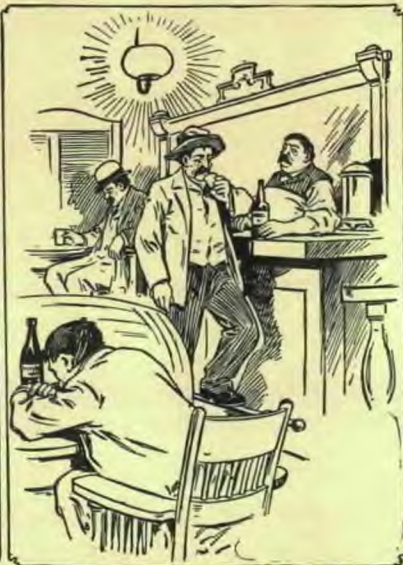
I have lived in Kansas ever since 1880, and have carefully observed the operation of the prohibition law. I was formerly opposed to this law merely from principle, and not because of any belief in or toleration for intemperance. My original idea was that the liquor traffic was one of the necessary evils, and one which had to be handled by strict operation of law, such as high license with very rigorous rules as to enforcement; for instance, that no liquor should be sold to any minor under any circumstances, and that all liquor should be sold in the open with the stain taken off the glass and the window-blinds taken down, and without chairs and tables in the rooms, etc.; but by a close observation of the workings of the prohibitory law, I have changed my opinion entirely regarding this, and now believe in absolute prohibition and strict enforcement of all prohibitory laws.

The reason for my first views was brought about by what seemed an absolute failure of the prohibitory law; that is, it seemed that it could not be enforced; at least it was not enforced, and it became a kind of farce and the laughing-stock of our neighbors. But in recent years the whole system has been changed, and instead of cities profiting from the unlawful sale of liquor, and instead of the officers rather winking the other eye and permitting the law to be violated, every one has taken hold, and it has been demonstrated beyond all question that it can easily be enforced, and it has also been demonstrated that it is not profitable for the cities impliedly to license this unlawful business and secure revenue therefrom.

Instead of loosening up on our prohibitory law we have been tightening it up. We are cutting out all possible ways now to evade the law and dodge the penalty. My judicial district is composed of nine counties, and there is not a single joint in



Unlicensed: Money or your life.



Licensed: Money and your life.

the district, and public sentiment has reached that point that no one could start a joint in Garden City, for instance, and do business a single hour any more than he could take a torch and burn down some of our buildings. It is observed in this district that crime, and even civil difficulties, are very largely lessened by a strict enforcement of the law. In some of the counties of this district there has not been a jury case, either civil or criminal, tried for sixteen years; and the court business throughout the district is such that I am enabled to take care of the entire criminal and civil business of the nine counties, a territory equal to the entire State of Connecticut, in about nine months in the year, and have plenty of time for study and leisure.

Furthermore, the young men of this State are growing up absolutely without an appetite or desire for intoxicating liquor. Garden City, Kansas.

Mistaken Views Concerning Prohibition

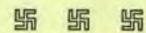
BECAUSE prohibition does not prohibit where there is not enough respect for good laws to obey them, the liquor element, and those who wish to drink, deery prohibition. This, however, is no argument against prohibition, but rather a confession that liquor has got such a hold upon the community that lawlessness is dominant. In a country overrun with bandits, the same argument might, with equal propriety, be urged against laws prohibiting arson, pillage, and robbery.

Because drunkards can not be reformed by law, some otherwise good temperance people are opposed to prohibition. But this is a mistaken view. Prohibition is not intended so much as a means of reforming drunkards as it is of putting a stop to a traffic that makes drunkards. There are many things law can not do. It can not convert men, nor heal broken hearts, nor raise men from the dead; but it can, and it ought to, defend the rights of conscience, safeguard the sanctity of the home, and protect life. It is here, as in many other things, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Because home training along temperance lines is the best fortification against intemperance, some again are opposed to prohibition. Granting the correctness of the premises, the conclusion does not follow. It is best that parents should teach their children the danger of handling and carrying firearms; but because this is so, no one thinks it proper to allow powder-mills to be established in the heart of residential or business sections of our cities. As a means of warding off disease, it's best that the system be kept in good condition; but because this is so, no one even in robust health thinks it safe or proper to permit pest-houses to be located in close proximity to our dwelling-houses. As a mere matter of safety to life and property, and protection against disease and death, all readily concede the right of the state to see to it that powder-mills and pest-houses, though recognized necessities, are kept as far away from human habitations as possible. So with the saloon; only

in this case it has not the excuse of being a recognized necessity. It should therefore be driven from the habitations of men altogether; for all the powder-mills and all the pest-houses in the world never destroyed one-thousandth part the number of lives that have been destroyed by drink.

W. A. COLCORD.

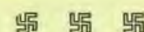


Before Law Must Come Education

THE people must be educated to want prohibition and then to demand it. While no person nor nation has the right to license an evil, the benefit of a prohibitory law will be largely neutralized by lack of law enforcement if the people are not sufficiently awakened beforehand to the situation by a full understanding of the debasing nature and work of the traffic, not only to consent to a prohibitory law, but to demand that it be

rigidly enforced. An aroused public conscience is the one thing necessary. This comes only through a persistent, well-conducted educational campaign.

Who is responsible for this educational work?—You and I, and every one else who has any love for his fellow man, for God, or his country.



“‘TELL the men of my race, Mr. Sheriff, to keep away from whisky — for God's sake to keep away from whisky. And that's all, Mr. Sheriff.' And then the drop fell.”



A Temperance Story

"A STORY true, my boy, I'll tell,
As eve is drawing on,—
A story of the day that's past,
The day forever gone;"

Thus said a father to his son.
"List now and you shall hear
Of how a shepherd lost a lamb
Upon the mountains drear.

"The lamb was playing near a wall
And found therein a hole
And crawling through, soon wandered off,
Without a guide or goal.

"The hills were steep, the wolves were near,
The lamb was tired and cold;
But soon the shepherd missed his own
And hastened from the fold.

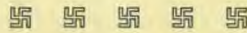
"He found the lamb, and sheltered it
From every blast and snare;
Back to the fold he carried it,
And closed the gates with care."

"But did he mend the hole, papa?"
Exclaimed the listening child;
"If not, the other lambs will stray
Into the pastures wild."

Ye temperance workers, listen, now;
No use to sweat and toil
To bar up gates when holes abound
That all your work will foil.

Saloons are holes that open down
To darkness, death, and woe.
Arise! be men! and when you vote,
Vote for saloons to go.

ELIZA H. MORTON.



Proud of Our State Institutions

WE take great pride in our adequately equipped, well-regulated, and generously financed public institutions, such as our asylums, poor-farms, reformatories, hospitals for incurables, and prisons. If these must exist, it is right that they should be humanely and otherwise creditably conducted; but we are likely to forget that as these institutions increase in number and size, our burdens of taxation and living must increase, and our average national intelligence and efficiency be lowered.

As far as our present prison population is concerned, the testimony of Mr. W. W. Brien, one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers of this nation, is representative of the testimony of the majority, if not all, of our criminal lawyers. Mr. Brien says:—

I have been interested in murder cases, and have had more of them than any other living man. I have visited more penitentiaries and talked with more criminals, and I have sounded them to the very depths; I have got at the facts. And the record shows that in *forty-nine out of every fifty* of these murder cases I have had charge of, alcohol did the crime; and nineteen out of every twenty of these criminals I have visited in the penitentiaries, jails, and houses of correction were sent there by alcohol.

Colorado maintains a penitentiary at Canon City, one of the most modern and progressive institutions of this kind in the United States. Its methods are up to date and humane. Warden Thomas J. Tynan and Chaplain J. G. Blake independently expressed the opinion that ninety per cent of the prisoners of that institution are there because of intoxicating liquors.

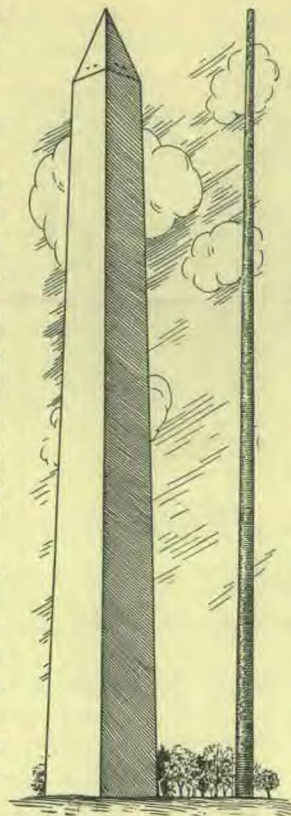
Since alcohol is the cause of far more than one half of the serious crimes committed, why is it not better financial economy, more praiseworthy in every way, for the State to direct its chief effort and means to changing conditions, so as to prevent the

committing of crime by the forty-nine men spoken of by Mr. Brien, together with thousands of others, rather than to permit conditions that will place them behind the bars as murderers, and then to expend much money and energy in caring for them during the time of their incarceration? Eight of the leading physicians of New York recently subscribed their names to the statement that fully thirty per cent of the men and ten per cent of the women admitted to the State insane hospitals are suffering from conditions due directly or indirectly to alcohol. About one sixth of the total expenditure of the State of New York is for its insane.

Dr. Albert Ferris, who is at the head of the Commission of Lunacy for New York State, says that insanity is increasing, and that it is chiefly due to the use of alcohol. Dr. Ferris further says that the strain of life is so great to-day that alcohol drunk in any form is in the long run practically fatal to mental efficiency, and that the person who indulges in it is helping to hand down a terrible affliction to future generations, to say nothing of the injury he inflicts upon his own mental capacity. He says that there is but one way to decrease this tendency to insanity, and that is to begin early and inform the boys as to the true effect of alcoholic stimulation. He asks for the cooperation of educators, physicians, and especially the churches, to spread abroad among parents and children the exact facts, and help to remove some of the old, erroneous ideas on the subject.

The Temperance annual of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has this for its one purpose. Will you not see that every boy and girl in your community has a copy of this number?

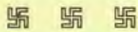
About the same per cent of the inmates of orphanages, homes for feeble-minded and for incurables, as for insane asylums and prisons,



It annually requires 94 columns of silver dollars, each as high as the Washington Monument, to care for the insane of New York. And the expense for the entire country, at the same rate per patient, would require at least 564 such columns.

are there because of the liquor traffic. Then why does not California, which paid out in one year \$2,343,770.15 for expenses chargeable to the liquor traffic, and received only a paltry sum in license fees compared with this great amount, make haste to do away with the revenue, that she may save more than \$2,000,000, now worse than thrown away? Why do not all the States take advantage of the financial bargain presented by the prohibition of the liquor traffic? They would if they were not almost hopelessly hypnotized by the evil traffic. There is no other way to account for the unthinking stupidity of State and national government in their relation to the liquor traffic.

Instead, then, of taking pride in the generous way we care for the afflicted among us, we should with shamefacedness recognize the infamous conditions that produce the afflicted, incapacitated, and criminal, and expend our greatest energy in annihilating these conditions.



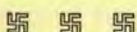
A Thirty-Year Test

ATTY.-GEN. JOHN S. DAWSON, of Kansas, claims that the test of the value of prohibition is the net result to Kansas in the last thirty years. This would seem to be a reasonable and logical basis for deciding upon the merits of State prohibition. In the following paragraph Mr. Dawson summarizes the benefits the elimination of the traffic has brought to his State:—

Illiteracy has been reduced from 49 per cent to less than 2 per cent, and that amount is almost entirely among the foreign element. With 105 counties in the State, 87 of them have no insane; 54 have no feeble-minded; 96 have no inebriates, and the few we do have come from the cities which defied the law to the very last. Thirty-eight county poor-farms have no inmates. There is only one pauper to every 3,000 population. In July, 1911, 53 county jails were empty, 65 counties had no prisoners serving sentences. Some counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in ten years, and a grand jury is so uncommon that half our people wouldn't know what it is. In my home county in western Kansas there has been but one grand jury, and that was twenty-five years ago.

Kansas has an automobile for every five farmers, and the largest per-capita wealth of any State in the Union. Her tax-rolls are a little more than a billion larger than the tax-rolls of Missouri, though she has only one half the population of that State.

These figures should be inscribed upon every bill-board in the land. Every pulpit and lecture platform should hurl them forth to do their work upon the minds and consciences of a sleeping people. The President of the nation, Cabinet officials, congressmen and senators, and every one who is chosen to work for the well-being of the nation and the good of the people, should make use of every possible instrument of the nation for giving publicity to the marvelous financial, social, and moral benefits that have come to all places where prohibition has had a fair test.



Out of 300 convicts in the penitentiary of Alabama, 281 say they owe their convict stripes to the use of liquor.

The Farmer Can Take Care of Himself

Do not waste your sympathy on the farmer. If all the distilleries and breweries were closed, the farmer's market for corn would not be affected, only for good. Out of 5,143,187,000 bushels of barley, wheat, rye, corn, and oats raised during a recent year, the liquor manufacturers used only 114,508,855 bushels of these grains, less than 2½ per cent. So that out of every \$100 worth of grain sold by the farmer, the brewer and distiller bought less than \$2.25 worth.

The liquor men are incessantly bewailing the unhappy fate of the farmer if we should destroy the liquor traffic, and thus presumably rob him of the \$2.25 that the traffic pays him, out of every hundred



Which is the farmer's better customer?

dollars he receives for the sale of his grain. But search the country over and you can not find a liquor dealer but would in one day's time—if the opportunity presented itself—take the \$2.25 he had ostensibly paid the farmer for his grain, together with the \$97.75 received from other sources, and give him absolutely no value in return, nothing but suffering and want to himself and family. The liquor dealer realizes this, too, when he gives the farmer whisky in exchange for his dollars.

During the years 1809-10 and 1813-14 the distilleries of Ireland were stopped on account of the famine, on the ground that these distilleries wasted the grain that might otherwise be used by the people as food. The results were surprising. The consumption of spirits fell off nearly one half. On the other hand, there was a tremendous increase in the demand for dry goods, blankets, cotton goods, sugar, hardware, crockery, groceries, and other necessities, thus showing that a year of scarcity with prohibition is better than a year of plenty without it.

An Illinois farmer expresses tersely the view that intelligent farmers all over the country take of this question. He says, "I shall vote for no license:"—

Because my five-hundred-dollar team of bays was spoiled last summer by a fellow teaming for me who got tanked up in a saloon. That's more taxes than the license in this town will pay me for in five hundred years. I have figured it out.

Because my good neighbor, whose barn burned up with all his crops and stock, told me it was caused by a tramp who had chosen his hay-loft for a night's lodging-place. He found the body afterward with a bottle and a clay pipe beside it.

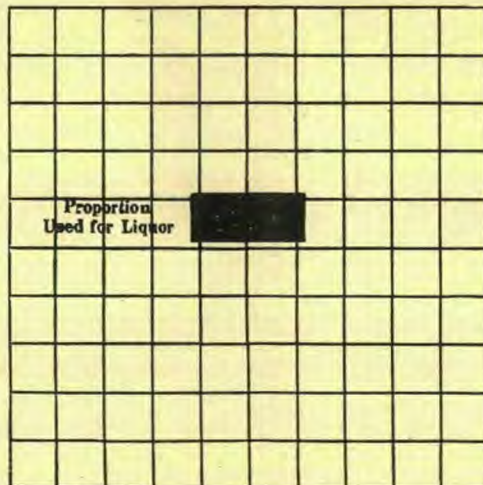
Because I can count a dozen good farms around here that have been mortgaged and foreclosed on in the last fifteen years, because the boys spent their time and money hanging around saloons, instead of tending to business the way their fathers used to.

Because my ideas on the tax question have changed. I used to think saloons paid taxes. They don't do anything of the sort. They simply collect them, and give nothing but misery in return.



Wanted

"SINGLE, middle-aged man to tend bar; no drinker or cigarette smoker need apply." This advertisement appeared in a daily paper. If liquor and tobacco are undesirable for a bartender, an occupation requiring perhaps as small an amount of capacity or skill as any, they surely are unsuitable for one engaged in any of the higher vocations of life. Think of using those things which unfit one for even a bartender! This should serve as a hint at least to the wise youth.



The dark spot represents the proportion of the annual grain crop that is used for liquor.

The TOBACCO EVIL

Tobacco Using—Its Blighting Effect

CHARLES G. PEASE, M. D., PRESIDENT OF THE NON-SMOKERS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE OF AMERICA



ALTON said, "Man is little above the level of trained idocy." My reader, let us ask ourselves the question, Is this a true statement? Permit me to direct your attention to a familiar picture,—men with rolls of tobacco protruding from their mouths, and emitting from their mouths and nostrils irritating smoke filled with deadly oils, poisoning the atmosphere. This picture is the answer. What can we expect from this condition of moral imbecility, plus the added blunt-

ing of the moral sense by the poison of tobacco, other than an influence that is blighting, that is destructive of the highest interests of the race, an active agency that is deteriorating mentally, morally, and physically?

That the practise of sucking a pacifier should be carried into adult life is lamentable, and argues that infantile weakness, from the moral viewpoint, has not been succeeded by the moral strength of manhood that we should hopefully expect to find; but worse than this, the adult devotee of the pacifier has substituted a poisonous and befouling pacifier in place of the harmless and inoffensive rubber one; he has substituted the pipe, the cigar, the cigarette—the quid emblems of man's shame.

The white man who uses tobacco has made the Indian his example. The Indian on his low plane of intelligence added the white man's fire-water to his vices. The white man and the savage combined their vices on the same moral plane. My reader, is this a picture which a sane person should be proud of? Is it indicative of morality, nobility, civilization? If the Indians had not been addicted to these vices, they would have become, as a race, wonderfully developed, and magnificent specimens of humanity. The obliquity of degeneracy is manifested everywhere. The unthinking, the illogical, predominate.

Two young men approaching me on one of our avenues revealed in their faces that which was not in accord with the habit evidenced by the tobacco they were smoking. Their faces and tobacco were misfits, and I felt confident of success in an effort to separate the young

men from the vice. Greeting them, I spoke of the harm. "I do not care so much for tobacco; I smoke with those who smoke, to be sociable," one of the young men replied. I said: "Ah, the best indorsement of Darwin's ape theory! You make the common herd your example; why can you not be an example to the common herd?" The young man looked at me with an expression of profound conviction; and throwing his tobacco into the gutter, he said, "I never thought of that before." Extending his hand to me, he expressed his determination not to smoke again. His friend gave evidence of like determination.

It is important that we acquaint ourselves with the true character of everything to the use of which the human family has addicted itself. As we are considering the unfortunate, sensuous use of tobacco, I will quote from the National Dispensatory:—

The cases of serious illness produced by the emanations of tobacco and by its application even to the unbroken skin, are innumerable; and many instances of fatal poisoning by tobacco are recorded, some of them being due to its having been swallowed purposely or accidentally, some to its use medicinally in an enema, and some to its application to eruptions on the skin. The fatal dose of tobacco internally and generally by enema has varied . . . to a minimum of fifteen grains. . . . Nicotine stands next to prussic acid in the rapidity and energy of its poisonous action, but the minimum fatal dose is not known.

Tobacco is far more poisonous than opium, and more subtle in its harmful action in that it is less inebriating. Tobacco smoke is as poisonous as the leaf; therefore the use of the smoke by florists for the destruction of animal life on plants. If the smoker (not an appellation to be proud of) will blow the smoke upon a piece of paper held above his mouth until the ci-



The best indorsement of Darwin's ape theory.

gar or contents of a pipe are consumed, then scrape from the paper the resulting stain, which consists of deadly poisonous oils, placing a small part thereof upon the tongue of a cat, the poisonous character of the smoke will be fully attested by the death of the cat within three minutes. Every one having regard for integrity will admit that it is a crime to pollute the atmos-



Cat killed by nicotine.

phere of the home or any public place with this poison, if either man or beast is present.

Some one will undoubtedly make the familiar statement that tobacco users and those who inhale tobacco-poisoned atmosphere are alive and apparently well. Allow me to refer to a man conducting a large manufacturing business, who, when I last saw him, was taking between twenty-five and thirty grains of morphine a day, hypodermically, and had been using it for fifteen years,— a victim of his physician, who was a morphine user himself. The average person would be unaware that this man was addicted to the use of a poison. There was no befoulment of breath and of person as is the case with a tobacco smoker or chewer, and the punctures were covered by the clothing. Is this evidence that morphine is not poisonous? The user of tobacco and the users of all poisons are not normal, and therefore are not fit progenitors of the human race.

No fancier would select poisoned animals to breed pure stock from. The tobacco user has no such regard for the human race or for his or her children, being more interested in self-indulgence, in the gratification of an acquired and degenerate appetite. Children are entitled to pure parentage, right conditions, and right examples; of these the large majority of children are robbed. This explains the cause of the rapid degeneracy now in progress, of the large number of defective children (officially reported to be seventy-five per cent). With poison circulating in the blood-vessels day and night, what else can be expected other than degeneracy of the race? To refute the dishonest or ignorant assertion of some wilfully prejudiced people, that the use of tobacco is not harmful, permit me to refer to Mark Twain, who died of tobacco-heart, of which he had knowledge for several years prior to his death, yet continued the use of the poison — tobacco, a poison, self-administered; self-destructed; a suicide.

The surgeons say that President McKinley would have recovered from the gunshot wound if he had not had tobacco-heart. Are we honest enough with ourselves and with the human race to ask the legitimate question, Who was guilty of the greater crime, President McKinley, who deliberately practised the poison habit, or the anarchist who fired the shot under the excitement of the moment or under the influence of the belief that he was justified? Certainly President McKinley practised the vice to his own hurt and to the hurt of the human family.

General and ex-President Grant died of smoker's cancer. Can we look upon this as a necessary or noble death?

Ethelbert Nevin, who gave great promise as a composer, died when a young man as a result of the tobacco habit; a great loss to the musical world, but one less example for the destruction of the race.

Shall I go on with the awful evidence in refutation of the wilfully wicked statements of those interested in defending the vice, for reasons best known to themselves? Shall I present the picture of blighted lives, the mother's hopes for her boy blasted?—No, space will not permit of it. The evidence is endless, for the majority of men have prostrated themselves before this evil. Seductive advertisements are calculated still further to enslave the people, who are easily trapped by such snares. *The growing of this poisonous weed should be forbidden by law.* The empress of China, a so-called heathen, prohibited by edict the further growing of the poppy, the opium of the East. Here, so-called Christians prolifically grow tobacco, the opium of the West. This should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every clergyman, church-member, and church official who either grows, sells, or uses the poisonous weed.

The poison changes the texture of the skin, even the white of the eyes showing change when compared with the eyes of an unpoisoned person. It causes hardening of the walls of the blood-vessels; chronic toxic congestion of the brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves; the characteristic heart condition, making the heart less able to perform its function in case of pneumonia and other diseases, and responsible in many cases for the fatal termination of disease. In many cases Bright's disease and many others are directly traced to the use of tobacco. Normal living, a life free from any of the poisons, should be the determination and practise of every individual, for the sake of the race of which we are all members, and for the well-being of which we are responsible, so far as our personal activities and influence are concerned. I must not omit the fact that tobacco smoke produces a lung and systemic condition favorable to the inception of tuberculosis, which is increasing.

The disregard manifested by the average smoker for the comfort, well-being, and rights of others has created a need for protection, which has called into being an organization composed of some of America's most prominent men, who are laboring for the uplift of humanity. This organization is known as the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America. Its principal office is in New York City; and its objects and purposes are to enforce all existing laws prohibiting smoking in public places, and to seek the enactment of additional laws, and finally to endeavor to prohibit by law smoking in the home, where the health boards will have just as much jurisdiction in the case of the tobacco smoker, who poisons the inmates of the home, as in cases of smallpox or other diseases where patients are removed to a place of segregation until they are through with the disease. The rights of non-smokers are now brazenly invaded by smokers, rights that are guaranteed by the Declaration of



ELIZA H. MORTON

Not all have seen the chimneys tall
On factories far away;
Up, up, they rise, like steeples black,
And smoke by night and day;
But all have seen, of lower stamp,
The chimneys houses crown,
For everywhere they lift their heads
And seem on us to frown.

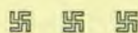
But, children, listen, and I'll tell
Of chimneys that can walk,
Of chimneys that send out vile smoke,
Of chimneys that can talk.
A riddle hard for you to guess?
O, no! not hard, but sad.
To make a chimney of the mouth
Is very, very bad;

For he who smokes vile cigarettes
By inches himself kills;
The deadly poison of the weed
His system slowly fills.
The habit grows,— a costly one,—
Alone it does not stand;
Impurity and drunkenness
With it go hand in hand;

And day by day the work goes on.
The victim is a slave;
His heart is weakened, and he drops
Into an early grave.
Just say, my boy, "I'll never use
Tobacco; no, no, no!
So help me God;" and doing this,
You'll shun a depth of woe.

Independence and the constitutions of our land. We hold that it is "justifiable to suppress this most persistent nuisance (this invasion) by the use of force." We have issued a printed legal opinion upon the subject. The people need to be educated, and the league should have the support of all who are interested in its work and purposes.

Reader, is the impress you are making upon the human family in relation to poison habits for its uplift or for its downfall?



A Cigar Library

If every boy who aspires to be of real service to the world and to himself would begin at once to start a cigar library, the results to himself and friends would in a few years be very satisfactory.

One young man serving an apprenticeship was advised by another "to be a man and to smoke!" The young apprentice finally agreed to allow himself one

"Do you drink, Charlie?" I said to him, and he responded, 'Once in a while. Why?' 'I should like you to promise me,' I said, 'that you will not touch intoxicating liquors. You are going far away to begin your career in a rough country, and I should feel better if you promise me before you go that you will not drink. We probably won't see much of each other again for a good many years, and it would give me great consolation to know that wherever you are, you are in no danger of being ruined by drink.'

"Coolly looking me over, Charlie said: 'Father, you smoke too much. You are filled with nicotine. I am going away, and we shall probably not see each other for some time. This smoking is ruining your health. I should like to feel while I am away that your health is not being ruined by this nicotine habit. I'll tell you what I will do: You quit smoking, and I will quit drinking.'

"My son,' said I, 'you have touched me in a very weak spot. I take great delight in smoking a good cigar, but if you are game, so am I. We will both quit our bad habits.'

The senator and his son shook hands on the compact, and both have kept their pledges.



Memorials to the Men of This Nation

FROM east to west, from north to south, scattered all over our vast domain are monuments that have been reared to brave and noble men. The women of the nation are now raising means to erect a monument commemorating the chivalry of the men of the "Titanic." Some men can be great in battle, some can be great in legislative halls, some in the business world, and some in the church; but there is one way now open for the men of this country collectively to reveal their nobility and patriotism no less in importance than any of these ways.

Our boys and young men by the hundreds of thousands are stunting themselves physically, mentally, and

morally by the use of the cigarette. Many each year, by becoming devotees to the smoking habit, are blighting the hopes of parents and friends, and forever closing prison and asylum doors upon themselves. And the men of the nation are responsible for these dwarfed and wrecked lives; for the boys smoke the little cigar because the men smoke the bigger one.

Judges, teachers, parents,—all who are brought in close association with the boys of the country in large numbers,—emphatically decry the cigarette as the great enemy of our American boyhood.

Is there not some man, some father or elder brother, who in the strength of his manhood can arouse the men of the nation to their responsibility in this great evil, and who, for the sake of the nation's boyhood, will organize them into one great universal abstinence brotherhood?

Let such a man step forth, sound the bugle-call, then let every man who loves a boy, rally around this hero's standard, and pledge himself: "God helping me, I will never smoke nor chew the weed that is proving such a grave evil to our honest, bright American boys. And further, I will seek in every way possible to rescue the boys from the pit into which we as men enticed them."

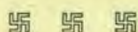


The sacrifice of American youth. How long will this abomination be tolerated?

five-cent cigar a day. This he did, yet he never smoked. At the end of six years his cigar money amounted to \$109.50, which when expended for books of real worth instead of for cigars, made quite a showing.

But seldom does a smoker limit himself to one cigar a day. One who uses only three cigars daily, in a few years burns up a six-hundred-dollar library, and no one is any the better or wiser for this expenditure, but the user is decidedly less strong and wise.

It ought not to require long for a boy or young man to decide between books and smoke. Books make an Abraham Lincoln; cigars produce no worthy product.



Why a Senator Gave Up Smoking

"My son Charles had been graduated from a law school," said Hon. John C. Spooner, formerly United States Senator from Wisconsin, "and was preparing to go West and put out his shingle in a new country. He and I sat together one night before the time of his departure, and as we conversed I thought that as he was going away, it would be a good idea to have him promise not to drink.

Growing in Popularity

"'DEMON RUM' and 'Coffin Nails' Grow in Popularity," was the heading of an article that appeared last fall in one of our national dailies. This conclusion was drawn from statistics of the Internal Revenue Bureau, which show an increase during the past year in the consumption of liquor and tobacco.

From July to Oct. 1, 1912, more than 3,800,000,000 cigarettes were consumed, an increase of 1,000,000,000 over the corresponding period of last year. The drinking public used 33,150,000 gallons of whisky in those same three months, which is an increase of 450,000 gallons, as compared with the same quarter of last year.

In the same period 1,950,000,000 cigars were smoked, which is also a record consumption. A total of 19,800,000 barrels of beer was drunk in the same time, which is an increase of 320,000 over the same period of last year. The increased consumption of these articles also has augmented the internal revenue. The receipts for October are \$2,000,000 greater than for the same month last year.

The increased sale of these commodities may have augmented the revenue by \$2,000,000 in one month's time; but we must not forget that other things altogether undesirable were increased in the same proportion.

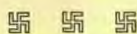
Neither must we forget that for every dollar the government receives in revenue from liquor, it must expend ten or more dollars to care for the persons injured by the liquor from which the revenue was received.

Rum and coffin nails are not growing in popularity with the best citizenship. Thinking men and women everywhere discountenance both. A number of our States, West Virginia being the last, have recorded their vote against the rum evil. On page 24 of this number our State superintendents of education show themselves to be for the boy and against the cigarette. On assuming full authority over armies in the field in the Sudan war of 1896, Field-Marshal Kitchener ordered that no intoxicants be supplied to the 20,000 men under his command. When, contrary to these regulations, some Greek merchants smuggled consignments of a vile intoxicating compound into Berber, the cases were at once confiscated, and the liquor poured upon the sand, and not down the soldiers' throats.

Could both rum and tobacco be as speedily eliminated from our land, State, nation, and individual would be almost inconceivably benefited thereby. For positive proof, try it.



Don't get nailed in, boys.



Baseball Players and Other Athletes

An athlete won a cup, and it was proposed to fill it with wine for his delectation. "No," said the winner, "I won the cup through the use of my legs, and I will take care not to lose my legs through the use of the cup."

Would that every one who is running life's race were as wise. There would be many more winners in reaching the goal of success.

Mr. Robert Bescher, who has attained world-wide prom-

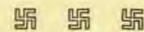
inence as the greatest base-stealer and run-getter in the National League, says that he never used tobacco or liquor in any form in his life. In writing for a recent number of the *Baseball Magazine* on the severe training that members of college football elevens receive, Mr. Bescher says:—



They may neither eat nor drink anything that is prohibited by the trainer, and they live a regular life which is as carefully gaged as the schedule of a railway. All this seems very irksome to many players, but it is the one thing upon which their success depends. Most of them are wise enough to realize this and to profit by it. I believe practically every trainer in the country will not allow men under his charge to smoke cigarettes. This matter has been discussed a great deal in baseball lately, with varying opinions. However it may be in baseball, I am quite sure it is entitled to some respect in football. The man who smokes cigarettes may not feel their effect in any other way save in his wind, but after he has played a half or a quarter in football, he will recognize the difference. Football takes a man's wind more than any other game, for he has to be on the move pretty nearly all the time, much of the time traveling at full speed. Then, too, there is a tremendous amount of muscular exertion in a football contest, and this tells on a man whose lung power is weakened by the use of cigarettes. So far as I am concerned, these trainers' rules never affected me one way or the other, for I have never smoked a cigarette in my life, or any other form of tobacco. The young athlete who aims to play football and make a reputation for himself can make up his mind at the outset to let cigarettes go. Other forms of smoking are bad, though not so injurious. However, if he wishes to be a genuine star, he should give them all up.

But two men on the Washington, D. C., baseball team used cigarettes. One of these was an exceptional pitcher when he joined the team; but after having smoked cigarettes for some time, he became less dependable. The manager advised him to stop smoking. On failing to do this it became necessary in time to transfer him to a minor team. Not making good in his new position, he was transferred to a still minor team. Until this young man corrects his habits, we may be sure that the inclined plane will be his persistent record, that he will be continually dropping to lower and lower positions.

If abstinence from liquor and tobacco is necessary for the success of the athlete, is it not equally necessary for him who means to win in any line of this world's work? If the athlete willingly abstains, how much more so should all who wish to make a record in the things of greater worth?



The Fatal Cigarette

A FEVER that kills ten per cent of its victims is a dread disease; one that kills twenty is a scourge; and a disease that kills half of those it attacks is a terrible plague. But cigarette smoking begun early in boyhood and continued wrecks the health of every one of its victims.



The thirst makers—the saloon-keeper's friends.

I have never known a boy who began to smoke cigarettes under the age of fourteen and continued the habit who was not a physical wreck before twenty-seven. And physical strength is not all that is sacrificed. No boy can be strong mentally

and smoke. Teachers everywhere confess that it is practically impossible to educate a boy who uses tobacco, especially cigarettes. It so diseases the brain and nervous system that clearness and buoyancy of mind, application, and concentration are impossible.—*W. H. Hamby.*

The Injury of Tobacco



ARGUMENTS in favor of tobacco for any physical reasons are baseless. It does not aid digestion, preserve the teeth, nor disinfect; and it is not a remedy for anything. The good it does accomplish can only be mental. It seems to give companionship and something to do when one is bored, keeps away the feeling of hunger when one is hungry, and blunts the edge of hardship and worry. These results are immediate and apparent; the injurious results

(after one is accustomed to the poison) are both unapparent and delayed. The popular belief that tobacco stunts the growth is supported by the fact that non-smokers at Yale and Amherst increased more in weight, height, chest girth, and lung capacity than smokers did in the same period.

Athletes know that smoking hurts the wind; it also affects the precision of the eye and hand. A great billiard-player who never smoked assures me that he was sure of winning when his opponent was a smoker. A tennis-player who smoked at twenty-one found that men whom he had beaten with ease could now beat him. Riflemen know that they shoot better without tobacco, and even the average man who does not care to excel is susceptible to the repeated and continued doses of the various tobacco poisons. Just what this effect is we can not be sure, but no physician doubts that smoking may be a factor in almost any disease with which his patient is suffering. The smoke irritates the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and increases the tendency to catarrh and deafness. It shows most effects in later life when the vital machinery is beginning to wear.

The chief characteristic of tobacco is its tendency to increase the blood pressure. Its second characteristic is narcotic. It lessens the connection between the nerve-centers and the outside world. These two actions account for all the good and all the bad effects of tobacco. As a narcotic, it temporarily abolishes anxiety and discomfort by making the smoker care less about what is happening to him. But, as with all other drugs that in the beginning lessen nerve action, tobacco increases it in the end. Thus smoking finally causes apprehension, increased excitability, and muscular unrest. Insomnia is often relieved by smoking, even at the expense of laziness the next day; but excessive smoking causes insomnia.

The cigarette smoker by inhaling gets more harm because the bronchial mucous membrane absorbs the poisons more rapidly. To see how much poison is inhaled one may puff cigarette smoke through a handkerchief, and then after inhaling the same amount of smoke, blow it out through another portion of the handkerchief. The difference in discoloration will be very marked. In the second case the stain which is not left on the handkerchief is left on the windpipe and the bronchial tubes. Despite the fact that cigarette smoking is the worst form of tobacco addiction, nearly all boys begin the habit of cigarettes.

All business men will tell you that tobacco damages a boy's usefulness for work. The boy not only does not work vigorously, but often does not wish to work at all. Tobacco brings physical results; as, insomnia, low vitality, and restlessness, and their moral counterparts,—irrita-

tion, lack of concentration, desire to avoid responsibility and to travel in the road of least resistance. The time is at hand when smokers will be barred out from businesses demanding good thought and action.

A Pertinent Question

How is the smoking father to prevent his boy's acquiring the habit? Every man advises his boy not to smoke until he reaches the age when tobacco will not hurt him, though he himself has probably heard from his physician that there is no such age. *For a father to tell a boy not to do what he himself is constantly doing is too absurd to need serious consideration.* The smoking father who forbids the boy to smoke virtually drives him to sneak around the corner and experiment on the sly. The action of any narcotic is to break down the sense of moral responsibility. If the father finds that his boy is fibbing to him, is difficult to manage, or does not wish to work, he generally finds that the boy is smoking cigarettes.

For years I have been dealing with alcoholism and morphinism, keeping careful details in from six to seven thousand cases, and I have never seen a case, except occasionally with women, who did not have a history of excessive tobacco. I am prepared to say that tobacco is an unfavorable habit which predisposes to worse habits. The boy nearly always starts smoking before he starts drinking. If he is disposed to drink, that disposition is increased by smoking. The activity of the tobacco makes him feel the need of stimulation. From alcohol he goes to morphine for the same reason. Cigarettes, drinking, and opium is the regular and logical series.

I consider cigarette smoking the greatest menace devastating humanity to-day, because it is doing more than any other vice to deteriorate the race. The more you compare smoking, drinking, and drugging, the more resemblance you see. The moment one ceases to feel the stimulating effect of any of these substances, that moment it becomes a narcotic. The history of the three as a resort in an emergency is the

same. At a time when a man feels that he needs his faculties most, he will, if addicted to any of the three, deliberately seek stimulation from it. He does not expect to continue long enough to get the narcotic effect, but he is unable to avoid it.

The inhaler of tobacco gets his effect in the same way that the opium smoker get his; that is, through rapid absorption by the tissues of the bronchial tubes. The excessive cigarette smoker experiences the same mental and physical disturbances when deprived of cigarettes that the opium smoker experiences when deprived of opium. The medical treatment necessary to destroy the craving is the same for tobacco and opium. The effect of giving up the habit is the same.

Morphine distorts the moral sense. This is a part of the action of the drug. Tobacco produces something of the same



Walter Johnson, the best pitcher in the American League, never smokes, and says that he never intends to.



Handkerchief shows the yellow stain of nicotine.

moral deterioration. This is shown especially in one particular; smokers are indifferent to the rights of others.

Respectable men in New York City who would not dream of breaking any other law, carry cigars and cigarettes into the subway despite the fact that it is forbidden, and that it is necessary to keep the air there as pure as possible. A man is more annoyed at being forced to consult others' preferences about smoking than about anything else that could arise in social intercourse. The attitude of smokers seems to be, "What right has any one to object to my smoking?" The matter is really

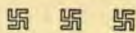


"Please, mister, give me the stub."

on just the opposite basis, "What right has any one to smoke when another objects to it?"

If a man *must* get drunk, we say he shall get drunk when he is a nuisance only to himself and to others of the same mind. If a man feels the need of interlarding his conversation with obscenity and grossness, we say he may not compel us to listen to him. But a smoker may with impunity pollute the air, offend the nostrils, and generally make himself a nuisance to everybody in his vicinity who does not practise his particular vice. Is this not a kind of moral obtuseness? Change your

mental attitude, and consider.—Charles B. Towns, in *Century Magazine*, March, 1912.



Personal Observations on the Effects of Tobacco Using

WHEN a mere lad, working in a telegraph-office in Philadelphia, I saw boys who were cigarette fiends beg from passers-by on the street the remains of cigarettes they were then smoking, and I also saw them search in the gutters for the cigarette ends that had been discarded. Every day many boys in our cities are doing this very thing. These lads are so depraved by the use of the cigarette that tobacco has to be obtained even in this questionable way to satisfy their craving.

A few years later I joined the United States army, and here also I was able to observe the evil effects of tobacco, although the soldiers used cigars and pipes more than cigarettes. Many chewed. These, I observed, were usually rowdies. The teeth of those who chewed were always unpresentable and offensive. Several days before the appearance of the paymaster, I have noticed soldiers request an associate to share with them the *same cigarette* he was smoking.

A soldier during drill is not allowed to have anything in his mouth, not even chewing-gum; but one of the soldiers, because he thought he could not do without tobacco long enough to complete the drill, would take a large piece in his mouth before getting into line. When he thought the captain was not looking, he would chew and expectorate. One day the captain noticed him, and halting the company immediately, ordered him to step out of the ranks, face the company, and discard the tobacco, and administered a severe reprimand. This chew was hardly worth the embarrassment it occasioned.

The Fourteenth Pennsylvania Regiment broke camp at Fort Mott, New Jersey, in 1908, leaving *one* grave behind. This death was a direct result of cigarette smoking.

After leaving the army, I entered the nurses' school at Battle Creek, Michigan. One young man who came there had been using cigarettes for years; his mind was in such a condition that when he read over the pages of the book containing his lesson, he could rarely recall a line of what he had read. Eventually, after giving up the tobacco habit and allowing time for the poisons to be eliminated from his system, he improved mentally, and made a success of his class work.



An eminent physician said that out of 37 cases of paralysis of the nerves of the eye that he examined, 23 had been blinded by using tobacco.

Another young man could not memorize a verse of Scripture no matter how hard he tried; but after discontinuing the use of cigarettes, he became an excellent Bible student.

I have given treatment to men who used tobacco, and after they had been kept in a sheet pack for some time, the sheets would be stained yellow from the nicotine coming from the body through the perspiration. The odor from the patient's body was exceedingly offensive. How can a person expect to have good health or strong nerves when the system is filled with such poisons? I have also taken care of mental patients who were losing their minds from the same cause, and this form of insanity always makes the patient cowardly. Some I attended were in constant fear of some portentous danger, and it was really painful to care for them.

I remember one young man under my care who was an inveterate cigarette smoker. A surgical operation was necessary in his case. He was not permitted to smoke in the surgical ward, but he used to beg me to place his bed by the window, where he could smoke *just one cigarette*. His nerves were in such a condition that he could not hold a pen in his hands to write.

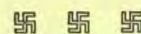
There was a young man living next door to me who was in a pitiful condition as a result of the tobacco habit. He was so nervous that it was impossible for him to remain quiet for any length of time, and his hands shook so that he could not carry his food to his mouth with comfort or ease.

My advice, therefore, to the boy who has any ambition to be of real worth in this world is to let tobacco in all its forms entirely alone.



Was it worth the cost?

EDWARD QUINN, JR.



JUDGE JOHN GUNCKEL, of Toledo, is known as "the great boy-saver." His organization of newsboys has a present membership of 8,021. "Any boy who smokes cigarettes two years," the judge says, "can not tell the truth, and will hold back his class in school."



Professor Primate: Amazing as it may seem, ladies and gentlemen, I assure you that this specimen voluntarily absorbing a narcotic poison, which destroys his mental and physical ability, proclaims himself our superior.

Boys, Have Your Picture Taken

THE *Success* magazine is known to almost all wide-awake reading boys. Mr. Marden, the editor, is a man who likes the boy. He is a man who can give as much good, wholesome advice to the square inch to boys and young men on how to make a real success of living as any man in the country.

He advises every cigarette victim to have his picture taken every year, and to put these pictures side by side in a frame in his room, where he can see the gradual fatal deterioration in himself from year to year. "If this does not do it," says Mr. Marden, "no preaching will ever do it; for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit."

Mr. Marden would not speak so positively if he had not carefully observed hundreds of boys traveling this downward path of deterioration. He further says:—

The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. The moral depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the lines, are its general results.

The cigarette has many serious charges made against it. The wise boy will give thoughtful consideration to these:—

It is an expensive habit that gives no real benefit to any one, but much possible harm may result.

It is responsible for many material disasters. The fire commissioner of New York City says that there were 3,332 fires in that city last year caused by carelessness with matches, cigars, and cigarettes, and that these preventable fires resulted in a total loss of over half a million dollars. Ex-Chief Croker, the fire expert, says:—

From a long observation of fires and their causes, extending over a period of twenty-seven years, I have found that a very considerable percentage of fires has been caused directly by the use of cigarettes.

The *British Medical Monthly* gives the following incident showing the evil effect of the cigarette upon boys:—

A medical man, impressed with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age he observed smoking, took thirty-eight of the smokers, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve, there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which

disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Of the Minneapolis high-school boys who were debarred from taking part in school athletic contests, the supervisor of physical training gave weak heart as the chief debarring cause, and said that cigarette smoking contributed largely to the trouble.

Judge Webb, of North Carolina, says of cigarette smoking:—

I have seen four or five of the finest young fellows I have ever known, die from this cause. It is the duty of every good citizen, when he sees a boy smoking, to put his arm around that boy and beg him to quit.

Mothers and fathers all over the country can testify to the evil of the tobacco habit upon their sons. Mr. W. S. Burroughs says that his eldest son, now thirty-two years of age, began using tobacco, unknown to his parents, at the age of seven years, and later fell into the habit of drinking. He brought dishonor to himself, disgrace to his family, and drove his mother to a premature grave. Another son, who has never touched either tobacco or whisky, has always held a good position, has money invested in three different States, and instead of continually asking help from his father, as his brother does, he seeks in every way, says Mr. Burroughs, "to lighten my burdens, and to make my life one of sunshine."

A young man was arrested in Washington, D. C., not many months ago for threatening the life of a young woman friend. When placed under arrest, a loaded revolver and letters of farewell to his mother and the girl's mother were found on his person. He evidently intended to take both the life of the girl and his own life. His mother says excessive cigarette smoking is the cause of his unsettled mental condition.

A young boy in the West began to smoke. He finally left home. After remaining away for two years, he returned home to die the death of a cigarette fiend. His sufferings toward the last were intense. So calloused had his mind and heart become through the narcotic that the grief and prayers of his mother availed nothing. His last words were, "Give me another cigarette."

Eight of our States prohibit the sale of cigarettes, six others prohibit the sale to those under twenty-one, thirty-three prohibit their sale to any one under sixteen years of age.

Fourteen States forbid the boy to use the cigarette. This would seem to be a necessary regulation; for there will always be found men so ignorant or indifferent that

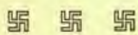
they will provide boys with the deadly weed if requested to do so, even though it is unlawful to do so.

Forty-one business houses of Massachusetts have signed an agreement to employ no one under eighteen years who smokes cigarettes. Sixty-nine merchants of Detroit have taken the same pledge. Several of the largest Chicago firms have prohibited cigarette smoking among all employees under eighteen.

Railroad companies and reliable firms and business men everywhere discriminate against the cigarette-smoking boy. Why is this? These business men, railroad managers, and legislators are most of them fathers of boys. They would favor anything that they believed would benefit the boy, but they know that there is nothing but evil for him in tobacco. They mean these prohibitions to be signal warnings to the sensible, ambitious boy, as well as protection to business.

It is difficult then to understand how any youth, in view of these facts and others as significant, will take up so questionable a habit. It would seem that every boy who has any understanding of the real situation would be ashamed to be seen in public smoking his brains and heart away. It is a poor advertisement of a boy's mental caliber. Intelligent, thoughtful people who meet boys and young men smoking, always feel deep pity for them in their ignorance or wilfulness, whichever it may be.

But boys, if you will smoke, follow Mr. Marden's advice and have your picture taken annually, and compare these pictures frequently with those of one of your wide-awake schoolmates who absolutely refuse to have anything to do with tobacco.



A Strange Coincidence

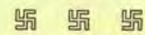
At the fortieth annual meeting of the American Public Health Association held at Washington, D. C., there was a strange admixture of incongruities. The meetings of the association were held in the lecture-room of the New Willard Hotel. Excellent and instructive addresses were given on many important points relative to the conservation of the public health. And yet many of these learned and public-spirited men sat there during the lectures and smoked almost all the while, filling the room so full of tobacco smoke that it was decidedly unpleasant and unwholesome for the non-tobacco user. Even one of the leading officers of the association, who occupied a prominent place upon the platform, smoked almost incessantly. Had there been no ladies present, there would have been a pitiable incongruity about the situation; but with a number of intelligent women in attendance and some men who never use the narcotic, the affair seemed reprehensible from every viewpoint.

Where can we look for help when men associated together for the uplifting of their fellow men will, during the public discussion of vital questions, indulge in a habit that they know offends those unused to the narcotic, injures many adults, and destroys thousands of boys upon whom the nation depends for its future citizenship? Nothing but supreme selfishness, it seems, could make such a condition possible.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, says that he has "three main counts against tobacco: the first is that it is a poison, a nerve irritant under the guise of nerve quieting; the second is that in young boys it retards development and prevents maturity; and the third count is that the consumers of tobacco soon lose consideration for the rights and comforts of others. If they could or would consume their own smoke, the affair would be their business mainly, and not ours. But this they do not do. They pollute the air almost everywhere, and in a greater and greater de-

gree. As citizens of a republic and joint owners of the atmosphere, we, the one million men and the forty million women who do not smoke, have the right to ask the others to put away their cigars when they are in our company. We ask them for a free passage through the world, with pure air all the way."

The devotees of the liquor traffic are really less bold and less offensive in a way than tobacco users. Rarely do men drink in a public lecture-room where gentlemen and ladies are present, or on a street-car, or on the street; but they usually hide themselves behind screens and away from public view when partaking of their intoxicating beverages. *Why shouldn't tobacco users be as genteel as the saloon patron?* Tobacco has not yet committed quite the ravage upon our citizenship that the liquor traffic has, but it has done far too much to flaunt itself so boldly in the public eye. It is too disagreeable and hurtful to many for a self-respecting man to force his nauseous smoke upon the public in general. It influences too many boys to follow a harmful example. Why should not tobacco users as well as whisky drinkers withdraw into privacy when they wish to satisfy their abnormal cravings for the narcotic? At least let the Congressional hearings, the public lecture, and the home sitting-room be free from the deleterious smoke. If warfare is not waged against the increasing encroachments of the smoker upon the rights of the non-smoker, the house of God will be invaded next.



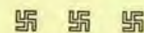
Unenviable Companions

THE American Federation for Sex Hygiene estimates that immorality and the social diseases cost America \$3,000,000,000 yearly. Two of these infectious social diseases are gonococcus and syphilis. These are loathsome diseases, and though they can be contracted innocently, they are primarily associated with immorality. The close relation that exists between intemperance and immorality is well known. One British authority said that forty per cent of the immorality among women in that country was due to drink, and here in our own land the saloon and the house of ill fame sustain the closest possible relation. "Because nine tenths of the saloons are simply open doors to the red-light district," says Dr. David Starr Jordan, "is one of the great reasons why we should fight them as public nuisances."

The federation further claims that the death-rate is rapidly approaching the birth-rate in many sections of the United States, and that "among the most active causes seem to be syphilis and gonococcus, side by side with alcohol, tobacco, and the other drug poisons."

Alcohol, Tobacco, Gonococcus, and Syphilis

make a quartet of national but unenviable fame; for these four work together heroically in depopulating the earth, and in destroying manhood and womanhood. Every right-minded person would vote to abolish with one stroke, were it possible, these two most loathsome diseases that afflict mankind, but many of these same men refuse to vote for the abolition of the two other evils that are responsible to a large degree for the continuance and spread of the degrading venereal diseases. Let us be consistent and destroy the cause, and the effect will in time disappear.



"A SQUARE deal for the liquor business!" is the slogan of the liquor men. We say, A square deal for the fathers, mothers, and children of our country; a square deal for our homes! Better would it be for thieves and robbers to cry, "A square deal for the thief," for they are much more desirable factors in our nation than is the reprehensible liquor traffic.

What Superintendents of Public Instruction Think of the Tobacco Habit

Superintendent La Bruere, Quebec, Canada

THERE is a law in this province against the selling of cigarettes to young boys. I am fully convinced that the cigarette habit is most pernicious.

A. H. Mackay, Halifax, Nova Scotia

A general act for the whole of Canada was passed in 1908 to restrain the use of tobacco by young persons. Our teachers, as a rule, are total abstainers and non-smokers.

E. T. Fairchild, Kansas

Owing to stringent laws in this State, there is very little use of tobacco among the pupils of our public schools. Further, it is very rare indeed to find a superintendent or teacher who uses tobacco.

Mason S. Stone, Vermont

My personal belief is that the use of tobacco is injurious to a growing boy, both mentally and physically. Therefore I believe that more vigorous measures should be adopted for the suppression of its use.

Grace M. Shepherd, Idaho

It has been my observation that boys who use tobacco are not so good students as those who do not. Their mentalities are dulled; they are more or less apathetic toward their work; their finer sensibilities are dulled; in short, they bear evidence of the effect of the poisoning, and are weakened in every way.

D. P. McCall, Saskatchewan

It is a matter of sincere regret that so many of our teachers both in public and in normal schools are addicted to the use of tobacco. The moral effect of their openly using tobacco is certainly hurtful in the extreme. It is a matter of common observance that high-school boys who are addicted to the use of tobacco are invariably the poorest in the class.

J. E. Swearingen, South Carolina

The use of tobacco in schools can be justified by no argument in manners or morals. The filthy habit of chewing should not be tolerated either in pupils or in teachers. Smoking is not so repulsive, but its effect upon the nerves and muscles of young boys should discourage indulgence in that habit also. The teacher who prohibits the use of tobacco by his pupils, and at the same time exercises no restraint for himself, is unworthy of his position and profession.

Alvan N. White, New Mexico

The use of tobacco is quite wide-spread in New Mexico, especially the smoking of cigarettes. Our Spanish-American people, as a rule, do not regard the use of cigarettes as injurious, and as our American boys associate with them constantly, they, too, soon learn to use cigarettes. However, our teachers are required to teach the effect of alcohol and narcotics in connection with physiology and hygiene, and much is being done toward the eliminating of the almost universal habit. I think it only reasonable to require teachers to abstain themselves, if they insist that their pupils do likewise; and this impression is being brought home to the teachers forcibly, and is resulting in much good.

Charles A. Greathouse, Indiana

My observation has brought me a full and convincing knowledge of the fact that pupils who use tobacco habitually are unable to participate in healthful physical exercises, unable to think logically, and have a blunted moral sense.

J. D. Eggleston, Virginia

In my opinion, nothing is doing more to destroy the hopes of young boyhood than the use of tobacco in the form of cigarettes. I am afraid its use in this State is wide-spread, and I wish something might be done to check the evil.

David Snedden, Massachusetts

Personal observation of children in public schools convinces me that the use of tobacco by those who have not attained their physical growth is almost invariably injurious. It seems to retard both physical and mental development, and its use seems to be accompanied by the development of moral qualities of an objectionable nature.

Edward Hyatt, California

To the schoolmasters of the nation are particularly committed the young people of the nation. Shall these schoolmasters disregard their chief responsibility, and teach their young people by powerful example the very things that the law and the people are striving to eradicate?—Certainly not. The schoolmaster, from lordly university president down to greenest country teacher, owes it to his calling, to his young people, to the future, to refrain from habits that will weaken and damage the future people of his State. If he is so enslaved that he can not refrain, he should practise his vice in secret, or go into some other business.

Payson Smith, Maine

Scientific investigations have demonstrated beyond a doubt the baneful effects of tobacco upon growing boys. No teacher who has made a careful study of her pupils has failed to notice that those using tobacco suffer in comparison with those who do not. I regret that there appears to be a very general increase in the use of tobacco among boys throughout the country. Unless this custom is checked, it would appear there must be a physical deterioration of our youth. It is the duty of parents and teachers both by example and by precept to assist in every way possible in all measures that contemplate the reduction of this habit.

Jas. E. Delzell, Nebraska

For twenty years this State has taken a stand upon its statutes in regard to teaching the evil effects of stimulants and narcotics. This has made the position on the tobacco question so plain in Nebraska that less than two per cent of the male teachers in the State use tobacco in any form, and these only occasionally. I know of no public-school man who openly smokes in his own school district. I am heartily opposed to any school man's using tobacco in any form at any time or in any place. Our boys are being trained to abstain from the use of tobacco on account of its effect on the lungs. As a general rule a tobacco user is a poor athlete, and the boys refrain from using it in order that they may be strong in athletics.



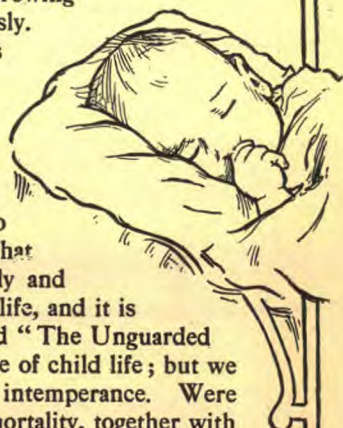
The World's Babies

"Down the bright-hued rainbow,
Straight from heaven above,
Glides the new-born infant,
Harbinger of love.

"Angels guard the pathway,
Cherubs wave good cheer,
Mortals wait with greeting,
Darling Baby Dear."

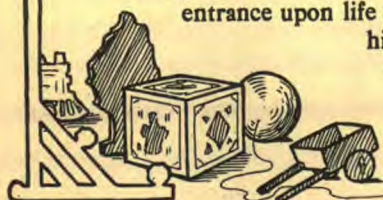
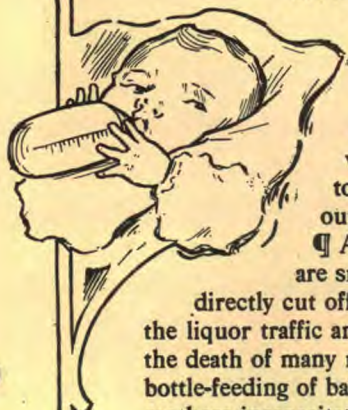


SOMEWHERE in the civilized world a baby dies every ten seconds, or more than three million each year. Three million white caskets and three million sorrowing mothers! One half of these children, we are told, perish needlessly. The home's loss in the death of these little ones is also the nation's loss. Ignorance on the part of mothers is held responsible for a large share of the home's loss; but can the nations plead ignorance? Is it not rather indifference or money greed that makes possible this great waste of life? ¶ In the United States alone the yearly waste of infant life is seen in about 300,000 deaths in the first year, and in the decease of a large number of the surviving children the second year. Since there is no material except the baby out of which citizens can be fashioned, it is not strange that effort is being made to conserve infant life. ¶ The American Association for Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality, as its name implies, was organized to conserve child life, and it is accomplishing an effective work. The cut on a following page, entitled "The Unguarded



Gate," is one of the association's reminders of this needless waste of child life; but we must also remember that the real unguarded gate is that of intemperance. Were this gate properly guarded, a large part of the appalling infant mortality, together with much adult mortality, would at once be cut off. The association is directing its efforts at prevention to at least a dozen different causes of mortality, hardly one of which would not be eliminated by the destruction of the liquor traffic. Is it not better to stop the leak in a boat, if possible, rather than to expend all one's energies in bailing out the water and correcting the ever-increasing evils resulting from the inflowing stream?

¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and you directly save the twenty-five hundred little ones that are smothered to death annually by drunken parents. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and you directly cut off evil hereditary influences that are responsible for a large number of deaths. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and you do away with much of the insanitary and unwholesome environment that causes the death of many more. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and you destroy one of the chief reasons for the bottle-feeding of babies; for science affirms that alcoholic liquors are responsible for the large per cent of mothers incapacitated for nursing their children. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and the father would be able to secure a living wage, and to provide his family with adequate and sanitary housing facilities, and with adequate obstetrical service, the things now lacking which the association claims are responsible for many deaths. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and thousands of deserted babies yearly will be left to the love and care of sober parents. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and the child life thus conserved will more than replace the revenue loss; for, as Dr. Abraham Jacobi asserts, the babies which die annually cause an economic loss of \$200,000,000. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and you will prevent the birth annually of thousands of crippled, epileptic, and imbecile babies, who early become a burden to the state. ¶ Abolish the liquor traffic and with one stroke you cut off "the holocaust of babies that claims almost as many lives annually as the death-roll of the Union army during the entire civil war." ¶ The nation has not yet come to recognize its children as "the life-blood of the state." But it has taken one step in advance. Heretofore we have appropriated \$3,000,000 annually to promote the well-being of domestic animals, but nothing for the conservation of child life. Last year we set apart the sum of \$30,000 for the establishment of a Children's Bureau devoted to the welfare of the child. But the abolishing of the liquor traffic, in its beneficent results, would be like establishing more than 6,000 children's bureaus, all devoted to untiring and effective effort in preventing infant mortality and conserving the well-being of the child. ¶ "He who helps a child," said Phillips Brooks, "helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help, given to human creatures in any stage of their human life, can possibly give again." ¶ Surely no help can be given to a child superior to that of securing to him, as far as possible, an entrance upon life unhampered by heredity or environment, and then to aid him in the formation of right habits of living. There is no surer way of accomplishing these happy ends than by utter annihilation of the infamous liquor traffic, the most cruelly relentless, persistently debauching, and diabolical enemy of our American childhood.





The Doctor, the Mother, or the Chauffeur?

MARY E. HANSELL

[The following story is true with the exception of one incident, the reality being worse than the incident cited.]

O CHARLEY!" called a young mother, coming out onto the front porch, "Charley! Come in now and take your whisky."

She was a dainty little creature. She had a pile of fluffy golden hair, hidden by a blue-ribboned breakfast cap, and from beneath her gay kimono peeped little blue kid slippers.

"Charley!" she repeated, impatiently. But the child, playing in the builder's sand pile, gave no heed. Gathering up the long train of her kimono, she pattered hurriedly down the steps, and grasping the boy by the arm, brought him, kicking and protesting, to the house.

"You must take your whisky," she told him, sternly, as she deposited him ungently upon a chair. "Here it is. Mama made it sweet and hot. Drink it down like a good boy."

She tried to hand him a silver mug, full of sweet, hot toddy, the fumes of which filled the whole room. Charley slipped from the great chair, and stood in front of her, his feet braced and wide apart, and his arms akimbo. His eyes flashed, and he seemed a veritable small edition of the Declaration of Independence.

"I won't take 'at nassy 'tuff any more!" he cried. "My gramma Pratt says I'll grow up to be just like Old Mr. Tom Jones if I drink it. An' I saw him fall down in mud odder day. He got mud in his mouf, and some bad chillens, dey des' frowed dirt on him. An' I don't want to be in mud gutters an' get dirt frowed on me."

"Your Grandmother Pratt doesn't know."

Mrs. Pratt's face was red with anger. "Do you think for a minute that my boy would ever grow up to be a drunkard? The doctor says you are to have whisky three times a day, and it's your medicine. Here now! you take this in a hurry, or I'll whip you good if you don't!" She grabbed the little fellow, and holding his head under her arm, compelled him to drain the last drop in the mug.

Soon his face flushed, and he was shrieking with glee, chasing the cat, and sliding down the banisters.

His mother smiled approvingly. "The whisky always does him so much good," she said. "He is just as lively as can be soon as he gets the dose down. But I have a fight with him every time to get him to take it. His grandmother Pratt *does* have such foolish ideas."

Poor little Charley was a delicate child. His father had sowed a plentiful crop of early wild oats, in consequence of which the tiny lad had weak eyes, tainted blood that ever and anon caused ugly sores to break out on his

frail body, and a malformed leg. As if that were not a dreadful enough heritage, his mother had also transmitted weaknesses of body to him that she had inherited, and the child had a cough that racked him at night and left him exhausted in the morning.

The doctor had been called in, and he had prescribed whisky as a tonic for the little sufferer. His grandmother Pratt protested strongly against the doctor's prescription, but her protests were unavailing, as three times every day the whisky was forced down the unwilling child. And every day the mother remarked upon the instantaneous brightening of the eye, the flushing of the cheek, and the boisterous gaiety that followed the dose, and added complacently, "How much good the whisky does little Charley!"

After a time Charley made no objections to taking his medicine, and swallowed it down rather eagerly, and tore off to his noisy play with the cat and dog. There soon came other days, when he would say longingly, "Mama, isn't it time for my medicine?"

Still other days came, when he would beg her to put in "des one little bit drop more, mama; dat spoon not near full."

Finally there came a day when Mrs. Pratt missed her boy. She hunted the house from garret to cellar, but no Charley could she find. She remembered how he had importuned her that morning to make his dose of whisky "des a little bit bigger, mama;" and with an unexplained fear tugging at her heart, she went to the bath-room and opened the medicine closet. The whisky-bottle was gone, and a chair in front of the cabinet stood mutely testifying as to how the child had reached it.

She renewed her search, frantic with fear. She left her own premises, and sought her boy in other homes. Back in the alley she finally heard little maudlin shrieks of glee. Horrified, she tore through the stable of the house at the end of the block, and there in the muck and mire of the alley, on a garbage pile, sat Charley and a wee girl, the petted darling of her nearest neighbor. The bottle was in Charley's hands, and the two were taking alternate sips of the poison. Their eyes shone, and they reeled as they sat, the bottle shaking in the boy's feeble grasp.

"Charley, come here," commanded his mother. Charley sat there, grinning foolishly at her. She jerked the bottle from his puny little hand. It had been full when she gave him his toddy that morning, and she saw with joy that only a small amount had been taken out since. She lifted the children up, but neither could stand. They fell down in a confused heap on the garbage.



Lads! be sure you always think,
Water is the best of drink.

See these birdies at the pool;
They've been taught in God's own school.

Water, water, pure and bright,
This their drink from dawn till night.

And I'm sure you've never found
Any bird go staggering round—

Never heard one chirp a note
From a sickly, rum-burnt throat.

Lads! you have been made to do
More than bird that ever flew.

—SELECTED



She secreted the bottle in her blouse, and taking a child under each arm, she carried them — sorrowful burdens — home. Little Ellie she left at her mother's door.

Her own child she carried home, and laid him on the couch in the library. Grandmother Pratt came in at that opportune moment. She grasped the situation at a glance. "Don't let that boy go to sleep," she said, her face pale and her voice quivering. The doctor was sent for, and the trio worked with the poisoned child, until the fumes of the alcohol had dispersed from his brain.

Little Ellie fared about the same as Charley, but the grief of her mother, a white-ribboner, was uncontrollable.

After that the whisky-bottle was hidden in a new place, and by the advice of the physician Charley's doses were made smaller each day, till at last he was taking but a quarter of a teaspoonful. But from a gay, romping little lad he grew to be a morbid and unhappy one. He was sulky and cross, and flew into a rage at nothing. He refused to eat, and seemed to be wasting away. He begged continually for the whisky, and when his mother refused him, he would beat her and kick her. Once he got a sharp carving-knife, and threatened to cut his mother if she did not give him whisky, and it was with difficulty and danger that he was disarmed.

He became very sly in watching his mother to see where she hid the bottle. One day he followed her stealthily, and saw her tuck the flask between the mattress and the springs of her bed. As soon as she had gone downstairs, he carefully stole in and took the whisky from its hiding-place. He put on his little red sweater and his red stocking cap, and with the bottle inside the sweater he went out on the street.

He knew where he would go. He would go to the watchman's shanty at the railroad crossing, and he would give old Murphy a drink. He stopped, however, at his own gate, and took a big swallow of the liquid. It made him feel fine, so he took another big swallow. He still felt fine, but strange. The sidewalk came to meet him, and the houses spun around.

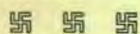
"That's funny," he muttered. "I'll go across the street when it comes around the next time."

He waddled unsteadily to the middle of the crossing. There was an automobile coming. The driver did not see the little red cap and sweater until it was too late.

They picked Charley up, a mangled mass of flesh, the bottle clutched firmly in his hand. They carried him home, and he was put into a beautiful white velvet casket, and surrounded and covered with white blossoms.

They had a funeral service over him, and much was said about "the untimely snuffing out of this pure, young life." But his grandmother Pratt, listening, grim and dry-eyed, said in her mother, "I call it a timely taking off. What would he have been if he had lived!"

Now, who killed little Charley? Was it the doctor, the mother, or the chauffeur?



What the Social Glass Did

As I look over the years that have passed, and see again the many wrecks that have come under my observation, the family of a dear friend of mine takes the preeminence. At the time of our first meeting, this family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their two sons, about the age of my two boys, ten and fourteen. The boys soon became chums, and we who were older frequently exchanged visits. Our religious and political principles were much the same. We, however, differed materially in our views of the temperance question, Mrs. Lee thinking it unnecessary to be as particular about the liquor question as I was. She said she did not object to her husband's taking a social glass with a friend he met in town, while I should have had serious objections

if my husband had done so. Mr. Lee was a man of superior intelligence, of good financial ability, an obliging neighbor, and a genial friend. He served his town several times in some official capacity.

But as time passed, it became apparent that the occasional glass did not satisfy Mr. Lee's appetite. Wine was annually stored in his cellar, and freely used.

The younger son of Mr. Lee had his father's executive ability, and was a total abstainer from both tobacco and liquor. After accumulating considerable property, he married a beautiful young woman of excellent character. This son was the favorite of his father.

Finally circumstances separated our two families for some years. When I returned to the town, I was met at the door of my friend's home by Mrs. Lee herself, who, embracing me with outstretched arms, burst into tears, and said: "You surely have heard of the cloud that has settled upon our once-happy home. Knowing your principles, I feared you would not visit me on your return."

For some time Mr. Lee had been drinking heavily. His physician had advised him to give up liquor, but he gave no heed to this counsel, though he was in a fair way to lose his sight by continuing. He, at times, became violently crazed by the liquor, and would rave, and break the furniture, venting his spite, perhaps, upon the cook-stove, which would have to be replaced by a new one. Later, a change came over him, and when he was intoxicated his favorite son became the object of his vengeance. Three times he attempted to kill his son.

Mrs. Lee told me while I was visiting her that she greatly feared her husband would kill this son, and would then from remorse take his own life.

A few more years rolled tardily by, and the mother's worst fears were realized. In the hospital the young man lingered between life and death for three days; but finally the fatal news came to the father and mother.

Mr. Lee, realizing the enormity of his crime, went to his sleeping apartment when unobserved, and took a dose of poison, which ended his life. Then father and son, who had been very dear to each other in life, filled the same grave. The young wife has crossed the ocean three times in quest of release from her sorrow, but in vain.

But the social glass had not yet completed its direful work in that family. The other son followed his father's example in partaking now and then of wine. After his father's death, he with his family came to live with his mother. In time, his mother found that her son's growing intemperate habits made it necessary for her to secure another place for herself. And only a few more years passed before this son became an inmate of an asylum, a raving maniac.

Thus reads the life tragedy of one family. Thus did the liquor traffic blight three homes by the social glass. But the wrecking of our American homes is the unceasing work of the liquor traffic. And we sit by and allow it! Yea, more, we *license* the traffic, hoping in our hearts that it will pay a few dollars of our taxes, however many homes, however many boys and girls, however many strong men and women are ruined thereby.

Fathers and mothers, are you aware that the great army of drunkards are fast going to their doom, and that the recruits to fill the vacancy must and will come from the youth of our land? Are you training your children for this dreadful fate by your own example in partaking of the social glass, by the cider you store in your cellar, by the hot toddy your own hand presents to their lips, and by the brandy you use in flavoring your food? If so, you are sowing seeds whose fruitage will without doubt prove your own undoing as well as the eternal destruction of your children.

Mrs. N. M. Coon.

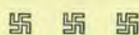
A Young Man I Knew



BRIGHT-EYED, rosy-cheeked little boy was the playmate of my youth. What fun, what jolly days, we had together, now climbing to the top of the haymow, now swinging in the swing, higher than many of the surrounding trees; sometimes racing with old Prince, sometimes picking berries and apples; always sharing each other's childish joys and sorrows, dividing our bonbons at Christmas. In fact, we were inseparable companions. Time passed, and we grew into manhood and womanhood. Changes came. I went out into the world to gain my livelihood, while he remained in his luxuriant home, an only, idolized son of wealthy parents. But the demon, the tempter, was near; it was a hotel containing a bar-room. Two or three years passed. I had not seen nor heard anything from my young friend until I attended a teachers' institute in our county seat. One evening when another teacher and I were taking a walk, we noticed three young men just ahead of us acting and was being supported between the other two. He would stop and strangely; one reeled as he walked, jeer and laugh, like a driveling idiot. We were frightened, and hurried past them. I glanced around, when lo! I recognized the one in the middle as the friend of my childhood, but O, how changed! His once rosy lips and cheeks were ashy pale, his eyes sunken and hollow looking. He did not recognize me. I was glad he did not. How my heart ached for his poor mother, a good Christian woman who had tried to bring up her boy to be an upright and honorable man; but the tempter came and entered his young life, the demon liquor took possession of him. A few more years passed, and I saw him again, a perfect wreck, trembling in every nerve. I learned that every effort that loving friends could make was put forth to save him, but in vain. He went from bad to worse; and while intoxicated, he was thrown from a wild horse, and was crippled for life. Though he finally became strong enough to walk on crutches, he was a total wreck, bodily and mentally. He lingered on in that condition a few months, when at the age of twenty-seven he filled a drunkard's grave.

To-night as I look at my own darling boys, the picture of health, I pray God earnestly to keep them from ever tasting the deadly poison. Will your vote help to answer my prayer?

Will your vote help
JENNIE M. RULEY.



What I Would Do

As I passed by the White House the other day,
Where the President lives, you know,
I saw him walk out through the gate and away
Down the avenue, stately and slow;
And I said to myself, "Mr. President, if I
Were chief of this glorious land
And lived in the White House (I may by and by),
I'd write with a resolute hand

This message to Congress, on one special theme,
To which not a President, sir,
From Washington down, very strange though it seem,
Has cared or dared to refer:—

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:
Since figures and facts that are plain to all
Do show that strong drink is the cause
Of nearly three fourths of the crimes, great and small,
That violate God's and man's laws;
Since millions of bushels of fruit and of grain
Are rotted and spoiled every year
To make fiery stuff that burns body and brain,
While thousands are starving, 'tis clear
That prompt legislation is needed to save
The people from this deadly foe;
For numberless thousands go down to the grave
Each year as its victims, we know.

"In view of these facts, I do now recommend
That Congress, without more delay,
Our great Constitution proceed to amend,
Prohibiting in every way
The making, importing, and selling of all
Strong drink in the nation's domain,
With punishment stern—behind strong prison walls,



Defend the first pass and you will never be overcome.

If need be—the law to maintain.
I now leave this very grave question with you,
Your earnest attention to gain.
Executive Mansion, March 1, Nineteen twelve,
By the President, Walter McLane."

Now I've said what I'd do if I were a man
And ruled in the White House to-day;
But as I'm not there, I will do what I can,
In my earnest and boyish way,
To fight this drink business; and if all the boys
Would make the same promise this hour,
I tell you there'd be such a teetotal noise
The people would call us a power.

—Nellie H. Bradley, in *National Educator*.

Story of a Little Life



“WHAT is your name?” asked the teacher. “Tommy Brown, ma’am,” he answered. He was a pathetic figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpractised manner in which women sometimes cut boys’ hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down; then taking a chair herself, she said, “Sissy, give me the baby.”

“How old are you, Tommy?”

“Nine years old come next April. I’ve learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little.”

“Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?”

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said: “I never went to school ‘cause — ‘cause — well, mother takes in washin’, an’ she couldn’t spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an’ she minds the baby besides.”

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new pupil stood the boys that belonged in the room.

While he was making his confused explanation, some of the boys laughed; and one of them called out, “Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?” And another sang out, “You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes.” Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the unhappy information that the father of the boy was “old Si Brown, who is always as drunk as a fiddler.”

The poor child looked around on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child’s pitiful face haunted her. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and then with a friend went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered, they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soap-suds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron, and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color had gone out of her face, leaving



Give us our rights.

child’s heart was broken. I thought mine was years ago. If it was, it was broken over again that day. I can stand almost anything myself, but O! I can not bear to see my children suffer.” Here she wept convulsively. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm around her mother’s neck. “Don’t cry, mother,” she whispered, “don’t cry.” The mother made an effort to check her tears. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:—

“Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn’t comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything; folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard’s boy. I

tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn’t any use. It seemed as if he could not stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn’t have done it if he hadn’t been drinking. He isn’t a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he would have been sick anyway. But O, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!” she cried. “How can they let

(Concluded on third cover page)



Neglected.



The Sturdy Captain

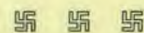
[Dr. T. D. Crothers, editor of the *Journal of Inebriety*, relates the following interesting incident, which he once observed on a vessel coming from Europe to America.]

THERE were many professional men, including ministers, judges, doctors, and teachers, on board, and all seemed to enjoy the festivities of the last day or two. Many times the passengers were hilarious, and the effects of wine were very prominent.

The captain, a ruddy-faced Scotchman, refused, though importuned, to partake in any way, giving no reasons, but declining with the utmost courtesy. Some of the passengers were persistent to know why he could not join them in taking a little wine; among them was a judge, who on one occasion pressed with persistency the matter for reasons of his refusal. The captain answered in a very serious tone: "When a boy in Scotland my ambition was to go to sea. This my mother refused to let me do. Finally, after a long time she consented, if I would promise her never to touch wine or spirits during my lifetime. On my knees at her side, with my hand on the old family Bible, I made this promise, and I have never violated it, and never shall. It is too sacred. A few years later I was shipwrecked, and with two other comrades was lashed to the rigging and remained nearly two days before we were taken off. We were numbed, chilled, and exhausted, so that we could hardly move. The boat that rescued us carried with it a quantity of brandy, and we were offered all we could drink, but I refused, although told that it was at the risk of my life. I said, 'I will die before I will take any spirits!' Both of my comrades drank freely and became delirious, then

unconscious, and finally died; but I recovered, and this taught me that spirits were not good even in extreme cases of exhaustion, and many times I have been grateful for the promise I made my mother. My father was a seaman and a drinking man, and he died in middle life. My mother knew the perils of a sailor, and knew that I could not be different unless I was pledged in advance. She prayed for me while she lived, and that promise and her prayers have carried me so far, and will carry me as long as I live."

Tears came to the eyes of the judge and other listening passengers. Finally, the judge said: "You have taught me a lesson. I, too, promised my father on his death-bed that I would not drink spirits. I have forgotten it, but my life shall change from this time, and I thank you, captain, most sincerely for this lesson, and from this time forth it shall be the rule of my life to help others to keep away from drink."



When Fifty-Eight Men Signed the Pledge

ON one occasion I spoke to an audience of eight hundred of the hardest men I ever came across. If you threw a joke at them, it dropped like a stone falling into a bed of mud, chuck! You could not move them to laughter or tears or anything else. There they sat, as if inquiring, "What are you going to do next?" All were alike. I sat down very much discouraged, and the chairman said to me: "Now, Mr. Gough, if you have no objection, I should like to ask a man I see in the audience to come on the platform and speak for a few minutes." "Objection?" I said, "I should be delighted to hear him."

So up he came, in fustian jacket and corduroy trousers. He had been in the mine, and had evidently given himself a splash and a wipe. He had a good, clear eye, and an honest face. The first thing he said was:—

"How d'ye do, lads? The gentleman axed me to come on th' platform b'cause he thowt ye'd loike to have a look at me. I hain't no objection to ony man's lookin' at me; ye may look at me if ye loike. Dunnot ye see how fat I'm agettin'? I doan't drink no beer, neither. Look at me. I bean't ashamed. My elbows bean't stickin' out o' my jacket, and my toes bean't stickin' out o' my boots. I've got a clean shirt on, and I gets one once a week; an' by th' look o' some o' you, ye doan't get one once a month. Ye may look at me if ye loike. I bean't ashamed if ye do. I say, lads, I've made a change. I've changed beer fur bread, an' brandy fur beef, an' I've changed gin fur good clothes. They're pretty good uns, though they bean't very stylish-loike. And I've changed rum fur a happy wife an' a comfortable 'ome. My wife doan't lay no longer on a bundle o' rotten rags, an' call 't a bed; an' my childer dean't run no longer i' the streets, learnin' devil's tricks; they goes to school, an' I pays a penny a week fur each on 'em, an' they're goin' to be better educated than their dad ever was. I've made a change. Ye remember th' owld song we used to sing:—

'When a man buys beef, he buys bones;
When a man buys plums, he buys stones;
When a man buys heggs, he buys shells;
When a man buys drink, he buys nothing else.'

Ain't it true? Ay, lads, that's all true, an' every one o' you knows it;" and they began to shout, "Hurrah, hurrah!" every one of them.

"I doan't want you to 'oller. I didn't come 'ere for any 'ollering. I'll tell ye what I did th' fust thing when I'd put my name on th' temperance pledge. I went 'ome and towd my missus, an' that brightened her up a bit. Then I took my childer out o' the gutter. Then I got ou' o' th' den I was burrowin' in, and took a 'ouse, a two-roomed 'ouse. I am a 'ousekeeper now, I am. I want to make this 'ere speech what some of the learned gentlemen call a practicable speech. There's Dick, over ther. Dick bobbed his head down when I said Dick. Everybody knows Dick. He'd share his last crust wi' a brother pitman, and lend his tools to his brother work-

an' she could hardly stand on her bare toes an' put th' blackin'-bottle on th' counter, an' you sent her wi' a silver sixpence for gin; an' there was your 'alf-starved wife lyin' on th' floor, wi' a new-born babe wailin' at her side? Ah, Dick, that was bad. I say, lads, was't Dick as turned th' lass out that night?—No; 'twas th' cursed drink did that. Down wi' th' drink, an' up wi' th' man! That's my doctrine.

"An' there's Tom there, just another as Dick. Tom bobbed his head down when I said Tom. Ah, everybody

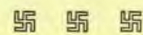


A wall of fire. The traveler's protection in the wilderness of life.

knows him. I want to ax you a question, Tom. What did you promise the lass when you took her from her mother's 'ome? Didn't you promise to love her, an' cherish her, an' protect her? Have you done it, Tom? Who gi'ed her th' black eye three weeks since? Who thrust her down-stairs an' tore her flesh from her wrist to her elber? An' she covered the place ower wi' her apron, an' towd folks lies to shield you, an' said she tumbled. Ah, that's bad, lads. Was't Tom as struck a woman? Was't Tom as threw his wife down th' stairs?—No; 'twas th' cursed drink as did it. Down wi' th' drink, an' up wi' th' man! That's my doctrine.

"I say, lads, do ye want to smooth th' wrinkles out o' your wife's face like ye smooth out th' wrinkles in a sheet wi' a smoothin'-iron? I have. Put your name on the pledge; that'll do it. I say, Dick! Dick is coming, Dick is coming! Tom, Tom, look here! Ah, that's right, Tom. Now, lads, follow a good example."

And fifty-eight men came tramp, tramp, tramp, on the platform. They seized the pen as if it were a pen of iron, and wrote as if they were gravng their names into stone. That man did more work in ten minutes than I could do in ten hours.—*John B. Gough, in "Platform Echoes."*



Abstinence Pays

GOVERNOR MCCREARY of Kentucky, who never used either liquor or tobacco in any form, says that in campaigns when he and his political friends were speaking two or three times a day, his associates would often take half a dozen drinks and probably smoke six or seven cigars after the afternoon speech and before the evening meeting, and the next morning they would be all worn out, and often too tired to work; while he, after a good night's sleep, would be rested and completely refreshed.



The men signing the pledge.

man if he know'd he'd pawn 'em next day. Dick would lie on his back sixteen hours pickin' coal, and spend t'other eight takkin' keer o' a sick child ut belonged to a neighbor, Dick would. But what did Dick bob his head down fur when I said Dick? Dick, my lad, you knows me and I knows you. I want to ax you a question. D'ye remember that bitter November night when th' wind was drivin' the sleet through the thick cloas of a man, an' you sent your little lass out, an' she had but one garment on her, an' that was aclin' to her bare blue legs wi' th' wet, and you sent her wi' a blackin'-bottle,



Temperance in Nova Scotia



A WAY off to the eastward, presenting a bold, rocky front to the mighty Atlantic, whose angry billows relentlessly beat against its crest, lies the peninsula of Nova Scotia, the most easterly province of the great Dominion of Canada. The people are a hardy race, many of whom wrest their living from the mighty deep. Others engage in agriculture or mining. Nova Scotia is most richly endowed with mineral wealth, the chief of which is coal. Our people are thus called upon to live the strenuous life, as in the dearth of large industries the means of subsistence have to be gathered from ocean, earth, and under the earth. This constant struggle with the elements has produced a race of men amply furnished with brawn, brain, and muscle, who can be relied upon to meet any condition, whose sons are to be found in positions of trust and influence in every State of the Union, giving a good account of themselves in all branches of business or financial enterprise. With the natural sagacity of the canny Scot, the native wit of the Irishman, and the solidity of the Englishman added to the original German thrift, a race has been built up worthy of comparison with any wherever it may be.

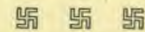
The tidal wave of temperance which swept over the United States in 1842, made its influence felt in our province, with the result that to-day, with only one exception, every city, town, and village in the province is without any legalized recognition of the sale of intoxicating beverages, the Nova Scotia Temperance Act governing the whole province with drastic penalties for violation of the law in selling liquor. I do not mean to say that alcoholic drinks are not in some towns openly sold and the law flagrantly ignored. Our law is unquestionably a good law, but by political hocus-pocus its machinery is not put in motion, or when it is, so many difficulties are raised that offenders are seldom adequately punished, being let off with money fines instead of undergoing a term of imprisonment for second and subsequent offenses. It is a case of money doing everything; whereas, if a man could be punished by a term in jail, it would do more toward making the business undesirable, as "jailbird" does not sound very well. Until we have the act carried out with unflinching severity, it seems almost hopeless to expect to abolish the bar. Under the act, Halifax, the metropolitan city, is exempt; but provision is made for a plebiscite on the question, and also for one on reducing the licenses to one for each one thousand of the population. It is contended by the foes of prohibition that Halifax being an important seaport and a military and naval station, it is necessary that the traffic should be tolerated, but placed under legal restraint. They say it is impossible under such conditions to enforce any prohibitory law, as sailors and soldiers must be allowed indulgence in this vicious habit. Discrimination in favor of any class is unnecessary.

With Halifax an open city, is it any wonder that supplies dribble through to our towns and villages? The country districts have cause to cry out against the iniquity of this discrimination, and place all the evils of the traffic at the doors of the capital city. Our legislators should have grit enough to say if prohibition is good for the province at large, it is good for Halifax also. It would seem that their conscience is eased when they enact that one license to every thousand of population is sufficient. Only a few years ago the number of licenses permitted was 130; this year there will be only

45 licensed bars for a half-million people. Since the citizens are satisfied to have the pruning-knife applied, why not go a full step and abolish the whole traffic? However, we are thankful for this enactment, as at one time we had a licensed bar for every 380 persons.

The Sons of Temperance and the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance are arranging to take the public vote in the city. It is expected that the majority in favor of prohibition will be so marked that our lawgivers will be compelled to declare the temperance act in force, when it will be true that legally we are strictly teetotal. Whether we shall be so in fact is another question. At any rate, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that any man who sells liquor is a lawbreaker and outside the pale of respectability. All the serious crimes of our province are due to strong drink. We are not saints, but we are tired of helping the devil gather in his harvest with the lure of strong drink.

THOMAS H. FRANCIS,
P. G. W. P. Sons of Temperance, Nova Scotia.



Lowers Standard of Living

[The following clear-cut arraignment of the liquor traffic by Mr. Lennon, for twenty years treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, should be the outspoken verdict of every man in this nation of ours, without a single exception. We understand that Mr. Lennon recently lost his position on account of his fearlessness and decisiveness in decrying the liquor traffic. All honor to Mr. Lennon!]

Who can deny that the liquor traffic is driving women to work in factories, in workshops, and at wash-tubs, who ought not to be there? The trade-union movement is opposed to child labor, yet who can deny that the liquor traffic is driving into industrial life boys and girls who should be in the school or on the playground? The liquor



This, with the cuts on page 29, is used by courtesy of the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality.

traffic tends to decrease wages, never to increase them. The use of alcohol makes workmen less skilful, and drives men to lower scales of employment and reward. *Every cent spent in the liquor business is wasted.* It brings no social benefit and no moral uplift.

I have been criticized for my fight against the saloon, but I give notice here and now that I will fight the traffic as long as the saloon opposes the interests of the people. *Too many men and women are going down-stream to degradation for me to keep silent.* To the trade-unionist there is no redeeming feature in the saloon. Wherever its influence is felt, one sees the demoralization it brings. We are fighting for social well-being, civic benefits, and moral uplift.—John B. Lennon.

To a Bottle of Whisky

ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

INQUIRER:

What dost thou contain, little bottle demure,
With the clear amber liquid transparent and pure?
Full a quart of your contents is herewith enclosed,
And the strength they contain is much better exposed.

You are labeled just "Whisky;" now what may that mean?
For a thing so much talked of, you really do seem
Very meek and subdued in appearance; and yet
I demand you tell all, that I never forget.

WHISKY:

I am essence of misery, lord of a slave;
I'm the quickest, precipitous path to the grave;
I am liquid of fire, that the entrails shall burn;
I am loved of the devil, while angels do spurn.

I am friend of the murderer, friend of the thief;
I'm the shortest and easiest route unto grief;
I'm the scapegoat for weak men to lay on the blame;
Reliable guardian ever of shame.

I've been told I'm enticing, and cheering, and good,
And a fine appetizer before taking food,
Though I think that the stomach is somewhat *passé*
That requires a preemptor to burn out the way.

I retard education; and foster the taste
For impurity, ignorance, slothfulness, waste.
I'm an enemy strong of all culture and wealth;
I have ever crossed swords with all study and health.

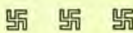
I am foe to all virtue, and friend to all vice;
And I tell all adherents to never think twice;
But to strike when in humor, and do what they please;
That the world is their own for their pleasure and ease.

Then at times I am jocose, and teach in my school
How to make of a wise man a humorous fool;
And I laughingly whisper to poor men, "You're rich,"
And I artfully trip them forthwith in a ditch.

I'm tormentor of home; I am poverty's clerk;
And while virtue is sleeping, I vice never shirk.
I'm awake with the owl, I am up with the lark;
And I gather my victims in daylight and dark.

I am tireless and thrifty in plying my trade;
Those who dance me attendance, the price have oft paid.
There are those who ignore me, and those who deplore,
There are those who half love me, and those who adore.

I have wrecked human happiness, tortured the good;
I have robbed little children of clothing and food;
As promoter of evil, my praises I sing;
After Satan, good sir, I am Satan's *first king!*



Story of a Little Life

(Concluded from page twenty-nine)

men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

One of the women went to the bed. There he lay, poor little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds! Would that the law was more jealous of little waifs' rights!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said, "Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels will not call me the drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said in a lower tone, "Some day—they won't let saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.—*Our Young Folks.*

I Have Quit Smoking

AND I am cleaner.

My breath is not revolting.

I am not a public nuisance.

I am not an offense to the members of my family.

My room is fresh and clean, and there is no second-hand stench of stale tobacco there to disgust.

I have a steadier heart; I can work harder, walk farther, and climb higher.

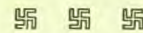
I have a better conscience; for I am not sneakingly looking for a chance to smoke unobserved.

I am not mastered by a habit.

I am not burning up \$50 or more a year.

I am not a stumbling-block to boys.

A FORMER SMOKER.



Gets at the Root of Intemperance

Life and Health, the National Health Magazine, wages a monthly warfare not only against the *visible effects* of intemperance, but also against its *physical causes*.

Intemperance is but another word for *lack of self-control*. An improper diet may be sowing in your home the *seeds of drunkenness*, gluttony, or other forms of intemperance. This magazine tells how to *cook for health*.

In this magazine you will be told not only how to *avoid* the intemperate habit, but also *how to get rid of it*.

Through its educational work, recognized by temperance leaders everywhere, *Life and Health* is molding *public opinion*, without which temperance *legislation*, good as it is, will *amount to nothing*; for, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

Life and Health will also tell you, (1) how to keep well; (2) how to get well; (3) how to treat simple diseases at home; and (4) how to sleep and dress for health.

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The Youth's Instructor

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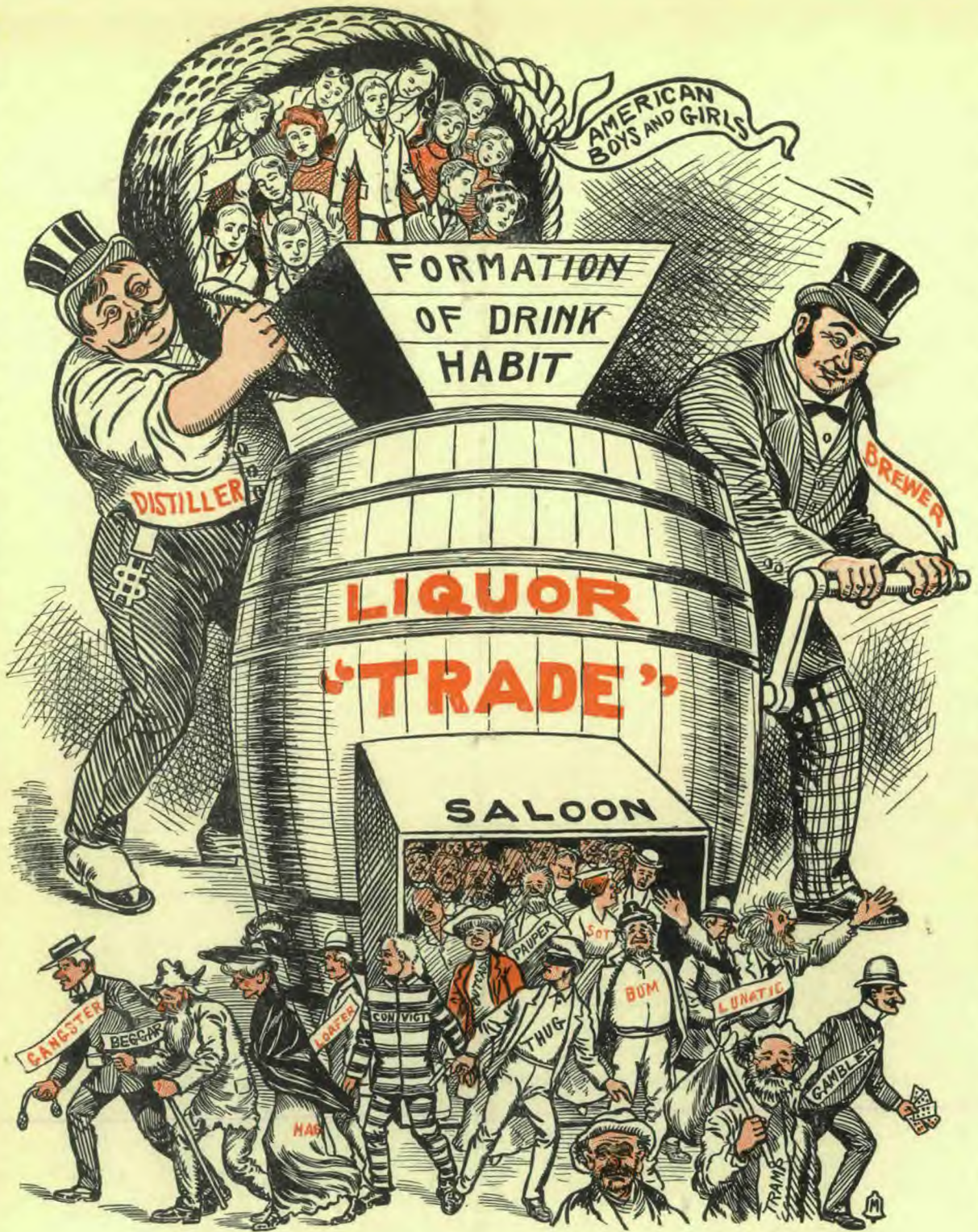
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The Raw Material and Finished Product of the Gin-Mill

YOU can not buy immunity for any price for your boys and girls; you can not buy safety so long as the saloon is opening its doors and inviting them in. As long as you permit these places, you may expect to furnish the material that goes into this ceaseless death grind. In the name of common justice, and in the name of the manhood and the womanhood of our beloved land, in the name of the stainless homes of America, let your patriotism appeal to reason, let your conscience whisper in the ear of judgment; and in the rectitude of your Anglo-Saxon manhood, in this hour of your country's need, register your votes against a continuance of the curse of the legalized liquor traffic.—*Ex-Congressman George C. Sturgiss, of West Virginia.*