



*The*  
**INSTRUCTOR**

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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TEMPERANCE ANNUAL

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# Facts to Consider



OUR government threw away 6,000,000,000 loaves of bread last year in the grain that it permitted the manufacturer of alcoholic liquors to use—enough bread to make a pile over 40 loaves high and reaching around the world at the equator. This would have supplied more than 6,000,000 families with three loaves of bread every day of the year. Your bread cost you more because of this waste.

The direct cost of the liquor traffic to the American people for a recent year, as based upon the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is estimated at \$1,833,653,425. Deducting from this the license fees and federal taxes (\$335,000,000), the amount paid the farmer for the materials consumed (\$106,230,871), and the amount paid by the traffic for labor (\$55,000,000), the net undisputed cost is still \$1,357,422,544. Adding to this sum the indirect cost, we have for the total cost of the liquor traffic for the year the conservative sum of more than \$5,000,000,000, which, however, takes no account of the misery and sorrow brought into the world through the hellish traffic.

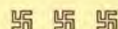
If during the panic of 1907, when "banks were crumbling, factories closing, and small industries failing, \$90,000,000 in gold imported from England and France could relieve these conditions, steady the situation, put new life into failing concerns, and start the return to prosperity, making the difference between panic and normal business conditions, is it not evident that an influx of \$5,000,000,000 into value-producing trade channels by the elimination of the liquor traffic would revolutionize the commercial world"? Prove it by trial.

At the close of last year over 400,000 persons were alive in the United States who would have died that year if the death-rate of thirty years ago had still prevailed. In view of this fact does the effort made to save those lives by civic and philanthropic organizations seem too great?

Every day still, American lives equaling the crews of two battle-ships are lost from preventable diseases. This means that American lives equaling the present population of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States, or nearly 7,000,000 lives, will be needlessly destroyed during the next ten years if the present death-rate from preventable causes continues. Stop the manufacture and importation of liquor and you will save hundreds of thousands of these at one stroke.

"When a theater burned in one of our great cities and six hundred men, women, and children were suffocated and roasted alive in one hour, the whole nation shuddered. We seemed to hear the helpless screams of the children, and see them beating their burning hands

against windows and doors that were barred against them, and our aching hearts almost broke with sympathetic horror—six hundred in one hour! But the saloons of this country murder six hundred every two days. And since the six hundred perished in the Iroquois Theater seven years ago, the saloons have murdered seven hundred thousand. *Still the conscience of the nation sleeps, while with ever-increasing numbers the awful procession moves on.*"

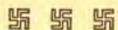


## The Boy's Request

I was called to my door one morning by a boy thirteen years of age, a cripple. He asked that I should talk and pray with his father, who was to be hanged the next day for the murder of the lad's mother, and that I should plan to be with him and his sisters when the body was brought home. I went to the jail, where I found the father, who had been so crazed with drink that he had not the slightest remembrance of his crime. He said that his wife had been a good woman and a faithful mother, and he cried as if his heart would break.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the poor children. In a little while two strong officers came bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. The children gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out, "Papa was

good, but whisky did it." In my heart I said, "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue to pay for one such scene," and I there promised God to vote to save my country from this terrible wrong.—*Selected.*



## Five Dollars for the Collection

ONE Sunday morning in the prohibition campaign of Oregon, Rev. Clarence True Wilson was taking an offering for the county work in Klamath Falls, when one of the brightest men at the bar of that city arose, and said:—

Doctor, here is a five-dollar bill. That is just one sixth of what I used to spend over these bars every month for the stuff that ruined me, drove my practice from me, closed my law office, separated my wife and children from me, and left me a loafing vagabond, wandering these streets and begging my neighbors, as I would meet them one by one on the streets, to lend me another nickel to get that one more drink; but two years ago this people voted the saloons of this county closed. *That gave me my first chance.* I might have found liquor if I had hunted it. But for the first time in my life, I was living where the saloons were not hunting me. For these two years I have not touched a drop of liquor. I am a sober man, and once more I have a happy family with me and money I can give away; and if you voters will only keep the saloons of Klamath County closed another two years, when Mr. Wilson comes back to take another collection I shall be able to multiply this one five times.

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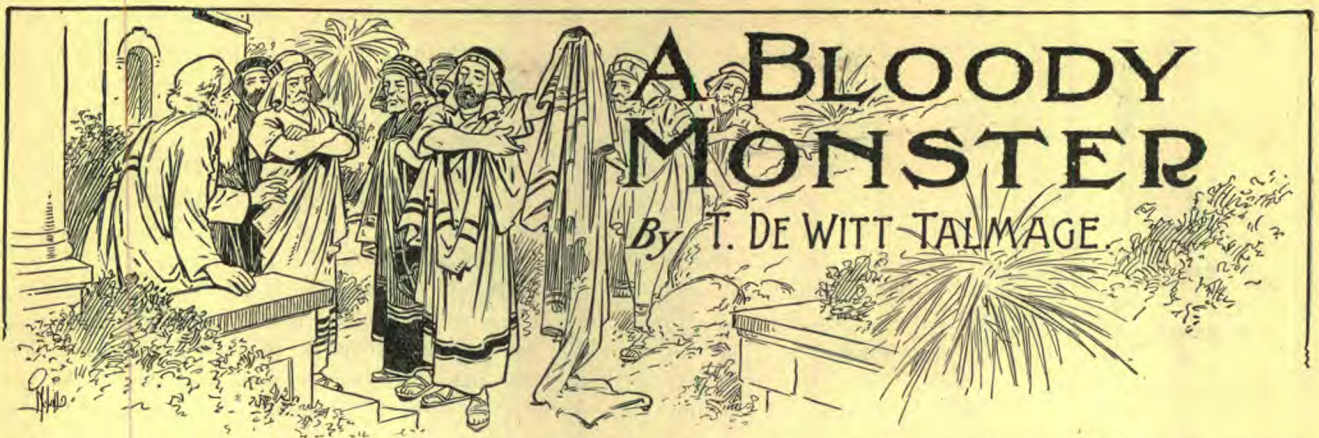
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# A BLOODY MONSTER

By T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

(Excerpts from one of Mr. Talmage's sermons.)



JOSEPH'S brothers dipped his coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain Joseph. Thus they hid their infamous behavior. But

there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation today. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindustani jungle has tracked this land, and with bloody maw has strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him."

There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Today a great multitude, which no man can number, are the votaries of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster-roll of this great army be called, and could they come up from the dead, what eye could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction? What heart could endure the groan of agony? Drunkenness! Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room, and the minister with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a gib-



Happy temperance home.



Same home after liquor gained an entrance.

bering sot into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar? and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his honor. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But

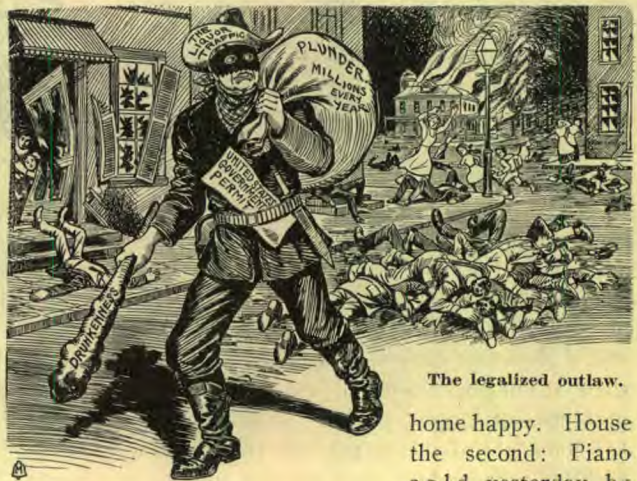
if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, they would make a vaster pyramid. Who will gird himself for the journey, and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead, going up miles high on human carcasses to find still other peaks far above, mountain over mountain white with the bleached bones of drunkards?

We have, in this country, at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whisky. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the smallpox by taxation. O, the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariff! If every gallon of whisky made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in one street. The first as bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Bountiful evening meal; gratulation and sympathy and laughter; music in the parlor; fine pictures on the walls; costly books on the table; well-clad household; plenty of everything to make



"It has turned the earth into a place of skulls."



The legalized outlaw.

home happy. House the second: Piano sold yesterday by

the sheriff; wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop; clock gone; daughter's jewels sold to get flour; carpets gone off the floor; daughters in faded and patched dresses; wife sewing for the stores; little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck by an angry blow; deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. The doorbell rings—little children hide, daughters turn pale, wife holds her breath.





"Stand not between a man and his cups."

literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He had never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!"

Man the second: Lies in the station house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first. Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum, accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our physicians fall into suffering that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long-resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten and strangle and crush until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries, "O God! help!" But it is too late.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who

Blundering step in the hall; door opens; fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No, it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

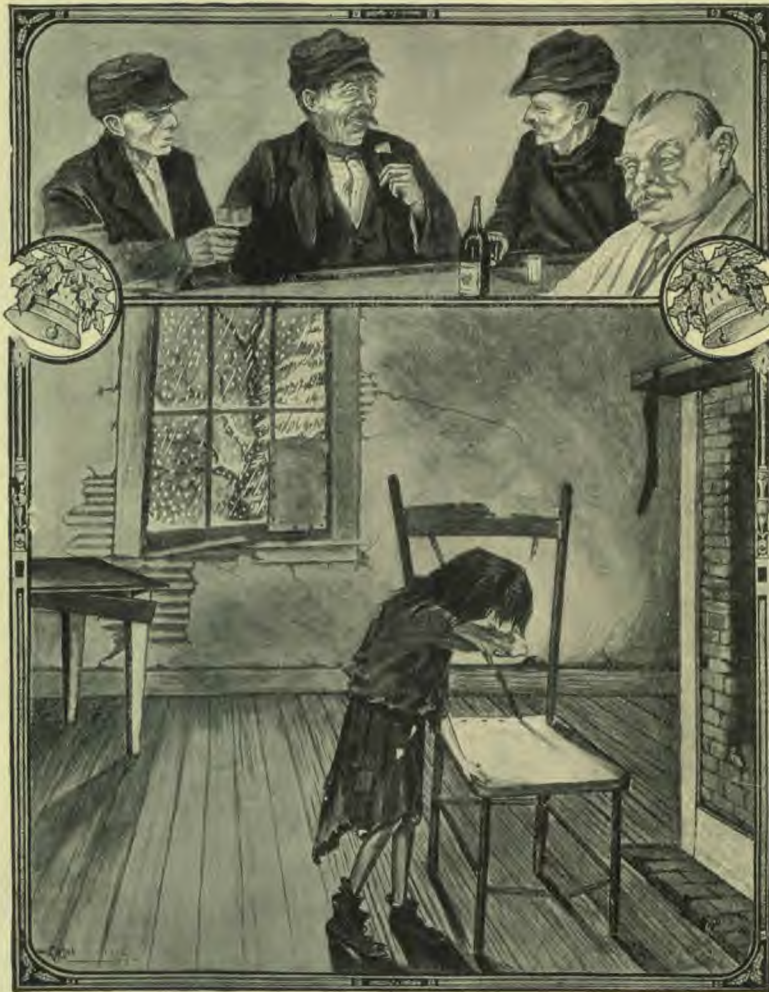
I sketch two men that you know well. The first was graduated from one of our

will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, First by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the truths of the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard has fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say, "Look, my son, rum did that." Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving, and foaming maniac, say to your son, "Look, that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog-shop, let the children know that that is the place where men are slain and their wives made paupers and their children slaves. A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and

said: "I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards, and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

Again: we shall grapple this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partizanship, and demand that our officials shall be sober men? The question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; however eminent a man's services may be, if he has habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a civilized people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Cast politics aside, then, and vote only for sober men.

We expect great things from asylums for inebriates. They have already done a good work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated; namely, as an unlawful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will not cure him, temperance lectures will not eradicate it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young



The empty stocking.



"Opening the gate to a lost world."



man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl, and then drank the contents. Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away with the children! he would tread their life out. Away with the wife! he would dash her to death. Away with the cross! he would run it down. Away with the Bible! he would tear it up for the winds. Away with the heaven! he considers it worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me!" There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony.

Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

#### To the Saloon-Keeper

If woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day! Do not think because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. No enactment, national, State, or municipal, can give you the right to carry on a business whose effect is destruction.

I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will, as it were, crowd around you, and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it;" and rattle their chains and say, "You forged them." Then their united groans will smite your ear; and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and dimes they will push you off the verge of great precipices; while rolling up from beneath, and breaking away among the crags of death, will thunder, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"



#### One Class Benefited by Saloons

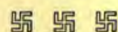
I HAVE a friend who lectures on temperance. He is more dramatic than some of us. At one point in his lecture he takes out his gold watch, and holding it toward his audience, says, "I will give this watch to any one present who will arise and tell me one class of people in this world that has ever been benefited by the saloon."

He made that offer all over this country, and no one ever took it up, until one day out in Iowa, a gentleman stood and said, "I think I can tell you one class."

"What's that?"

"The undertaker."

My friend was about to unchain his watch and hand it over, when an old man arose, and said: "Hold on! Before you give away that watch, allow me to say that I have been the undertaker in this community for thirty-five years, and I have buried a great many of that kind of people; but whenever I am called upon to lay away an old soak or any member of his family, I always know it's a charity job; that I shall never get my money. I should be *thirty-five thousand dollars* better off today if I had never had to bury one such case."—"Dry or Die."



#### Personal Liberty

We confine the insane and epileptic, and isolate contagiously diseased, but permit the drunkard absolute freedom of indulgence. Yet when we suggest the rational thing to do, the saloon apologist cries out against encroachment upon personal liberty. Individual liberty of conscience, thought, and action, within certain limitations, is the priceless heritage of every American; and it is a principle that should be guarded with jealous vigilance. It is the ideal political state of man, but is subject to one other principle,—the comfort, virtue, and welfare of the community.

Absolute personal freedom is impossible. It is the dream of the anarchist only. Wherever there is a law, and law is necessary for our very existence, there are checks and limitations on personal liberty. In fact, every law of God and man restricts the liberty of the individual. We deny the right of the highwayman to take money or property by force. We deny the right of the thief to take things of value by stealth. We deny the right of the embezzler to take by deceit. We deny the right of the property owner to construct buildings of inflammable materials within the fire-limits of the city. We deny the sportsman the right of killing game out of season. We deny the right of marriage without license

the embezzler to take by deceit. We deny the right of the property owner to construct buildings of inflammable materials within the fire-limits of the city. We deny the sportsman the right of killing game out of season. We deny the right of marriage without license



and prescribed ceremony. Why, then, should we not, in perfect harmony with our institutions and the fundamental principles of our government, eliminate the greatest plague-spot in our social organism?—Gov. M. E. Hay of Washington.



# Uncle Sam as a Financier



INDUSTRY alone, though it pours into one's coffers a continuous stream of gold, will not necessarily make one rich. The gold must be conserved and rightly invested.

Lack of economy and wise investment may altogether counteract the beneficent results of an otherwise profitable industry. Our government may be a good producer; but if it is not a wise conserver, the results will be disastrous to continued financial success. In view of the financial wastes that characterize Uncle Sam's business methods, we are forced to question the soundness of his financial policy. For example:—

Although our fisheries comprise one of our country's greatest industries, valued at \$67,898,859 a year, Uncle Sam expends, in less than 12½ days, for liquor—an absolute waste—more than the fisheries produce throughout the year.

In 25 days more he throws away for this same waste product more than all the value of the gold and silver mined in a whole year, \$128,128,600.

In the next 76½ days he casts aside as worthless all the iron mined during the year, \$419,175,000.

In a little over 3 months more he throws away all the coal mined during the year, \$554,902,000.

In the next 57½ days he throws away more than what is obtained from the customs tariff duties, \$314,497,071.

In the next 36½ days the great 1912 copper output of \$200,000,000 is sacrificed.

In the next month Uncle Sam deliberately throws away one third of the annual appropriation for public-school expenditures, \$500,000,000. In the next 37½ days, completing the year, he throws away one half of the year's product of wheat, \$621,442,000.

Thus in one year through this worse than useless traffic nothing is realized from our great fisheries, our copper-, iron-, coal-, gold-, and silver-mines, from the tariff, and from one half of our wheat crop.

If all this waste had been cast directly into the sea, the loss to the country would not have been nearly so great as it was by having to travel the devious path of the liquor dealer's till.

The money Uncle Sam deliberately wastes in this way



Sixteen cars, each holding 50 tons, are required to transport the world's output of gold for 1911. Ten times as many cars would be required to transport the gold annually wasted on the liquor traffic.

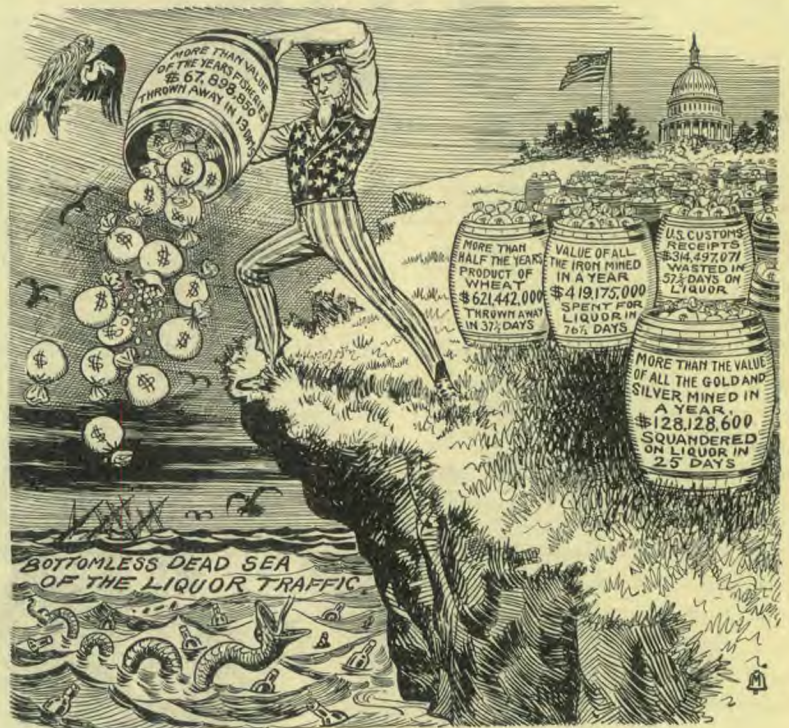
each year would build the Panama Canal, support both the Army and Navy Departments, run the United States Post-office Department, the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of the government, and care for all paupers and criminals and idiotic and insane persons there would be throughout the land were there no liquor traffic.

It is true that our government, through the internal revenue tax and the license fee upon liquor, does get back in hard cash some of this great waste. But it amounts only to what Uncle Sam throws away in *two months*, \$335,000,000, which is less than the value of the iron alone mined during the year.

But suppose he got every dollar of it back in revenue,

would it be right or wise for him to bring upon his citizenship all the misery, sorrow, degradation, crime, pauperism, and insanity that are everywhere recognized as incident to traffic in the hellish drink?

Financial success demands that governments as well as individuals have the scientific searchlight turned full and clear upon their business methods, in order to discover every possible source of waste; for the close relation of the two is conceded in the recognized fact that "*the history of progress is largely the history of elimination*"



Uncle Sam—the great waster.

of waste." Germany has been enriched yearly by more than \$200,000,000 through improvements in utilizing waste products in her chemical industries alone. The annual saving of waste in our steel industry amounts to millions of dollars; and when the eye of science was turned upon coal-tar, the waste product of the coal industries, a plan was devised for saving other millions each year.

Science, statesmanship, and commercialism assert that the liquor traffic entails greater annual waste to this government than all other industries combined, the direct cost of the liquor that Americans consume each year, after taking out the revenue, being enough to support 3,000,000 families. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of this altogether harmful product would eliminate this enormous waste; and

while it would involve the loss of a considerable revenue when measured in dollars and cents only and without taking into account the large financial gain incident upon its elimination, an annual tax of only *three and one-half cents a person* would more than make up this loss. Search the whole world through and not a sane person could be found who would not gladly give this meager sum to save the heartaches and sorrows caused even *one* of the 8,000,000 families that suffer directly from the liquor traffic.

May it not be that our government will soon arouse to the utter failure of the liquor traffic as a business, moral, or civic proposition, and deal with it as with other recognized evils—*exterminating it, root and branch?*



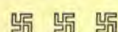
# Liquor Traffic Helps Labor, Helps Business

**F**OR every million dollars of capital invested, steam railway cars and shop construction employ 1,612 persons; manufacturers of women's clothing, 1,563 persons; boots and shoes, 1,222; hosiery and knit goods, 973; lumber and timber products, 783; while for malt, distilled malt, and vinous liquors together only 91 persons are employed. The liquor industry thus keeps 226,690 wage-

earners out of employment in the United States; or, in other words, if the \$631,447,598 capital employed as many persons as all other manufacturers average, 284,151 persons would be employed instead of 57,461. This is how the liquor business "helps" the laboring man.

Instead of helping labor, "the liquor traffic is a pirate, a pirate on the high seas of commerce. It takes from the producing power of vast millions, and it gives nothing of real worth in return. It shortens the life of the laboring man; it decreases the number of days of his productive energy; it paralyzes his arm; it excludes him from many lucrative and honorable employments. It is the incubus today that is preventing labor in America from coming to her just reward."

Forty-nine fiftieths of all the bad debts of the grocery store or the dry-goods store are due to the competition of the legalized saloon, which picks the pockets of men before they pay their honest debts. This is the way the traffic helps the merchant and the grocer. Be not deceived. The liquor traffic helps no individual, no business.



## Prohibition Newspaper Notices

WHEN a strong temperance wave starts in a city or village, there are always those who say, "Prohibit the liquor traffic in the town and you will ruin the place."

A city or village is composed of individual homes, and to ruin them collectively, at least very many of them, they must be ruined individually. And if it is done by prohibition as it is done by the liquor traffic, then we might look in the papers of a "dry town" for locals like these:—

ANOTHER HOME RUINED BY TEMPERANCE. As Mr. A., who lives on Mud Flat, has not been able to procure sufficient liquor to enable him to get drunk since the town went dry six months

ago, his family is in great distress, having been without food for several days. Yesterday Mr. A. pawned his wife's only dress to raise a few nickels for the temperance cause.

A VERY SAD CASE—TOO MUCH TEMPERANCE. Mr. B. has not been able to get a drink of whisky or beer for the past six months, and as a consequence yesterday he had a *sober temperance fit*, and beat out the brains of his little three-year-old daughter, who ran out to meet him on his return home from his work, and on entering the hovel where they live he nearly killed his wife.

Such things as the foregoing never come as the result of temperance, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic; but they are charged by the thousands to the liquor business. Let men find one home ruined by temperance and prohibition before they fear for a whole city.

W. M. HEALEY.



Patriotic Post-card Company  
Helps the saloon-keeper's business, but not the drinker's.



Copyright Myron A. Waterman  
"Saloons Help Business." You can see for yourself.

reports show that the manufacture of liquor consumes only \$129,851,855 worth of material in producing \$471,015,455 worth of products; or in other words, in the manufacture of liquor only 27 per cent of the products' value goes for material. All other manufacturers consume \$8,374,097,901 worth of material in producing \$14,331,131,632 worth of products, or 58.5 per cent of the products' value goes for material. In the flour- and grist-mill products 87 per cent of their value goes for material; in the sugar and molasses refining 88.5 per cent of the products' value goes for material; in the smelting and refining of lead, 91 per cent. Since in the case of liquor only 27 per cent goes for material, agriculture, mining, and other industries are deprived of \$145,692,186 by the liquor traffic. This is the way the liquor traffic "helps" business.

The liquor traffic causes a loss in productive power of from eight to thirty per cent. A great shovel manufacturing concern produced, with 375 men employed, *eight per cent* more in a given time of one year than it did the corresponding time of the next year with 400 men. All other conditions were the same, except that the prohibitory law had been repealed. Mr. Carnegie emphasizes his belief in the power of alcohol to lessen one's working efficiency by paying *ten per cent* more than the agreed wages to each employee on his Skibo estate who does not drink during the year.

Careful study by a German physician has shown that alcoholic workmen between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four years have over *three times* as many accidents resulting in injuries as all the other workmen put together, and *twice* as many days of sickness as abstainers. These are other ways the traffic *helps* the laboring men.

Three million Americans are out of work, because the liquor traffic has tied up more than a billion dollars in



"Principles of Public Health"  
The mind unclouded by alcohol and tobacco works quickly and accurately.



The mind clouded by alcohol and tobacco works slowly and inaccurately.

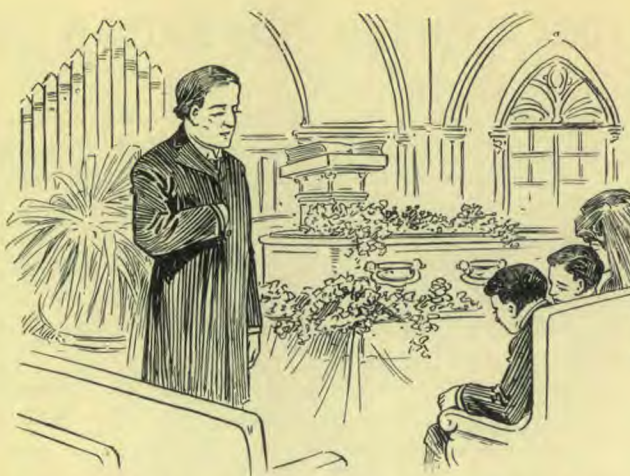
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W. M. HEALEY.





# SERMON at a MARYLAND DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL

By REV. G. R. WILLIAMSON.



THE scene before us is sad beyond all power of description. It is not my business as a minister to apologize for the mistakes of the dead man whose body lies in this casket. "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Our limitations are such that we see through a glass darkly, and it is not always possible to tell how the tree falls. It is customary to exalt the virtues of the dead and to minimize their faults, while we exalt the faults of the living and minimize their virtues. God would have us do justice to both the dead and the living. We who are living demand justice if we are the object of criticism. Our demands are not so imperative if some one else is the object. Certainly, if the pale lips before us could speak, we should hear only a mild demand for simple justice.

Clyde Liller's sun has gone down while it is yet day. When he should have been at his best, in the prime of manhood's powers, the supporter and defender of his family, taking his place as a citizen in a great republic, bearing his share of life's burdens, suddenly the light went out. When himself, Clyde Liller was a generous, large-hearted man. His wife has said more than once to the speaker, "When Clyde is sober, one could not wish for a better husband, a better father." But when whisky goes in, the man goes out. Social life in America is such that the man with a weakness for alcohol has a tremendous battle to fight, and in most instances is the loser. At sometime, I know not when, Clyde Liller tasted the poison, and later found the scripture true, "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The habit once contracted, its effects felt, his will-power weakened, it got beyond his control, until the finished product, the legitimate fruit of the American saloon, lies a helpless corpse before us. A woman has been made a widow, three children made orphans, because the liquor traffic pays revenue, and some men will sell it regardless of the widow's cry and the orphan's wail.

Some one is saying, "He ought to have let it alone when he saw he could not control it." O, yes, how easy to say that, and how little it means! That strong man who boasts that he can take it or let it alone, usually takes it, and sooner or later becomes a hopeless wreck himself. Another says, "Let whisky alone and it will let you alone." This is another assertion as false as Satan himself. These innocent children let it alone, but it did not let them alone. This heart-broken widow let it alone, but it would not let her alone. Either directly or indirectly this horrible monster, the liquor traffic, has his



"It pulverizes the human heart."

satanic clutches around the throat of every man, woman, and child in our fair land.

I want to say here that to my personal knowledge Clyde Liller did make a struggle, and a brave one, to stem the tide and free himself from the manacles that bound him hand and foot. When he would go to work in the hope that he was victor, on his way to the shop his nostrils were greeted with the stench of the foul poison; boon companions were ready to lure him away from all his good resolutions; men were ready to take his last nickel in exchange for the vile stuff, regardless of the protests of his innocent wife; every fiber of his being was crying out for alcohol. He fell time and again only to get up and make a brief struggle and fall again, until, a hopeless, helpless wanderer, away from home and friends, the tired body lay down to sleep the dreamless sleep. Such is the picture, the awful tragedy, of one human life. But we make in this country 100,000 drunkards' graves a year, 277 each day. During this funeral hour eleven other of our fellow citizens will go in the same way. And thus the miserable work goes on from year to year.

The miserable grog-shop, with its doors always open, was sufficiently powerful to overbalance any influence for good, and thus the effort to save Clyde Liller under the present conditions was vain. He tried working in a dry town, but the national government itself is in the miserable liquor business, and for the small pittance of \$25 will give a man a federal license. So when a poor drunkard wants to free himself from his slavish chains, he may go from Maine to California, from the Gulf to the Lakes, and on every foot of territory over which Old Glory waves her proud folds, he is hounded and hunted by this monster, until at last, like poor Clyde, he lies down to the sleep that knows no waking.

Somebody is to blame. This poor body is a murdered body, and the murderer goes scot-free in this great land of freedom,—this land of churches, boasting one hundred thousand pastors; this land of colleges and universities; this land that has been styled "God's last chance for the human race,"—goes on murdering other wives' husbands, other children's fathers, other mothers' sons; goes on ruling Congress, dominating State legislatures, intimidating town and city councils, and throttling the voice of the pulpit.

Lincoln said, "This nation can't live half slave and half free." Neither can it live half drunk and half sober. Sin will down any of us; even in the strongest of men it



"Never taste or handle the accursed stuff."



is too mighty to contend against unaided. The greatest delusion in this world is that you can build yourself up by tearing somebody else down, or that success can be reaped out of the frailties and misfortunes of others. Upon this false principle the licensed liquor traffic acts. By this delusion the people of this fair town allow the accursed, stenchful, blackening, damning institution, the licensed saloon,—an institution that fosters and perpetuates an evil almost as old as sin itself; an evil haggard, monstrous, furious, and diabolical, that for ages "has walked and crawled the earth, combining all that is obnoxious in the races of men. It has gored with its horns, it has torn with its tusks, it has crushed with its hoofs, it has poisoned with its fangs, it has stung with its insectile javelin, greater numbers of the human race than have perished from all other causes combined. It bribes, lures, decoys, charms, fascinates, tempts, and seduces; it has the eye of an eagle, the tooth of a rattlesnake, the jaw of a crocodile, the crushing coils of a boa-constrictor, the slyness of the scorpion, and the folds of the worm that dieth not. It has cheated and deceived the nations. By our false system of regulation, or attempted regulation, it hisses, it lies, it cheats, it debauches, it kills. I hate it with an everlasting, uncompromising hatred.

It puts its poison talons on the home, and robs it of its furnishings. It takes the clothes from off the backs of innocent, helpless children and shoes from off their feet. It brings mothers to the wash-tub and scrub-brush, and straps burdens on their shoulders too heavy to be borne. It dashes out brains and pulverizes the human heart. It fills the poorhouses, the penitentiaries, the lunatic asylums, and the hospitals. It peoples our graveyards with the flower of our manhood.

Whose boy will now take the place of Clyde Liller? Somebody's will. It may be yours.

To you men who are before me: The griefs, the scalding tears, the deferred hopes, the strangled aspirations of this woman ought to lead every man of you to lay the ax of absolute prohibition at the root of our license system and rest not till the whole tree is burned up root and branch in the fires of a holy and righteous indignation. As you behold the wound, will you not bring the healing balm? As you witness the bondage, will you not seize the hammer and strike off the manacles that bind at this very hour so many citizens of Garrett County? I know full well that criticism will be heaped on me for saying this today. I have weighed every word and am prepared for the consequences. But I will not stand by and see a man cut down by liquor and witness the wreck and ruin of a home without raising my voice in solemn protest against the liquor traffic, at whose door lies the responsibility of Clyde Liller's murder.

I am going to say something else. The men who run

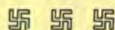
saloons are not alone in this. Others are responsible. When we get to the judgment, the man who made the foul stuff, the man who sold it, the man who gave it to him when he could not buy it, the man who is bondsman for the saloon-keeper, the citizen who by his silence or vote indorses the liquor traffic, will all come up with fingers streaming red in the blood of poor Clyde Liller,

who fell a helpless victim into the clutches of the liquor traffic.

And now a word to these two precious boys: Hear me today. You are old enough to know what I am saying. You will never forget this hour. You have been left without a father at this early period in your lives, and will have struggles in life and heavy burdens to bear, but I beg of you today, resolve down deep in your hearts never to taste, handle, or have to do with that which caused your poor father's untimely death. Stay with your mother, encourage her, support her, be honest and true, and the world will give you a place, and you can make a living in it.

And to this widow let me say: You have the heartfelt sympathy of this congregation. You have my prayers, and in your hours of loneliness when dark shadows gather around and life's storms threaten to dash your frail bark to pieces, may you hear above the roar of the conflict the voice of Christ saying: "It is I; be not afraid." "Peace, be still." And the voice that silenced the waves of old Galilee will still your troubled soul, until at last the day breaks and the shadows forever flee away.

To this congregation: May you all live so that at last when you are called to answer the roll-call of the skies, you may be numbered with those who shall hear the words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—*Selected.*



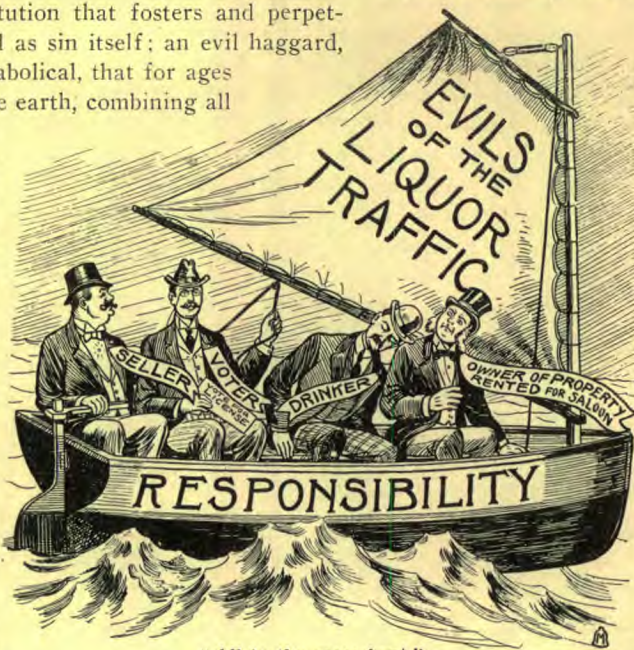
### How an Old Toper Voted

THE story is told of an old village toper who went to the polls on one election morning and asked for a prohibition ballot. The bystanders scoffed and sneered at him when he cast a temperance vote.

"A pretty temperance voter you are," said one. "Why, if there was a bottle of whisky yonder at

the top of that liberty-pole, and if you could have the whisky by climbing the pole at the risk of your life, you know you'd climb." The drunkard straightened himself up as best he might, and said: "Know it!" O, yes, I know it! And I know another thing, gentlemen: *If the whisky wasn't there, I wouldn't climb.*"

My business, your business, is to see that "the whisky isn't there." If we vote right, that will do it, too.



"All in the same boat."



Taking a "reward" against the innocent." Ps. 15: 5.





The Pioneer

Disease: "Glad to see you, sir. You are the best friend I have."

If the United States Army and Navy should to a man pass in review before President Wilson, there would not be so many today by 44,759 as there are insane persons in our asylums.

The population of Columbus, Ohio, is 181,511, more than 6,000 less than the country's insane. More than thirty thousand new sufferers from mental disease are entering our public and private hospitals each year.

The annual economic loss to the country of its insane is greater than the value of its exports of wheat, flour, tobacco, corn, beef, and other beef products, which amount to \$150,672,024 annually.

One of our States that cares for all its insane in State hospitals, expends for its insane twenty-three per cent of its annual appropriation, and twenty-four per cent for education.

If all this insanity were a necessity, it would be pitiable indeed; but when a large percentage is preventable, it becomes both pitiable and reprehensible. Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court once said that it is estimated that avoidable causes of insanity account for about fifty per cent of the patients under treatment.

If the government has it within its power to prevent fifty per cent, or any per cent, of insanity, and fails to do it, it is responsible, morally and financially, for the consequent insanity to its citizens. If a breach of promise is sufficient basis for a damage suit; if an accident is sufficient for one to lay claim to remuneration, then loss of mental balance due to the neglect of the government to establish necessary preventive conditions is altogether just cause for a damage claim.

#### Whence All This Preventable Insanity?

A contagious and infectious germ disease known as syphilis is the direct cause of three kinds of brain disease, which represent at least one tenth of the admissions to insane hospitals. Most cases of insanity caused by this disease are incurable by any means known to medical science.

If the ravages of this one disease could be stopped, much of the worst insanity would not exist. Syphilis is a child of immorality. True, it may be caught by the innocent through heredity or by infection; but it is chiefly

## Insanity and Venereal Diseases

THE total number of students enrolled in 1910 in all colleges and universities in the United States was 184,712. The number of insane persons in institutions Jan. 1, 1910, was 187,454, more by 2,742 than all the students in our universities and colleges.

contracted through brothels, which are allies of the saloon.

Destroy the liquor traffic and you destroy syphilis and its twin disease, gonorrhea, the disease that is the most frequent cause of blindness in children. It is also said to be the cause of a large share of all the abdominal operations on women, the innocent as well as the guilty.

Were it not for the liquor traffic, a large per cent of the world's immorality would not exist. To have a sound physical citizenship it is absolutely necessary to destroy the liquor traffic, for it can never be divorced from immorality, and immorality cannot be divorced from the worst of diseases.

Modern methods of examination show that almost one hundred per cent of prostitutes have syphilis, and all, clandestine or public, have acute or chronic gonorrhea.

These loathsome diseases wholly unfit one for association with other people. Anything the diseased one touches may be infected, and any innocent person touching a public towel, cup, or seat, may contract the disease, which may cover him with unsightly sores and deformities, and

in time cause loss of mind, or inability to take any part as a producer in the world of work.

We are told that if we let the liquor traffic alone, it will let us alone. But medical science everywhere is sending forth the cry, "Beware! you may not touch anything with impunity that a syphilitic has touched; and as long as drink and impurity are so closely associated as they are today, you are exposed on every hand to the

possibility of contracting one of the fatal venereal diseases."

In one of our cities with a population of only 600,000, there were estimated to be in 1911, 14,423 cases of venereal diseases.

So rapidly are these diseases spreading, so virulent are they in their effect, that to combat them the popular

### The Two Glasses



**T**HIS is the glass of woe that sparkling stands  
Glowing like magic wands,—  
The deceptive glass that steals  
From the old and the young a heart that feels,  
And gives in return that which reveals  
The darkness dire of sin,  
Where the cold, damp tombs rise with snakes and bones  
within.



**T**HIS is the glass of joy which gives one health,  
A harbinger of wealth,—  
The glorious glass from springs  
In the far meadows where the bluebird sings  
With dews of morning upon its wings,  
Where clover tops are red,  
And butterflies repose upon a grassy bed.

Eliza H. Morton.



Putting the mortgage on the cradle.

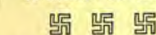


But more directly the liquor traffic is responsible for a

large share of insanity. Alcohol has an affinity for brain tissue. And this affinity works for the ultimate destruction of the tissue. Statistics from six Massachusetts insane hospitals in 1906 ascribed 20 per cent of the admissions directly or indirectly to alcohol. At a Pennsylvania insane hospital in 1907, in 46 per cent of the male patients alcohol was one cause of their insanity.

Destroy the liquor traffic and you give to the country a healthier citizenship, and save an economic annual loss through its insane of many millions of dollars. Stop the flood at its source.

"This can be done;  
It should be done."



## Trap Revealed

AN unusually pretty young woman of seventeen years wished to go into a neighboring city to perfect herself in dressmaking. Her parents only reluctantly gave their consent after securing from a motherly friend, a Mrs. C. could room and that she would ca-

Not many weeks, however, had passed after Miss N. left her home before an elderly gentleman and his wife, calling upon Mrs. Olsen, made the young woman's acquaintance. They made themselves agreeable and interesting, and in passing Mrs. Olsen's home they improved various opportunities to meet Miss N. They finally told Mrs. Olsen that, having no children of their

own, they would be very glad to have Miss N. share their home with them, just for the brightness and happiness she would bring into their lives. Mrs. Olsen, believing them to be all they professed to be, told Miss N. to do as she and her parents thought best. The young woman finally decided to accept their generous offer, as not often could board and room be paid for in smiles and good-

nature. The new home proved to be more than agreeable, as the people were unusually kind.

One evening Miss N. had a severe headache, so she retired early, but did not go to sleep. After an hour or two the gentleman and his wife went to bed. There was a door between Miss N.'s bedroom and the one they occupied, and somehow that day it had been left slightly ajar, but not so much so that it was observed. When all was quiet, Miss N. heard her supposed friends talking about her.

"We have played this game about long enough," she heard the man remark. "It's time we were doing something. She's the best fish we've caught yet."

She lay there almost breathless, and heard enough of their conversation to realize that she was in the hands of fiends, not friends. When she was very sure the white-slavers, for so

they proved to be, were fast asleep, she got up, and hastily wrapping her kimono about her, fled from the house.

That a man and his wife could be so wickedly heartless as to betray beautiful, pure girls in this base way is hard to believe, but it is true. And what is worse, *you* do the same thing when you vote for the perpetuation of the liquor traffic, which every year basely entices tens of thousands of girls into immoral lives. Whoever follows your example is not one whit better than those who conspired against Miss N.'s virtue and happiness.



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# Out of the Mouth of a Bottle

HELEN ADAIR



Jake, aged 17, a glass-factory hand.



Spinner in a cotton-mill. Works ten hours a day.

YOU wait till I'm a man. What can all the men be thinking about, anyhow?"

Henry was curled up before the fire, in the big arm-chair with the last number of the *Child Labor Bulletin* in his hand. He had been reading the story of "Mr. Medicine Bottle," and, for the first time, had learned of the sad lives of the boys who, for the sake of gain, are put to work in the glass

factories before they are old enough and strong enough to endure the terrible strain.

He had learned how boys no older than himself work in the dark, dirty factories "for eight and nine hours at a stretch, one week in the daytime . . . and the next week in the night-time."

He had read how the mold boy sits cramped up, hour after hour, at the feet of the man called the blower, shutting and steadying the iron mold, in which the burning-hot glass is blown into the shape of bottles. When a bottle is shaped, a snapping-up boy takes it and runs with it to the glory hole for its neck to be melted into good shape, the fire at the glory hole being so bright that it almost blinds the boy's eyes and blisters his face.

There is also the cleaning-off boy, who knocks off the bits of glass left hanging to the tube through which the man has blown. This fills the air with powdered glass for the boys to breathe and to get into their eyes.

Another boy, called the carrying-in boy, takes the hot bottles, on a shovel, and runs with them to a hot oven, where they are cooled down very slowly to keep them from flying to pieces. (The boys, however, are not so tenderly cared for. They are permitted to run, suddenly, from the blistering heat to the freezing cold, with never a thought as to whether they will go to pieces or not.) Back and forth, back and forth, over the bits of broken glass, the boys run, run, run, with cut shoes and bleeding feet, with never a moment to rest until lunch-time; and then they run till closing time, when they often are so tired that they drop down anywhere, in little heaps, and go to sleep in some corner of the factory. Sometimes when they do not get out till three o'clock in the morning, as frequently happens, they stay there all night because they fear to go home alone in the dark.

"That's all very true, Master Henry. I've seen it myself," spoke out the alcohol bottle that stood on the shelf; "but I can tell you of something that's worse. The stuff

that is put into some of us bottles, for the sake of gain, is a big sight worse for the boys than helping to make us; and if you will keep your eyes open, you will find that most of the boys who have to leave school and work in factories to support the family, have to do it because their fathers have spent all their money for this villainous stuff in the bottles."

Henry's eyes opened wide at this unexpected bit of information, and he asked, "What stuff do you mean, Mr. Alcohol Bottle?"

"I mean wine, beer, brandy, gin, hard cider, whisky, and all other drinks that contain alcohol."

"Why, does beer contain alcohol? I heard a man say that beer is a food, and a good temperance drink."

"Food, indeed!" retorted the alcohol bottle; "'as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife' has more food in it 'than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer.' As for being a temperance drink, beer has been found 'next to brandy as an alcoholic poison.' Many boast of the good it does them; but don't you believe them, Master Henry, for they are deceived. I heard a brewer's drayman telling how he had drunk a gallon of beer every day for thirty years, and was never in better health than he was that moment; but the very next day he dropped dead in a fit of apoplexy!"

"Well! I shall never drink beer if it's as bad as that."

"Strange," continued the bottle, "how many are deceived by it. Think of it: 'the kegs which the nations fill yearly with beer would belt the world at the equator seven times.' Yet it is a known fact that the principal reason why nearly half of the young men of Germany have heart-disease so badly that they cannot bear arms is because they

drink beer. Americans are well along on the same road. Among the working classes in New York City, it has been found that twenty per cent of the schoolchildren take some sort of alcoholic drinks, 'from a glass of beer a week to five glasses a day.' Now, you take my word for it, Master Henry, beer is no respecter of persons; what it does for a German, it will do for an American, if he gives it a chance. People think because beer puffs them out with a lot of waste matter and makes them look fat, it must be doing them good; but that is no sign, for 'morphin, phosphorus, and other deadly poisons do the same.'"

"'Phosphorus'! why, 'Phosphorus Paste' is what



Good Housekeeping

The 2,000,000 children in bondage to toil is an outrage against our civilization, but the millions enslaved by the licensed liquor traffic is the foulest blot upon our nation's honor.



mother fed the rats and mice. I remember now that's exactly what it did for them. Think of being as silly as a mouse, and taking something, just because it tastes good, that will make you puff up and die! None for me, Mr. Alcohol Bottle, not if I know it."

"People complain of hard times," growled the alcohol bottle; "no wonder they have 'hard times:' the inhabitants of the United States spend about 'one billion eight hundred million dollars' for strong drink every year. They lock their doors and bar their windows to keep the robbers out, and then carefully carry one in, in a bottle. As soon as the cork is pulled, out it springs, like a 'jack in the pulpit,' and takes possession; and they weakly sit down and let it take the coal from the cellar, the potatoes from the bin, the flour from the barrel, the piano from the parlor, the covers from their bed, the hats from their heads, the coats from their backs, and the shoes from their feet, even from the baby's feet! If only that were all! but it is not. They allow it to creep *inside of them*—into their stomachs, blood, nerves, muscles, heart, and brain—and carry off their health, their strength, their ability to learn, their will-power, their innocence, and their life, both for time and for eternity.

"'Hard times,' huh! Let me whisper something in your ear, Master Henry: If the people of this country keep on spending their money for strong drink, they are going to have still harder times. Bad trees cannot bring forth good fruits; neither can weak, sickly, drunken parents bring forth any but weak, sickly, drunken children. 'Of children born to alcoholic parents, one of every five' is hopelessly insane, one out of three is hysterical or epileptic. More than two thirds are degenerate.

"You see, Master Henry, children cannot endure the poison in alcohol much better than plants and insects can. One part of alcohol to ninety-nine parts of water, put around the roots of a geranium, will hinder its growth and make it turn pale and sick-looking; and insects immersed in this water will die.

"Have you ever heard of the red and white corpuscles in your blood?"

"Yes; I learn about them at school. 'They are the wonderful standing army,' our teacher says, 'whose or-



Alcoholic beverages are universally acknowledged to be the arch-destroyer. War, famine, pestilence, white plague, and accidents must all yield precedence to this chief enemy to human life and happiness.

ganized hosts, millions strong, attack and destroy the hordes of disease germs of all kinds that are constantly entering the system through the air we breathe, through our food and drink, and through places where we have broken the skin."

"Right! By looking through the microscope it has been found that 'even a moderate drink of alcoholic beverage passing quickly into the blood *paralyzes the white blood-corpuscles*. They behave like drunken men,' and cannot do their work of catching and devouring the disease germs. Every time a man takes a drink, therefore,

he is endangering his life from disease germs.

"After a man has been drinking for a long time, the white blood-corpuscles are so poisoned and changed in nature that they turn into enemies instead of friends, and actually begin to feed upon the tissues and organs, as the disease germs do. Their favorite tissue food is the tender cells in the brain, and they have been seen with the gray matter of the brain down in their bodies. This is the reason for the great number of deaths among heavy drinkers, and for the way they degenerate, or grow less and less like men and more and more like wild beasts. Since alcohol thus

hinders the growth of brain and nerve tissues, and our brains should continue to grow until we are thirty years of age, you can see how bad alcohol must be for children and young people.

"Men go to all manner of trouble and expense to protect themselves and their families from cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox; but all these plagues together do not do as much mischief in a year as alcohol does in a month.

"Those who know, tell us that alcohol kills 'ten thousand times more' than all the wars in the world, and that the number of Americans 'wounded by alcohol' today is more than ten times as many as have been wounded 'in all the battles of the world since the dawn of history.'

"There are many ways in which alcohol kills. Sixty thousand little children under two years of age are put to death every year by King Alcohol."

"Whew! that's worse than King Herod did."

"Some of the children starve to death, and some freeze, because drink has stolen all their fathers' money so they cannot provide food and fuel. Some die because alcohol has stolen the love and intelligence of their fathers and mothers so that they neglect and abuse their children. Others die because of the awful diseases they take from their parents, diseases caused by the poisonous drink.

"One of the most pitiful sights I ever saw was one day when I went along with a man to the morgue. I



The fly, through its germ-spreading proclivities, is said by government experts to cost the nation more than \$150,000,000 a year, besides the cost in loss of human life. But we've a greater enemy. In the years 1900-08, 33,000 men, from twenty-five to sixty-five years of age, were reported to have died in the United States, in the "registration area" alone, from alcoholism and from hardened liver due to alcoholism,—11,000 more than died from typhoid fever.



During the Spanish American War, out of a company of one hundred soldiers engaged in the war, insanitary conditions, flies, bad water, etc., resulted in fourteen illnesses and one death from typhoid fever, while bullets killed but one. But during the time these bullets and insanitary conditions were doing their deadly work, many whole regiments were put out of existence in our land by the liquor traffic; for every day during every year the traffic buries more than three such regiments. Shall we allow it to continue this work indefinitely?



saw a large clothes-hamper 'filled with the bodies of little dead babies.' I overheard the keeper tell one of the men that all those babies had been gathered up 'in the drunken hovels of that one town that one day.' They had been smothered to death, while in bed, by their senseless, drunken parents' lying on them. Poor little innocents!

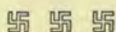


Disillusioned. She married a man to reform him.

lying there with their tiny clenched fists upraised just where death had overtaken them, they looked as if they were pleading for love and help and life. And this is only a sample of what is going on every Saturday night. Two thousand five hundred babies are thus massacred every year. O, if I only were a man, I know I'd do something to rid this fair land of this foul blot!"

"You wait till I'm a man, Mr. Alcohol Bottle, and you will see something done."

"Perhaps; but that's a long time to wait. Can't you do something now?"



### Companions of My School-Days

Two of my classmates were sons of merchants and enjoyed many luxuries which were unknown to me, being the son of a blacksmith. They were youths of good intellect, with opportunities before them such as only a limited number of young men possess, and were congenial associates. But about the time of their graduation from high school, they acquired uncontrollable appetites for strong drink, and just at the point of early manhood both filled drunkards' graves.

Another of my intimate companions was the son of a gospel minister. He seemed to me to be one of the best and most conscientious boys that I ever knew, but in some ill-guarded moment after he had passed from under the parental roof, he accepted a glass of liquor. It created an appetite that he could not control, and the once pure, conscientious boy passed all his mature life as a helpless drunkard.

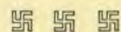
Some of my schoolmates became honored merchants. One is now perhaps the foremost banker of the State of Iowa, located in the capital. Another has served two long terms as director of the United States mints, with headquarters at the capital of the nation. He is still serving the nation in the same capacity. Two became attorneys; one of them now occupies a high position in his chosen profession. Another intimate acquaintance of my early life has filled the position of mayor of the city of Oakland, California, and no man has done so with greater credit than he.

Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver first became prominent in public life in the city of Fort Dodge, Iowa, on account

of his remarkable gift of oratory. In mature life he was elected to the United States Senate, and filled this high office with great credit to himself and with honor to his State, until his lamentable decease at the age of fifty-four years. Soon after the passing away of Senator Dolliver, the city which was honored by his citizenship voted to create a splendid public park and name it after their deceased but most distinguished citizen. A monument is to be erected in the center of the park, upon which is to be mounted a life-sized statue of the late senator. Another talented man, who was also a boy in Fort Dodge during my school-days, has taken the place of Mr. Dolliver in the United States Senate.

As far as I have been able to learn, not one of the foregoing list of honorable men ever yielded to the temptation to partake of strong drink. It is significant, too, that none of those who yielded to appetite have parks consecrated to their memory or public monuments dedicated to their honor. Where they will spend eternity, we must leave with our Creator.

G. W. REASER.



### Why They Hate the Blind Pig

THE *Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review*, a liquor journal, says:—

We think the blind pig situation in San Francisco has passed all reasonable bounds. According to the best opinion, there are now about two thousand places in this city in which liquor is sold without a license. Such *scandalous injustice to the legitimate retail liquor merchants* who pay an honest license to do an honest business, should be stopped.

"An honest license to do an honest business!" Think of it! That expression has not the remotest connection with the liquor business. There is nothing honest, just, or right about the traffic, and a thousand licenses can never make it so.

The liquor dealer's sole antipathy to the blind pig lies in the fact that the blind pig dealer is allowed to dispense his wares at less cost than the licensed dealer. But the



The alcoholic Circe; the enchantress that turns men into swine. —The "Odyssey," Greek fable.

Who knows not Circe, . . . whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a groveling swine.

—Milton.

blind pig is bad primarily because of the character of its wares, which are the same as those of the licensed saloon. Both of these institutions are a scandalous injustice to the legitimate rights of our best citizenship, and should be exterminated.



# The Old Temperance Lecturer

[The following lecture was given at the beginning of the temperance reformation, when even ministers feared to espouse the cause.]

**T**HE old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled the breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time a mere child, there was something awe-inspiring and grand

in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his eyes full upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's: the tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous tone, he began.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eyes of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit.

"My friends! I am an old man standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart, and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends or kindred on earth, and look with longing to rest in the night of death. Without friends, relatives, or home! It was not always so."

No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed of my own tears.

"No, my friends, it was not once thus. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of household idols that once were mine; now mine no more.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife, as fair an angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer's sky, her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her

eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart was wrung till every fiber was broken. I once had a noble son, a bright and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it. Do not be startled, friends: I am

not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him into the world, and the blow that lamed him for life. May God forgive me for the ruin which I brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped the tears from his eyes. My father watched with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I wronged so deeply.

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone at the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.

"One New-year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her sad eyes upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek.

"At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and set up a famished wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James; have had none for two days. I have nothing for the baby. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she

fell forward upon the floor. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped



Collier's Weekly

"You helped to trap him, sir,  
Voted to set the snare!  
Why do you cast a slur  
On your poor victim there?  
With his blood on your hands, you dare  
now to sneer at him,  
Wrecked and forlorn?"



"No gift on earth pure water can excel;  
Nature's the brewer, and she brews well."



down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

"'God have mercy!' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance; 'you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie,' as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door; and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a loud 'Ha! ha!' I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my older son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of the devil that possessed me, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished that I were at home. The old man looked up, and I have never since beheld such mortal agony pictured on a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke. The storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I first missed her, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread.

"As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever-true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all who were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos the old man concluded:—

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten

years, but no tortures could equal those endured in my own bosom. O God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But, while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and such a fearful one to me. I must see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange

as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, while tears fell thickly. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him. As he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eyes upon the paper.

"Sign it, young man, sign it. Angels would sign it. I would write my name ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved ones."

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson."

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flashed with red and a deathlike

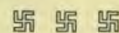
paleness. "It is—no, it cannot be, yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own lost boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped, "My own injured boy!" "My father!"

They each fell upon the other's neck till it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man, my grandfather, is dead, but the lesson he taught me on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten.—*Selected.*



### Patent Medicine and Temperance

THE Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, D. C., has found a list of patent medicines which are insufficiently medicated to be classed as medicines, but are well blended with alcohol, and are therefore classed as "Compound Liquors." While they are sold as medicines, their chief element is the alcohol they contain, and for this reason the manufacturers and dealers must pay internal revenue on these "booze medicines," even if they are sold by druggists as medicine; for the law demands revenue from all medicines containing more alcohol than is necessary to preserve the small amount of medicine that they contain. The Internal Revenue Commissioners' list (T. D. 1794) cites two hundred and fifty-eight preparations of patent medicines on which the commissioners collect a special revenue tax. Why should not a special tax be collected



THE BOTTLE OR THE FLAG.

Canadian Minister of War: "Sir, take your choice—but you cannot serve both!" The officers and men of our United States army and navy should be given the same alternative.



on these, as many of the medicines contain as much alcohol as does whisky? The saloon is not the only place where Satan deals out his drink.

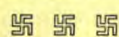
These patent medicine "bracers" do as much harm in many homes as beer would do; for in a quiet way they create an appetite which later ends in a drunkard's grave. Malt beer contains as low as four per cent of alcohol, while patent medicine may contain as high as sixty, or from five to fifteen times as much alcohol as is found in beer. And alcohol in patent medicine has the same effect on the system as that which is found in beer; so one can easily create a spirituous liquor appetite in one's child by giving it patent medicines. Mothers, it may be only a little, but that little may do untold harm.

The United States consumes over two and one-half billion gallons of alcoholic beverages. The 25,000,000 confirmed, heavy, and regular drinkers do not consume all this liquor. The manufacturers and revenue collectors will testify that a surprising per cent of the two and one-half billion gallons of liquor is used in the patent medicine products.

Besides the two hundred and fifty-eight booze patent medicines, there are hundreds of other kinds that are classed as standards, many of which have almost as much alcohol in them as whisky has. They are strongly medicated, and the amount of alcohol they contain is printed on the label of the bottle, making them exempt from taxation. But they contain the alcohol, and the people consume them, thinking that the stimulating effect comes from the medicine, when it really comes from the alcohol.

Will the good temperance people of America continue to be deceived by drinking these "weed soups," preserved in alcohol? They give a feeling of contentment, but it is not from the beef, iron, or bitters they contain. Rob the patent medicines of their alcohol and habit-forming drugs and there would be little left.

M. MARTINSON, M. D.



### Hold of Bad Habits

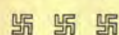
"WHEN I was a boy," says a writer, "I saw a man take hold of a wire and then fall down on the ground. He could not let go. It was a live wire, full of electricity. He knew it, because we had told him, but he thought he could be careful and use his coat to keep it from touching his hands. But in a moment the current caught him and held him in its grip. He was fortunate to escape alive.

"Since then I have seen others who were caught and could not let go. A man came to me one day and asked me to help him stop drinking. He began as a boy, drinking hard cider. Now he could not let go.

"Some boys learn to smoke cigarettes. To them it seems manly. After a while those boys find they can't stop smoking. It hurts them, but they must go on. Instead of being men, they are slaves. They can't let go."

The two boys that calmly awaited death, as a rowboat in which they had been playing drifted down the Niagara

River, plunged over the falls, and hurled them into the whirlpool rapids below the falls, were fortunate beside many boys who in an unguarded moment suffer themselves to be beguiled into smoking the deadly cigarette. The only sure way to avoid the fatal end is not to enter the boat, not to smoke the first cigarette. Fortunate the boy who heeds this counsel.



### Heathen Superstitions

AMONG the native tribes of Africa where Christianity has not yet penetrated, demon-worship in its varied heathenish forms still prevails. The demon feast is a common accompaniment of demon-worship. As a preparation for one of these feasts, a man offered a goat for sacrifice, another a dog, and a woman offered her eleven-year-old boy. This they did believing this course necessary to appease the demons and to prevent afflictions that would otherwise come to them.

On the appointed day each came with his offering, and a large company of men and women gathered for the feast. The three offerings were sacrificed, and all together placed over the fire and cooked. When the preparations for the feast were completed, all gathered around the pot and ate the three sacrifices.

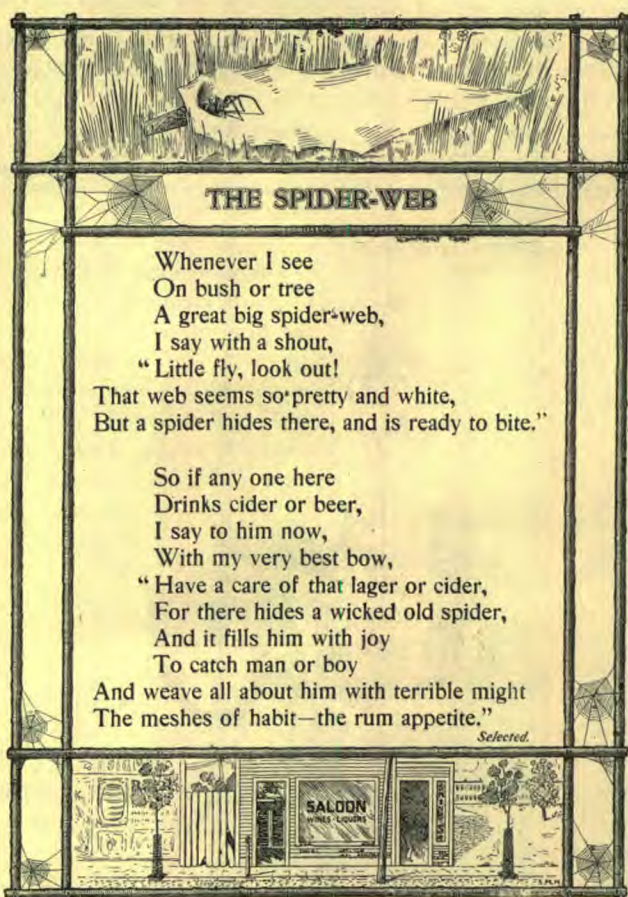
Among that same people exists the superstition that if a baby's upper teeth appear before its lower, the child is a witch, and if allowed to live, will bring great evil upon the people; so it is taken out into the woods and left to starve. If twins are born, one must of necessity be a witch; so the mother takes it out into the woods, prepares a fire in a pot, wraps her child up, and lays it on the fire to burn to death.

We deplore such ignorance and heartlessness, but far fewer persons suffer at the hands of these misguided ones than are sacrificed each year in this country to the greed of the liquor traffic by the covetousness and small-

ness of the misinformed taxpayer. He is told by the traffic that if he votes to close the saloons, it will increase his taxes and hurt business generally; so, though misinformed, he submissively casts his vote for the saloon, and as a result not only one boy, but many boys and men are debauched, homes ruined, wives widowed, and children orphaned. This is a superstition far more heartless than that of the African demon-worshiper, and not one whit more effective in accomplishing its intended end.



Habit — The pet alligator and how it grew.



Whenever I see  
On bush or tree  
A great big spider-web,  
I say with a shout,  
"Little fly, look out!  
That web seems so pretty and white,  
But a spider hides there, and is ready to bite."

So if any one here  
Drinks cider or beer,  
I say to him now,  
With my very best bow,  
"Have a care of that lager or cider,  
For there hides a wicked old spider,  
And it fills him with joy  
To catch man or boy  
And weave all about him with terrible might  
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite."





## Cigarettes and Manhood

MATILDA ERICKSON



WHEN Columbus started out to find a shorter course to India, he never once turned aside from his chosen pursuit. The seas were unknown, the boats were small, his men mutinied, but every day Columbus wrote these words in his diary: "This day we sailed westward as our course was." And finally, at the end of his journey, he found the grand New World, which has ever since been known as the Land of Opportunity.

Now every boy embarks for the haven of true manhood; and every boy will reach it if day after day he keeps the ship of life headed straight for the chosen port; for when any one sets himself to live a noble life, man cannot interrupt him, and God will not. But some boys are like grasshoppers. A grasshopper apparently hops about without any thought of consequences. It may land before a passing wheel, or hop into a burning heap; and its brief life is gone! Just so with the boys who jump into questionable habits. Take, for instance, the boys who jump into the cigarette habit. They never stop to think that they may land in the insane asylum, a prison pen, or the grave, as have thousands of others before them. George says, "The cigarettes I smoke will not keep me from being an ideal man." He thinks he is telling the truth, but the world knows he is not. Poor foolish lad! Often the cigarette smoker is alert, witty, and competent. But let me tell you, he is at his best. Sooner or later he will learn that he must either cast the cigarette aside or give up his hopes of ever reaching the goal of true, noble manhood. The boy who desires to become a worthy young man would do well to listen carefully to the warning of Marion Lawrence:—

The cigarette habit as we now have it in America, is without question undermining the health and character and blighting

the business prospects of more boys than any other one thing. No boy is safe that uses cigarettes.

The boy who would reach the goal of ideal manhood must learn to be reliable, truthful, honest, and industrious. Elbert Hubbard warns men against cigarette smokers in these words:—

Place no confidence in the cigarettist. He is an irresponsible being, a defective. Love him if you can, pity him if you will, but give him no chance to clutch you with his nicotin fingers and drag you beneath the wave.

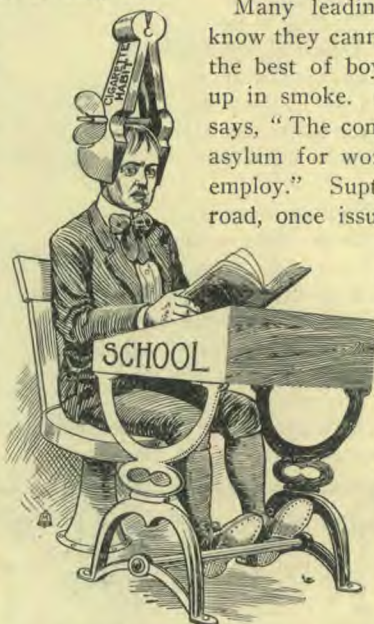
Many leading industries shun the cigarettist. They know they cannot trust him, for the cigarette will destroy the best of boys, and make all their good intentions go up in smoke. A director of the Union Pacific Railroad says, "The company might just as well go to the lunatic asylum for workers as to retain cigarette smokers in its employ." Supt. E. J. Easley, of the Rock Island Railroad, once issued the following notice: "Hereafter any employee found smoking cigarettes will be dismissed from service." These are only two of the many doors of the business world that are closed to cigarette smokers.

### Rubber Backbones

Would you reach the goal of ideal manhood? Then you must cultivate the power of decision, and have courage to stand straight in this crooked world. The cigarette fiend is known by his rubber backbone, bending to every temptation that draws. "One of the most deadly influences of cigarette smoking," says Orison Swett Marden, "is the gradual killing of the power of decision. The victim begins

to vacillate, to waver, to ask everybody's advice. He cannot make up his mind about anything. He loses the power to say no," for the cigarette has stolen his courage. Dr. A. C. Clinton, of San Francisco, testifies that he has seen bright boys turned into dunces, and straightforward, honest boys made miserable cowards by cigarette smoking.

No boy can reach the goal of ideal manhood without a strong, well-trained mind; but let me tell you how the



The cigarette vice prevents brain development.



cigarette helped a certain high-school boy in Iowa. One term he was reported as not getting his lessons; before this he had always done excellent work. The boy insisted that he had studied faithfully. There was then but one explanation, and that came in the boy's confession that several months before he dropped to the foot of his class he had formed the habit of smoking cigarettes. For fifty years, while Dr. Lewis was connected with Harvard, five out of every six students smoked; but no smoker was ever graduated at the head of his class. And not only does the cigarette cripple the mind for good mental work, but it drives thousands of boys insane. Some time ago there died in a Christian home a once-promising young man. Through cigarette smoking he had become a raving maniac. Not one word of repentance passed his dying lips, not one message of comfort did he leave for his heart-broken loved ones. He went out of the world crying, "O mother, give me another cigarette!"

#### Purity and Diligence

These must also be found in the character of the boy who would reach the goal of true success; but says a close observer,—

The symptoms of a cigarette victim resemble those of an opium eater. A gradual deadening, benumbing influence creeps all through the mental and moral faculties. The standards all drop to a lower level; the whole average of life is cut down; the victim loses the power of mental grasp, the grip of mind which he once had. In place of his former energy and vim and push, he is more and more inclined to take things easy and to slide along the line of least resistance.

But no boy ever reached the goal of true manhood in that way. To follow the line of least resistance always means a downward course, which ends in sorrow and bitter regret, if not in positive shame, crime, and death.

Just what the cigarette habit does for honesty, decision, purity, and diligence, it will do for all the other excellent qualities of true manhood. Like Satan, its maker, the cigarette is never content until it drags its victims to the lowest depths. First, it steals a boy's virtues, and then it loads him down with vices. It entices a boy to do wrong in little things, then it strives to pull him down, down, down, till he finds himself in the iron clutches of the law. There is a close relationship obtaining between the cigarette and crime. Some time ago a New York magistrate said: "Yesterday I had before me

thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers." Another magistrate brings the following testimony: "Ninety-nine out of one hundred boys between the ages

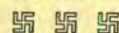
of ten and seventeen who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by the yellow cigarette stains." A superintendent of the State Reformatory of Illinois says, "I am sure cigarettes are destroying and making criminals of more boys than are the saloons." There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and in time destroys all moral fiber.

Some boys, like Paul Woodward, realize these facts too late. When he lay a condemned murderer in the Camden, New Jersey, jail, he made this confession:—

Cigarettes have been my ruin. Since a small boy I have smoked those things, and they have driven me crazy. I do things against my will. Sometimes I feel a demon within me that impels me to do injury to my dearest friends. I am going to stop smoking cigarettes from now on. I want to be a different man before I die.

Boys, the world is dying for want of men. It is pleading for them. It does not want cigarette fiends; they are one of its greatest sorrows and its shame. Boys, you are the men of tomorrow, the men who must bear the responsibilities of the world. The cigarette is not worthy of

you; you cannot afford to stoop to its use. Do not let it rob you of your bodily strength, your mental power, or your moral sense. You need all of these to reach the goal of pure, noble manhood. Any loafer can smoke, but it takes a manly boy to say no. Will you not prove that you are manly enough to refuse? Will you not say, with hundreds of other brave young men, "I promise with the help of God never to use tobacco in any form, and to help others to abstain from its use"?



#### Most Beautiful Thing

AN old sea-captain was heard to say that the most beautiful sights of the world are a mother with her child, and a square-rigged ship under full sail. A stately ship gliding over the waters is beautiful; but fairer far is the purest type of motherhood with her babe. The blackest black thing in all the world is that which will

wantonly destroy this noblest picture heaven has given to earth; and that black thing is the liquor traffic. Better would it be that every hand should be palsied ere it wrote the ballot that makes possible the licensing of the traffic!



Motor-cycles are used in the rural campaign against the white plague by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Society. All paraphernalia needed for a stereopticon lecture and for camping out is carried on machine. A thousand motor-cyclists waging a similar warfare against the cigarette habit during the coming year would do untold good. Who will volunteer for the work?



The Cosmopolitan

Hands that alternately play the devil's tattoo and roll cigarettes — these are the hands that forge your name and close over other people's money.— Elbert Hubbard.





On the way to the minister.

# The Boys and the Turtle

O. C. GODSMARK, M. D.

I WAS once engaged in holding a series of gospel meetings at Pleasant Lake, Indiana. I was known as the "boy preacher," and was assisting the late evangelist J. M. Rees in a tent effort.

Having been a medical student, it naturally fell to my part to deliver the regular weekly lecture on the subject of temperance. We were having large crowds in attendance at our meetings, and I had spoken freely on the poisonous effects of tobacco, showing how paralyzing it is to the vasomotor system, and illustrating the same by relating how we had, upon several occasions, killed cats by placing a tiny drop of nicotine from tobacco upon their tongues, it requiring but twenty to thirty seconds to produce the cat's death; while a dog would succumb to the same treatment within fifty to sixty seconds.

We labored hard to impress upon the boys, especially, the evil effects of the use, in any way, of tobacco, how it literally destroys the fine fibrils of the nerve-cells in the gray matter of their brains, so that no man who uses tobacco has as perfect control of himself and can think as quickly or reason as clearly as he could were his system not poisoned by the deadly nicotine. The following day while sitting by our tent door reading, I noticed a group of bare-footed boys coming down the street dragging an immense turtle of the snapping variety. I thought little of the incident until the caravan headed for my door, and halted in an excited manner just in front of where I was sitting. I arose and asked the boys where they had found such an immense fellow and what they proposed to do with him.

One of the youngsters removed his hat and said respectfully, "Please, sir, we were out to hear your lecture last night, and we heard you tell how you had killed cats and dogs with that poison that you say is in all tobacco; and when we boys found this turtle down in the woods, we said we would drag it up here and ask you to try some of your poison on it."

I was dumfounded. I did not know what to do or what to say. Mr. Rees, who had come to the tent door, took in the situation, and promptly went to the rear of the tent and stretched himself upon a cot and enjoyed a hearty laugh.

I knew that something had to be done, for there the boys were with an animal that has as little idea of dying as any creature in existence. A cat will readily yield up its nine lives in very short order under proper circumstances, but a turtle of this sort can be literally cut up into inch pieces, and still its heart will beat right on for hours just as if nothing had happened.

The only thing I could do was to meet the issue in an honorable way: so I told the boys plainly that I was perfectly willing to put the nicotine on the turtle's tongue, but that it would be necessary for them to take it home with them and shut it up in a box or shed so it could not get away, and to keep watch of it for at least two weeks, for it would live a full week, or even ten days, in a cool place, with its head cut entirely off, and we

could hardly expect the nicotine to kill it more quickly than an ax would.

The boys saw the point and promised to be honest with me in the experiment. They said they would keep the turtle as long as I said, and report his condition.

With this promise, I placed upon the tongue of the animal one drop of the poison that is to be found in every leaf of the tobacco-plant, and in just twenty-six minutes, that turtle was dead.

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## Thirteen Billion Cigarettes!

THE president of the recently organized \$50,000,000 tobacco concern is reported as saying, while on the Pacific Coast, that California is not using its proportion of cigarettes as compared with the remainder of the United States. This gentleman was frank enough, in giving the purpose of his Western trip, to say:—

I am here to look over the field and see what ought to be done to increase the sale of cigarettes, and then all other forms of tobacco. For the present our company will concentrate on cigarettes. In 1912 the American people smoked thirteen billion, three hundred million cigarettes, which does not include the untold billions rolled by hand and imported. Put the number in figures and look at it, — 13,300,000,000,—an increase of three and one-half billions over what were smoked in 1911. That increase alone would make any combination of manufacturers happy if it could get the increase.

Shame on any company, we say, that is made happy by the destruction of the physical, mental, and moral health of our boys, even though it bring an increase of a hundred per cent to its business!

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## Cigarette Smoking

THE president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company recently said to his department heads:—

It has been noted that a number of our young men are apparently regular smokers of cigarettes. Even though the habit may not be indulged in in our office, it is just as objectionable and as much a matter of concern to the company if carried on out of office hours. It is well known that persistent smoking of cigarettes will finally result in either mental or physical breakdown, and sometimes both. We, therefore, cannot regard one with this habit as qualified for advancement, and the interest of the company demands that it should have in its employ only such as are, or will be, capable of doing better work than they are doing today. You will, therefore, please advise your clerks that cigarette smoking will not be tolerated, and that those who are unwilling to cease the habit shall seek employment elsewhere.

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THE superintendent of St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Maryland, says:

A very large percentage of those in our institution used cigarettes before coming here. My candid opinion, based upon observation and special study of the effect of tobacco upon boys, is that it is very harmful. I regard the absolute prohibition of cigarettes to boys under sixteen years of age, and of liquor to those under twenty-one, to be the wisest solution of these problems.

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REMEMBER, boys, that scores of business firms refuse to employ the cigarette user. They must have good reason for doing so.



Watching for results.



"Pet, I am so glad you are a dog; 'cause if you were a boy you might sometimes smoke that horrid tobacco."





J. J. Callahan

John McInnes

Connie Mack

Frank Baker

Charles S. Dooen

## What Baseball Men Think of Cigarettes



J. J. CALLAHAN, manager of the Chicago Club of the American League, in answering a recent request made by Edward Quinn, of Washington, D. C., for his opinion on the effect of tobacco on ball players, for this number of this paper, wrote as follows:—

In my opinion excessive smoking is injurious, not only to ball players, but to any one. I do not, however, prohibit any of our players from smoking, except of cigarettes. When tobacco is inhaled, it has a tendency to make an athlete short-winded.

Mr. Chas. S. Dooen, manager of the Philadelphia Club of the National League, also wrote to Mr. Quinn, saying:—

Cigarettes I regard as injurious, and they are absolutely tabooed on our team.

Mr. Connie Mack, manager Philadelphia Baseball Club of the American League, which holds the world's championship of 1910,

will-power enough to overcome such a habit. There are many other ways that one can enjoy oneself without the ruination of health, and this cannot be done if cigarette smoking is continued.

Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania, now president of the National League, said of Mr. Mack and his world-champion club:—

His success is largely due to the fact that he can put in the field a team of nine men who have not tasted liquor. Of that wonderful infield of his, none ever tasted liquor, and but one ever uses tobacco. Connie Mack's success is substantial; every move he makes is with a definite purpose.

Manager Clark Griffith, of the Washington Baseball Club of the American League, says:—

I consider cigarette smoking by either boys or young men the worst form of dissipation. There is nothing so ruinous to a man or boy's physical self as smoking cigarettes.



Clark Griffith

Walter Johnson

Branch Rickey

Ty Cobb

Hugh Jennings

'11, '13, and the American League pennants of 1902, '05, says of the tobacco habit:—

There is very little cigarette smoking among our baseball boys. We do everything in our power to discourage the use of cigarettes, knowing the great harm that they have done to those who have been in the habit of using them. We find that those players who smoke never amount to a great deal in the profession, and I would say that this goes for all professions. It is my candid opinion, and I have watched very closely the last twelve years or more, that boys at the age of ten to fifteen who have continued smoking cigarettes do not as a rule amount to anything. They are unfitted in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed. Players, for instance, who should otherwise have continued in the game until they were at the age of thirty or thirty-five, have had to be let out years before their time, as the poison of cigarettes getting into their system has unnerved and weakened them so that they were utterly unfit for the duty they had to perform.

No boy or man can expect to succeed in this world to a high position and continue the use of cigarettes.

After all, it is only a habit, and every one should have

A confirmed drunkard can live longer and feel better than an inveterate cigarette smoker.

Mr. Griffith reenforced this testimony on the harmfulness of the tobacco habit in a very practical way at the beginning of the 1913 baseball season, promising two members of his team that he would give each of them \$100 at the close of the season if they would abstain from using tobacco the remainder of the season. Both young men threw away their smoking utensils.

Branch Rickey, the new manager of the St. Louis Browns of the American League, is a total abstainer. Mr. Rickey says:—

I have never used profane language; neither do I smoke, chew, or drink.

Mr. Hugh Jennings, manager of the Detroit American League Baseball Club, said in a letter to Prof. F. H. Broome, of Knoxville, Tennessee:—

The cigarette habit is one of the worst habits a man or boy can fall into. It has a very dangerous effect upon the constitution, and will eventually bring a man into declining health. I have been trying to stamp out the cigarette habit with the Detroit players, but have not been so successful as I could hope for. I am pleased to say that many of my players do not smoke the filthy things. Among this number



is Ty Cobb, the greatest player in the country, Sam Crawford, Jean Dubuc, Loudon, Veatch, and several of the youngsters. — smokes, and I can see the effect it has on his work. It has fallen off twenty-five per cent in the past two years, and unless he realizes this fact his time in the Majors will soon come



Boys, be wise, we say, and listen to what our leading baseball men say of the smoking habit.

to an end. I would advise all boys to follow the example of Cobb, Crawford, and the rest of the men whose names I have mentioned, and also keep before their minds the men who won so many pennants for the famous old city of Baltimore, the Baltimore Orioles. *Not one man on that famous old team ever contracted the cigarette habit.* The positions of prominence and authority many of them hold at present are sufficient argument against the use of cigarettes.

Mr. Jennings just recently reenforced this testimony in a letter to Mr. Edward Quinn, by saying:—

I know quite a few ball players who are constant users of tobacco in the form of chewing or smoking, and I also know a number who do not use tobacco in any form. The latter I consider far better suited to stand the tremendous strain imposed upon a ball player during a strenuous campaign of six months' playing, and I know they are better off physically at the close of the season than players who

persist in the use of tobacco. There is no question about the injury to the constitution from the use of tobacco, for it is bound to have its effect, not only on the wind, but also on the stomach, which in the end will bring on nervousness.

My advice to athletes, both young and old, would be to shun the use of tobacco

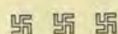
in every form, and also the use of intoxicating liquors. No man can be successful who is addicted to either of these vices, and the sooner young Americans realize this fact, the sooner they will come into their own.

The star batter of the Philadelphia Athletics, "Home Run Baker," says:—

I never did drink nor smoke. If any youngster wants advice from one who doesn't mean to preach, here it is: Leave cigarettes and tobacco alone, and don't touch "booze" now or at any time. Mine is the total-abstinence platform for both liquor and tobacco.

Walter Johnson, the world's greatest pitcher, whom our national capital fans signally honored last summer, does not drink, smoke, nor chew, and goes to bed early.

John McInnes, the star first baseman of the Athletics, world's champion club, is a credit to his profession in every particular, says the *Baseball Magazine*. He never uses tobacco or liquor.



## The Sins of the Fathers Upon Their Children

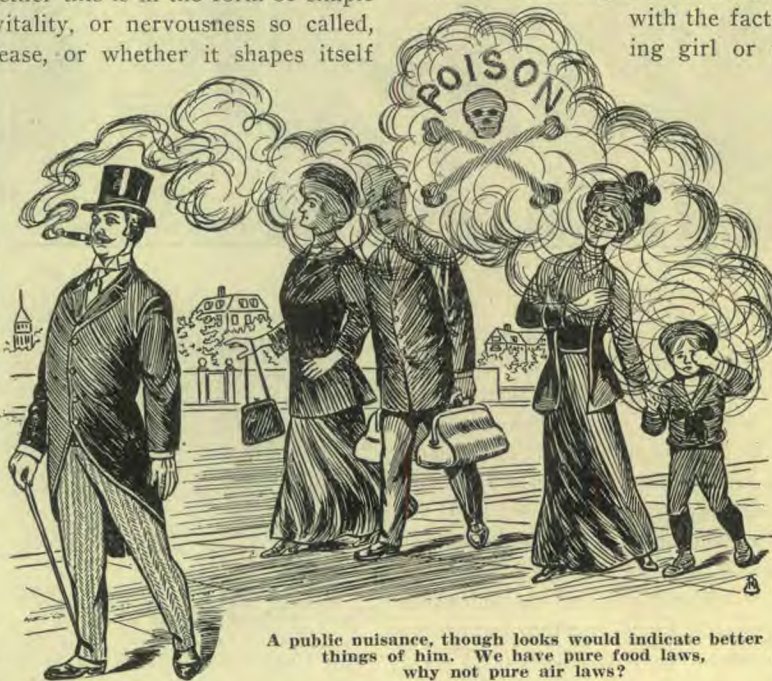
[The following is an excerpt from a pamphlet written by Robert N. Wilson, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, Physician to the Philadelphia General Hospital, and Pathologist to the Presbyterian Hospital.]

HERE can be little or no doubt that few or none of the nicotin-soaked specimens that are dignified by the name father, can fail to leave a tobacco impress upon their children. Whether this is in the form of simple ill health, or lack of vitality, or nervousness so called, or susceptibility to disease, or whether it shapes itself as imbecility or insanity or epilepsy, or addiction to drug habits, or irresponsibility and lowered powers of moral resistance,—in either or all of these events the birds will in the fulness of time come home to roost, and credit be paid where credit is due.

Surely "God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What is more, he shall reap in the form of those who come after. Posterity not only may point the finger of reproach at ill-advised, self-centered parents, but our young are being taught just this right to hold their forbears responsible. The question that is to interest the new man and woman is to be, not, "Why was I born thus?" but, "Who dared to deprive me of health and the right to live?"

Have you ever heard the smoker or the chewer complain of the "street-car hog," of the "hatpin hog"? O,

yes, if you have ears to hear! But never of him who forces himself and his objectionable presence on those who have more claim than he upon clean air, because they enjoy it when permitted to by his absence, whereas he does not know clean air from foul, and is forever helping to render foul the air that is clean. Yes, he smells bad, inevitably and eternally bad, does the tobacco habitué, and the world ought to make him thoroughly acquainted with the fact. How any self-respecting girl or woman of refined taste and normal sense of smell can tolerate the presence of such men as I meet in the daily walks of life, married men, single men, husbands, lovers, doctors, ministers, lawyers, old and young, wise men and fools,—how they can touch the lips of such men, or live with them, or sleep with them, is beyond understanding. No untrained cat or dog will cultivate their immediate neighborhood. If you doubt the literal truth of this, try the experiment. The child



A public nuisance, though looks would indicate better things of him. We have pure food laws, why not pure air laws?

withdraws its face from father or brother until it, too, is saturated by custom or absorption. Moreover, if the girls and women smelled as bad, or were even a little redolent with the same narcotic perfume, they would pass lonely evenings in communion with moon and maid, but with never a trousered or bewhiskered admirer, nor one sufficiently thoughtless of self to condone the offense to his nose. If the tobacco user could only smell with a keen



sense of appreciation that which others smell and think of him, he would on that instant forswear his own company and the drug that makes him oblivious to the right of other human beings to breathe pure air.

Habit, the master, is in command of the tobacco user, and seldom lets go. Can you hear his minion cry, "I can stop when I please"? Does he stop?—Yes, when waning eyesight, or incompetent heart action, or failing power to breathe, demands obedience through the megaphone of physical fear. Not because of love for his neighbor as great as for himself! Not because each unit of society owes a due regard for the prerogatives and comforts of every other one! Not, we regret to say, because he realizes that he is a public nuisance! He has no reason to be offended because of our recognition of the fact that he has relegated himself to that class. Habit has not only enchained him so that he is a slave, but *has blinded him so that he cannot perceive his sorry state.*

Tobacco is a spend-thrift, a tempter into evil associations, into gambling, alcoholism, immorality, with a power and persistence exerted by no other influence, save the devil. *Can a man of principle and conscience smoke before other men and before youths and boys, knowing that they will as a consequence also indulge? Can he do this thing knowing all the truth?* There is no doubt of it when once under the influence of the drug. Even ministers of the gospel, even physicians, whose chosen and consecrated work is to upbuild the inner and outer man, so forget the ground principle of their professional obligation as themselves to indulge, and by so doing to spur others on to their moral and physical harm.

The tobacco trade is the only traffic apart from that of alcohol, the stage, and open immorality, that uses indecency and vulgarity in picture and advertisement to increase its gain. With alcohol, tobacco is the keenest of all drug stimulants of sex passion. No other one influence compares with its power to beckon and beguile the clean young boy and girl into the brothel, and, at the same time, to remove the power to resist the call. It is one of the few remaining lines of business tolerated by man for his own undoing. Three influences have raised the death-rate in France above her birth-rate,—alcohol, tobacco, and the diseases attendant upon immorality. These same three influences have accomplished the identical result in one section of America. Knowing these things, is it not strange that the true American

can use tobacco when he remembers that this is his country, and he one of her loyal sons?

An old dorky hearing a would-be reformer say, "I must stop," exclaimed: "Don' say dat, boss! Dat's no good! Say, I am quit! I'se done stopped! Do it now, boss, and den yo won't forget it."

There is a world of work ahead, and men and women and children need every strength of heart, mind, and body for the issue. Not one can afford to trifle with the talents placed in his keeping.

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### A True Story

"I WISH God would let me live just long enough to save one hundred boys afflicted with the cigarette habit."

With these words, Herbert Secrest, a Detroit schoolboy, passed away.

For nine years he had been a victim of the habit which caused his death. The boy in his early school-days showed every sign of a brilliant mind, and easily excelled all his companions in class, until he began smoking. On his death-bed he confessed to having smoked as many as thirty-five cigarettes a day.

His parents were not aware that Herbert was smoking until the habit had a firm grip upon him. They noticed only a gradual failing in his school work, and that he gained nothing in height or weight, but, on the contrary, continually lost weight. They sent him to a farm in Canada, where he could not get cigarettes, and in a short time he gained several inches; but he came



"I'm jealous, I own, of the poisonous wine;  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.  
And I care not how tender his love-song may be;  
If he's wed to tobacco he shall never wed me."

back to the city and to the toils of the old habit. From this time on, his condition gradually became worse, until his decline became critical illness. When Herbert saw he was dying, he called his younger brother, Frank, to his side and begged him to stop smoking. "I should like to save more boys, but I must die," he wailed piteously.

A post-mortem examination showed that one side of his heart was practically gone, and the organ twice the normal size, with the muscles badly degenerated. Over the casket of this young victim, many schoolmates took a vow to abstain from tobacco.

Herbert's father is a well-known citizen and church officer, and while he deplored the publicity of the affair, he was willing the facts should be made known in the hope of saving other boys.

ERNEST LLOYD.

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"EVERY drunkard was once a moderate drinker."



# A Royal Total Abstainer



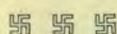
**E**MPEROR WILLIAM of Germany some time ago demanded the latest statistics as to suicides, accidents, crimes, and the inefficiencies of labor resulting from immoderate drinking. After a careful study of these statistics, he experimented upon himself, and found that even small quantities of liquor lessened his energy and capacity for work. He became thoroughly convinced that alcohol is responsible for a large share

of the suffering and sorrow in the world, that it materially lessens the working capacity of man, and that it is one of the greatest factors in retarding the development of both nations and individuals. Having once convinced himself of the truthfulness of these things, with characteristic determination and courage, he at once became a total abstainer, and began working for a reformation among his people. Recently the emperor gave a lecture on temperance, and drank a toast in and to water.

Now if Kaiser William, the war lord of Europe, will at once give up the use of alcohol when through careful study of the question he has become convinced of its harmful effects, ought not every boy to be courageous and manly enough to denounce and renounce forever the deadly cigarette, the evil of which is testified to by nations, states, towns, schools, legislators, judges, physicians, scientists, and individuals?

We pity one who in an unguarded or demented moment commits suicide. Such an act always indicates weakness. The holding on to any habit known to be body destroying is equally indicative of weakness. The strong are masters of themselves, not in bondage to any habit. Life to them is dear. So the wise boy, the strong boy, the manly boy, will make sure to keep himself free from whatever would hinder his best development. Men and women of character look with pity and disgust upon the cigarette smoker.

Boys, do you want pity, or admiration? If pity, then throw your life away by a useless and harmful habit. If admiration, have strength to eschew evil.



## What a New Book Says



THE World Book Company of New York City has issued a series of health books for use in the public schools. One of these, "Principles of Public Health," by Thos. D. Tuttle, B. S., M. D., secretary and executive officer of the Montana State Board of Health, has a strong chapter entitled "Common Poisons to Be Avoided," referring to tobacco and alcohol. Some of the charges made against tobacco follow:—

Many persons are *killing* the cells of their bodies by taking certain poisons into them. One of these is tobacco.

When the poison of tobacco is taken into the body, the cells are forced to make an antidote to counteract the effect of the poison. The cells are thus compelled by this unnecessary work to neglect what they should do for the upbuilding of the body.

Tobacco smoke irritates the cells that line the throat and nose, and frequently causes catarrh and smokers' throat.

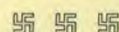
Tobacco lessens the red blood-corpuscles, the oxygen carriers. It is the lack of red blood-cells that causes many cigarette smokers to look pale and sallow.

One of the nerves most commonly affected by tobacco using is the optic nerve, or the nerve of the eye. One

eminent physician said that out of thirty-seven cases of paralysis of the nerves of the eye that he examined, twenty-three had been blinded by using tobacco. Tobacco does not so affect every tobacco user's eyes, but one can never tell whom it will thus afflict.

Tobacco-heart is a common result of tobacco poisoning. No insurance company will insure a person who has tobacco-heart.

A boy who uses tobacco will, long before he is grown, become short of breath, and stand about as much chance of winning a race as does a mouth breather.



## A Generation of Non-Tobacco Using Men

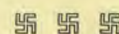


WILLIAM MCKEEVER, Professor of Child Welfare, University of Kansas, in a paper read at the Congress of School Hygiene held at Buffalo last August, said:—

"Now we have perfected a plan in Kansas whereby we hope to bring up another generation of men, who are to be

total abstainers from the use of tobacco. We have perhaps the most efficient anti-juvenile-tobacco-using law in existence. Under penalty of a heavy fine, boys under twenty-one years are forbidden to use tobacco in any public place, on any public highway, or on the property of any public corporation. Moreover, the person or corporation on whose premises the youth is permitted to violate the anti-tobacco law is subject to a fine of twenty-five dollars.

"But legislation is of little value except it is backed up by public sentiment; and that backing we have in Kansas. Even public sentiment will avail little except it is stimulated and guided by those especially appointed to look after the enforcement of the law; and that again we have. We circularize the country's attorneys, police officers, marshals, and constables in regard to this law, and give them the benefit of special methods of enforcement. As a result we are slowly eliminating tobacco using from the youth of our State. In the average town or village of Kansas it can be shown that comparatively few of the minors are using tobacco, and these are becoming so heavily discredited in a social way and in other respects that the practice continues to grow less frequent and less popular."

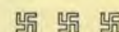


## Two Worthy Examples to Boys

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, originator of the Boy Scout movement, does not smoke, and he says:—

**A boy smokes, not because he likes it, but because he wants to look like a man. Instead, he simply looks like a little fool, and when he smokes for fear of other fellows laughing at him, he shows that he is a coward as well.**

President Wilson does not use tobacco. He never smoked but part of one cigar. Tell this to the boy who thinks tobacco a requisite to manhood.



AN Indian arrested for drunkenness said, in his own defense, "You took away my brains, and you have no right to punish me." The Indian was right. The government has no right to license brain-destroying agents, and then punish the man unfortunate enough to fall a victim to these agents.





The sphygmograph shows that the pulse of the cigarette boy is feeble. In some instances it is difficult to obtain even a tracing, indicating a heart weakened by nicotin and carbon monoxid. This makes the boy of short breath, ambitionless, and irresponsible.

# The Tobacco Habit Is Curable

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

**W**IDE publicity has been given by the press to the free clinic for the cure of the cigarette and tobacco habit, conducted daily in Chicago at the headquarters of

Another writes: "I should like to stop smoking pipes and cigars, but have not the will-power to do so."

Still another: "While I have a good will-power, the desire is so strong that I have been unable to stop."

A woman says: "I have smoked five years. I am now only twenty-three, but am broken down in health."

Lack of will-power added to the intense desire is in every case found to be responsible for the continuance of the tobacco habit, and for the failures in attempting to break it. Any treatment that fails to *lessen the desire and to strengthen the will* must therefore be a failure.

There are cases upon record where the intense craving has been miraculously taken from persons. One rescue worker said, "When God saves a man, he takes away the appetite if he sees that the victim has not the will-power to conquer, but otherwise he leaves the appetite to be conquered."

The question naturally arises, Why does this craving for narcotics, especially for tobacco, exist? So uni-



The sphygmomanometer reveals the hardened arteries and high blood pressure of the man who has used tobacco for many years. These changes, which may result in sudden heart failure, apoplexy, and Bright's disease, were so gradual as to be perhaps imperceptible.

the Anti-Cigarette League of America. The aim of this clinic was primarily to help the boys, but out of over five hundred persons who applied for treatment during the first month, there were less than twenty below seventeen years of age. From this it is evident that the boy of sixteen or below does not appreciate as do older ones the evils resulting from the use of tobacco. In most instances the boys below seventeen who came were accompanied by the father or mother.

The applicants were not toughs nor degenerates; they represented the best-informed and most conscientious and promising material in the city. They were largely young men with high ideals and aspirations, but who had found tobacco a tremendous handicap in the attainment of their aims.

Athletes applied because they were troubled with short-



BOYCOTTERS OF THOSE WHO USE TOBACCO

Our fathers and our brothers never use tobacco. Do you think, then, we shall ever choose a smoking boy for our friend? No, indeed!

ness of breath or weak heart. Bankers, lawyers, and doctors came, complaining of alarming mental and nervous symptoms.

The number of cigarettes consumed ranged from three daily to as high as two hundred, the average being twenty-seven. Quite a number found it necessary to take from one to three smokes during the night in order to sleep. The youngest applicant was not quite five years of age, and consumed about fifteen cigarettes daily. Possibly two thirds of the applicants used cigars and the pipe, inhaling the smoke just as they did while smoking cigarettes. The cigarette they claimed no longer satisfied them. All who applied claimed to have made unsuccessful attempts to give up the practice.

The Anti-Cigarette headquarters has been flooded with letters from all parts of the country, also from Canada and England. In every instance intense craving or lack of will-power is given as the reason for appealing for help. One writes: "I have smoked since I was eight years old. I am now thirty-eight, and have tuberculosis. I want to get away from the habit, but my will-power is not strong enough."

versal is the craving that ninety-five per cent of the men already are addicted to its use, while a constantly increasing number of boys and women are resorting to it.

This craving is not natural in man. It is a cultivated one. I went to the home of a mother who was a drunkard to talk and pray with her. As I saw what she ate and drank at her table, I concluded that prayer alone would not help the woman. Her foods were highly spiced and very irritating, and her table drinks stimulating. The excessive use of salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and the free use of meats, coffee, and tea, all create an unnatural craving or thirst which water fails to quench. They stimulate the system, or, in other words, produce an irritable or feverish condition, and narcotics are resorted to in order to obtain relief.

Seventeen years ago a prominent official connected with the Chicago city railway was suffering with a serious digestive disorder. He was an inveterate tobacco user. I found it necessary in treating his digestive trouble to place him wholly on a non-irritating diet composed of well-baked cereal foods, milk, cream, and fresh subacid fruits. I urged him to give up tobacco, which he did.



At the end of six weeks he came to my office, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes said: "Doctor, do you know that tobacco smoke is actually offensive to me? Can you explain why it is?" The only thing to which I could attribute it was the eliminative baths and the simple diet. That eliminative baths and non-irritating foods will destroy the craving for tobacco, I have since been fully able to demonstrate.

Another patient who had been a smoker for forty-two years and addicted to drink, after abandoning irritants and meats, including tea and coffee, wrote: "It seems wonderful to me that I have now no craving for tobacco or drink, and I also find that I have no more need for patent medicines."

The experience of the editor of the *London Clarion*, as published by himself in an editorial, agrees with the cases mentioned. He said:—

If there was one thing in life that I feared my will was too weak to conquer, it was the smoking habit. Well, I have been a vegetarian for eight weeks, and I find my passion for tobacco is weakening. It is astonishing. I cannot smoke those black pipes now. I have to get new pipes and milder tobacco, and I am not smoking half an ounce a day. It does not taste the same; I am not nearly so fond of it. I am told that this commonly results from adopting a less stimulating diet.

During the past few weeks, in connection with my clinic, the relation existing between what men eat and their craving for tobacco has been more fully demonstrated. Out of the five hundred cases that applied for help, in every case they were either liberal users of salt, and expressed a fondness for meats and highly seasoned foods, or else they were heavy coffee or tea drinkers. I also discovered that the intensity of the craving for tobacco depended upon how liberally they used such foods. For instance, a chef in one of the leading hotels of the city, who used not merely cigarettes, but cigars and the pipe, inhaling the smoke of each, said, "All I want for breakfast is two cups of coffee and a couple of doughnuts; for dinner, a pork chop or beefsteak; and the same for supper." When I advised him to eat fresh subacid fruits, he said: "It is strange I do not care for them. I have the finest fruits to be found in the city of Chicago pass through my hands daily, but I never touch them."

Those in whom the craving was most intense all expressed themselves in much the same way. This was especially found to be the case with those who consumed from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty cigarettes daily. The one who used the fewest cigarettes, a barber, when asked about his diet, said he was practically a vegetarian, using meat only once a week, and was fond of fruit, but also expressed a fondness for coffee. Several,

after having their attention called to the cause of the craving, said, "Now I know why after some meals the desire to smoke is irresistible, and at other times I do not care whether I smoke or not."

One young fellow who had lost his job owing to the fact that he was a cigarette fiend, said, "That reminds me; about two weeks ago I was situated for three days so I could get only apples to eat, and during that time I had no special desire to smoke."

One woman who found it necessary to smoke during the

night said she had no use whatever for fruits or sweets of any kind. Irritating and stimulating foods and drinks and tobacco are so intimately associated that it is easier, much easier, to give up both than to attempt to give up one without the other. Many of our applicants for help no doubt would have conquered had they gone about it in the right way. In every case, unless there exists a condition of the digestive organs which would contraindicate it, I recommend a diet composed of well-baked cereals,—shredded-wheat biscuits, corn flakes, puffed wheat and rice, well-baked whole-wheat bread, etc.—with cream, milk, and buttermilk, and the liberal use of fresh subacid fruits—peaches, pears, apples, oranges, pineapples, grapefruit, etc.—at the close of the meal, for at least two weeks.

I am able to assure my patients that by the end of the first week they will find the desire for tobacco lessening. This

in itself will inspire them with confidence that there is possibility of success, and will tend to resurrect the dormant will. After this the battle is practically won. In connection with this diet I also advise eliminative baths during the first two or three weeks, preferably Turkish baths. The purpose is to eliminate the nicotine stored up in the tissues as rapidly as possible.

The mouth wash, composed of silver nitrate, about which so much has been said by the public press, is employed merely as an aid during the first week of the struggle. Being a poison, it should be used only in a very dilute form, averaging from one eighth of one per cent to one fourth of one per cent solution. It should be used only after meals during the first three days, and then only after breakfast the next four days.

That it creates a distaste for tobacco smoke, making smoking undesirable, has been fully demonstrated. The results obtained by following out the directions, including the wash, diet, and baths, are highly satisfactory.

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THEY enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.—James Russell Lowell.

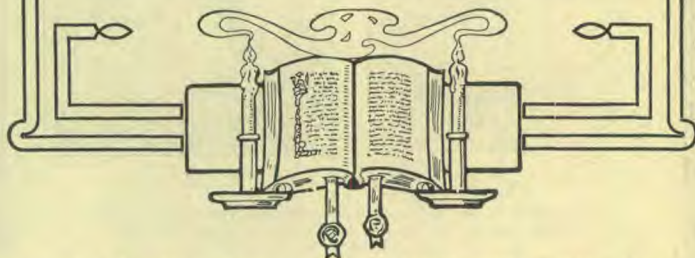
### Testimony of Superintendent of Oregon Training-School

At least two thirds of my boys arrive at the school saturated with nicotine, and with cigarette marks on their fingers and a package of tobacco and cigarette-papers in their pockets. I believe this to be the direct cause of their delinquency.

It is my opinion that no boy who smokes or chews tobacco will ever make as good a man physically, morally, or mentally as he would have made if he had let tobacco alone; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the victims of this habit are complete failures as men, while a large percentage do not even reach maturity.

The solution need not necessarily come through the making of more laws, but undoubtedly it must come through the strict enforcement of the existing ones, as most of the States have put the ban on the cigarette. But this cannot be accomplished till politics is taken out of law enforcement. Had I but one wish to make, it would be that all liquor and tobacco should be wiped off the face of the earth forever, for not until the production and sale of these things are prohibited can we hope to do very much against these two evils which blight the young manhood and womanhood of our nation.

WILL S. HALE.





## A File of Cigarette Buyers

I stood in a drug store in New York City last September, and watched for nearly one-half hour a continuous line of men and boys file past two clerks who served them to one or more boxes of cigarettes as fast as they could hand them out and take the money in. The chief clerk told me that scene was regularly repeated three times every day, morning, noon, and night, lasting for one hour each time. He also said that on Saturdays from twelve to three o'clock there was a regular crush in the store from the number of cigarette customers. He volunteered the statement that he did not approve of the sale of cigarettes, but said it was forced upon the house. I honored him for the first part of his observation; but was sorry that he failed to realize that one cannot be forced to prove untrue to one's convictions.

It would seem by the business done at this store that it was about the only place in New York where cigarettes could be obtained. Even if the city directory did not reveal the fact that there were thousands of other tobacco dealers in the city, we should know there could be no dearth of dealers with more than two hundred cigarette manufacturers in the city. At Christmas-time last year one tobacco store in the city sold \$30,000 worth of tobacco goods in one day.

The Bible says, "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" To pass out the deadly cigarette is an offense against our American boyhood which we fear will receive the retribution threatened in this text by Him who died for every human being.



## For the Thinking Person

MR. FRANK FAYANT had an article in *Munsey's Magazine* for October, 1913, entitled "\$2,700,000,000 a Year for Liquor and Tobacco," in which were many comparisons and statements making more comprehensible the vast sum spent yearly in this country for liquor and tobacco. For instance:—

All the money in circulation in the United States now reaches the huge sum of \$3,600,000,000. This is \$38 for every man, woman, and child. The smoke and drink bill foots up \$28 for every inhabitant.

The combined profits of all our manufacturing and industrial companies, banks and similar financial institutions, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and other public service corporations, are less than our expenditures for smoking and drinking.

We spend for tobacco and liquor the earnings of 4,000,000 workers, or two and one-half times the wages of all the men on the railroads.

The smokers and drinkers are spending for their idols every twenty-two months as much as the whole American people save and invest in a year.

Our enormous savings-bank hoard is the wonder and envy of Europe, but we spend every month more money for tobacco and alcohol than we add to our bank savings

in a whole year. If a thousand years before the time of Moses, the ancient Egyptians had begun hoarding a treasure of gold at the rate of a dollar a minute, and if ever since then—every minute, day and night, these thousands of years—the accumulation of this treasure had continued, the golden hoard would today be five hundred years short of the twenty-seven hundred million dollars we spend in one year for alcohol and tobacco.

A stack of twenty-seven hundred million dollar bills would tower one hundred and forty miles in the sky, far beyond the earth's atmosphere. In thousand-dollar gold certificates, the stack would be higher than the Woolworth Building in New York.

Are the smokers and drinkers personally benefited by all this expenditure of money?—Not one whit. Science, observation, and experience show that no one

is benefited thereby, while many are greatly injured. Then truly, "What fools we mortals be!"



## Do Soldiers Need Rum?

THE following striking testimony from Colonel Lehmanousky, who had been twenty-three years in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, answers this question well. Tall, erect, and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek, he arose before an audience and said:—

You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought in two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and only a few rags of clothing. In the deserts of Egypt, I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head; feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust; and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and Baron Larrey, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all of them men who abstained from ardent spirits.

## Testimony of Kentucky's Superintendent of Education



MORE than twenty years' experience in school work, having taught in the rural schools, been superintendent of city schools, and for five years a member of the faculty of Western Kentucky State Normal, has shown me that the *non-tobacco users are by far the better students*. They have greater powers of continuance, are clearer thinkers, and possess more apt perception and stronger will-power. This is more noticeable in the games and athletics of the school than in the classroom. I have rarely known a boy slightly addicted to the tobacco habit who could maintain himself on the athletic field. I think one who has observed or studied this question would say without hesitance that the use of tobacco, especially in the period of one's mental and physical growth, is very injurious. Kentucky is a tobacco State, and a large per cent of the male population has the tobacco habit, and I am sorry to say that even the women and girls in not a few instances are given to its use in some form. I heartily endorse and support all means toward educating the youth of our land away from this most injurious habit.

V. O. GILBERT.





# What Liquor Did for Pokagon's Family



IN a wigwam built of bark and poles beside an inland lake in northern Michigan, once lived the Indian chief Simon Pokagon, with his wife, Lonidaw, and their two children. As their children, Olandaw and Hazeleye, grew, their education became a question of serious consideration. Pokagon himself was educated in the English language and could speak four other languages. His wife was uneducated, except as nature had educated her, and that was no mean part.

They both greatly feared the influence of schools in leading their children into intemperance. One day a black-robed priest wandered to the Indian wigwam to see the little archers try their skill. After this he frequently visited them, and finally requested that he be permitted at his own expense to take Olandaw to a white man's school that he might be prepared to render greater service to his race.

The mother hesitated, but after Pokagon had given his consent she reluctantly gave hers, but not until she had exacted a solemn promise from the priest that the boy should be guarded against intoxicants.

When Olandaw was twelve years old, he, with the priest, left their wigwam home for a three-year term of schooling. His father visited him once during his absence, but his mother did not see him until the three years had passed. On his return home, his faithful dog Zowan ran to meet him, and all were glad to see him. While his mother was caressing him with tearful eyes, she suddenly gave a scream, stepped back, and in her native tongue exclaimed: "My son! my son! what

have you done? What have you done?" She gazed into the boy's face, then at her husband, and cried out through her tears, "He is lost! he is lost! I smell the dragon's breath." His father then asked, "Have you any fire-water about you?" Olandaw drew a bottle from his pocket and dashed it to the floor, saying in broken tones, "I'll never touch it again." His unsatisfactory explanations only served to deepen their sorrow.

The chief, in relating the sad story, said: "I do not wish to bleed my own heart, nor sadden yours; suffice it to say, as darkness succeeds the meteor's sudden glare, so his life went out and left us in the midnight of despair.

"Dear little Hazeleye, a sweet rosebud, just opening into maidenhood, was then our only hope; and as our hearts were bound up in her, we consoled ourselves with the assurance that she was so isolated from the alluring serpent that she was safe from all harm that might come from such a source."

But the rum demon was not yet done with the old chief; for while Pokagon was one day on a deer hunt, and Hazeleye was fishing on the lake, two drunken fishermen, recklessly rowing their boat, ran into her bark canoe, broke and capsized it, throwing her into the lake.

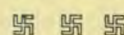
Lonidaw, standing on the shore, saw the crash and heard the scream. She wildly cried, "Save, save, do save my child!" But the men, paralyzed by the deadly drug, continued their drinking and idiotic laughter, taking no notice of the struggling child.

Lonidaw, in her frenzy, plunged into the water and swam desperately until she became exhausted. Zowan, returning from the hunt in time to hear the screams, rushed into the lake and soon reached the scene. As soon as Lonidaw felt the touch of the dog, she grasped his long hair, although she had sunk and risen twice, and with a desperate struggle he drew her to the shore, and then ran to the woods to meet his master, who was homeward bound with a deer on his back. By Zowan's strange cry Pokagon knew something was wrong. He quickly threw down his burden and hurriedly followed the dog, finding Lonidaw unconscious. After he had carried her in his arms to the wigwam and used all his powers to restore her, she gained enough consciousness to tell the story in a disconnected manner, then sank back and died, leaving Pokagon with only his dog. Thus did strong

drink rob the Indian chief of his family.

Pokagon was a strong advocate of temperance. He made one of the speeches that was delivered at the world's fair in Chicago, in 1893, and urged that it were better to leave the Indian to himself than to educate him at so great risk.

MRS. E. H. KYNETT.



## A Prisoner's Dark Experience

I WAS born and reared on a farm, and till eighteen years old I kept my promise to my mother that tobacco and liquor should be untouched.

A friend who was the storekeeper of the county in which I lived, told me he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had a grudge against him or felt myself above him socially if I refused liquor. I took the bottle after he had coaxed me a full half-hour, and put it to my lips and drank. I can never forget that moment. The vow I had made to my mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession of me. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home the day she died, but her last words were, "Tell Frank to be a man."

By the side of my dead mother I vowed never to drink again, but in three days I yielded to the tempter. For a long time I drank only occasionally. After my father's death, I took up horseshoeing with the village smithy, an excellent blacksmith, but a heavy drinker. Under his influence I went down swiftly. Later I became a professional gambler, and for ten years followed this life.

In 1910 I came to Washington State, where I had an excellent position given me, which I soon lost. Delirium tremens came more than once, and in spite of a strong constitution the time was reached when I knew that death



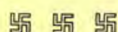
By permission of Curtis Publishing Company

It is well that Uncle Sam should be concerned over the needless loss of life by floods; but let him remember, too, that every year several Daytons are destroyed by the liquor traffic.



must soon result. One Thursday evening I sat in a saloon in Seattle, a homeless, friendless drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring drink. I could not sleep unless I was drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for two nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. Under these circumstances I committed crime, and now here I am in a felon's cell.

I have a Bible that was given me when I was in the county jail, and I read it daily, and the more I read it the more interested I become in it. I am sure the Lord will help me to overcome the temptations of Satan. I had smoked for many years, but this also I gave up a few months ago. FRANK HALL.



### The Twentieth-Century Cry

SAVE to the mothers their babes, save to the nation its children, is the twentieth-century cry of noble-hearted, philanthropic men and women. Impure food, insanitary conditions, neglect, factory labor, and the liquor traffic are all claiming their toll of child life; but the liquor traffic is the White Mountain flier which in its mad course through the earth is every year crushing thousands of helpless babes to death. From out the débris of the great wreck of the Bar Harbor express was heard the pleading voice of one mother crying, "I am here with my baby. Please come and get the baby. I do not care what happens to me, but get the child. Save him." This cry set men frantically to work over the débris from which the cry came, but they were held back by relentless masses of twisted steel until the woman's pleadings ceased. Both mother and babe perished before would-be rescuers could save them. From all over this land of ours, yes, from all over the world, in every language of earth, comes a wail from mothers whose children are being ruthlessly crushed down by the death-dealing liquor traffic; and besides Rachel weeping for her children, we hear the cry of broken-hearted wives whose husbands have been mercilessly torn from them, and of loving sisters whose brothers have been robbed of their young manhood. We hear, for we cannot help doing so; but do we act? Are we making any effort to free these suffering ones?

Those who would go to their relief are cruelly hindered and restrained from rendering the service they might, by the indifference or dishonesty of public officials, legislators, and voters.



### Which Spirit?

A HAGGARD, care-worn woman staggered down a Chicago street. Trouble and misery had worn deep furrows on her face, but she laughed as she reeled from side to side. It was a strange, unnatural laugh, yet it was a laugh,—something unusual for her. The liquor she had drunk in her despair had temporarily resurrected the laugh of her care-free girlhood. Every one has a divine right to laugh; but sin had robbed this woman of her divine heritage, and that she might even for a few moments forget her misery, she took the cursed drink which would after-

ward plunge her into still greater despair. What that woman needed was the Spirit of Christ instead of spirituous drink; but she did not know it, and none helped her to discover the fact.

Arthur Burrage Farwell, the well-known president of the Chicago Law and Order League, says that on first



Please vote for us.

starting out as a traveling salesman, when some business man would turn him down abruptly, it would affect him as if a staggering blow had been given him between his eyes. He said it thus affects the average young salesman, many of whom, in order to recover their courage, go to the saloon and get a glass of liquor. But he would go to his room in the hotel, open his Bible, read some inspiring verses, get down on his knees and ask for the Holy Spirit, and then his soul would be reloaded with dynamite, and he could go to the next customer with an irresistible courage. Liquor is Satan's substitute for the Spirit of God, and the inspired Word counsels men to "be not drunk with wine, . . . but be filled with the Spirit." Most men drink because they so desperately crave the good feeling that liquor temporarily imparts, and not because they enjoy the taste of it. Who has not seen a half-intoxicated man endeavor to embrace his worst enemy, forgetting his hatred, poverty, and miseries? Thousands of men smoke tobacco for exactly the same reason. They hate the stuff, they begrudge the money that it costs, but they crave the unearned felicity that tobacco temporarily furnishes. Thousands of women drink strong tea or coffee, knowing it to be a poison instead of a food, simply because they have discovered that they can get a temporary good feeling from these so-called stimulants. How much better it would be if they could only learn to wait on the Lord so as to *renew* their strength. Isa. 40:31. A million of our fellow citizens are slaves to morphin for exactly the same reason; and he who attempts to deliver them from this drug and does not also introduce them to the uplifting and inspiring influence of the gospel, is engaged in a fruitless task.



For me, too.

Remove the Cause

The thoughtful worker in this field will not only aid his fellow men to be "filled with the Spirit" instead of wine, but he will also interest himself in those causes that produce the terrible depression of which Satan takes advantage to lead his victim to the fascinating, delusive effect of poisonous stimulants.

First and foremost is, of course, sin,—naked, unvarnished sin. The second is like unto it, but more difficult to discern because we politely

call it "dietetic errors," which result in autointoxication, overwhelming the system with poisons that depress, irritate, and harass the nerves in such a way as to demand incessantly the temporary soothing effect of tea, coffee, tobacco, liquor, and similar drugs. Let us, then, in our crusade against intemperance first of all introduce our fellow men to the permanently satisfying, uplifting influence of the Spirit of God. Let us next teach them how to eat "for strength, and not for drunkenness."

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



One baby in five dies before it is one year old. Investigations show that 55 per cent of the children of alcoholic parents die under two years of age. Nearly three times as many of the children of heavy drinkers die in the first year as do those of abstaining parents.



Out of the 61 children of 10 temperate families 5 died in infancy; while out of the 57 children of 10 intemperate families 25 died in infancy.



# License or Prohibition—Which?



IVE me *famine* without the liquor traffic, and I will fare better than in years of plenty with the traffic!" cries Ireland out of her past experience. The years of 1809, '10, '13, '14 saw great scarcity in Ireland. By wise forecast the distilleries were stopped. In the better years of 1811, '12, '15, '16,—better but for distillation and unchecked drinking,—3,250,000 more gallons of liquor were used than in the years of scarcity. In the four years of famine with the distilleries closed, the Irish people



"WET" AND "DRY" MAP OF UNITED STATES, JANUARY 1, 1913.  
□ "Dry;" ■ "Wet"

bought and paid for haberdashery, iron, hardware, and cotton goods to the amount of £253,657, or \$1,268,285, more than in the four years of plenty named; of tea and sugar, 773,911 pounds more were bought by them; of yards of drapery they used 1,356,070 more; and slept under 33,401 more woolen blankets.

The experience of individuals, towns, counties, and states declares infallibly that there is no surer or better way to help any legitimate industry or for it to help itself than by the outlawing of the liquor traffic, which is a menace to every useful or desirable thing.

Maine places in insane asylums less than one half as many persons proportionately as does high-license Massachusetts. If the homicidal mania prevailing in Louisville, Kentucky, with its 750 saloons, had prevailed in Maine, she would have had 188 homicides last year instead of 3. In Portland, Maine, 49 per cent of the people own their homes. "There is no spot on earth where the saloon exists that can show such a record." In New York, with its 30,000 saloons, only one family in six owns its own home. In prohibition North Dakota 74 per cent of the families own their own homes, but in her more favorably situated twin State, license South Dakota, only 69 per cent are home owners.

The prohibition States, taken together, have a larger per cent of the children of school age enrolled as pupils than any other class of States.

Pauperism as studied in 33 cities, averaged a cost 79 per cent *higher* in the license than in the no-license cities.

Worcester, Massachusetts, showed 12 per cent more neglect and non-support of families during the license year than during the no-license year, though the city was not entirely free from drink any of the time. There were also 69 per cent more patients in the alcohol ward and more deaths by 400 per cent in the license year than in the no-license year. The deaths from all causes were 20 per cent higher under license than under the no-license régime.

North Carolina "ruined" by prohibition?—Not quite! Since her prohibitory law was enacted *four* years ago, she has established 86 new banks, and *nearly doubled* her deposits, having increased them by \$44,188,126.

"Poor dry Kansas!" There are no respectable(?), or otherwise, brewers in Kansas. The man who engages in any part of the liquor business there is in the same class as the horse thief or burglar.

The habit of social drinking is in disrepute. If a party in power in Kansas should make a practice of putting even beer on its banquet tables, that fact would be an issue big enough to vote the party out of power.

The use of liquor, even as a medicine, is fast disappearing.

Practically every newspaper in the State is for the prohibition law and its enforcement. Of the 800 papers in the State, there is not one that prints liquor advertisements.

The largest per capita wealth is in Kansas.

More people own their own homes there than in any other State.

Kansas has proportionately the fewest paupers of any State.

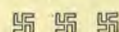
Half of her county jails are empty.

She has only one convicted prisoner in her county jails for every 7,000 inhabitants, and 75 per cent of these are there for violation of the prohibitory law.

In more than half her counties there is not an idiot, and only 18 out of the 105 counties furnish any insane to the asylums.

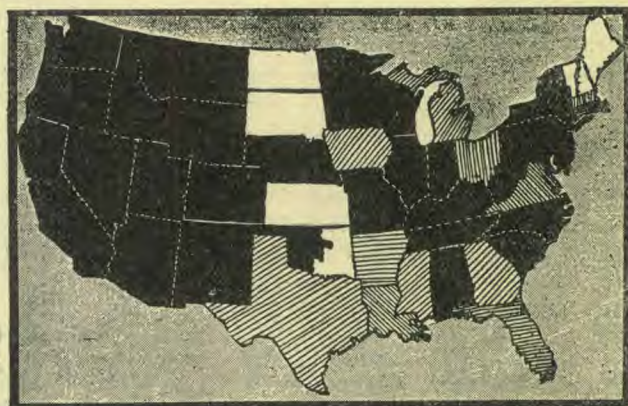
Only 9 counties of the 105 have an inebriate.

In view of these facts, waste no sympathy on Kansas, or on any of the prohibition States. Every State in the Union would do well to follow their example.



## Revenue Schemes

WHEN the Duke of Alva went to the Netherlands, he thought he had hit upon the most brilliant scheme of revenue ever invented. Words could not express his delight and triumph at its facility. His only wonder was that no one had thought of it before. It was "popular,"



"WET" AND "DRY" MAP OF THE UNITED STATES—1893.

too, with his retainers and his royal master. The king had screwed out all the money he dared by direct taxation, yet had been always cramped for funds, in debt to his soldiers and his servants, and with a grumbling people to boot. Alva relieved him instantly of all this perplexity, and gave him more money than he ever had before. He kept his troops fat and well fed, with gold rings and jewels for the common soldiers to gamble over in the guard-room. He did not increase the taxes, and—within his administration—nobody grumbled. His method of raising a revenue was sublime in its simplicity and directness. It was simply to cut off the head of anybody who had anything, and then take all he had. Taxes of ten or fifteen per cent became contemptible beside this



ample scheme. It is said that the president of the "Bloody Council," which conducted the details of the business, suffered from terrible nightmares, in which he imagined blood to be dripping from the walls and furniture. But the duke was superior to any such sensitiveness, and went on his popular and prosperous way.

There was found, however, to be one great difficulty with his invention. Killing the producers stops production; and where production puts nothing in, not even tyranny can get anything out. The number of rich men is limited; and when they are decapitated for public expenses, the supply may run out. As this fact began to appear, the scheme declined in popularity.

The shrewder Yankee has hit upon an ampler scheme. He will not execute the rich men, except incidentally. More money can be made out of the wholesale slaughter of the middle classes and the poor. There are plenty of them. The supply will not soon run out.

To maintain that revenue requires the slaughter of tens of thousands of men every year. But the revenue is said to be "the easiest of all revenues to collect." The man who is killed never objects, because he never believes he is going to be killed. The system is superior to electricity in this respect; the awful chair, with its straps and wires, plainly speaks to the condemned of coming doom; but the saloon gives no warning that disturbs its victim. He talks loudly of his "personal liberty," while the deadly coils are fastened around him. The man who kills him does not object, because he makes so much in the process that he can easily furnish the moderate revenue the government demands.—*"Economics of Prohibition,"* by James C. Fernald.

### ☸ ☸ ☸ God Defied

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, it is said, one time when lecturing, took out his watch and said, "I will give God five minutes to strike me dead for the things I have said." The minutes ticked off as he held his watch and waited. When the time was up, he put his watch away, boasting over the fact that he had received no harm.

When the news of this bold act was flashed across the waters to the great Joseph Parker, he calmly remarked, "And did the gentleman think he could exhaust the patience of eternal God in five minutes?"

The Lord is long-suffering and of great patience; but because he bears long with an evil work does not preclude the fact that a day of retribution will surely come. And for ages the heavenly warning has been ringing out, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken."



Adapted from Jersey Journal

Congress: I don't know just where to strike this beast.  
Liquor friends: If you must strike, strike about there.  
Prohibitionists: The only way to regulate this evil is to strike it a heavy blow just behind the ears.

preventable wretchedness.

When heaven pronounces a woe, it will fall sometime, and there is no doubt it will fall upon the voter for license and the owner of property devoted to the liquor traffic, as well as upon him who stands behind the bar and passes out the drink.

The liquor traffic is an accursed business, and he whose hands are tainted in any degree with the odium of the vile traffic will sometime receive just retribution from the incensed Creator and Redeemer of mankind. Now is the time to divorce oneself forever from the business of destroying one's brother, and filling the world with

☸ ☸ ☸

### What Shall We Do With the Liquor Traffic?

A CONSTITUTIONAL evil requires a constitutional remedy. Away then with powders and pills, peppermint and pipsissewa.

For the physical leprosy, moral meningitis, mental hydrophobia, and criminal civil excrescence, all in one, conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, born in bastardy, nurtured upon impurity, wedded to harlotry, and mother of anarchy, give us the surgeon's knife!

We must cut this cancer out.

No matter what have been our methods of warfare in the past, we can no longer be content with trimming here and there a branch, with closing here and there a saloon, with casting it out of this ward and out of that town and

county where the people do not want it, and consent to leave it for another two years where a bare majority of the most ignorant, immoral, and criminal men—part of the people—do want it.

To let the saloon live anywhere, on any condition, at any price, whether by license, regulation, substitution, local option, or nullification, is the remedy of perdition; to kill it is the divine remedy for sin.—*Clinton N. Howard.*

☸ ☸ ☸

### Why Not?

EIGHT days of frenzied work, in which no energy nor expense was spared, were devoted recently to getting just one man out of a Pennsylvania mine in which he had been

imprisoned by a cave-in. One of the company, in describing the event, said:—

Over 100 of our men struggled with unstinted devotion and energy, like a pack of beavers gnawing continuously through solid rock and glass-like coal, racing even with time itself, and frequently at the risk of their own lives, all for the purpose of saving alive, if possible, their comrade.

Thousands of dollars were used in this effort; yet no one questioned the propriety of the expenditure, nor would he if it had been many times the amount. Yet from

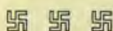


The vulnerable spot! strike the neck of the hydra and all the heads will fall together.



every part of the country goes up a wail because of the effort being made to save a *hundred thousand* men and boys a year from drunkards' graves. The liquor traffic and its voting friends cry, "We shall lose the internal revenue, and our taxes will be increased. We can't afford it."

Better that thousands of men and boys fill drunkards' graves, both soul and body being eternally destroyed; better that wives, children, and friends of these be caused untold sorrow and suffering, than that the liquor traffic and its friends lose the financial benefits(?) of the traffic? Heaven's mandate to you who seek to conserve your resources by such disastrous results to others is, "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it."



### Cast Aside as Worthless

THE liquor people are surely hard pressed when they are compelled to relinquish their much-worn, though ineffective, argument that prohibition does not prohibit. But they have done this, for the *National Liquor Dealers' Journal* says:—

The argument that prohibition does not prohibit is merely one of expediency; it is neither moral nor ethical. If no better reason can be presented by the friends of the alcoholic liquor trade, their discomfiture is sure.

The same organ seeks to rally the liquor forces to renewed battle by disclosing a situation that they admit means certain death to them if victory goes to the temperance people. It says:—

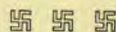
The united forces of the opposition will strive to write prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of alcoholic liquors into the federal Constitution. If they succeed, it is the death-knell of the liquor business as a recognized industry.

Can they succeed?

To amend the Constitution requires the ratification of three fourths of the States, or thirty-six of our forty-eight commonwealths. Nine of these are now entirely in the prohibition column, and eighteen more are in major area and policy under local prohibition laws; it will not be difficult to swing these eighteen into line if the question of national prohibition is raised, but irritation aroused by the inefficiency of local or even State prohibition turns the mind and purpose of its friends to a national policy with the strength of the whole government behind it; thus we may safely count on twenty-seven States as sure to ratify the national amendment; nine more are needed, and judging from recent experience, especially the West Virginia case, the possibility to get them is not a superhuman task.

As the liquor dealers feared, "On to Washington!" the slogan of our temperance forces, has become a reality; for on Dec. 10, 1913, we went to Washington in the form of a human petition consisting of hundreds of the nation's best citizens, representing every State in the Union, to

demand that "prohibition be written into the federal Constitution." But the cry, "On to Washington!" will not be obsolete until both houses of Congress grant the petition by voting for the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic as a national legalized industry.



### Things to Think About

THE annual report of the truant officer of Passaic, New Jersey, for 1912, says that eighty-one schoolchildren were intoxicated during the year. Could such a disastrous state of affairs have occurred in a dry town?

"We must teach the liquor men," says Gov. Ben B. Hooper, "that their shibboleth, 'personal liberty,' is not greater than personal responsibility to God and man."

Remember to work for the outlawing of the 4,000 or 5,000 breweries and distilleries rather than to direct all your effort against the 250,000 saloons, which must cease to operate when their supply is cut off.

Remember, when a man tells you that saloons are better than blind pigs, and that blind pigs flourish in prohibition territory, to remind him that Chicago alone, with its 8,000 saloons, has more blind pigs selling liquor without a license than the *entire nine prohibition States*.

"The meanest slave-driver in the time of slavery was not meaner nor more covetous than the man who will vote to perpetuate the liquor traffic because he thinks it will lessen his taxes."

"The ballot's highest loyalty is to conscience, not to party."

Four hundred men, native Africans, walked six hundred miles to receive baptism from the one known to them only as "the missionary who does not use tobacco." Inconceivable as it may seem, there must then be some missionaries who use tobacco!

The jury of a circuit court of Illinois recently awarded a Chicago woman \$5,000 against four saloon-keepers for selling intoxicants to her husband, which caused him to serve time in the Bridewell penitentiary. Another jury in that same State gave each of three children a verdict of \$3,000 against a saloon-keeper who killed their father in a quarrel. Let others call for damages.

We do not object to making the "liquor traffic pay something toward the harm it has done," but we do object to selling it the privilege to do harm.

Sixty-five fraternal orders will not allow liquor dealers to join them. There's a reason for the discrimination.

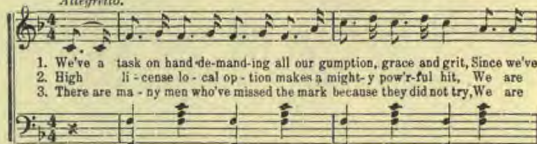
## On to Washington.

SOLO W. BINGHAM

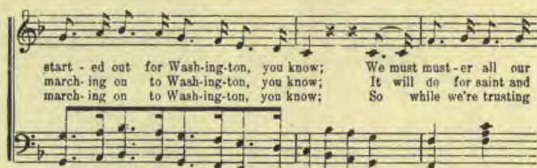
*Allegretto.*

(MALE VOICES.)

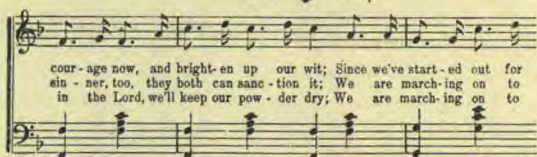
J. B. HERBERT.



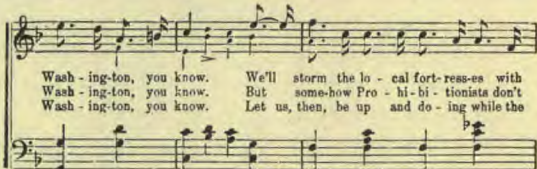
1. We've a task on hand de-mand-ing all our gumption, grace and grit, Since we've  
2. High li-cense lo-cal op-tion makes a might-y pow'r-ful hit, We are  
3. There are ma-ny men who've missed the mark because they did not try, We are



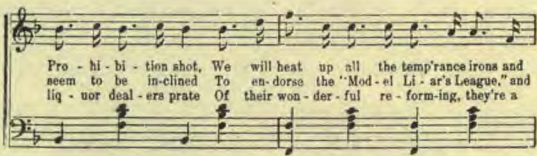
start-ed out for Wash-ing-ton, you know; We must must-er all our  
march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know; It will do for saint and  
march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know; So while we're trusting



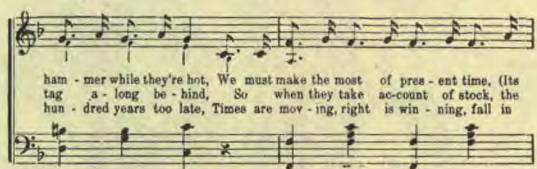
cour-age now, and bright-en up our wit; Since we've start-ed out for  
sin-ner, too, they both can an-ni-til-ize it; We are march-ing on to  
in the Lord, we'll keep our pow-der dry; We are march-ing on to



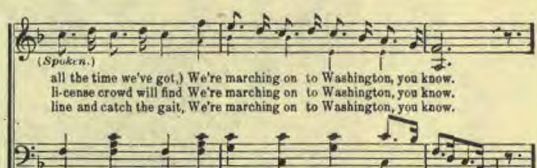
Wash-ing-ton, you know. We'll storm the lo-cal fort-ress-es with  
Wash-ing-ton, you know. But some-how Pro-hi-bi-tionists don't  
Wash-ing-ton, you know. Let us, then, be up and do-ing while the



Pro-hi-bi-tion shot, We will heat up all the tem-prance irons and  
seem to be in-til-ized, To en-dorse the 'Mod-er-n Li-ar's League,' and  
liq-uor deal-ers prate Of their won-der-ful re-form-ing, they're a

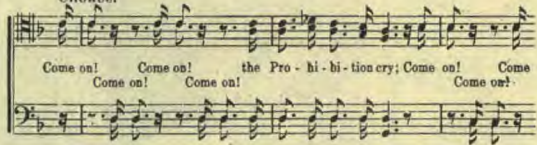


ham-mer while they're hot, We must make the most of pres-ent time, (its  
tag-a-long be-hind, So when they take ac-count of stock, the  
hun-dred years too late, Times are mov-ing, right is win-ning, fall in

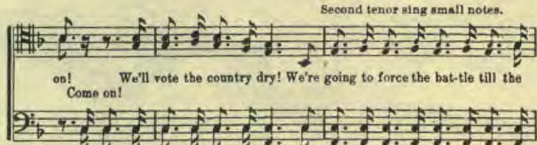


(Spoken.)  
all the time we've got.) We're march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know.  
li-cense crowd will find We're march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know.  
line and catch the gait, We're march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know.

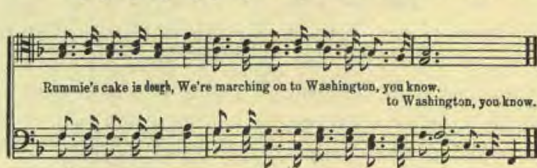
CHORUS.



Come on! Come on! the Pro-hi-bi-tion cry; Come on! Come  
Come on! Come on! Come on!



on! We'll vote the country dry! We're going to force the bat-tle till the  
Come on!



Rummie's cake is deep, We're march-ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know.  
to Wash-ing-ton, you know.

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Presenting to Senator Sheppard and to Congressman Hobson a petition to Congress for national Constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic.

## Through Others' Eyes



HE saloon should everywhere and always be treated as an enemy to mankind. There can be no compromise. The cry for a "respectable saloon" will be recognized by temperance workers and Christian people as a bid for bigger business, and that business is to make good men bad, and bad men worse. It is the business of the church to make bad men good, and good men better. The saloon would kill the church if it could; the church could kill the saloon if it would.

E. K. SLADE.

THE most vicious element in all society, the man who, in my opinion, above all others should be behind the safe-keeping of locks and bars, is the man who can dissipate for a term of years and not suffer its woeful consequences immediately. He is the man who is saying, "Come on, boys. I have walked this road many years unharmed, and you can safely do the same." The many who die or go to ruin early, of course cannot give the warning they would otherwise give. B. E. NICOLA.

EMPEROR TAU KUANG had tried in vain to shut Indian opium out of China. Trade interests, backed by gunboats, had defeated him. Urged by the British representative at Hongkong to license the traffic and derive a rich revenue from it, this heathen emperor (in 1843) replied:—

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

W. A. SPICER.

THE God of heaven has made me master of my own destiny; if I indulge an appetite for strong drink, it becomes my master, and my destiny is sealed.

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY.

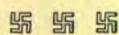
THE Lord said to Cain, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Had he employed some one else to strike the blow, the blood would still have uttered its cry against Cain. For every innocent life crushed out by the cruel demon of drink, a cry

ascends to the ear of God,—a cry for vengeance against the one who makes the poison, the one who dispenses it, and the one who stands by and sees the helpless stricken down but makes no effort to stay the murderer's hand. No excuse I can make in the judgment will drown the voice of my brother's blood.

MEADE MACGUIRE.

As well might one say that the state is invading his personal liberty because it prohibits the erection of a powder-magazine in the center of a densely populated section as to claim that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is an invasion of his personal liberty. The powder-magazine would be the lesser evil of the two, for it would be destructive of only the present life, while the liquor traffic is destructive of both the present and the future life.

K. C. RUSSELL.



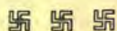
### Drunken Man at Church

THERE came into a prominent church one evening a man so under the influence of liquor that he disturbed the meeting. He left the service four times, each time returning to his seat far to the front. Timely advice finally quieted him, and after the sermon the minister urged him to become a Christian that night. The man said it was of no use; he could not live a Christian life. The minister persuaded him to kneel at the altar. Finally the man almost vehemently demanded, "If God should forgive my sins, and I determine to live for him, tell me where I shall go!"

"Where you shall go? What do you mean?"

Then the man said, "There are eight open saloons that I must pass on my way home, and I cannot get by any one of them without smelling the accursed stuff; and if I smell it, I am lost. Tell me where I shall go!"

And the minister did not know what to say; but he has since been doing all in his power to clear the way for men who cannot pass the open saloon unharmed. "Make ready the king's highway by the abolition of the liquor traffic!" is the cry of the Anti-Saloon League, and of every other temperance force in the world.



## The Demon Drink

### A Detail Description

L. A. HANSEN

Designed for evil, sin defending,  
Devoid of good, low depths descending,  
Departing right, for wrong deciding,  
Despising justice, law deriding,  
Denouncing truth, her rights denying,  
Deranging order, courts defying,  
Deorganizing,  
Demoralizing,  
Despiteful curse of hell's devising.

Defiling man, God's mold defacing,  
Debauching him and e'er debasing,  
Deceiving mind, high aims defeating,  
Deforming body, strength depleting,  
Defouling all in desecration,  
Depraving all in degradation,  
Debilitating,  
Degenerating,  
Decaying scourge and desolating.

Despising worth, the pure deluding,  
Despoiling virtue and denuding,  
Defaming woman and decoying,  
Deserting wives and homes destroying,  
Despairing life with devastation,  
Demanding toll,—full deprivation,—  
Devitalizing,  
Dehumanizing,  
Destructive rum is demonizing.



## A State of Preparedness

SECRETARY DANIELS, in a speech made to the officers and crew of the battle-ship "Idaho," said:—

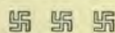
There is never time to "make ready" in any truly great crisis in life. What is a growing navy worth unless manned by men who live in a state of preparedness?

A state of continual preparedness is no less a condition of success in the business and professional world than in the navy. Every boy or young man who maintains such a state of preparedness is habitually at his best physically and mentally. But no one can be at his best who is addicted to the use of either liquor or tobacco. Col. Mervin Maus, chief surgeon of the eastern division of the United States Army, recognized this fact when he said:—

No one who uses alcoholic beverages should be appointed to any important position, civil or military, to the command of military or naval forces, or any other position of importance and responsibility.

Alcohol lessens the working capacity, marching endurance, accuracy and rapidity of movement, ability to command troops and solve military problems, to navigate and maneuver vessels, to perform administrative work properly, to develop the intellect and fit one for the higher duties and responsibilities of life.

It causes sickness, impairs health and usefulness, adds greatly to the non-efficiency of both officers and men, adds a great burden and cost to the medical department, deprives the government of otherwise valuable officers and enlisted men, and forces them to be retired at a much earlier period than they should be under proper, temperate conditions of living.



### The Tipsy Fish

YEARS ago up in the hills of Ohio, some men made a business of manufacturing whisky,—“moonshine,” they called it,—and they secretly and illegally sold it to people for miles around, even sending it to distant places in casks marked “flour” or “sugar.”

At last Uncle Sam's officers heard of it, and men were sent to hunt for the place. Stopping beside a little creek, one of the men, with a laugh, said: “If brooks could talk, as the poets try to make us believe, that little stream might tell us the secret we want to know; for I'm sure many a cask of whisky

has gone down this way on dark nights.”

“At least it shall give us a drink,” said the other man, getting off his horse and going to the side of the creek. But instead of drinking he looked curiously into the water.

“What have you found?” called the other.

“Something queer,” was the reply. “Come and look.”

“Well, if these aren't the queerest-acting fish!” exclaimed his companion. Near the surface of the water hundreds of fish were seen to be flopping and wriggling and twisting in a most peculiar manner, and floating helplessly about, performing all sorts of un-fishlike antics.

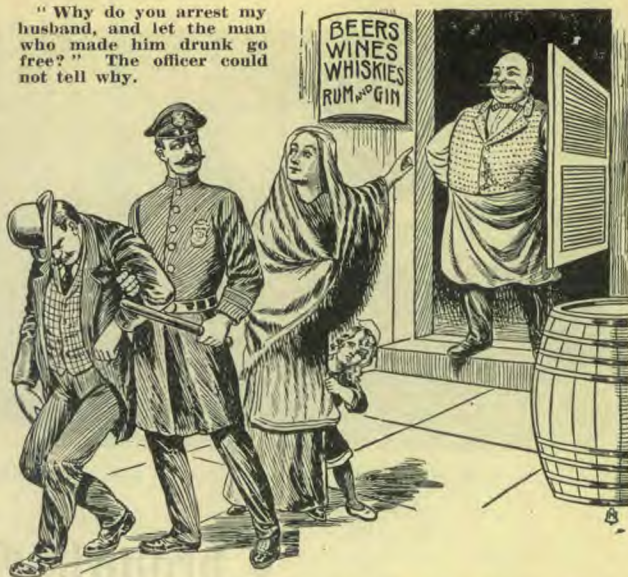
“These fish have a dose of whisky,” said one of the men, at the same time dipping up some of the water and tasting it. “Just as I thought—alcohol! The secret is out, and the fish have told it.”

That night the two officers, accompanied by others of Uncle

45.6 Yrs. 31.9 Yrs. 15.5 Yrs.

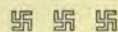
Long line represents life of abstainer; middle line, life of tippler; and short line, life of drinker. Total abstainers live on an average nearly fourteen years longer than the moderate drinker, and thirty years longer than the drinker. Who is responsible for these lost years? Are not all whose votes perpetuate the liquor traffic?

“Why do you arrest my husband, and let the man who made him drunk go free?” The officer could not tell why.



Sam's men, followed the creek path, and found and arrested the illicit dealers. When the lawbreakers learned that morning that they were in danger of being caught, they emptied all the whisky into the little creek, and the poor fish had been forced to drink it in the water.

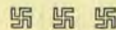
“The men did not stop to arrest the fish,” said one to whom this story was told, “but they went right after the people who made and sold the poison stuff. I wonder why they don't do that here in Middleton. When they see poor Pete Billings come staggering down the street, or hear old Dan Ross beating his wife and baby, why don't they just go to the place where the whisky was sold and shut it up tight forever and ever? That's what Uncle Sam should see is done.”—Union Signal.



### A Question

THE British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children claims that during last year 159,407 children under the society's direct observation suffered at the hands of drunken persons, and that 1,143 of them died from the cruelty or neglect of these drunken men and women. Our

own societies report similar appalling cruelty to our American children on the part of whisky-soaked parents. Is it not absolutely criminal for governments to license the business responsible for such outrages to defenseless children?



### Petition to Congress

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:—

Whereas scientific research has demonstrated that alcohol is a narcotic poison; and whereas it is universally recognized as the enemy of the family and of the state, bringing into the home misery, discord, anxiety, tears, sickness, poverty, cruelty, and death; making the best of fathers brutal and coarse; ruining health and degrading multitudes of youth, who, apart from it, would be good sons and desirable citizens; and entailing unnecessary burdens upon the state's taxpayers, upon business and labor; and wasting the nation's resources, we, the undersigned, adult residents of . . . . . therefore petition the Congress of the United States to strike a quick, fatal blow at these evils, by prohibiting the sale, manufacture for sale, and importation or exportation for sale, of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, as set forth in the Joint Resolution S. J. Res. 88 and H. J. Res. 168:—



# Things for You to Do



ALK with the voters; give them an abundance of temperance literature; teach them the right use of the ballot.

Concentrate your most effective weapons upon the task of persuading the man who is opposed to the liquor traffic to quit voting with the man who is in favor of the traffic.

Place temperance posters in store windows, on billboards, and in all other available public places.

Place temperance exhibits in show-windows, using a variety of charts, tables, mottoes, quotations, brochures, models, and alcoholized organs.

Have temperance rallies; sing prohibition songs.

Distribute thousands of pages of temperance tracts, pamphlets, and books.

Put a copy of this paper in the hand of every prisoner in your State. Unite with others in the effort to put a copy in the hand of as many as possible of the 18,000,000 boys in this country, and of the 13,000,000 young men between the ages of fourteen and twenty, all of whom will be tempted by liquor and tobacco agents. Solicit business men to furnish funds for this educational campaign.

See that children in the public schools and the Sunday-schools are properly educated in regard to the evils of the tobacco and the liquor question. King Edward of England died of smokers' throat, and Mark Twain died of smokers' heart. We can hardly believe that if these men had thoroughly understood in youth the harmfulness of tobacco, they would have taken up a habit that would in the end allow their names to pass down to future generations as really suicides.

Concentrate your most effective weapons upon the task of persuading the man who is opposed to the liquor traffic to quit voting with the man who is in favor of the traffic.

Exact obedience through the proper officials to the statutes regulating or forbidding the use of these two curses to the nation's citizenship, liquor and tobacco.

Encourage your town paper to reject all liquor and tobacco advertisements.



## Admission of Cigarette Smokers



HERE was recently arrested in New York City a young man who had set fire to eight houses, destroying \$100,000 worth of property and *ten human lives*. In answer to an officer's question, he said:—

Yes, sir, cigarettes have brought me to this. Ever since I was a boy, I have been crazy for them. And with this craving there came that other passion which I cannot understand,—an overwhelming desire to set fire to something,—and I was forced to obey it.

With the close of 1913, a young man received the death sentence in a Western court. He says of his dark criminal record:—

The first step I took in the wrong path was when I was eight years old. *I began smoking cigarettes*. I kept tobacco hidden about the house, and every opportunity I smoked. My appetite for cigarettes grew constantly until now I smoke thirty a day. I drink but seldom. After getting into the cigarette habit I began to gamble, then came bad women, robbery, and finally murder.

A young man entered an Eastern college a fine athlete and absolutely free from vice. Early in his course he began the use of cigarettes, as many of the students were using them. He became a confirmed smoker, using hundreds of cigarettes a day. Drinking and other vices followed. Finally he was so weakened from the constant inhalation of the poison that he became a victim of consumption. On his way to California, hoping to prolong life for a few weeks, and possibly months, he said to a friend:—

Just when I am ready to take my place in the world as a man among men, being fitted for it by education and some natural ability, with a good family and wealth back of me, I must lie down and die like a dog, and *cigarettes have done it*.

Present the power of the gospel to deliver from every evil habit the man who has altogether lost out because of drink. Ship owners and seamen generally regard the "Titanic" beyond the reach of divers; but an inventor and practical engineer claims that by a secret device which he will soon patent, he will guarantee to raise the wrecked vessel. "She will come up," he asserts, "when my magnets are welded to her plates." It has already been fully demonstrated that from the depths of darkest sin the grace of Christ as a mighty magnet is able to lift a man out from the miry pit into which liquor has plunged him, and up into the bright sunlight of a free, unhampered life.

Get as many persons as possible to sign the pledge to abstain from the use of liquor and tobacco.

Organize the children into anti-cigarette leagues, and the men into anti-tobacco clubs.

Educate girls to eschew absolutely in their boy or young men associates the use of tobacco or liquor. The characterless girl alone will condone either of these evil habits in her companions.

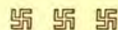
Request your physician to refuse to prescribe alcohol as a medicine. Dr. H. W. Wiley says: "Both as a means of preventing disease and as a remedy, alcohol is rapidly falling into disrepute, so that it bids fair to become merely a memory in our materia medica and the pharmacopeia."

See that public-school teachers at their institutes receive scientific temperance instruction.

Request your State and city boards of health to issue posters and bulletins on the nature of alcohol and tobacco.

Write to your State senators and representatives at Washington to vote for the passage of the bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Pray daily for national Constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic.

May you have no peace of mind until these things have been accomplished.



### Boys Wanted

One thousand boys, clean, honest, upright boys, to sell this special temperance number of the "Instructor"! Every time you sell one hundred papers you make six dollars, and besides you are selling something that everybody needs or wants, and which must do great good. Who will be the first to order five hundred?

## The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

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FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

LXII FEBRUARY 3, 1914 No. 5

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## Rum and Home

F. FREDERICK BLISS

Yes, he was strong, and she was fair, and both were happy quite,  
As now began their wedded life in home of cottage white.  
The days sped on till months had flown, and all were months of June,  
So clear were their domestic skies, and life and joy attune.  
Ah! here was heaven's anteroom, and here its portals fair;  
Its flowers bloomed about the home, its fragrance filled the air.  
She lived for God and him and home, and he requited well,  
Till life had wrought a story sweet that angels love to tell.

But earth is earth, and man is man, and Satan is not dead,  
And loves he well an Eden bower like this to vily tread.  
The business world has many a trap, the social world as well;  
And e'en religion sometimes veils the way that leads to hell.  
This model husband's business "friends" long sought him, but in vain,  
For lodges, clubs, and other things that follow in their train.  
Persistence, though, in any line is sure of its reward,  
And even valiant self-defense is sometimes off its guard.

At first 'twas "only now and then" he took the "friendly glass,"  
But soon he'd gone beyond the point none can with safety pass.  
With breaking heart the anguished wife implored and wept and prayed  
Deliv'rance from the awful stroke which all her soul dismayed.  
Frail beauty fled the fair young face, and comeliness the form  
Which bent beneath the fiery stroke of fierce and hurtling storm.  
E'en fair-haired Flossie showed the chill that pinched her three sad years,  
For she, so young, could read the plaint of mama's daily tears.

Aye, more; so delicate was she her fragile spirit drank  
A subtle poison from the air of home by grief made dank.  
Sometimes a fright would seem to seize the father's palsied will,  
And he would press her to his heart in anguish fiercely still;  
And then, yes, then go forth again to fight and fail and—fall;  
Then home to fading wife and children—night and gloom and pall!  
At last life's midnight dully tolled its black and doomful hour,  
Though but an April sunset time—and flood and flock and flower.

"Not papa here? Good night; good-by," and sank the golden head  
To tear-bathed pillow soft and white on death's fierce-anguished bed.  
When faded taunting light of day to evening's mocking calm,  
The stricken mother mutely held sweet Flossie's pulseless palm.  
Mid midnight gloom the father came, and would have passed the cot  
Where lay the darling of his heart, but something bade him not;  
The pallor of the marble brow that pressed the pillow white,  
The cold, mute agony of wife, shot hurtling bolts of fright.

He bent and kissed the pale, soft cheek—but, horror! it was cold!  
Long stood he there in quivering grief too fearful to behold.  
His eyes, though bleared at first, took on the light of years ago,  
And life's fair day of powers renewed had swift and wondrous dawn.  
When morning's streams of sunny gold poured through the cottage door,  
Illumined they a scene so rare as scarce was known before:  
The stricken man, by grief made sane, was straining to his breast  
Both weeping wife and trembling boy, and pledging all that's best!