

# The INSTRUCTOR

1915 TEMPERANCE ANNUAL

WASHINGTON D.C.

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*We Want to Kiss Papa Good Night.*





# What Became of Billy Sunday's Colleagues

**T**WENTY-SIX years ago I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball players who were famous in this world, and we went into a saloon. We drank and then went out and sat down on a corner. We sat down on the curbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments—horns, flutes, and slide trombones—and others were singing gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church where I used to go to Sunday school.

And right there God reproduced on the canvas of my memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces. Many have long since returned to the dust. At view of this I sobbed and sobbed and sobbed, and a young man stepped out and said: "We are going down to the Pacific Garden Mission; won't you come down to the mission? I am sure you will enjoy it."

I arose and said to the boys: "I'm through. We've come to the parting of the ways," and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed, and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement; others said not a word.

Twenty-six years ago I turned and left that little group, and walked to the mission, went on my knees, and staggered out of sin into the arms of the Saviour.

The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practice. The first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelley. Up came Mike. He said: "Bill, I'm proud of you. Religion is not my long suit, but I'll help you all I can." Later Mike Kelley was sold to Boston for \$10,000. He showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went round with a subscription paper, and the boys raised over \$12,000 to buy Mike a house. They gave Mike a deed to the house, and they had \$1,500 left, for which they gave him a certificate of deposit. His salary for playing with Boston was \$4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$4,700 he received as salary, and had a mortgage on the house. And when he died in Pennsylvania, some of the boys went round with a subscription to get money enough to put him in the ground. Mike sat there on the corner with me twenty-six years ago when I said, "Good-by, boys; I'm through."

Ed Williamson, our old shortstop, was a fellow weighing 225 pounds, and a more active man you never saw. He went round the world with his team, came back to the United States, and started a saloon on Dearborn Street, Chicago. I would go there giving tickets for the Y. M. C. A. meetings, and would talk with him, and he would cry like a baby. I would get down and pray for him. When he died, his liver was found to be so large that it would not go into a candy bucket. Ed Williamson sat there on the street corner with me twenty-six years ago when I said, "Good-by, boys; I'm through."

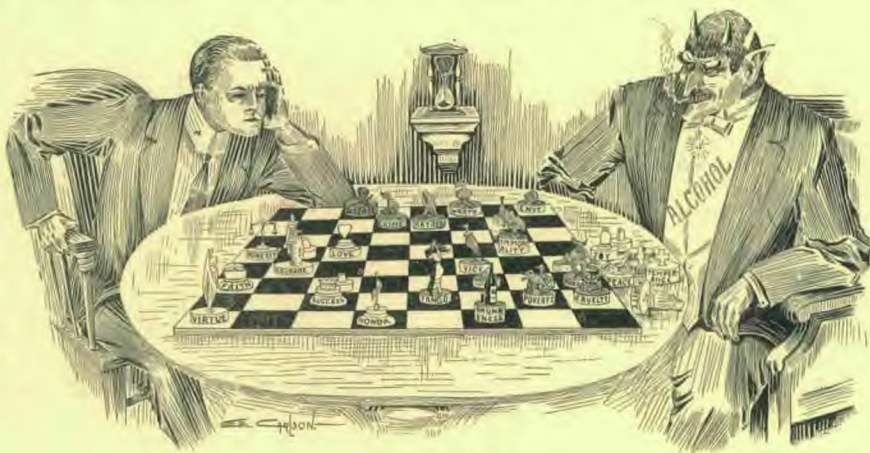
Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for nineteen years, drew \$3,200 a year on an average. He caught before they had chest protectors and masks and gloves. He caught barehanded. Every bone in the ball of his hand was broken. Every bone in his face was broken, and his shoulders and ribs had been broken. I've seen Frank Flint sleeping on a table in a stale beer joint, and I've turned my pockets inside out, and said, "You're welcome to it, old pal." He drank on and on, and one day in winter he staggered out of a beer joint and stood on a corner, and was seized with a fit of cough-

ing. The blood streamed out of his nose, his mouth, and his eyes. Policemen called a cab and he was taken to a boarding house. Physicians were summoned; but he was beyond human aid. He struggled as he had years ago on the diamond when he tried to reach home; but the great Umpire of the universe called, "You're off," and the gladiator of the diamond was no more. Frank Flint sat on the street corner, drunk, with me, twenty-six years ago in Chicago, when I said, "I'll bid you good-by, boys; I'm going to Jesus."

Say, men, did I win the game of life, or did they?

## Something to Think About

WHAT arouses the ire of the liquor traffic? Not speeches, songs, sneers, nor cartoons; but the temperance vote.



THE LOSING GAME

The great weight of scientific evidence and the force of scientific opinion at the present time lead to the conclusion that alcohol in its various forms is an unmitigated evil.—Harvey W. Wiley.

A WRITER in *Everybody's Magazine* says that "several saloon keepers have policies on her son's life—a speculation horribly common among saloon keepers."

NEW JERSEY has one liquor dealer for every twenty-three of its boys and young men. Fortunate is he who escapes these death traps set for the sons by the fathers of the State, who license the business.

S. M. BIDDISON, of Ridgefield, New Jersey, says that he found that of the 10,000 inmates of the Sing Sing and Auburn prisons during the last five years, 80 per cent were made prisoners through whisky.

JAMES C. KLINE, of Chicago, the general president of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers, states that barroom demagogues have cost the loss of life, property, and public confidence, and many times have brought defeat to the cause of labor.

"NATIONAL prohibition means widespread poverty, suffering, and degradation," says a circular sent out by the brewing trades and other labor bodies. The Central Labor Union of Pasadena, California, says this idea "is not only ridiculous and untrue, but shows a lack of the power of observation."

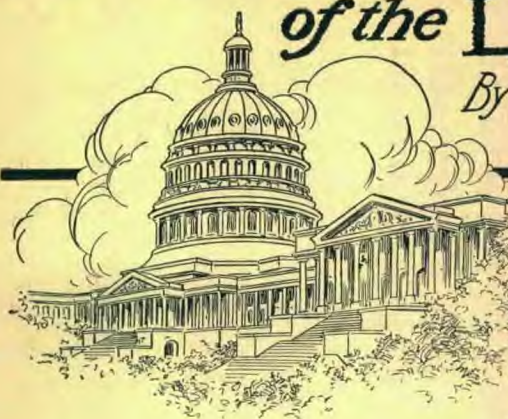
TEN thousand homes have been devastated by tornadoes in eight of our States in one day. This fact is used effectively by insurance companies in securing new policyholders. There is not a day in the year, nor an hour in the day, that the liquor traffic is not wrecking homes. Let us insure our homes against this great wrecker by forever annihilating it from the nation.

ACCORDING to the report of the Washington, D. C., Children's Home, the liquor traffic sent more than 500 of the city's children out into the street to be cared for by this one home. Three times the home has received a whole family of children after the drunken father had shot the mother before killing himself. It is claimed that there are today in this country 865,000 liquor-made orphans.



# NATIONAL PROHIBITION of the LIQUOR TRAFFIC

By HON. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON



A nation's material prosperity depends on the producing power of its citizens.—Hobson.

**R**ECENT investigations go to show that the motive which Romulus had in the founding of Rome was to have a city in which the product of the wine press should never come within its walls. He founded Rome on the principle of total abstinence. For five hundred years Rome practiced absolute prohibition.

For many centuries after that, Roman law forbade a Roman woman to take wine, under penalty of death. This shows that at that time the blighting effect of alcohol upon posterity was understood.

The evolutionary development of the Roman Empire during those centuries is plainly marked, as compared with the surrounding peoples. Its inhabitants not only increased in numbers, but they developed the higher faculties, not only the physical and intellectual, but the spiritual and moral powers, to such an extent that they literally conquered the world and gave humanity a new civilization, laying down the true principles of jurisprudence, right, and justice for all time.

Rome, rural and sober, conquered, ruled, and blessed the world. But when, in their great city, the Romans became dissipated and degenerate, then great Rome fell at the hands of despised barbarians.

The same processes are going on in America today, and in all civilized nations.

A nation's material prosperity depends on the producing power of its citizens. The average efficiency of the citizen as a producer is seriously lowered by the widespread use of alcohol, even in moderation. Two steins of beer a day will lower one's efficiency an average of from 8 to 10 per cent. One who drinks moderately every day, is short from 25 to 40 per cent in his efficiency, depending on the individual and the occupation. And the greater loss of efficiency is where the labor entails the exercise of the higher faculties, for these are the most sensitive.

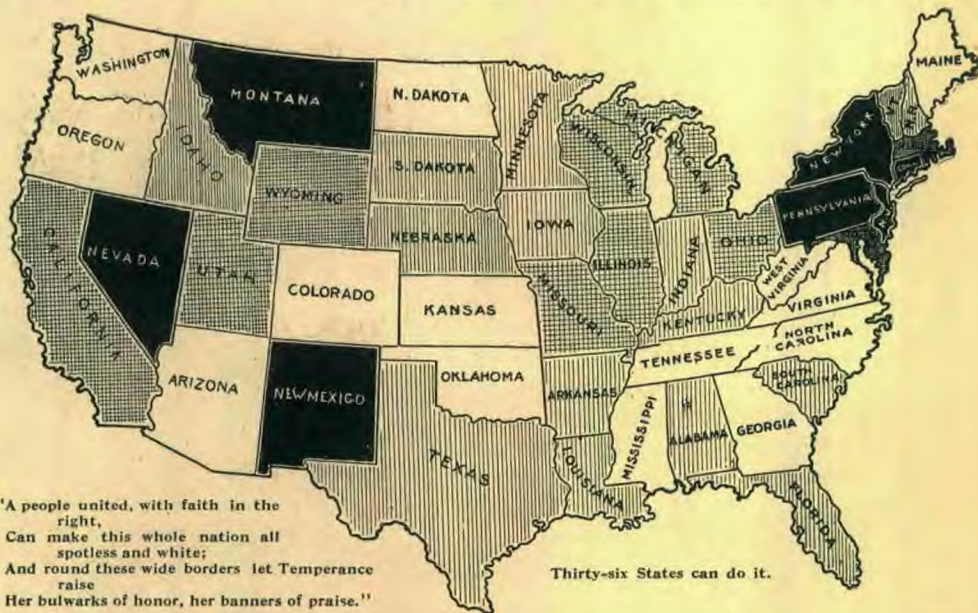
Twenty-five gallons of alcoholic beverages per capita consumed in the United States of America mean a terrible loss of national efficiency. Taking the number of different classes of drinkers in this country and the scientific returns in regard to the loss of efficiency of each class, the American producers are, on the whole, about 21 or 21.5 per cent short in their efficiency. This means that each year we are producing only about \$35,000,000,000, when we should produce over \$43,-

000,000,000. We are therefore \$8,000,000,000 short annually.

The loss of efficiency is so serious that in trades and industries, drinking, even temperately, is taken into account in the employment of men.

The best investigation of this question was made in 1897 by our Bureau of Labor. One interesting thing about these tables of the Bureau of Labor is the record of what the employers of labor thought was the proper remedy for this evil. In the questions which were sent out to the employers at that time, the bureau asked them to suggest the remedy. Remember these were employers, men of unusual intelligence.

Prohibition heads the lists in the answers: 1,103 said that prohibition was the remedy they should suggest; 769 said, "Do not employ drinking men," which is practically demanding local prohibition. That makes about 1,800 for prohibi-



"A people united, with faith in the right,  
Can make this whole nation all  
spotless and white;  
And round these wide borders let Temperance  
raise  
Her bulwarks of honor, her banners of praise."

Thirty-six States can do it.

tion. The next was high license, and there were 445 of these, less than one quarter. Four times as many men, even in 1897, believed that prohibition was a better remedy than high license.

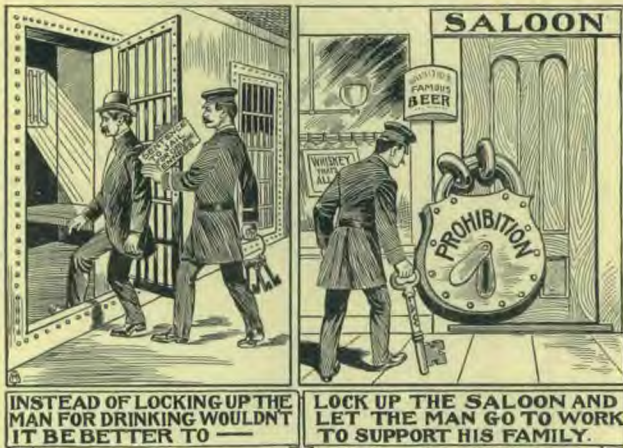
## Shortage in Character Standard

If the average efficiency of the nation is short 21.5 per cent because of drink, the alarming question is, How much is the average standard of character short? The degeneracy here must be much more alarming.

It is a disastrous thing to cut off so much of the producing power of the nation and add so heavily to the burdens of crime, pauperism, and insanity, and to squander \$2,500,000,000 in drink. How illogical for men to plead for a harmful business on the ground of its magnitude! The bigger it is, the greater the necessity for its destruction.



It is a serious matter to strike at the prosperity of the nation. How much more serious to strike at the character of its citizens, at the nation's liberties and institutions and its capacity for self-government. Because of the degeneracy from drink in large cities where it is sold, self-government is impossible. The degenerate vote swamps the others. The vote of the degenerate, who has had the top part of his brain paralyzed, is venal. Being on a low level of character, his vote is for sale. When a large number of votes are for sale, who buy? — The enemies of the people. Why do they buy?



The Democratic party cannot afford to shield the brewery, distillery, and saloon from the rising wrath of a determined people.—Wm. J. Bryan.

— In order to be able to carry elections to oppress the people. They overthrew the liberties of Greece and Rome. They are already threatening the continuance of self-government in our large cities. The degenerate votes in our big cities today threaten self-government in many of our States. The liberties of America are menaced.

The Constitution of the United States of America was established to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity. These blessings rest on the character of our people. This proposed amendment, which would destroy the agent that undermines the character of our people, is in direct line to carry out the purpose for which the Constitution was established, and belongs naturally and logically in the Constitution itself.

The sale of liquor in America is a direct blow to blight the youth of the nation. The duty to destroy the sale of liquor is the highest obligation known, the highest that can be known, to Congress.

We can repeat the words of Dr. Roubindvitch, of the great Salpêtrière, of France: "We are only at the dawn of a campaign, the stakes of which are the existence of the nation and of the race."

### Inherent Rights Blighted

Examine the process of the renewal of the nation. A child has the right to be well born. This is a real, inherent right. Every child born in a civilized community is entitled to be free from degeneracy in blood.

What is it that blights this inherent right of American citizens more than all other blights combined? It is alcohol. There is where real inherent rights of citizens are invaded — not by prohibition, but by alcohol.

The next right every child has is to be born in a home with parental love surrounding it. Animals are born that way. When animals mate, they prepare a place to protect their offspring; the birds build their nests. Man is entitled to the same care. A child who has not parental love and the tender care of its parents will not have a fair and equal chance in the world. His inherent rights have been invaded. What invades them more than all other curses combined? It is the alcoholic liquor traffic. The home is the nation's corner stone.

Woe to that nation when the integrity of its homes is undermined. It is not prohibition, but the liquor traffic, that tramples upon the inherent rights associated with the home.

The next right the child has is the right of education during the plastic period, and the right to protection against the dangers of being blighted before it becomes of age. What is it more than all other things combined that sends the boys to the factory or the streets, and cuts off their education? It is the liquor traffic. What is it that more than all other curses combined debauches boys before they are grown, taking advantage of their weakness and innocence, when they have the right to be protected by civilized society? It is alcohol and the traffic in it.

Those are real, inherent rights of the greatest importance, affecting practically every person in the land. If they do not affect you directly, they do your neighbor, and will reach you indirectly. Here again it is not prohibition, but the liquor traffic, that tramples upon the inherent rights of a citizen.

### Among Savages

In our country the people as they go about carrying on their vocations have a right to deal with intelligent human beings. They have a right to deal with civilized, law-abiding human beings in a civilized manner. And yet, right among us are these agencies producing the lawless, the semicivilized, and the savage.

Take a young man and start him out highly civilized, and let him go forward under the influence of this degenerating process, and after a while you will find him down to the level of the semicivilized or the savage. He will soon get below the level of the brute.

There are 3,000 murders in this country every year in which men murder their own wives; 2,500 cases where they kill their own children. This is not found among the lower animals.

There are about 15,000 cases where men desert their helpless children. That gives an index of the degeneracy that surrounds us. Instead of working among and dealing with civilized men, we are among savages, in the midst of violence and crime. Sully-Prudhomme, the great French scientist,

said, "All in all, my opinion as to alcohol in all its forms is that it is fitted, thanks to the devastation that it brings about in the human system, to animalize people in all grades of society." Here this universal right of citizenship is violated, not by prohibition, but by the liquor traffic.

### Object of the Constitution

What are constitutions for? — Essentially to protect and promote these inherent and natural rights of men and of society.



Destroy the nests, and the birds will fly away.

The preamble to the Constitution of the United States sets forth its object: —

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

This prohibition amendment would wonderfully help to "establish justice," reducing crime in general, and rendering justice to that vast army of sufferers, the wives and children of drinkers.

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the drinking of alcohol is not an individual matter, since it affects









Dr. H. W. Wiley

"A bright-eyed small boy of ten," says Dr. Wiley, "was turned over to me by his mother the other day, for a few plain words as to why he had better drink lemonade and grape juice instead of coca-cola. I told him the story, without exaggeration: just what is in it, and why caffeine, in either coffee or coca-cola, is not good for a growing boy. His eyes grew steadily larger, and at the end he said with great earnestness: 'But why do they let them make it?' The signs all say, 'Delicious, Refreshing.' If this question can be asked of coca-cola, containing caffeine, how much more significantly can it be asked concerning cigarettes and intoxicating liquors. Why does the government allow such health-destroying agencies to exist?"

I believe that the greatest present menace to the American Indian is whisky. It does more to destroy the constitution and invite the ravages of disease than anything else. It does more to demoralize him. It does more to make him an easy prey to the unscrupulous than everything else combined. Let us save the American Indian from the curse of whisky.—Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Why not save his white brother also?

## Back With the Saloon



Hon. Cato Sells

EVERY sixteen minutes, with pitiless iteration, somewhere in our country a worker is killed at his task, making a yearly toll of over 36,000 deaths out of an industrial army of 34,000,000 persons. Besides these fatalities, there are 500,000 serious injuries and 3,000,000 cases of illness. In view of these facts, a national bureau of safety seems a necessity.

The Illinois Steel Company has made a reduction in its five plants of 66 2-3 per cent in accidents during the last ten years. A Wisconsin machine company made a reduction of 62 per cent during the first year of organized safety work. Several States keep expert safety advisers in the field to aid employers in organizing their men in order to reduce accidents. These efforts on the part of the State and of employers to reduce accidents are admirable; but they are not enough.

Science shows that the brain is most deeply affected by alcohol from two and one-half to three hours after drinking. The Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board found in 1912 that in its State the greatest number of industrial accidents occurred at about ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon. The Minnesota Bureau of Labor for the year 1909-10 found the same hours to be the unfortunate ones in that State. If men's carelessness were due to fatigue, the hours of accident would be changed to twelve and five; but between eleven-thirty and twelve there are about one third as many accidents as at ten, and one fourth as many as at three o'clock.

From varied observations, alcohol has been found to be a serious cause of accidents. The alcohol that the workmen referred to in the foregoing paragraph took in the morning and at noon would, according to expert testimony, have its deepest benumbing effect upon the brain at the very hours the greatest number of accidents occurred; therefore it seems justifiable to conclude that the findings of the Massachusetts and Minnesota Accident Boards are accounted for by the use of intoxicants by the employees.

A Paris company engaged in unloading boats, experienced so many accidents to its workmen that its insurance rates were constantly increasing. An investigation was made, and it was

found that many of the men were in the habit of buying drink instead of food during their intermission. Whereupon the company provided simple lunches, forbade the men to go out, and the accident rate fell at once.

The superintendent of one of the largest collieries in Pennsylvania once scouted the idea of a coroner that there was serious relation between liquor and accidents. He later admitted, after investigation, that 72 per cent of their accidents occurred on Mondays and Tuesdays, while the other four working days produced only 28 per cent of the accidents. Friday proved to be the freest day of the week. Monday and Tuesday were the days when the men were still under the influence of Sunday's debauchery.

A wealthy factory owner said that his men were worth 50 per cent more to him on Monday morning if the saloons of the town were closed on Sunday. They would have been worth still more if the saloons had been closed all the time.

It is claimed that 40 per cent of all the fires in this country can be traced to the stupidity and confusion which follow the use of alcohol.

The wreck on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, in which forty-one persons lost their lives and seventy-five others were injured, was pronounced by the investigating commission to have been occasioned by the drinking of the engineer. Fifty per cent of other railway accidents are said to be caused by alcohol. One statistician claims that of forty automobile accidents which he tabulated, more than thirty were due to the effects of alcohol on the drivers.

Charles L. Huston, vice president of the Lukens Iron and Steel Company, which operates the largest industrial plant of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, says: "The employer by law is made liable for accidents to employees; so as a matter of self-protection we are opposed to the sale of liquor in Coatesville."

Mr. Huston also said that since Coatesville had been without saloons, the accidents in the mills of the town had decreased 40 per cent. Another said that the two leading industries of the town showed a decrease in accidents of 54 per

(Concluded on page seven)



Secretary of State  
The liquor interests exhaust ingenuity in devising processes for the extracting of both money and manhood from the rich human ore that is passing through their mills, and throw the tailings upon society.—Wm. J. Bryan.



Senator Sheppard  
If the liquor traffic is permitted to take refuge in one State or a few States, it will be only a matter of time until the whole battle must be refought in every part of the Union.—Morris Sheppard.



Secretary of the Navy  
While there are many good men who drink temperately, there is only one safe course for the young man who would master his soul, and that is to abstain from intoxicating drinks.—Josephus Daniels.



Commissioner of Internal Revenue  
The greatest benefit of removing the saloon is to the young men who never drank. I have never known a young man who had never taken a drink to send off and get a jug of whisky and drink it. The young man invariably learns to drink in saloons.—W. H. Osborn, United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue.



# What I Saw While Visiting Schools

[Mr. Edward Hyatt, superintendent of public instruction in the State of California, gives the following account of a visit he made among the schools in the mountains of that State.]

THE thing that was most strongly burned into my mind on this long journey was the horrid effects of whisky upon the people who are scattered all over our State, far and near. I never realized before what a fearful damage whisky inflicts upon young and old, men and women, boys and girls, wherever our people live. One day I put up at the Wilson Ranch, and remained overnight. It was a beautiful place, far in the mountains, with a brawling trout stream close by, and great meadows of grass all around. The Wilson family were the kindest people you can imagine. They were hard-working and frugal, living by caring for a herd of cattle and by keeping the passing travelers who came along. Their home was far away from any town, and for a large part of the year they were snowed in all to themselves. One would think that whisky could not harm such a family as this.

Yet the father was a hopeless drunkard. His strength of will was gone, and he could not do what he really wanted to do. He could not work regularly, he could not think well or make plans, he could not be the leader of the family. The older boys and the mother had to do the work and had to decide things. They had to feed the stock and cut the hay and sell the calves and take the butter away. The old man would sell his soul for liquor. He would do the most dastardly and cowardly things in order to go on a carouse, and then would sit about the kitchen fire for days, ashamed and humiliated and repentant. He was so ashamed that he never appeared at the table while I was there. Once he slipped away secretly with the mother's pony, her only means of driving about to see to the business. When he sneaked back, the pony had been sold, converted into whisky, and poured down his throat. All summer the family had saved and economized, hiding the money as best they could, against the long and trying winter. The father found it — disappeared. When the boys were sent to bring him home, the money was all gone. Sometimes they would find him after a debauch, with debts piled up for them to scrape and scrimp for months to pay. Often his drink would make him insulting and abusive to the people who came to buy or to board, driving away the means by which the family lived. He could not help it; his mind was diseased. But what a blighting curse to this quiet, distant, rural family! The boys were soured at the injustice of it, and hopeless at the unavailing struggle. The daughter went away from home to escape the disgrace of it. The mother had nothing to look forward to but sorrow. Was it not a shameful thing? Why should it be so?

Next day I went on and reached Smithville, a large town. The main hotel had a lively saloon in connection with its office, and I was astonished to see how many boys and young men came there evenings to talk and drink. They would line up before the bar, sometimes twenty at once, eagerly spending their hard-earned money in treating, meantime glancing proudly about to see who was observing their manliness. They were bright-eyed, active, hard-working fellows. They did not really care for beer and whisky, but were only anxious to be manly[?]. They were falling accidentally into a misfortune that would make Old Man Wilsons of some of them surely and without fail. What a pity! No intelligent community will allow dangerous pitfalls to stand open along the traveled



Edward Hyatt

roads, into which careless people can ignorantly stumble as they go along, breaking their limbs or their heads and destroying their property. Why should not an intelligent people take some care of the dangerous pitfalls of drink?

One morning I got up just at the peep of day, and took a walk up the silent and deserted street of the town. The only persons to be seen were some poor old men who had been hanging about the saloons and barrooms all night, hoping for an occasional drink at some one's expense. Never will you see a more perfect

type of lost souls than these old soaks that can be seen at daybreak slinking around drinking places. Blear-eyed, grizzle-bearded, unkempt, poverty-stricken, hopeless, miserable, they are the very picture of want and bedraggled despair. Poor old bums! Where has gone the product of their labor, the results of their skill and brains, that ought to have made them comfortable and respectable? Where has it gone? Who got it? These old fellows were once eager-eyed boys lining up before the bar in order to be manly.

Going on for a day or two, I passed at noon a little mountain hamlet far away. It had a store, a blacksmith shop, and a drinking place, but not much else. On the porch of the saloon was a crowd of young men, wearing blue shirts and high shoes. They were the young surveyors working on a power line in the neighboring mountains, and had come in for a month's pay. They were bright, educated, intelligent fellows; but drink had loosened their tongues and stolen their brains. They were babbling and brawling like children.

They were boasting and threatening and weeping and singing, to the pity and contempt of beholders. They were throwing away the money they would keenly need later on as a start toward prosperity and independence. They were fooled and deceived. They thought they were having a good time, but their nerves, under the influence of the whisky, had fooled them. They were really having a very bad time, and didn't even know it. In a day or two they would go back to their hard work without a penny, to start in all over again — not quite so strong nor so determined nor so eager as before. What a pity!

But at last the journey was completed, and I returned to my home. Almost the first thing I heard was that two of my neighbors had been in a dreadful automobile accident. One was killed, the other at death's door; and their machine was a wreck. The papers told how the steering gear had failed to work, and how they had smashed into a telegraph pole beside the road. Every one was lamenting the sad affair.

But I talked with the high school boy who first came upon the scene of the accident, riding his bicycle at night. He said, "I stopped to see what was the matter, and when I stooped over the men I smelled whisky so strong I just thought they were drunk."

Now you see what was the matter with the "steering gear." What a pity!

So these were the things, young people, that impressed me during the journey with the idea that whisky is doing our people everywhere a great deal of damage, and that it is weakening and harming our State on every hand. I did not see any good things growing out of it to offset the ills. I have told you the story in the hope that you will use your own eyes and your own brains, as time goes along, and try to find ways to make things better than they are now.

I would not have you think that everything in the world



When the brewery, distillery, and saloon have passed away, I shall still serve you gratis my cooling draft. Don't slight me now.—Old Pump.



is misery and sorrow, for it isn't; but I would have you see that a very large part of all the misery and sorrow of our race grows out of the use of strong drink. I would have you resolve strongly to steer clear of it yourselves, and to help in finding ways for removing temptation from the young and the weak and the ignorant in future. We are lately finding ways to combat and wipe out some of the most terrible diseases that have been destroying humanity from the remotest antiquity. You who are coming on have it in your hands to find a remedy for the greatest scourge of all — the whisky disease. What will you do?

### "Ginger"

THE official organ of the mail order liquor trade bears the suggestive name *Ginger*. It is published by the Circular Advertising Company of Cincinnati, Ohio. According to this magazine there are 500 firms in the United States giving exclusive attention to the mail order liquor business, and 2,000 other firms doing considerable of that business. Many of these concerns are reputed to do an annual mail order business

the State, where such business may be legally conducted, and engage in the mail order business in West Virginia.

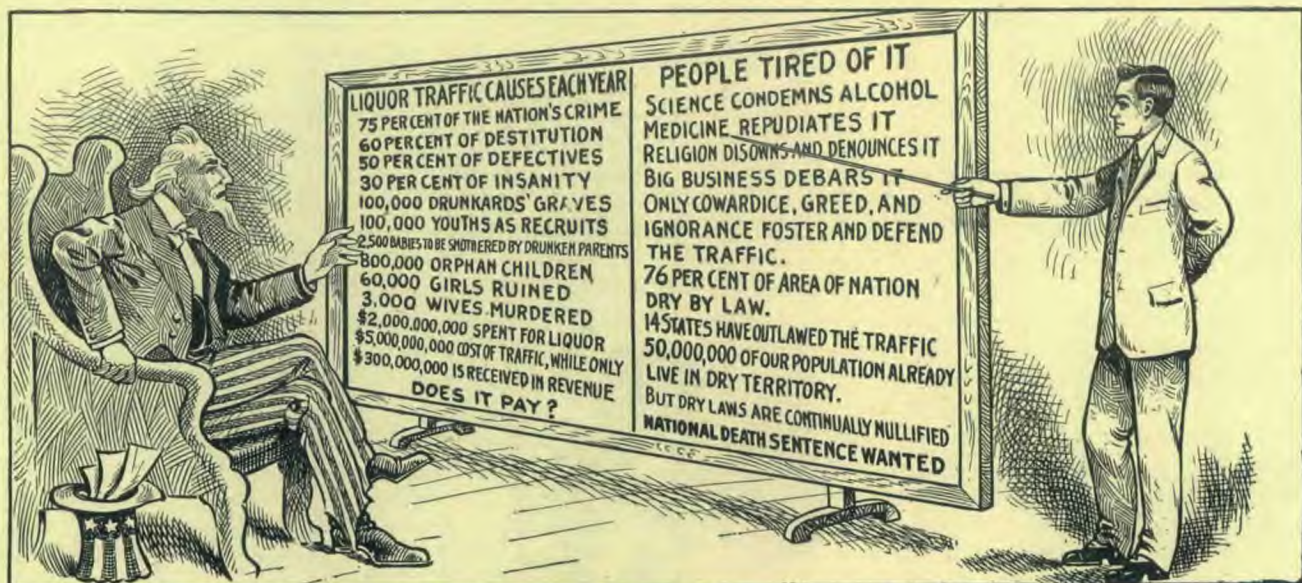
But "the State law of West Virginia makes it illegal to mail circulars in the State, that is, circulars soliciting liquor trade." As this statement is copied from *Ginger*, it is evident that the liquor people fully understand that the law prohibits the mail order liquor business as well as the saloon. The publishers of *Ginger*, moreover, wrote to Commissioner Fred O. Blue, of Charleston, West Virginia, asking him the question,—

Would you construe that the mailing of a circular to the individual would represent a solicitation of his business, and thus be a violation of your State law, and so cause the shipment to be a violation of the Webb-Kenyon Act?

Mr. Blue, in his fearless reply, said:—

I beg to say that I most certainly would consider the mailing of a circular to an individual in West Virginia, in the way and under the circumstances indicated, as soliciting business in this State in violation of the law, and any attempt to advertise or solicit in such a way certainly will be met with just as vigorous and prompt prosecution as the machinery at my command will permit.

But what do the liquor people say of their plans in view of the fact that the mail order business is pronounced an outlaw



Uncle Sam: "Well, I declare, that Hobson-Sheppard Resolution should have had better treatment than it got in the House last December."

of over \$1,000,000. Circulars and order blanks are sent out by the million.

The bulk of this circular business being confined to persons who live in dry territory, one can easily see how much of such matter is poured into prohibition territory. Then if persons yield to the temptation to buy what they have been urged to purchase through alluring advertisements sent to them personally, the liquor people continually hold up this fact as evidence that prohibition does not prohibit. And the one chief reason it does not more effectually prohibit is because of the diabolical lawlessness of the traffic and its promoters. As soon as the people of a State or community express themselves by law or vote as desiring to free themselves from the liquor traffic, then they are besieged by the mail order dealers. A few sentences from a copy of *Ginger* follow, showing the readiness with which dry territory is seized upon for this unlawful work:—

The large area of Illinois which voted dry last month, has created a new territory for mail order dealers in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cairo, which they will quickly take advantage of. Many of the mail order houses in these cities are planning to go after trade now rather than wait until fall, when business is supposed to be better.

The closing of West Virginia by prohibition holds out a new hope and a new opening for the mail order dealers in Louisville, Covington, and Catlettsburg. . . . West Virginia offers them the opportunity of a territory with State-wide prohibition, where quick service can be given.

In one number of *Ginger*, a writer, in speaking of the prohibition law of West Virginia which was to go into effect the following July, said:—

Wholesale dealers and saloons are wiped out, and many of these people have arranged to move to the nearest points on the borders of

by the State law and by the prohibition commissioner? They say:—

The State law of West Virginia makes it illegal to mail circulars in the State; but it is clearly evident that the prohibition commissioner cannot prevent the mailing and delivery of such circulars.

"It is dry in West Virginia; and in Virginia, too, It's going to be two years from now, no matter what we do; Kentucky's getting parched a bit, and there's — ahem! — to pay, But they can't dry up mail orders, no matter what they say!"

It is clear that the Circular Advertising Company has no intention of heeding law; and it encourages its patrons to do business in West Virginia and in other dry territory, because "it is evident that State officials will have hard work to prove that the whisky was really ordered because of the circular received." This is patriotism!

The philanthropic service that the Circular Advertising Company performs for mail order firms is readily discerned from the advertisement on the succeeding page that appeared in an issue of *Ginger* last year.

An optimistic mail order man says of the future outlook of their business that "the public is demanding regulation and restriction, and we are likely to find in a very short time that only in the cities will saloons be permitted to exist, so that the mail order industry would seem destined to grow apace." Another says that it can be made "the most powerful public movement that can be undertaken by the liquor interests."

These fond hopes of the mail order firms would be quickly shattered if all who receive solicitations for liquor orders would be as courageous as Mr. P. A. Simpson, of Charleston, West Virginia, who wrote Wiedeman Brewing Company of Newport, Kentucky, as follows:—



GENTLEMEN: I am just in receipt of yours in which you solicit an order from me. Now, I think I have answered some of these very kind solicitations before. If I have not, I shall try to make it plain to you this time. I am now forty-three years of age, and I have never been fool enough to take a drink of any kind of intoxicants. I have never stooped so low as to step my foot into one of the "hell holes" where you people supply the stuff to wreck the lives of men who are weak and helpless, men whose wives and poor helpless children depend upon them for a living. You take advantage of their weakness and rob them of every cent they have, and then kick them out to go home to their families with nothing for them but curses and abuse; and many times, while under the influence of the stuff you sell them, they murder their loved ones, and very often meet death in some tragic manner. This has occurred four times in this city within the past week. I am in a business that sees the evils of your agencies. I have been in the undertaking business for fourteen years, and have kept a close record of the deaths of men whose bodies I have handled, and I find that seven out of ten men who die in this locality, die from the effects of drink. So you see your harvest is a very profitable one. I am sure you must feel proud of it. I have a man in my morgue this morning who was killed in a saloon in this city last night. His ending should be enough warning to any one, but, of course, it doesn't faze your seared conscience.

But because the liquor traffic completely ignores law until compelled to obey, the mail order business will increase until the national government, by a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale and manufacture of the death-destroying alcoholic beverages, forbids the citizens of one State nullifying in this way the legislation that another State has enacted for the good of its people. "As long as there is one wet State in the Union," recently declared a congressman, "the right of every dry State in the Union will be trampled upon. We must have nation-wide prohibition."

Only a federal prohibitory law can stop the nullifying of State prohibitory laws. May that law soon be enacted.

## Back With the Saloon

(Concluded from page four)

cent, and an increased efficiency of 33 per cent.

Many of the largest German manufacturing firms established the practice of selling nonalcoholic drinks to their employees in the works, with a view to reducing accidents. The Continental Rubber Company distributes large quantities of coffee. No spirits are allowed to be drunk on the premises, and the accidents have decreased materially.

The abstinent employees' accident rate in Germany is eight per thousand, while that for all other employees is twelve. German insurance societies have found that they were losing heavily by accidents resulting from alcoholic indulgence. The cases in which recovery from accidents took more than twenty-eight days, from two to seven times as many, according to age, were addicted to alcohol.

The difficult healing of wounds in drinking men has long been a matter of common knowledge. Examinations of the blood have demonstrated a deficiency of white blood corpuscles in the drinker, and as these bodies are the active agents in healing the wounds, the riddle is solved.

A French writer, Raoul Vimard, said of France that "among the different causes of industrial accidents, the most important, without doubt, is the alcoholism of the workmen."

In the American Car and Foundry Company's plant at Berwick, Pennsylvania, is posted the following notice: "Workmen frequenting drinking places while coming to or going from their work, will be replaced by nondrinking men as rap-

idly as possible." In six weeks after the posting of this notice, accidents in the plant had decreased 34 per cent, and a day's output with the same force of men had increased from one and one-half to two cars a day, and the bank deposits were \$80,000 larger than in any other six-week period.

By a unanimous and enthusiastic vote the 700 delegates in attendance at the last National Congress on Industrial Safety, whose members employ more than a million men, adopted the following measure:—

Whereas, It is recognized that drinking of alcoholic stimulants is productive of a heavy per cent of the accidents and diseases affecting the safety and efficiency of workingmen; be it—

Resolved, That it is the sense of this organization to go on record in favor of eliminating the use of intoxicants in the industries of the nation.

Business men everywhere recognize alcohol as their enemy; so they are crying, "Back with the saloon," both as a safety and as an economic measure. They see the inconsistency of compensation laws making employers liable to the payment of heavy accident indemnity, while at the same time licensed saloons

may be located next door to factories to sell employees drink that weakens their limbs, and in other ways unfits them for exercising care in their work, thus causing many accidents to follow. "Safety first" is the cry of the hour. There is therefore a widespread, vigorous movement in the industrial world to secure legislation that shall prohibit a saloon within one thousand feet of any industrial plant. That is right. Back, back, and still farther back with the saloon, until it is altogether shoved off the map! National prohibition alone will do that. With 197 stanch men

in the national Congress committed by vote to the prohibition cause, the people must soon be given a chance to express themselves. Then national prohibition will become a reality.

## Revenue From Vice

SOME plead that our cities need the revenue from the liquor traffic. Would you be willing to accept revenue from licensing slavery, lottery, polygamy, the opium traffic, gambling, and prostitution? No nation that derives its revenues from the vices of its people can hope for permanent prosperity.

For every dollar of revenue we secure from the traffic we pay twenty dollars to support the traffic and its victims. According to the United States Supreme Court we are richer without this revenue; for it has said: "If a loss of the revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer a thousandfold, in the health, wealth, and happiness of her people."—*License Cases vs. Howard*.

The only defense of the liquor traffic is money. Even its friends will admit that the traffic is against the public welfare; but the money that is invested in the curse, and that which is made out of the curse, must be protected. The chief argument made by the wine men and others against prohibition, is the money argument. Is there not something else that is worth more than money, something that money cannot buy? What price do you put on your boy and girl? Were millions of money lost in destroying the liquor traffic, it must be destroyed, because the traffic destroys morals and men.

A. C. BANE,

Superintendent of California Anti-Saloon League.

## Liquor Names

Our rural lists, copied from poll tax lists, and corrected for addresses by postmasters, are the best lists for liquor dealers to secure new business. We are prepared to furnish lists for immediate delivery from the following States:—

Arkansas	Louisiana	Tennessee
Alabama	Mississippi	Texas
Florida	North Carolina	Virginia
Georgia	South Carolina	West Virginia

These names are leased for individual use at following rates:—

1,000 to 5,000 names	\$2.50 per m.
5,000 to 10,000 names	2.25 per m.
10,000 to 25,000 names	2.00 per m.
Over 25,000 names	1.75 per m.

We guarantee 98 per cent mail delivery, and furnish a written guaranty with each contract. Send for contract forms, and give a list of counties desired.

The Circular Advertising Co.

Advertising—Printing

Broadway at Seventh

Cincinnati, Ohio



A liquor mail order house advertisement, reminding its patrons that the express companies and the government mail service are its colleagues in nullifying dry laws.



# Home-Comings

"He swung on the gate and looked down the street,  
Awaiting the sound of familiar feet.  
Then suddenly came to the sweet child's eyes  
The marvelous glory of morning skies.  
For a manly form with a steady stride  
Drew near to the gate and opened it wide  
As the boy sprang forward and joyously cried,  
'Papa's coming!'



FATHER came home one evening intoxicated for the first time in his life, and his boy met him on his doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" The father seized him by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The boy's head struck a marble step, and he was instantly killed. The wife, who was ill, was thrown into convulsions by the tragic scene.

And that night this father and husband, a strong man of thirty-five years, slept a drunken sleep while his boy lay a corpse, and his wife was upon the brink of the grave.

One year after that he was laid in the cemetery by the side of his wife and child. The minister who related this incident was a guest in that home on that fatal night, and witnessed the tragedy. Strange is the sequel to this dark story: that minister himself, through drink, fell from his high calling, and became a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston.

In 1913 in an Indiana town there was another home-coming. For years an industrious stonecutter worked at his trade, providing well for his wife and children. Then the liquor traffic gained a new patron, and the usual story of a neglected home followed. Finally the married son came home to help provide for the mother and children. The mother did washing, and the older girls left school and began work in the factories. The father ate the food the others provided, and levied tribute on the slender purse for booze. Finally, in self-protection, it was decided that he who would not work should not eat, and the father left home angered. For months he lay about the city, drunk most of the time. Then came the biting days of late autumn. He begged to be taken back into the home, but was told that he must bear a man's share in providing if he returned. This aroused the rum demon, so in the early hours of morning, after imbibing freely, he stole over to the home, crept stealthily in, and placed dynamite under the beds whereon slept his son, daughter-in-law, and their three children, and also under the bed where his wife was accustomed to sleep with one or two of the girls. The father himself and one daughter were killed, and another daughter had one leg blown off.

Again: a sewing machine agent sold Mr. W a machine on the installment plan. As the payments were not made, the agent called at the home one day at eleven o'clock. Mrs. W told him that her husband had gone to the village early in the morning and expected to be home before noon. The agent therefore waited for Mr. W's return. The family was thinly clad for midwinter, the woodpile was small, the mother's countenance wore an expression of care and sorrow. The wife waited for the husband to return with provision for the noon meal, but she waited in vain. The boys and girls spent the afternoon paring and chewing dry cornstalks.

The roads were bad, and business called the agent to a distant village on the morrow, so he continued to wait, each hour hoping Mr. W would return. The clock struck six, and still Mr. W did not come; so of course there was no supper. The older children went to bed, and the mother spent two hours or more rocking the poor hungry babe before she could quiet it. The father had spent the day and the money in the saloon; so his home-coming brought deeper suffering to the family.



The wife waited for the husband to return with provisions for the noon meal.

"The wasted face of a little child  
Looked out at the window with eyes made wild  
By the ghostly shades in the failing light  
And the glimpse of a drunk man in the night  
Cursing and reeling from side to side.  
The poor boy, trembling and trying to hide,  
Clung to his mother's skirt and sighed,  
'Papa's coming!'

"In 1882, during my second term as governor of Kansas," says Hon. John P. St. John, "a slender, pale-faced, hollow-eyed, sorrowful-looking middle-aged woman entered my office. When she was seated, I asked what I could do for her, and between sobs she replied, 'I want you to listen to my story.'

"All right," I said; 'take your own time and tell your story in your own way.'

"She then told me that she was married in Pennsylvania back in the seventies to a blacksmith, an industrious, moral, sober man, who never used tobacco in any form, intoxicating liquors, or profane language. They worked hard, he at his trade and she washing and scrubbing, both using the most rigid economy. In a few years of such work they had managed to lay by a few hundred dollars.

"Friends told them that they could do much better out West, and pointed especially to Kansas, where her husband could get plenty of work at his trade, and receive good wages; so in the course of a few months they bundled up their little belongings and started for Kansas. They settled in a thriving village in the central part of the State, where he soon got work at his trade, receiving double what he could get in Pennsylvania.

"We rented a little house," she said, 'and moved in, and were soon comfortably fixed. After working six months by the day he was able to buy a half interest in the shop and tools. At the end of the year he purchased and paid for the other half, and was then the sole owner of the business. At the end of another year we bought a comfortable home, and in a few months more we owned a horse, buggy, and cow, and with our three little children were happy and getting along splendidly.

"Just about that time a saloon was licensed in the village, and located between our home and my husband's shop; thus he had to pass it as he went to and from his meals. It was not long until he became used to the saloon and acquainted with many who congregated there; and in time he yielded to



The liquor traffic holds the key to the world's great house of misery.

an invitation to go in and engage in a social game of cards; and later he took a glass of beer, being assured that it was perfectly harmless; and it was not long until he drank some wine; and the beer and the wine created a desire for something stronger, and he drank whisky. The damning work had begun. He neglected his business, got into debt, and at last in a drunken row killed a man. He was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.





#### FOR THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WE PLEAD

I refuse to take the scales to balance the heart of one single mother with the value of all the liquor business since the world began.— Frederick Landis, former Congressman.

"I sold our home, horse, buggy, and cow to get money to defend him. I took in washings to earn scanty food for myself and children. Two of my darlings died; and I, under this terrible pressure, became a physical wreck.

"I call your attention to the fact that we had a right to believe that Kansas would protect the life and property of every citizen; but instead it legalized a saloon, which robbed my husband of his good character and good name, robbed us of our home, and robbed me of my helpless darlings. He is said to have reformed, and now I have but one hope left; and that is to come to you, bereft of my children, a physical wreck, and broken-hearted, and ask you in the name of humanity, in the name of justice, yes, in the name of God, to set my husband free."

"I said, 'I will;' and I did give him his liberty

"It must be remembered that this occurred under the old dramshop system. Such outrages cannot occur in Kansas now; for we have had prohibition for more than thirty years. It is unlawful to sell intoxicating liquors in Kansas for any purpose. I don't know of a common drunkard in this my home county of Johnson, with a population of 25,000 or 30,000."

There is still another terribly sad story, but no sadder than thousands that might be told. A Christian physician invited a minister to accompany him to visit a widow and her son. The mother was totally blind, having literally cried her eyes out. The son was an excellent machinist; but he had fallen into the company of wild young men, and finally been persuaded to drink. The habit had become so fixed upon him that he was almost an imbecile at the age of twenty-four. As an only hope, the physician, a friend of the family, got a commitment to place him in an asylum.

The mother was a quiet, refined, sweet-dispositioned woman, but so broken in spirit that she was a pathetic character. Her dark-brown sightless eyes told something of the sorrow she had borne as she stood by helpless, watching the liquor traffic hopelessly wreck her bright, manly boy, destroying his hope for both this world and the next.

The young man said to the physician and the minister: "I just can't help it. I love mother, and I can easily take care of her; but when I get where whisky is, I can't help getting drunk. Then it seems as if I'd never get sober again."

When the doctor spoke to him about going to the asylum, he said, "Yes, sir, I shall be glad to go. I hate to leave mother, but I'm willing to do anything to get right."

Months passed. The minister met the physician and said to him, "Tell me about the blind woman and her boy."

"Get into my buggy and you shall see for yourself."

After driving for some time they came to the cemetery. The doctor directed the way to two unmarked graves. "That's the son's grave, and that is the mother's," said the physician. "The boy came back from the asylum cured, we thought, but he fell in with his old companions, and a few days later his body was found in a pond near the city, and a bottle half filled with whisky in his pocket. When the son's body was brought into the little home, the mother sank under her weight of grief and never rallied. She cried herself blind; then she cried herself to sleep, the sleep from which none ever wake to weep."

Such is the daily home-wrecking work of the liquor traffic which your vote licenses and perpetuates. How long shall this evil be allowed to continue unmolested? It is for you to give the answer by voting to annihilate the infamous traffic.

#### Built His Own Prison

A WEALTHY contractor, who built the Tombs in New York, in his prosperous days did a business of a half million a year, but when caught in hard circumstances, forged a note for \$2,000, and was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. The building of the Tombs was his last large contract, and into it he stepped as a prisoner. "I never dreamed," he said, "when I built this prison, that I should be an inmate one day. But here I am. It is hard luck."



"The pay comes thrice—food for your brood, joy in the work you do, and babes that run to meet you in the dusk when the work is through." This is true only of the temperance man. None of these joys belong to the drunkard.

"Every man imprisoned in sin has built his own prison. The retribution which wrongdoing brings is not an arbitrary punishment inflicted by the revenge or caprice of an outside judge or fate, but it is just the necessary consequence of the wrong itself. Drunkenness shuts a man up in his own habits, as unyielding as stone walls and iron bars, and with his own fiery appetite, and no worse prison could he have. Yet he built it himself." But there is One who can open even these self-made prison doors. Ac-

cept his offer of grace, and go forth free in Christ; free from all habits that destroy body and soul.

In Africa, "bonny bairns are sold by parents for a mere song, the father, with cold, glittering eyes, coveting calico in exchange for his own flesh and blood." In America, bonny bairns are sold to death and eternal destruction because the father fears his "business may be injured or his taxes increased" if the saloons are outlawed.

THE Hobson-Sheppard bill was voted on in the House of Representatives Dec. 23, 1914, and lost by only *thirty* votes, 197 men voting for and 189 against national prohibition.



# Putting Away Childish Things



**D**R. W. STEWARD WHITEMORE, of Boston, says that as he sat at his desk one day at the Children's Hospital, in walked a father and mother half carrying, half leading a very pale little boy about five years old. The father was a Greek, but spoke English well; the mother could not understand our language at all. They were both much worried because their boy had been sick for several weeks, and they did not know what the trouble could be. The father said he had given his son the best kind of food, and had done everything to make him well and strong, and that when the boy was a baby he was well and fat; but now he would not eat much, and for months had been growing weak and pale.

"I found upon examination," said the doctor, "that the poor little fellow's liver was so large that it crowded his stomach out of place, and it stuck way out as if he had been eating a Thanksgiving dinner every day.

"I caught a whiff of the boy's breath, which smelled strongly of alcohol. The child's strange actions were then clear to me. He was half drunk. Turning sharply to the father, I asked, 'Who has been giving this youngster whisky?' 'Why, I have,' he replied. 'What in the world have you been doing that for, and for how long?' 'Why, for over a year. I have been giving him whisky so that he might grow up to be a strong man, and for the last few months he has taken a glass of whisky two or three times a day.'

"No wonder the boy was pale and sickly. The man was much surprised when I told him that he had been doing the very worst thing he could do for the child, and that he was the cause of its sickness. The father said he thought that alcohol would make any one strong and well; but I soon showed him that alcohol does exactly the opposite. That father went away from my office a wiser man."

## Another Example of Present-Day Parental Ignorance

Mr. H. S. Shaw relates an incident that he observed recently on a train. A young man and his wife, with two small children, occupied a berth opposite his in a railway sleeper. The children were fretful, so the mother poured a large draft of whisky into each of the bottles of milk she prepared for the babies. Soon both children fell into a deep sleep, and they remained in this drunken stupor for more than twelve hours.



We are not the babies the man saw. Our mamma knows whisky isn't good for babies, nor for any one else.

Being shocked by the circumstance, Mr. Shaw talked with the parents about it. They said the practice was common where they lived.

In a heathen land this incident would still have been shocking; but here in our own land, where so much scientific knowledge has been disseminated, it seems doubly appalling. Surely it is time that no parents should be so ignorant as to sacrifice their child's well-being in this ruthless way.

## What Physicians Say

There was a time when even physicians did not understand the true nature of alcohol; but now all well-informed physicians know that alcohol is not a safe medicine.

Dr. DeWitt G. Wilcox, president of the American Institute of Homeopathy, in an article entitled "Putting Away Childish Things," declares that alcohol has no place in medicine. Whether food or poison, its consumption is productive of physical and mental degeneracy. He says further:—

Its old-time "habit" as a "stimulant" has been cleaned out; utterly routed. Instead of being a preventive of any disease, it is the best possible persuader of all diseases, because it lowers the opsonic index and the body resistance. That it hastens a fatal termination of all brain, pulmonary, kidney, liver, and circulatory diseases is equally proved. Where, then, has it a place in medicine, except to occupy the nurse in rubbing it on the outside of the body?

Dr. Robert N. Wilson, of Philadelphia, in a recent article



To be well born, to be well cared for, to be well trained, are the child's birthrights. Drink spoils all three.

in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* upon the treatment of pneumonia, says:—

Alcohol is no longer considered a cardiac tonic, and has well-nigh lost its right to a place in a sane pharmacopeia. Alcohol is a cardiac muscle poison and a vasomotor paralyzant. Both these forces we wish to preserve, not destroy. Therefore, after many hundreds of years filled with object demonstrations so plain that they stare us in the face, we are reluctantly beginning to cease teaching our patients well-nigh incurable drug habits under the guise of beneficial treatment. I have personally come to the point, very gradually, at which I believe alcohol always a harmful influence, at least to the circulatory system.

Eight hundred German physicians made the following public-signed declaration:—

Science has shown that those who wholly abstain from all alcoholic drinks [this includes beer] have a greater capacity for work and endurance in all sorts of intellectual and physical effort. They fall sick more rarely and are cured more quickly, especially from infectious diseases, than moderate drinkers. Every kind of physical and intellectual work is accomplished better with entire abstinence.

The North Carolina State Medical Society at a recent meeting adopted the following resolutions:—

*Be it resolved*, That the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina will use its best efforts to discourage the use of alcohol in any form as a beverage.

*Resolved*, That alcohol as a drug can be eliminated from the pharmacopeia without in any degree crippling the efficiency of the doctor's armamentarium.

## Not in Favor With Specialists

Dr. W. A. Evans, late chief health officer of Chicago, and now on the *Chicago Tribune* staff, says:—

Alcohol has fuel value, but no food value. It has no toxin-neutralizing power. It is no longer used by well-informed people for snake bite, consumption, or blood poisoning. There is mighty little, if there is any, place for alcohol in medicine.

In discussing "General Principles in the Management of Diseases of the Heart," Sir James Barr, of Liverpool, said:—

It should be urged that alcohol is not a real cardiac stimulant.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, says:—

The general action of alcohol is that of a nerve depressant instead of a nerve stimulant. It appears as a stimulant only because its first effect in lowering nerve action is to dissolve those restraints and reserves which we naturally build up in our experience in life. The formation of the restraints and reserves is known as character building. To throw off restraint gives an appearance of stimulation, because it releases the lower tendencies otherwise held in check. A



man under the influence of liquor may utter his most profound secrets. To do this freely is not an evidence of intellectual strength or of mental activity. To cut off the head of a chicken will in the same fashion impel the bird to violent motor activity. But we do not call the process a "stimulant," for the activity thus produced is temporary and to no purpose.

Dr. R. C. Coffee, an eminent physician and surgeon of Portland, Oregon, says:—

Some say that we can't do without alcohol for medicine. Permit me to say that for fifteen years I have not given a single drop of intoxicating liquor to any patient, and have been fairly successful. Furthermore, I have not been called in consultation during those fifteen years by any physician who has even suggested the use of alcohol in any given case, as far as I can now recall.

Another physician says that "within the last twenty-five years the medical use of alcohol has decreased more than 75 per cent." Dr. T. D. Crothers, editor of the *Journal of Inebriety* and superintendent of a hospital for inebriates, says:—

Modern research and experience show that nothing is more dangerous than alcohol in any form, given to a man with crushed or injured leg, fractured bones, or when in a state of stupor from causes known or unknown. Nature's efforts to repair the injury are diminished and checked. It may be said with great certainty, that no remedy known in emergency cases is so dangerous as spirits in any form. It may be said also that no remedy is more accessible, practical, and safer than water applied in any way, either as a stream on the back of the neck or as bandages over the injured parts, or drunk in teaspoonful doses. If the slowness of the heart creates fear that it is going to stop altogether, water is the safest and best of all remedies, and alcohol is the very worst.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, calls "alcohol one of the most destructive poisons which can be introduced into the system."

Professor Ewald of the Berlin University went on record at the Berlin International Congress of Physiotherapy as having "reached the conclusion that in no infectious disease has the value of alcohol been proved." The great hospital of which he is chief, uses alcohol only under two conditions, one of which is to aid easy death in hopeless diseases.

The leading physicians have repudiated the use of alcohol as a medicine. Now they with the laity have a work to do to dispel from the public mind the remaining vestige of the false idea that alcohol is a necessary medicine, an idea that uninformed and careless physicians have helped to fasten upon the people. This old idea rightfully belongs in the same category with medical ideas extant in heathen nations, and with that of bleeding as a general remedy. Let us wake up to the fact that with all the scientific knowledge of today, the physician who prescribes an alcoholic beverage as a medicine is behind the times, a "back number;" or else he is criminally careless. Have nothing to do with such.

### Unpaid Taxes

If all the things one reads are true, it would seem that in all the rôle of State and municipal officials, there are none less fitted for their high calling than are tax assessors. Their work calls for judgment, mathematical calculation, knowledge of real estate values, and accuracy, but it is evident from observations made in various parts of our country that tax assessors are woefully lacking in these very qualities, if the results of their work are a justifiable basis of judgment, which we think is true.

The assessor's power of discrimination seems strangely developed. He can easily discriminate between the rich and the poor, between the small concern and the large one. He can recognize clearly the poor man's home a long way off; but his vision blurs at sight of a mansion or a large corporation building. Breweries, distilleries, and large hotels are often not observed, though plainly visible to an ordinary observer.

This optical disability, however, is not confined to assessors; for modifications of the disease are found in the police

force of some municipalities, and in other officials. Definite examples of these peculiar lapses of vision on the part of assessors are given in the *Taxpayer*, edited and published by Mr. Frank Regan, once a member of the Illinois Legislature and of the bar. Citations from the *Taxpayer* follow.

Mr. Regan, in speaking of the State of Washington, quotes from the State Tax Commission for 1906, which says: "These private car companies have never contributed a dollar in taxes to either municipal, county, or State taxes." But in 1912 one great car company paid the State fifty-four cents.

One large Chicago hotel with an Anheuser-Busch bar, situated at corner of Clark Street and a boulevard, was the only hotel that appeared in the entire tax list of Cook County for one year. The next year, however, even this hotel was not observed by the assessors, neither was it in 1892, 1900, or 1908. Did the assessors ever overlook your home even for one year? Mr. Regan advises Chicago investors to buy big hotels instead of homes.

"The Northern Illinois Light and Traction Company reported to the Illinois State Board of Equalization that they had a capital stock, full paid, amounting to \$250,000. But the tax assessors reported a capital stock of \$1,500; meanwhile a single home that cost \$4,000 was assessed at \$6,100."

In Ottumwa, Iowa, a man with \$200,000 paid personal property taxes amounting to \$4.30. Why not move to Ottumwa? A citizen of real worth had his office building's valuation raised \$14,000, while at the same time the brewery's was lowered \$25,000. Perhaps the assessors were antiliquor

men, and therefore counted the brewery of little worth. A wholesale liquor stock worth \$20,000, and which sold for \$20,000, paid taxes on less than \$400.

Of two houses almost twins, one occupied by an ordinary citizen, the other occupied by a politician, the former was assessed double that of the latter.

There is a Chicago firm with a capital stock of \$81,000,000 that is not assessed one cent. If that company had paid taxes at the rate last year that the ordinary property owner paid, the city would have been \$1,215,800 better off.

In one State a widow was charged \$607 taxes on \$17,000 worth of property, while a neighboring company assessed at \$67,771, and worth much more, paid four dollars less. A brewing company, with a capital stock of \$450,000, in the same vicinity, was not assessed anything.

It is not strange that the home owner is concerned about his taxes. He does have to pay a high tax; for he pays the taxes of the breweries, distilleries, and large printing and other corporations. One Chicago paper has a capital stock of \$10,000,000, so when the small home owner has to pay the taxes of all the large corporations, as well as the taxes of millionaires' homes, it becomes a real burden, and he is cautious about doing anything that may increase his taxes.

But, Mr. Taxpayer, rest easy. Your taxes will not be increased by prohibition measures; but, rather, decreased, as has been proved over and over again. And you can make more sure this fact by demanding that breweries, distilleries, corporations, and politicians pay their legitimate taxes.

Before accepting as genuine the apparent great concern of the liquor people in your financial status, find out from your city's tax list whether they are not personally increasing your taxes by escaping taxation themselves. Whether this be so or not, believe them not when they say prohibition will increase your taxes, but inquire of those who have had experience in prohibition territory.

THE Association of Life Insurance Presidents through its president says that Russia can replace a war loss of 500,000 men in less than ten years by the saving of human life through complete total abstinence from alcoholic beverages.



Our papa says we boys are the American capital that the prohibition vote protects.



# A Popular Falsehood

SOME statements sound much worse and do far more harm when made by some people than when made by others. One of these is, "Prohibition does not prohibit." For the saloon keeper, the brewer, the distiller, or the gutter drunkard to say, "Prohibition does not prohibit," does not mean much to us. We know the power of alcohol to benumb both brain and conscience; we know so well the ease with which the liquor men propagate and disseminate falsehoods, that this statement from them does not greatly shock us. We only smile at their effrontery in publishing abroad the statement in face of their Herculean efforts to prevent the enactment of prohibitory laws.

But when intelligent men, abstaining men, churchmen possibly, use this as an argument against enacting national or State prohibitory laws, we can scarcely believe our ears. The only explanation that can at all palliate such gross misrepresentation is that these people are uninformed on this important question.

They have simply caught up the words flung out upon the air by the wily liquor dealers for the very purpose of deceiving such as they.

Prohibition everywhere prohibits. There is not a town, county, or State where it has been tried that has not reaped advantage from the prohibition enactment, without any disadvantage, even though the liquor people have exerted themselves in every possible way to nullify the law, sometimes even importing partially intoxicated men into dry towns and causing them to parade the streets while their emissaries called attention to the inefficiency of the no-saloon policy. The liquor people know that prohibition prohibits, else they are fools to spend the energy, money, and time they do to oppose prohibition of their traffic; but they are merely trying to get you to believe what they know is not true. Their success lies in duping you to believe it, and then getting you to pass the falsehood on to some unsuspecting, uninformed person. Are you doing it? If so, stop and think of the seriousness of your part in this false drama.

In so far as prohibition does not prohibit, what is the reason? It is because the lawless liquor men violate the prohibitory law. When they say that prohibition does not prohibit, they are boasting of their lawlessness; they are confessing themselves criminals. Then wherein prohibition does not prohibit, the fault is not with the prohibitory law, but

with the people who refuse to obey the law. Shall the law be abolished because the liquor dealers insist on breaking it, or shall they not rather be compelled to honor the law? And are you not an accomplice in the evil so long as you lean back and say, Prohibition does not prohibit, and do nothing to make it prohibit? "An ax will not cut, nor a gun shoot, without a man behind it."

No man is such a pronounced idiot as not to know that the

liquor men would favor prohibition if their claims respecting it were true. Then why do you, good brother, allow yourself to repeat this falsehood, conceived and disseminated by the traffic to preserve itself from annihilation through prohibitory enactments?

The prohibitory law is the only really effective way yet devised by man to break up the traffic in liquor. It is with the State as with a man: "Tapering off or local option may carry a man or a State through a week or a month or a year; it may reduce the poison in the system slightly, perhaps enough to give the will a better chance to assert itself. But sooner or later the man or the State must walk squarely up to the proposition that Mr. Booze and he are ready to have the decree made absolute that separates them forever."

When a prohibitory law is made, and the liquor people and their sympathizers do everything possible to evade and break it, are you going to sit by and chant the liquor dealers' song, "Prohibition does not prohibit," or are you going to roll up your sleeves and go to work to make it prohibit? Mr. William Allen White counsels you thus:—

The people in a State who see in its various iniquitous phases the stupidity of the saloon as an institution, when they swear off as a State must realize the size of the job before them. They must be willing to endure personal hardships and privations, to undergo contumely and discomfort and more or less humiliation for the cause. Otherwise, without a public will, strong and well directed, the State cannot quit any more than a man can quit; for something of the same process goes on in a State that goes on in a man when he breaks the habit of a lifetime that has begun to corrode his stomach, to deteriorate his kidneys, and shake his heart. When he quits, the affected organs all cry out. When a State quits, a similar thing happens. The craving for the saloon comes from the property owner who needs his rent and the business man who needs the saloon keeper's trade. The weakened, unintelligent citizenship is angry; they are the tissues rotted by the poison, and their cure hurts; but the sound tissues in the body, the good citizenship that remains unaffected, can save the day and keep up the high resolve.

Prohibition prohibits if you will make it prohibit.

## Testimony of Superintendent of Wisconsin Industrial School for Boys

MOST of the men that do not use tobacco are dead. It is of little avail for any man who is himself a user of tobacco to try to bring up his son, or to influence the sons of his neighbors, to abstinence from the filthy habit. There never will be any improvement until men who have formed the habit are willing to give it up for the sake of their sons and the sons of their neighbors. If they are not willing to give it up, they may deceive themselves into thinking that they are trying to save their sons from the bad habit, but they never can deceive the boy. The boy will do what the father does, but not what the father says. I never knew a boy so stupid as to believe in the precepts of his father against his father's example. The boy says in his heart, "Father, if you believed what you are telling me, you would quit the filthy habit yourself;" and the boy is absolutely right. The most hopeless thing about the whole situation is the fact that so many good men—ministers, teachers, lawyers, and doctors, and the men to whom the boys naturally look up—are users of tobacco. No man can save his son in this respect, or in any other respect, unless he first saves himself. We have mothers, a good many of them, who have character and influence enough over their sons to keep them pure and clean in spite of the bad example of their fathers. If the women get to using tobacco, then God help us.

A. J. HUTTON.

## Testimony of Superintendent of Vermont Industrial School

A LARGE per cent of the boys and girls that come to us are lacking in character strength. Many of them are actually brilliant, but lack in the power of self-control, in ability to discern, and in the inclination to respect the rights of others. They lack power in coordination. These faculties have their seat in the newest developed tissues of the brain, which tissues are of course the most tender and susceptible to deteriorating influences. Probably ninety per cent of the boys we handle who have reached the age when they should be morally responsible, are saturated with tobacco. I believe that the effect of the nicotine has much to do with their condition. Then, too, probably eighty per cent of the homes from which these children come are homes where either one or both sides of the house have been addicted to the use of alcohol. Eugenics point conclusively to the deteriorating influence of alcohol on the progeny.

A large per cent of our boys are addicted to the cigarette habit. Legislation against the cigarette habit among boys is to be commended, the same being also true of liquor legislation; but the problem of the boy in regard to both the liquor and the cigarette, depends for its solution on the position our men take. As long as our men are liquor drinkers and tobacco users, our boys will be the same.

J. N. BARSS.



phases the stupidity of the saloon as an institution, when they swear off as a State must realize the size of the job before them. They must be willing to endure personal hardships and privations, to undergo contumely and discomfort and more or less humiliation for the cause. Otherwise, without a public will, strong and well directed, the State cannot quit any more than a man can quit; for something of the same process goes on in a State that goes on in a man when he breaks the habit of a lifetime that has begun to corrode his stomach, to deteriorate his kidneys, and shake his heart. When he quits, the affected organs all cry out. When a State quits, a similar thing happens. The craving for the saloon comes from the property owner who needs his rent and the business man who needs the saloon keeper's trade. The weakened, unintelligent citizenship is angry; they are the tissues rotted by the poison, and their cure hurts; but the sound tissues in the body, the good citizenship that remains unaffected, can save the day and keep up the high resolve.

Prohibition prohibits if you will make it prohibit.



## How Our Cities Are Supported

THE liquor people, together with many others not well-informed, would make us believe that our cities are largely supported by liquor licenses, and that if saloons were closed the city would go bankrupt, or taxes would be greatly increased. This is far from the truth. Mr. William Bailey, assistant professor of political economy in Yale University, gave some illuminating statistics on this point in the *Independent*, though he was not dealing primarily with the liquor question. He says:—

There were on July 1, 1911, 193 cities in the United States with a population of over 30,000. The total receipts in 1911 of these cities were \$1,676,823,121. The accompanying diagram shows the principal items that made up these receipts:—

General property tax.....	\$485,000,000
Licenses.....	51,000,000
Special assessments.....	68,000,000
Earnings of public utilities.....	85,000,000
Sale of bonds.....	\$567,000,000

The largest source of revenue is the general property tax. Of the amount received from license fees, only about forty millions came from licenses for the sale of liquor. The special assessments were amounts levied by the municipal governments upon individuals in return for betterments which had accrued to individuals. Of the eighty-five millions received from earnings of public service enterprises, sixty-eight millions came from water supply systems, five millions from docks, wharves, and landings, and three and a half millions from electric light and power systems.

Is it possible, then, that these 193 cities stand or fall upon the \$40,000,000 from the saloons, which is only one forty-second of their total receipts? Were this so, a per capita annual tax of \$1.40 would make up this amount, for the population of these cities is 28,500,000. If it were simply a question of the loss of the license fees, would you not, as a resident of one of these municipalities, rather pay \$1.40 more a year for each member of your family than have the saloon and its attendant evils in your city? But if you voted the saloons out, you would not need to pay extra even this small amount, for each saloon costs the city for criminal prosecutions, inebriates, and delinquencies far more than the amount which it receives in license fees.

Though Uncle Sam has not yet divorced himself from the liquor traffic, his own figures show that from an economic viewpoint our cities are not at all dependent upon the liquor traffic for their support. Then do not be credulous when you are told that prohibition of the liquor traffic will ruin your city.

Mr. Bailey further says that the expenses of our municipalities are increasing so rapidly that it is quite impossible to secure the needed revenue without borrowing large sums annually, as indicated by the great amount received from the sale of bonds. "If municipal expenditures are to continue to increase as they have during the past decade," says Mr. Bailey, "it is evident that new sources of income must be discovered."

The borrowing habit as a permanent policy is no better nor safer for cities than for individuals; so a new régime is absolutely imperative to prevent municipal bankruptcy. Why not try the dry policy? Every city that has tried it reports greatly improved finances.

## How Cities Grow

A SMALL lad who had for his part in a public program the recitation of the text, "Consider the lilies, . . . how they grow," became embarrassed on mounting the high platform, and said, "Consider the children, how they grow." His advice was timely. It is wise to consider how both lilies and children grow; and it is equally wise to consider how cities grow. Comparing similarly situated Massachusetts cities, we find that eleven no-license cities increased during the last thirty years in population 179 per cent, while the nineteen license cities increased 107 per cent.

Attorney-General Norwood of Arkansas has drawn the following conclusions from the last census report:—

Little Rock and Argenta, situated in the center of the State, with more railroad facilities than any other city of the State, and otherwise favorably situated to make them good commercial centers, have, during the last ten years, increased in population only 40 per cent, while Batesville, a dry town, increased 99 per cent. Camden until last year had saloons for years, and it increased in population only 40 per cent, while El Dorado, a dry town, increased 93 per cent. Helena, situated upon the great Mississippi River, with plenty of water for shipping purposes and plenty of whisky for drinking purposes, increased 58 per cent, while Hope, with nothing but water, increased 121 per cent. Hot Springs, the greatest health resort in the world, with saloons, increased 46 per cent, while Jonesboro, a dry town, increased 58 per cent. Newport, which until recently had been the whisky metropolis of northeastern Arkansas, for years the capital of Jackson County, one of the most fertile in the State, with all its advantages, increased 24 per cent, while its neighbor, Marianna, without saloons, increased 181 per cent. Pine Bluff, where whisky has been sold since the Pullens caused it to be laid out in 1832, splendidly located, surrounded by fertile territory, increased 41 per cent, while Paragould, a dry town, increased 57 per cent.

The following is a list of other prohibition cities that showed, according to the census report, a remarkable increase in population during the decade between 1900 and 1910:—

	Per Cent Gained		Per Cent Gained
Oklahoma, Oklahoma.....	539.7	Durham, N. C.....	173.1
Muskogee, Oklahoma.....	494.2	Rome, Georgia.....	171.1
Morgantown, W. Va.....	383.9	Coffeyville, Kansas.....	156.1

A city's growth is not registered alone by its increase in population; but, judged by this rule, Rockford, Illinois, now the largest dry city in the United States, has shown a remarkable growth under its dry régime, having increased from 43,000 in 1910 to 53,000 in 1914. Rockford hasn't for a moment worn crape because the saloons departed from her confines. She is jubilant over this withdrawal. One of her aldermen, Mr. E. F. Wilson, says:—

Rockford is enjoying at present the most prosperous period of any time since its incorporation. More business—good, live, honest, "sweat of the brow" business—to the square inch than any other city you can name in the State or in any other State. Rockford is dry, Rockford is right, Rockford is progressive, Rockford is clean, Rockford is wholesome, Rockford is pushing on to better things. Rockford has climbed the heights, and is a splendid example to other cities that are interested in maintaining and pushing their municipal improvements successfully without the so-called "aid" of the licensed saloons. Rockford has the lowest rate of taxation of any of the large cities in the State.

"Prohibition will kill any city," the liquor people cry vociferously; and others who go through life parroting the liquor men, take up the song and pass it on. Is Cambridge, Massachusetts, the home of Harvard University, dead? For twenty-six consecutive years Cambridge has voted out the saloon. Mayor Barry says:—

Cambridge has many distinctions of which we feel justly proud. Among these, her renown as an educational center is perhaps of paramount interest. We have practically doubled our population and our valuation since 1886. This, we believe, is more than the natural ordinary increase in similar communities, and is undoubtedly due to the no-license policy.

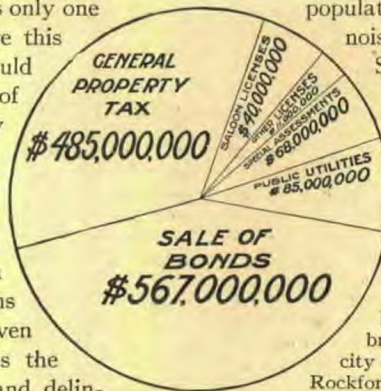
Some good people have contended that the no-license policy keeps business men from coming to our city; but during the two preceding years there have located in this city over twenty new concerns representing various industries. It appears that these new concerns referred to employ about two thousand persons, with annual pay rolls of over \$1,000,000, and have expended for suitable buildings to carry on their industries in this city over \$400,000.

Some of the business men say that one of the principal things that attracted them to locate here, with a large number of employees, was the fact that Cambridge is well established as a no-license city.

On the whole, our people seem contented and happy; the law is enforced, and we are of the opinion that conditions are vastly better under the no-license system, and there does not seem to be any likelihood that we shall return to the open-saloon policy at any time in the near future, at least.

During a period of twenty-four years the eleven no-license cities of Massachusetts showed 20 per cent faster growth in manufactured products than did the nineteen license cities, the no-license cities showing a gain of 146 per cent and the license 126 per cent.

These same eleven no-license cities, during a thirty-year period, show an 88-per-cent-faster-valuation growth than do





the nineteen license cities, the increase in the no-license being 237 per cent, and that in the license only 149 per cent.

During the time there were no saloons in Princeton, Indiana, twenty-six well-known wage earners subscribed for shares in one of our local building and loan associations, with a view of saving sufficient means to provide themselves with a home; their payments were made regularly during such period. When the saloons returned, twenty-five of the men began missing payments, and one after another withdrew his savings, until at this time, with only two years' experience with the saloons, but one of the twenty-six referred to, himself a total abstainer from the use of intoxicating liquors, has continued his payments and has built a comfortable home in Princeton, which he will own free from debt in a few years.

The following comparative statistics for the cities of Fargo, North Dakota, and Moorhead, Minnesota, which are only

#### Chicago Grand Jury Condemns License System

We find that a large percentage of those charged with crime are from seventeen to twenty-five years old, and that in nearly every case they drank malt or alcoholic liquors before or during the commission of the crimes for which they were indicted. We seriously question the wisdom of the State entering into a partnership with these interests for the sake of an apparent profit (through the license system), but which is really a dreadful economic loss, and through this partnership feeding drink to these boys with one hand while with the other hand it metes out punishment for wrongs in which the State is really a participant.—From July, 1914, report.

a mile apart, are more significant. Fargo has been under prohibition for ten years, and Moorhead has had saloons:—

Fargo, North Dakota	Moorhead, Minnesota
No saloons for ten years	46 licensed saloons
One mile of street pavement for each 676 population.	One mile of street pavement for each 3,862 population.
Water main for each 270 population.	Water main for each 702 population.
Sewers for each 338 population.	Sewers for each 858 population.
City debt, \$19.50 per capita	City debt \$44.79 per capita
Ratio city debt to assessed valuation, 7.8 per cent.	Ratio city debt to assessed valuation, 20.8 per cent.
City tax rate, 15.98 mills.	City tax rate, 21.83 mills.

It is an established fact that cities will grow as the liquor traffic fails to grow. Consider this fact when you cast your next vote.

#### The Missionary's Hurt

MEN and women give up home, friends, and native land to endure hardships, sickness, and perhaps early death in a foreign land, that the native may have the gospel of Christ, only to find on reaching their mission field that the greatest obstacle to the spreading of the gospel message is the body-and-soul-destroying liquor sent out by their own countrymen. Surely this is a grief hard to be borne.

All civilized nations have a part in this infamous work. Over 6,500,000 gallons of spirituous liquors of European manufacture were imported into three British colonies on the west coast of Africa in a recent year. Over 1,000,000 cases of Hamburg spirits are sent to the Gold Coast every year by one firm. Dr. Schweitzer, a German medical missionary in Africa, says that a merchant told him that thirteen years before, the banks of the river were adorned with large and numerous villages, and that when asked the reason for the change, he shrugged his shoulders, and said:—

It's alcohol, always alcohol. On pay day you can see the population of a whole village, men, women, and children, dead drunk in front of their homes. They no longer till their farms, but cut trees in order to procure the fatal drink. I have journeyed over a large part of Africa, and can assure you that alcohol is the worst enemy of all the colonies.

Another missionary tells of a steamer that he saw loaded to the water's edge with rum. Not only was the hold full, but on the decks were piled hundreds of green boxes and wicker demijohns so well known on the west coast of that continent. These steamers carry about 4,000 tons of freight each, and hundreds of them are running on the west coast

laden with the vilest rum that chemistry can concoct. Against these odds, the few missionaries at work among the people of darkness are waging an unequal and unfair war.

The importation of alcohol into West Africa has, according to *L'Officiel*, doubled in the last three years. MM. Lainy and Sorel, in the *Annales d'Hygiène et de Médecine Coloniale*, declare that the French colonies offer the same desolating spectacle (of alcoholic downfall) as France itself. Ship captains can no longer get Kru boys for their vessels; tuberculosis rages. The superb race of the Ivory Coast is passing into extinction.

French officials push the sale of drink everywhere. Even the French office of agriculture at Cairo feels a burden for advancing the liquor business. One of its bulletins says:—

One cannot call too often to the attention of French distillers the interesting openings for the sale of intoxicating drinks which Egypt offers. In place of a purely European constituency, there is now a mixed one, the most important element in which is the native. This element, being poor, cannot use the high-priced articles. It requires cheap brandies, but strong enough to get drunk on. For their introduction there should be a general agency at Cairo for the whole of Egypt, and one having Sudan as its field of operation. To succeed, there must be an extensive advertising with posters and with such advertising matter as pencils, cigarette cases, etc., distributed to those who drink much. Advertisements are of use only in the Greek and Arab papers, since European papers go only to those whose opinions [that is, drinking habits] are already formed.

Think of the officials of a civilized government voluntarily seeking to extend the business of the liquor traffic!

Rev. W. H. Lingle, who has spent twenty years in China as a Presbyterian missionary, says in the *Amethyst*:—

The great mass of Chinese people are poor, and need all their money to buy the bare necessities of life. No one can calculate the damages done to the Chinese by opium. The hundreds of millions of dollars that the Chinese have spent on opium from India has done more to impoverish China and bring her to the verge of bankruptcy than anything else. Now China is surprising the world in the way she is doing away with opium. Half the provinces have been declared entirely free from opium. The laws against the traffic in, and the use of, opium are very strict. The government is determined to do away with the evil. We may reasonably expect that China will be free from opium in five years more.

But the whisky and tobacco men are figuring on getting the millions of dollars which the Chinese formerly spent for opium. Already the British and American Tobacco Company is reaping a rich harvest in China. The company is said to have spent \$1,000,000 in one year in advertising its business. It has distributed millions of cigarettes to cultivate a taste for them. Miss Posey, of China, says:—

Mine eye could pour down and cease not without any intermission for what I see around me in Shanghai, China. Foreign tobacco and drink are pouring into our settlements like floods. On the streets, in the homes, in the cars, everywhere, the cigarette is used not only by men and boys, but by the women, too. This great force of evil is flaunting its slogan before us, "A cigarette in the mouth of every man, woman, and child of China."

Rev. W. C. Johnston, Africa, in proof that the natives are unwilling victims of the liquor traffic, cites this incident:—

Some years ago there were three German traders selling rum in the town close by the mission station at Efulen. I asked one of the men one day why they did not sell the natives things that would be of use to them instead of drink. He replied, "Mr. Johnston, we sell the natives rum because they want rum." "But," I said, "Mr. Klett, the natives do not want rum." He replied that if I would prove to him that they did not want it, they would not bring in any more. I asked him if he meant that, and he shook hands on it. I asked him if he thought the other two traders would agree to the same. He said he thought they would. We, together, went and called on them, and they agreed to the same. I appointed the next Thursday for a meeting at the mission, and invited all the leading men in the neighborhood. There were fifty or sixty leading men present that morning, and the three white traders were on hand as well.

The old chief was too drunk to walk up to the mission, but he ordered his people to put him in a hammock and carry him.

I told the people of the dispute Mr. Klett and I had had as to whether or not they wanted them to bring them rum, and that I had called them together to say whether or not they wanted rum. One after another got up, and each one said that he did not want rum brought into the community. Then the old chief, who was too drunk to walk without aid, had two persons support him as he walked up the aisle of the church. Standing on the platform, he told the people that they did not want any more rum, and closed his speech by saying, "See what it is doing for me."

Must not something be done to stop the traffic in civilized lands from forcing its wares on the people of heathen lands?



## Russia's Temperance Lesson to the World

RUSSIA solved the temperance question in an hour. As the government controlled the manufacture and distribution of intoxicants, it was able to annihilate the drink traffic by a



Exited!

single order; and this it decided to do when mobilizing its army for the great European conflict. By order of the government the traffic was suspended for a period of three months. Thus 170,000,000 people were placed at once in dry territory. Of the results of this drastic measure, one of Petrograd's highest officials says, "Total prohibition has been bril-

liantly successful, and has shown a striking picture of improved social conditions." The first month following the one in which the dry policy went into effect, the savings-banks deposits are said to have increased \$11,500,000 over the corresponding month the previous year. A recent traveler in Russia says:—

At the present moment it is impossible for anybody in Russia, whether rich or poor, to obtain in any place whatever anything in the form of alcohol, unless at a druggist's with a doctor's prescription. All the government vodka shops have been closed since the beginning of the war, and now all manner of wine shops are closed. Even restaurants and hotels are forbidden to sell alcoholic drinks. The strange thing about it all is that nobody is grumbling, but everybody is pleased with the dry régime. Because of this condition the czar finally announced that he had "decided to prohibit forever in Russia the government sale of alcohol."

Russia has long seen the great havoc the traffic has annually wrought, but would not have thought she could take such a drastic course until it became imperative as a war measure. Any government might take the same step, whether in peace or war, with equally satisfactory results. Our own government could outlaw the lottery business by federal enactment. Why can it not deal as summarily with the liquor traffic, which is a far greater evil? Why should not our great nation in time of peace be as fearless and progressive as Russia is in time of war? We hope it will be in the near future.

## A Lesson From the Louisiana Lottery

SHORTLY after the Civil War the Louisiana Lottery Company was organized, and for years conducted a thriving business. It paid a heavy license to the State of Louisiana, contributing tens of thousands of dollars annually to the New Orleans Charity Hospital and to other enterprises. The United States government permitted the use of its mails to the company, and secured thereby a rich revenue through the post-office income.

This system of legalized gambling contributed so greatly to personal and official corruption that finally a demand was made by the moral forces of Louisiana to prohibit this legalized debauching business.

The question of eliminating the Louisiana Lottery Company became a political issue, dividing the party in control of the State government into two factions.

As a consequence of the political campaign, a governor and legislature were elected to destroy by law the lottery business. In 1879 the legislature passed the necessary statute to carry out the will of the people expressed through the ballot box, and the governor signed it. This initial step was followed by additional laws and a constitutional convention, which finally drove the company from the State. It, however, took refuge in Spanish Honduras, which has been noted as the home of lottery enterprises, and through the general post-office system, conducted its business as before in Louisiana and other States, thus largely nullifying the local laws designed to destroy the business. Finally, the general government was importuned to take a hand in the work, and, accordingly, Congress passed legislation prohibiting the use of the mails to all lottery companies. This step caused the death of the traffic as a legalized business.

It will be seen that the successful carrying out of the wish of an American State against the immoral business required the assistance of the general government. So it will be with the liquor traffic.

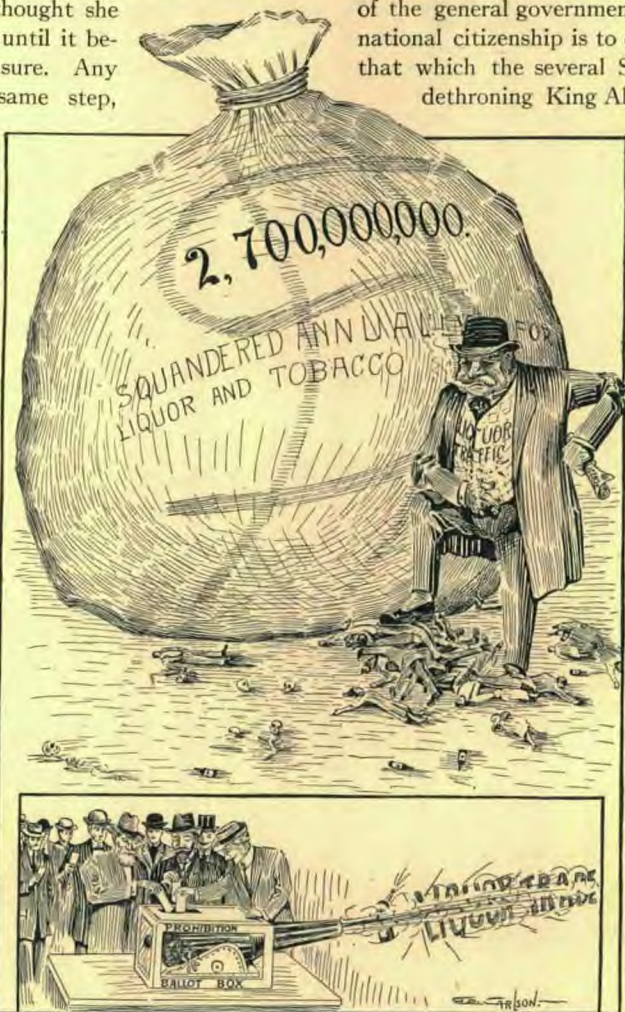
In fourteen States and in large portions of other States the liquor traffic has been outlawed, and yet, through the use of the United States mails and in various other ways, the law is nullified. But when the United States government shall pass prohibitory laws against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, the liquor traffic will be doomed just as surely as the lottery business; and there will come to the nation those blessings that invariably come to every territory that abolishes the saloon.

The liquor traffic must be dealt with as a national bandit, a national highway robber, an interstate outlaw; and the duty of the general government in behalf of the welfare of our national citizenship is to complete by national enactment that which the several States are endeavoring to do in dethroning King Alcohol. The fact that the votes

cast in the House for the Hobson-Sheppard Resolution exceeded those against it, shows that the national Congress is not without an appreciation of its responsibility in this matter. S. B. HORTON.

## What About West Virginia?

SINCE West Virginia went dry, Wheeling has turned her brewery into a packing house which employs three times as many men, and every place which once was a saloon has been rented to another form of industry, some at advanced rents. Charleston's brewery has become an ice plant, and the people are to have ice at a price that the poor of the city can afford. And for the first time in the history of the State a grand jury has adjourned without finding a single offense worthy of indictment. There has also been a marked increase in the output of coal in the various mining regions of the State, the miners being more efficient because easy access to liquor is denied them. Prohibition must prohibit in West Virginia, as it does in every other place where it is given a fair trial.



The ballot alone will demolish the strong fortress behind which the liquor traffic takes refuge.



# The Father's Part in a 1914 Home Tragedy

[One day in 1914 there appeared in the Boston Post the following account of a home tragedy, such as is being recorded somewhere in our land every day as the result of the licensed liquor traffic, and yet some persons fear to vote for its complete destruction. Why? Let their own hearts answer.]



**C**HARLES F. STARRETT, of 204 Springvale Ave., Everett, a member of the firm of Starrett and McNeil, and the father of nine children, clubbed his wife to death with an ax as she lay in bed yesterday, then slashed her face and neck with a razor, and sending his six-year-old son Fred for a rope, prepared to hang himself.

A short while afterward Margaret Falrey, daughter of one of Starrett's neighbors, learned of the crime, and, weakened by a recent illness, she fell in a faint and early last evening died of the shock.

For weeks Starrett had been drinking heavily. Each night his arrival at home sent a thrill of terror into the hearts of the children, and Saturday night found the man at his worst.

The children, whose ages range from one to fifteen years, slept little Saturday night, and were up and dressed by daylight, huddling about the kitchen, ready to flee should their father approach them.

Between six and six-thirty in the morning they heard their mother's voice, and Ethel, the oldest of the children, going to the foot of the stairs, asked what was wanted. The mother replied that she was feeling ill, and that the children should make a fire ready for the preparation of the breakfast.

Then for two hours they waited. They heard noises coming from the upstairs bedroom, but thought little of it, as they had witnessed before their father's actions while he was under the influence of liquor. Then they heard the father's voice. None dared to answer, until in a loud and terrifying voice he called the name of fourteen-year-old Howard, the second oldest of his children.

"Bring me a rope," demanded the man.

Howard was afraid. He talked with the other children, and it was decided that six-year-old Freddie, the father's favorite, should answer the call.

"Surely, papa won't hurt Freddie," argued the children. "He likes Freddie. Even when he is mad at the rest of us, he never hurts him."

As the result, little Freddie, too young to realize what it all meant, was given a piece of rope, and after being told to "come right back," started up the stairway.

"Here's the rope, papa," said he as he came to the bedroom door. The door was opened slightly, and two blood-covered hands were thrust through.

"O-o-o!" shivered the little chap, as he released his hold upon the rope and fled down the stairway.

"Papa's hands is all blood," said the boy as the anxious-faced children approached him.

"Where is mamma?" asked the older of the children of their brother.

"I don't know," replied the boy. "Papa wouldn't open the door. He just put his hands out, and they were all bloody."

Thoroughly alarmed, Ethel, the oldest of the children, sent Howard to telephone the police. Others ran to the homes of the neighbors and awaited the arrival of the officers. Patrolmen dispatched from the Everett police headquarters, arrived at the Starrett home. Directed by Ethel and Howard, they knocked upon the bedroom door. There was no reply, and when they tried to open the door they found it bar-

ricaded. It required the combined strength of the three men to force the door open. This done, they entered.

Starrett, disheveled, and bleeding from a wound in the neck, had adjusted a rope to the top of a closet door, and was evidently preparing to hang himself. The bed and the carpet were covered with blood, and in the center of a big spot lay the body of Mrs. Starrett, her skull crushed, and her face and neck slashed. Leaning against the bed was a heavy ax, showing from blade to handle the use to which it had been put. By the side of the dead woman was a razor, its edge broken in a dozen places, while near the feet of the husband and father lay a black-handled jackknife.

Mumbling incoherently, Starrett was taken to the station. Questioned about the crime, his only reply was, "Ask my wife;" and when told that he had killed her, he would say, "Is it as bad as that? Ask her."

Tragic as was the death of Mrs. Starrett, her life, as is that of every drunkard's wife, was a succession of tragedies.

## Prevention Is Better Than Cure

To cure is the voice of the past;  
To prevent, the divine whisper of today.

— Kate Douglas Wiggin.

EVERYWHERE but among liquor people the doctrine of prevention stands as the highest remedy for existing evils. For example, the railroads are charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency by not providing better protection for their cars loaded with desirable goods of all kinds. Hon. George E. Judge of the children's court, Buffalo, New York, says: "Thirty per cent of the boys appearing in our children's court in 1913 were charged with misdemeanors against railroad property. There are 725 miles of railway track-  
age within the city limits. There are eighteen or twenty tracks in some of the yards, and standing upon these tracks are miles and miles of cars loaded with all kinds of merchandise.



Mother says, "If our town goes dry next 'lection day, we won't have any more empty Christmas stockings."

"The yards are easy to enter, since but few police are provided, and the doors of the cars are protected only by a strip of tin about an inch in width. Whatever the car contains, it can be used or turned into money by some of the 100,000 foreigners living about these yards, or by their small boys. These men draw small wages, and cannot properly provide for their large families, much less provide spending money for the boys. So the boys find an interesting source of revenue in the carelessly protected railway cars, as they invariably find some junk dealer ready to cooperate with them in their financial schemes.

"If the railroads would wall in their yards, and would station watchmen at the necessary openings, the greatest contributing factor to juvenile delinquency would be removed, and the number of criminals in all the railroad centers of this country greatly lessened.

"Until the railroad property is adequately protected," says Mr. Judge, "this neglect on the part of the railroads will continue to be responsible for making criminals."

If railway neglect makes the railroads responsible for this burglarizing of the boys, is not the city or the State that licenses the liquor dealer to sell that which is universally conceded to be the greatest of crime instigators, directly responsible for all crime committed by the saloon patron as the result of drink? How long shall our city State,





and national governments bear this responsibility? How long shall you who are soon to give account for every act to the Judge of all the earth, continue to bear this serious responsibility by voting to perpetuate the liquor traffic? The



THE SIEGE OF OUR CITIES IN A WAR THAT NEVER CEASES  
Is it not time that every man and woman and every boy and girl should rise up and resist this infamous enemy of our country?

liquor traffic may live, but let it not live by your vote or your patronage.

### Liquid Bread

THE brewers continually advertise beer as liquid bread. One of these advertisements says:—

This is the name that has been given by eminent physicians to beer of good quality. That the name is justified is proved by the chemical analysis of beer. One quart of good beer contains one tenth to one fifth of a pound of solid food substances. These ingredients make beer a strength-giving food, a tonic, and a powerful aid to digestion. American beer contains only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of alcohol. It is a food, not an intoxicant.

It is true several million bushels of barley are used in the manufacture of as many million barrels of beer; so a large amount of what was once good food has been converted into beer. It is equally true that the swill fed to the hogs on our farms comes from what was once good food. But we do not regard the swill as food for human beings. A spoiled egg is not food, though it was once food. Neither is spoiled barley; neither is its manufactured product, beer, a food in any sense of the word. The once good constituents of beer become injurious after fermentation. Besides, the alcohol in the beer, varying from 3 to 7 per cent, is exceedingly harmful, and would offset entirely the value of any nutritive portion that might be in the beer. Eight hundred German physicians in a signed statement said that alcohol is a poison and is to be no longer classed as a food. They included beer in the alcoholic beverages.

There is more food in five loaves of bread than in twenty-seven barrels of beer. And if it were true that the alcohol in beer was not injurious, would it not even then be a very expensive and bulky way to purchase a five-pound loaf of bread?

Dr. D. H. Kress, in speaking of the economic phase of the foregoing advertisement, says:—

Let us admit that beer contains one fifth of a pound of food material to the quart. If sold at ten cents a quart, one pound of solid food would cost the consumer fifty cents. If it contains but one tenth of a pound to the quart, a pound of food would come to an even dollar. The same amount of food could be purchased in the form of beans at a cost of eight cents.

One pound of beans contains twenty times the amount of albumen

claimed for beer. Where can we find the poor man, clothed and in his right mind, who would be willing, in view of these facts, to obtain his food for himself and his family in the form of "liquid bread," or American beer?

Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, professor of therapeutics in the Yale Medical School, declares: "Beer is in enormous demand, but it has not been shown that it has any medicinal or food value."

Then the advertisers claim that beer is not an intoxicant. Even fools know this is false.

In beer-drinking Germany, by order of the ministry of war, there are distributed to all recruits entering the Prussian army, pamphlets declaring that "almost all the excesses during leaves of absence, fightings, or disturbances of public order in the army, are to be traced back to drink, and it is mostly beer which causes so much mischief." The caution ends with the word, "Beer is not the harmless drink that many suppose it to be."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says: "Some time ago as we sat beside a police judge while his court was in session, we made the request that he question each one appearing before him on a charge of drunkenness or assault due to drinking, what it was the defendant drank. This he readily consented to do. The result was extremely interesting. Out of eighteen cases involving drunkenness, fifteen were due to beer, while three old toppers who had been found 'dead drunk' were the product of whisky. More than that, about half the beer cases involved assault and battery or destruction of property."

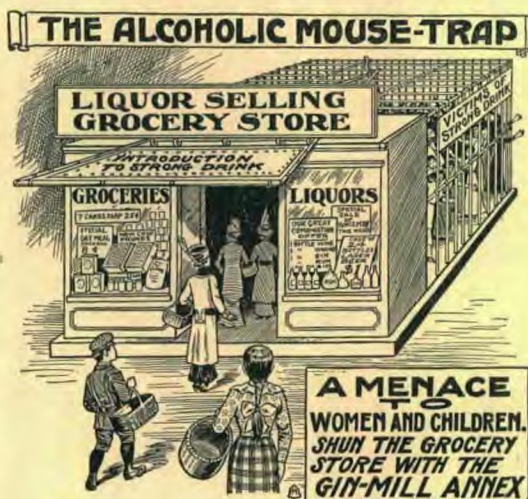
The *Missionary Review* says:—

Germany is known as a nation of moderate drinking rather than for unusual drunkenness. And yet drink causes annually 1,600 suicides, 1,300 accidents, 30,000 cases of delirium tremens and insanity, and 180,000 crimes. More than 60 per cent of the insane, 52 per cent of the epileptics, 46 per cent of the criminals, and 82 per cent of the immoral women are reported to have been born of drunken parents.

Every two years, more men in Germany are carried to their graves by drink than the nation lost in the whole course of the Franco-Prussian War.

In the Vienna congress for the study of alcoholism, Judge Lang singled out beer for special attention: "Before all we must fight beer. Brandy makes a man sick, but beer makes him stupid. Nowhere does the thick-skinned Philistine flourish as about a beer table. But the coming race must be fine-feeling, with nerves to the finger tips." Dr. Delbrueck said, "Antialcoholists must fight beer far more intensely than spirits." And the reason is that so much more alcohol is consumed by the beer route than by the brandy or whisky thoroughfare.

Believe not the brewers in the face of these testimonies. Beer is not a food. It is an intoxicant, and is daily wrecking homes and lives throughout the world. Taste not, handle not; for the serpent lurks in the beer stein, as well as in the whisky bottle.



The grocery store should not be made a saloon annex.

CLÉMENTEAU, the former premier of France, called wine drinking as it existed in his country "the most formidable enemy of social peace, of general welfare, and of the rise of the humbler classes to a higher life." He ridicules existing remedies, which consist in taking drunken men to

the police office or placarding the inside of the wine shops with prohibitions of drunkenness, while the laws of France relating to the manufacture and sale of the most deleterious kinds of spirit contribute to foster this particular vice.



## The Appeals of Miserable Men

ENTOMBED in a grim castle on the outskirts of Lisbon are the inmates of Portugal's "Prison of Silence." It is said that in this building everything that human ingenuity can suggest to render the lives of the prisoners a horrible, maddening torture, is done. The cells are narrow, tomb-like, and within each stands a coffin. The attendants creep about in felt slippers. No one is allowed to utter a word. The silence is that of the grave. Once a day the cell doors are unlocked, and the wretched men march out, clothed in shrouds and with faces covered with masks; for it is part of the hideous punishment that none may look upon the countenance of his fellow prisoners. Few of them endure this torture for more than ten years.

These prisoners of silence are sometimes said to be the most miserable of men; but more wretched still than they are the men of intelligence and heart who, having been caught in the grip of the liquor traffic, are unable by any means to free themselves from its merciless grasp, yet who would give worlds to be rid of that by which they make their families and others to suffer the bitterest of earth's wretchedness. If any of the men in Portugal's prison should appeal to us personally to free them, how quickly we should respond to their call if it were within our power. We have it in our power to free many of rum's prisoners, and to save many more from falling into the trap that holds these as prisoners. But what are we doing for them?

The plea comes to us from a man serving a five-year sentence for manslaughter. After expressing his interest in the temperance work, he appeals for protection from the rum fiend: "I have signed your petition," he says, "and trust that no man in the next legislature will be so weak as to vote against it. I have burned all bridges behind me. The first consumed in the flames of wrath was the whisky bridge. Then came the beer bridge, slightly smaller, but no less dangerous. I have determined that they must never be replaced. All I ask of society is to help me cross the streams of adversity without the aid of such evil bridges."

Another looking to us for help is a tradesman. He went home intoxicated one night, and his wife remonstrated with him. In his alcoholic rage, he killed her. From behind the bars in the Pennsylvania prison he calls to you and to me, we who are free, and says: "In the name of God do what you can toward checking the evil. I may never live to leave these prison walls, and in fact do not deserve to; but believe me, while I am alive I will do my share toward putting an end to the liquor curse."

Another says: "For fifty years I lived a worthy life, then in a foolish moment I fell. But drink was to blame." His one hope is that "when he leaves the prison, the liquor traffic will have been annihilated, and every saloon keeper in the country will be living an honest life."

Out of 1,478 persons confined in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, 1,008 at their own instigation signed a petition to the Pennsylvania Legislature asking for the passage of a State-wide prohibition law.

A man who had been under arrest more than once for being drunk, was told that he might expect a severe sentence the next time. The poor victim asked the judge if he might not be sent to one of the no-license towns of the State, where temptation would not meet him on every corner, and where he would feel safe from the foe that was destroying him. This request is but another appeal to us to kill the liquor traffic.

An ex-convict of a Pennsylvania penitentiary, having served only part of a twenty-year sentence for wife murder, was paroled in November, 1913, for good behavior. Last July he returned to the penitentiary of his own accord and requested to be admitted. He said on his return: "Rum has got me again, warden; and I'm afraid I'll kill my boy if I remain out and continue drinking. So lock me up. Society protects me from the rum devil in this prison, but does nothing for me outside."

You are part of that society that failed to protect this well-meaning but weak man. You are part of that society that fails to protect many other such men. You also fail to protect our pure, ambitious, intelligent boys and young men from the world's greatest adversary, the legalized liquor traffic. But by your vote you protect this man destroyer in his hellish work. You wrap about him the Stars and Stripes to shield him from the shame and ignominy that are his by right. Is it not time now, today, that you vote for the boy, for the man, instead of for that rum fiend, "the traffic"?

## Earth's Tragedies

MR. CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT, a missionary to China, tells of a winter afternoon tragedy that he himself witnessed. He says:—

"We had been tramping all one dreary December day. Afternoon was nearly spent. A little snow lay on the ground. A raw, chilling head wind was blowing. Sleet had begun to beat into our faces. We were numbed with cold, and anxious to reach a village ahead before the night settled down. We were taking a short cut across the frozen fields, and expected



"OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE"

Heaven alone knows how many devoted mothers have had to travel the weary path to the poorhouse because the money that should have provided for their needs was given to the liquor traffic.

to meet no one out in the open at that late hour. The Chinese dread to be on the road when the shadows begin to fall.

"As we hastened along, we were startled by a faint, pitiful moan, the sound as of a woman's voice. It was inconceivable that at that hour and place a woman—and alone—should be out. We stopped, listened. There it was again, more audible—a long, low wail, heart-rending. Walking about and peering into the dusk, we finally located a female form, prostrate on the ground, face downward, clutching and re clutching the snow and dead grass, her frame convulsively shaken by sobs. Consumed with her grief, she lay oblivious of us. She had gone from the beaten path purposely to be alone with her sorrow. It lay beside her, her babe—new-born, a boy—frozen stiff.

"It was my first experience with this phase of heathenism. Hesitating to thrust ourselves upon such inconsolable grief, and yet trying to comfort, we finally, between her shrieks and wails, got from her broken heart this story: The child had



died at home; but she had been forced by the iron law of heathen custom to take it away, somewhere,—anywhere, so it be outside the village,—and leave it for the dogs; and she could not leave it.

"Unconscious that she herself was half frozen, she chattered forth her woe to the dull, gray, unresponsive sky. She cursed the demons of the air—all in vain. The while, with that mother tenderness that graces womanly women in all lands, even heathen, she lifted the dirty rags and stroked caressingly the cold baby form."

As pathetic as was this woman's sorrow, is it any deeper, any more pitiable, than that of her American sister whose once pure boy has been snatched from her by the licensed liquor traffic and changed from a noble youth to a most revolting, degraded manhood? We deplore the heathen custom that brought such grief to the Chinese mother; and shall we deplore any less the diabolical custom of granting to men the privilege of doing all in their power to persuade others to purchase their wares, which we know, and they know, will make human derelicts of them? How long shall we weep with the Chinese mother over her dead, uncoffined boy, and yet go to the polls in our own land and vote that 200,000 men shall be licensed to go into our cities and towns to destroy and despoil our fairest citizenship, taking from our own American mothers their sons and daughters by the tens of thousands each year, and converting them into beasts that wallow in the gutter,—beasts that will perhaps turn upon those who gave them birth and destroy them? Has not the time fully come for us to "right about face," and vote for a proposed amendment to the Constitution, making possible the national prohibition of the liquor traffic?

### The Enemy Trembles

MR. T. M. GILMORE, president of the National Model License League, a liquor organization, says:—

We hear a great deal about prohibition and about prohibitionists, and about dry territory, and about the liquor traffic being outlawed, but I do not know where there is any prohibition, nor do I know any prohibitionists, nor do I know of any dry territory, nor do I know of any place in this country that has outlawed liquor.

Mr. Gilmore is certainly behind the times. Other liquor men have heard of dry territory in a very practical way, and the gentleman's vigorous efforts in opposing prohibition measures would show that he must have some misgivings as to the utter impotency of prohibition agitation, education, and legislation.

A writer in *Midas Criterion*, a liquor paper, says:—

To date, 1914 has been dull. But more interesting and also, probably, more important is the fact that almost without exception those in the trade are talking "blue" and feeling "blue." . . . There appears to be a decided and positive feeling of discouragement and uneasiness regarding the future. It may be, of course, simply a wave of dyspepsia sweeping over this market, but whatever the cause the feeling is pronounced.

The liquor traffic knows as well as we do that "there's a reason" for this melancholy feeling, and it is nothing less than prohibition agitation and legislation.

The following is a confession of an Ohio brewer:—

Our business has been hit hard. Most of the counties about us have gone dry, and our production is greatly curtailed. I am convinced that prohibition does prohibit, regardless of what the circulars say which we send into counties in which contests have been and are being made.

Our common stock is down to five cents, and our preferred is worth only twenty-five. The county fights are expensive and almost unanimously disastrous.

What the end will be I do not know, although it looks to be in sight for us. I suppose that in a measure we are to blame: for it is true that we have pushed the business for the money there is in it without much regard for either law or decency.

I am getting tired of this losing fight with nothing better in sight. If I had in cash the money I have invested in the business, I would place it where it would yield better returns in a line not condemned by the public. I am frank to say I have had enough.

Traveling men report that liquor dealers in every section of the country are looking dubiously into the future, and some of them are preparing for the change in conditions by entering new fields.

The Indiana Brewing Company closed its brewery and went out of business. The reason given out is that prohibition under local option votes has so increased in the surrounding territory as to make the business unprofitable.

An editorial in the *Lexington Daily Leader* says:—

A prominent distiller, who was in the city today, said that the output of distilleries throughout the State had been materially reduced, largely because of the prohibition activity, and that some manufacturers were warehousing only one half of their former crops.

The presence in a State of even one man who works energetically for prohibition, thoroughly frightens the liquor men.



When five States join the prohibition cause in one year, it is not strange that the liquor traffic becomes greatly concerned about its future.

An antisaloon man from Missouri was given the superintendency of the work in Pennsylvania. Immediately there went up from the liquor dealers the wail: "He will cost the liquor traffic in this State not less than a million a year for the next two years."

When Gideon's three hundred men blew their trumpets and broke their pitchers, the Midianites were terrified, thinking each man with a lighted torch was a leader of a band of warriors. The unutterable fear possessing the enemy made their undoing a short work. Thus it was when the intrepid Jonathan with his armor-bearer climbed the hill and fell upon the Philistines. The enemy thought the whole camp of Israel was upon them, so victory came quickly to the people of God when fear possessed the enemy.

There are many things that show the liquor traffic to be exceedingly apprehensive of its coming doom. Now is the time for the temperance people to rally to the final undoing of the accursed business. The enemy can be routed. Let us improve the opportune moment.

### Less Liquor Drunk in 1914 Than in 1913

THE question is frequently asked, How is it that with a constantly increasing amount of dry territory there is being consumed each year an increasing amount of liquor? The idea is current, we know; but it is not true that more liquor is being consumed each succeeding year.

What does the United States Internal Revenue Bureau say for the year ended June 30, 1914? It says that "the principal item comprising the decrease in ordinary collections was distilled spirits (including special taxes) amounting to \$4,781,165.23; while the principal items of increase were as follows: cigarettes (small), \$2,666,116.22; fermented liquors (including special taxes), \$841,522.85."

If any one, then, tells you that there was more liquor drunk



last year than during the previous revenue year, you may be sure that person is misinformed or is purposely misinforming you; for the tax on liquor fell short in that year by \$3,966,642.38. While there was a slight increase in tax on fermented liquors, there was a very great falling off in the tax on distilled spirits, such as whisky, all of which shows

that a vastly smaller quantity of intoxicants was used last year than during the previous year. Even one city, Philadelphia, spent during the year ended June 30, 1914, \$1,545,750 less on beer than during the previous year. Prohibition evidently prohibited during 1913-14.

The increase in the use of fermented liquors is not a difficult problem to solve when we stop to consider that our population is increasing by a million and a half a year; and each succeeding year the drinkers drink more; and each succeeding year the liquor people increase their foreign trade, sending millions of gallons out of the country to our noncontiguous territory, as well as to Europe, Asia, South America, Mexico, and the islands of the sea. And of course new recruits are gained in all wet territory, and the mail order firms are becoming more insistent and aggressive each year, doing all they possibly can to nullify prohibitory laws.

The Rev. Sam Small says on this point:—

Suppose the increased receipts on fermented liquors to represent tax paid on beer and porter. That means 814,522 barrels of thirty-one gallons each, and that figures out at *one quart* per annum increased consumption for each inhabitant of the nation, or *four drinks* of beer extra for the whole year. Taking only the wet population, it would be *eight drinks* per capita, and counting only one persistent beer guzzler to the family, that would be *forty drinks extra* to each, or *one extra drink every nine days* as the excess consumption of beer in this nation for 1913-14 over the figures for 1912-13. If only *one* immigrant from Europe out of every *ten* coming in last year was a regular beer drinker, then the total increase can be accounted for.

This report of our Internal Revenue Commissioner for 1913-14 is sufficiently encouraging to arouse the temperance people to redoubled effort in behalf of the temperance cause; for a decrease in revenue of nearly *four million* dollars shows a very material gain to the prohibition cause.

### The Massachusetts Legislature and Drunkenness

A COMMITTEE of the Massachusetts Legislature appointed to investigate the subject of drunkenness, made its report a few months ago. Among its startling statements are the following arraignments against the liquor traffic:—

"Intemperate use of alcohol is generally the chief cause of 'disorderly conduct,' 'disturbing the peace,' and 'assault and battery,' and is often a cause of sexual crime and homicide. . . . Statistics from various sources satisfy us that at least one third of all crime (aside from public drunkenness) is directly occasioned by the use of alcohol. Massachusetts prison statistics show that 96 per cent of all criminals in our prisons in 1912 were intemperate by habit.



What makes the horse laugh?—He has just heard his master say, "One cannot do a hard day's work without the aid of alcoholic drinks."



Ralph Waldo Emerson made a visit to Nauset, on Cape Cod. The lighthouse keeper told him that many opposed the building of the lighthouse on the ground that it would destroy the wrecking business. Men now marvel at such duplicity; but better would it have been to preserve the wrecking business and dispense with all our lighthouses than to preserve the liquor traffic at the expense of our dry policy. But best of all, let us have both lighthouses and prohibition.

"We are convinced that the annual cost to the State by loss of labor resulting from premature deaths, from preventable disease, and from accidents occasioned by the intemperate use of alcohol, amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The cost of drunkenness to the State, in homes broken through divorce and desertion, the cost in neglected childhood, in degraded manhood and womanhood, is beyond measure.

"Turning to the remedies, the commission says: '*Prevention should take precedence over cure at every point in a rational social policy for the control of drunkenness.* In theory the most direct way to prevent drunkenness is by the enactment of State-wide prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.'"

Notwithstanding this statement, the commissioners say that there are too many in the State who use intoxicants to make the prohibitory law workable; so they advise an immediate educational campaign, presumably that the people may be better prepared for the most direct method of ridding the State of the greatest foe of its citizenship. They say:—

"We urge a public use by municipal governments of posters prepared by experts giving publicity to scientific information concerning the effects of alcohol upon body and mind, and bringing to public attention the statistics of the annual cost of alcoholism in poverty, crime, and insanity. We urge the development of substitutes for the saloon, especially that buildings be equipped by municipalities throughout the State for daily use as social, civic, and recreational centers for all persons. Teachers, too, are to be prepared to teach the children the effects of alcohol on body and mind."

"The saloon must go," is the handwriting on the wall in both State and national legislative halls. Would that the traffic might read its doom, and voluntarily retire from the field. But if it refuses to do this, it must be forcibly driven from its fastnesses and completely destroyed. Shall not your vote help to hasten the day of its final undoing?

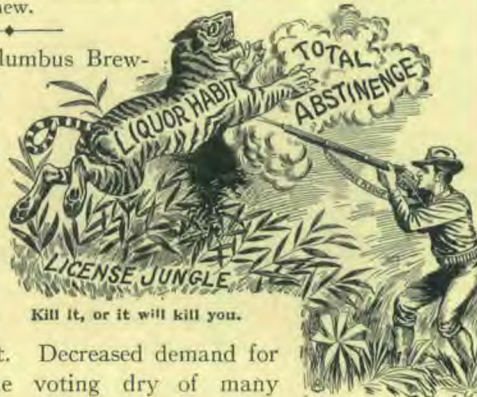
### The Only Safe Way

In a public statement made by Fred Coursey, of Philadelphia, while awaiting sentence for murder, he gives the following pathetic warning to the youth of his town:—

If I had not been under the influence of liquor, it would never have happened. Young men, take a poor unfortunate's advice: Take the pledge just for a year, not to touch, taste, nor handle; and if you can succeed for that length of time, why, most assuredly you can do it at all times. To this moment I can hardly believe that I really killed this young man. No, I cannot. I have led a good life, and this is the first time in my life I was ever locked

up. I have never hung around street corners nor committed disorderly conduct of any kind. This terrible drinking with young men on lots or in alleys may lead you to anything. This was the first time that I ever indulged in such a party. Drink and cigarettes are things that cause crime. Now, young men, take me as a warning. Put yourself in the place where you can say, I do not drink, smoke, nor chew.

THE Hoster-Columbus Breweries Company, a \$12,000,000 corporation, owning breweries in several States, has gone into the hands of receivers on order of the United States District Court. Decreased demand for beer due to the voting dry of many States and counties was given as the cause.





# The Cigarette Octopus

C. W. BAINES



THE cigarette—"good men have written against it on the ground of its immoral effects; political economists have attacked it on account of its entire uselessness; physicians have fought it because of its mischievous effects on the health of the body; yet its use has crept on, and is still advancing."

Chief Justice Brewer never wrote a more accurate decision than this: "*The cigarette is the American abomination. No cigarette victim can climb to the top of the ladder.*"

The growth of the cigarette habit within the past ten years is simply marvelous. Cigarettes were first smoked in the United States about the time of the Philadelphia Centennial, 1876, and every year since has witnessed a most substantial increase, until today this withering curse, this blighting, injurious boy evil, this enslaving fad, has well-nigh overwhelmed the American nation, and we wonder where it will end. Its annual increase is far greater than that of any other manufactured article produced in the United States; it exceeds anything save its filthy stench, which, of course, cannot be exceeded. Men, women, and children from all classes of society indulge in the habit, apparently oblivious to all sense of duty to family ideals, intellect, health, or morals, and without regard for the vigor and strength of future generations. The situation has become alarming, critical in the extreme, and calls for the most heroic effort immediately.

## The Economic Waste

The cigarette habit is becoming a greater national evil than alcohol. Let me set down a few of the astounding, incomprehensible items from Uncle Samuel's cigarette account to start your thinker for some serious, thoughtful contemplation. They show that he does a rushing business in wrecking boy life. Last fiscal year there were consumed in the United States 14,530,486,200 cigarettes. Strung together endwise, they would make a string 630,633 miles long, or enough to wind around the earth more than twenty-five times. With them one could construct a solid path from New York to London forty-two inches wide; the string would reach from Washington to Jerusalem eighty-four times. If these 14,530,486,200 cigarettes could be converted into soldiers, and marched past a reviewing stand in "column-four" at three miles an hour for twelve hours each day, it would take the parade 209 years to pass by; the line of march would be 2,751,986 miles long; and if the column headed due east all the while, it would encompass the globe and pass by the reviewing stand 110 times. If the cartons in which the United States' annual supply of cigarettes is packed could be piled in a monument forty-nine times as large at the base as the Washington Monument, they would rise in a monster pile to a height of 2,235 feet before the last box was placed as the capstone. Fill these 29,060,972 cartons with cracked stone, and we should have enough to build a macadam road 30 feet wide, 3 inches deep, and 173 miles long.

As enormous as the preceding figures are, the preliminary Internal Revenue Report for the present fiscal year shows a greater per cent of increase than for any previous year. The consumption of cigarettes for this period was 19,741,874,200, an increase of 5,211,388,000 over the previous year's banner crop. To consume this increased output means that about 3,500 boys began this dreadful habit each day in the year. The manufacturers of one brand of granulated smoking to-

bacco, used largely by those who "roll their own cigarettes," report an output of a million sacks for each day in the year, while the makers of just one kind of cigarette papers report a sale of 60,000,000 books in this country for the year just ending. These two firms produced the "makings" for 12,550,000,000 cigarettes. Our cigarette bill for the past twelve months was \$140,932,941. We could not believe our own figures but for the fact that they are taken from the latest government reports. Now, if cigarette smoking occa-

sioned only this large economic annual waste, that would be bad enough. But cigarette smoking does worse things than drain boys' purses. There are some things which parents should prize more than gold,, cherish as of more value than all the silver certificates and government bonds stored in safety vaults, value more than houses and lands. What are these when compared with the loss of your boy's mental faculties, the wreck of his physical being, and the destruction of his health? I am convinced that but few appreciate the devitalizing and demoralizing influence of the cigarette upon a growing boy. The habit saps his vitality, lowers his mental caliber,—if indeed it does not destroy it altogether,—corrupts his morals, blights his physical being,

and closes the doors of remunerative positions in his face. Investigations show that he who begins smoking at a tender age will doubtless become a degenerate.

There is abroad in the land the very erroneous idea that if boys abstain from cigarette smoking until about eighteen or twenty years of age, they may then smoke to their hearts'

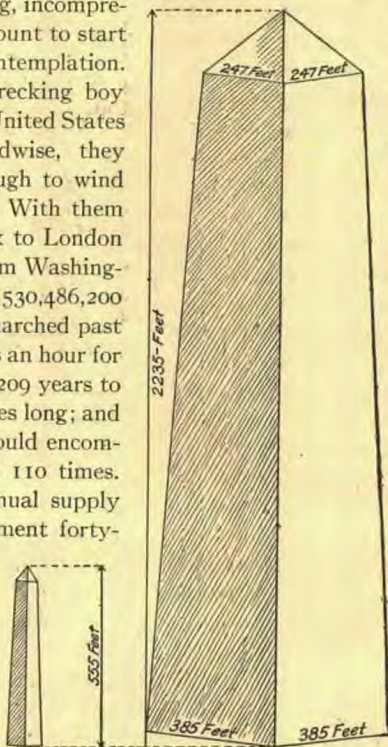
content, assured that they are immune from its evil consequences. Not so! While the harmful effects of cigarette smoking manifest themselves more quickly in the junior and adolescent boy,—a period marked by rapid development and physical changes which tax his strength,—cigarette smoking is quite as harmful to young men. Dr. Pack, of the University of Utah, has made public a series of investigations covering 248 college men (not boys) of practically the same age (twenty-one years) and weight (161 pounds), in fourteen American colleges and universities, covering their football squads,—the best physical specimens, generally, in these institutions. These men were selected because they formed a very nearly homogeneous group,—men pretty nearly alike in mental and physical aptitude and social tendencies. His investigations showed nonsmoking college football squad men superior in every particular to the smokers.

For example in the "try outs" for positions on the first teams, twice as many nonsmokers were success-

ful as smokers; the nonsmokers possessed 22.6 cubic inches (7.3 per cent) more lung capacity than the smokers; in scholastic standing the nonsmokers clearly outranked the smokers in all the institutions; the smokers furnished 71 per cent of the low-mark men, and also provided these institutions with twice as many of the conditions and failures as did the



The line of cigarettes. 360,663 miles long, produced in the United States last year would wind around the earth more than twenty-five times.



The cigarette carton monument is four times as high and seven times as wide at the base as the Washington Monument.



nonsmokers. From the investigations as a whole, Dr. Pack draws the following conclusions:—

FIRST, *Only half as many smokers as nonsmokers are successful in "try outs" for football squads.*

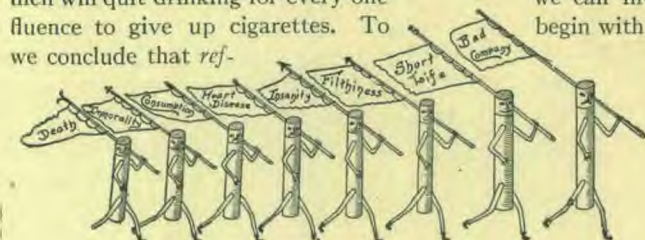
SECOND, *In the case of able-bodied men, smoking is associated with loss in lung capacity amounting to practically ten per cent.*

THIRD, *Smoking is invariably associated with low scholarship.*

So far we have dealt with symptoms — diagnosed the case.

### What's the Remedy?

We know that when the cigarette-smoking habit gets a boy "good and hard," it's got him for "good and all;" that ten men will quit drinking for every one we can influence to give up cigarettes. To begin with, we conclude that ref-



Cigarettes on dress parade.

ormation offers an uninviting field. There remains open the more inviting door — *information!* Junior boys are manly fellows; and with the high, air castle type of aspirations which mark this age, few would allow themselves to fall into this success-destroying habit if informed as to its sure results. If information — agitation — is the remedy, how shall we plan to put every American boy in possession of the facts, how prosecute this campaign of education on a country-wide scale? Have we an organization extensive and cosmopolitan enough in character to become the medium through which this information shall be disseminated? If not, then lose no time in forming one: the King's business requireth haste. No one underestimates the value of the service rendered by such agencies as the W. C. T. U., local Anti-Cigarette Leagues, and the Anti-Cigarette League of America. These have blazed the way, the advance guard which marked out the trail for larger things; but I am sure they will readily agree that their work has been scrappy, intermittent, with little cooperation, less continuity, and no well-defined plan for systematic, aggressive extension.

It is my sober conviction that the Sunday school is the very best agency through which to marshal the forces and hurl them against this monster boy-destroying evil. Here we have the necessary organization, — no additional machinery is required, — an institution now teaching more than 18,500,000 persons, mostly young folks. This Sunday school army, the largest that marches under a single banner, is manned by a corps of 1,691,000 officers and teachers, the choicest anti-cigarette, Christian people in all the land; and it touches every village, hamlet, and crossroad. Then, too, organized Sunday school forces hold about 59,000 conventions and institutes annually, which can be made anticigarette training centers. The Sunday school, if once aroused to the gravity of the situation, will drive the cigarette out of the country in a decade.

There is one aspect of the cigarette business, however, which it is difficult to comprehend — it's beyond me, as the boy would say. We know from investigation, observation, experiment, and study that the cigarette is altogether harmful and evil, possessing not a single redeeming feature. Everybody knows, and the cigarette manufacturers and smokers acknowledge, that the cigarette is injurious, poisonous. No man defends it as useful or helpful, as a food or stimulant: it is not good for anything. And yet a great nation like our own stands silently by and allows a mere handful of men to ruin its boys, insure their failure in life, make them incompetent in school, inefficient at work, wreck their physical manhood, and provide a passport to the saloon; it allows these men to flood the land with abominable, boy-destroying, degrading, filthy-smelling cigarettes, simply because it brings into the internal revenue coffers a few paltry dollars, every one of which bears the "earmarks" of degradation. Then, too, our

boasted national pure food and drugs act — supposed, I believe, to guarantee that no deleterious articles are manufactured or marketed, that packages shall bear a true analysis of contents, etc. — is strangely silent regarding cigarettes, probably the greatest health-destroying article purchasable in the open market, every package of which should, if properly labeled, bear the familiar "skull and crossbones" and be marked *Poison*. Further, in lieu of the pure food label, every package of cigarettes has the stamp of the United States government upon it, which says to our unsuspecting boys that cigarettes are all right, and is, at the same time, *prima-facie* evidence that Uncle Sam has accepted his share of the blood money. Even the little legislation dealing with this boy-destroying commodity which has found place on our statute books, is amazingly weak and puny, and its enforcement savors of a joke.

Some years ago Japan awoke to the fact that cigarette smoking was prevalent among her school children, much as it is in the United States today. A bill was promptly framed and passed her national house of representatives, became a law in 1900, prohibiting the use of cigarettes by boys and young men under twenty-one years of age. The bill's author said:—

I should like briefly to give you some reasons why we have introduced this bill. Recently even children in our common schools have come to smoke cheap imported cigarettes, the consequence of which, we fear, may bring our country down to the miserable condition of countries like China and India; because tobacco, like opium, contains narcotic poisons which benumb the nervous system and weaken the mental powers of children addicted to smoking, and thus give a death-blow to the vitality of the nation. Therefore, from the standpoint of our national policy, we must strictly prohibit the smoking of tobacco by children and young people. If we expect to make this nation superior to the nations of Europe and America, we must not allow our youths in common schools, who are to become the fathers and mothers of our country in the near future, to smoke. If we desire to cause the light of this nation to shine forth over the world, we ought not to follow the example of China or India.

Are we less patriotic than Japan? and shall we permit the continuation of that traffic which strikes down and blasts our youth, upon whom we must depend for our country's perpetuation? Shall we permit a continuance of the manufacture and sale of an article

which prevents the development of both mind and body, and results in physical, mental, and moral deterioration?

I recall a great picture on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair some years ago — "The Guardian Angel." You remember how it looks. There was the great, dark ravine, abysmal in its depths, across whose rocky cliffs was spanned a narrow rustic



I can't 'magine why my father wants to smoke.

bridge, the handrail of which was broken down. A little girl with curly golden hair is about to cross the dangerous bridge. In the gap of the broken rail stands the angel of God, — the guardian angel, — to insure the safe journey of the child, to prevent her falling into the abyss below. Beautifully executed, a masterpiece, men and women throng before it to imbibe its lesson. It is said that one man, an artist, who heard of the picture, crossed the ocean to study it. There was a constant crowd gathered about this captivating canvas. One day an old farmer, a man from Missouri, came into the room and stood with the crowd before this great painting. After a few moments, he moved on. When his wife said to him, "Isn't that a pretty picture?" he gave his formal, unenthusiastic assent. She said to him again, with increased emphasis, "Isn't it beautiful?" His reply was simply, "Yes, it is." Then it was that this artist who had traveled thousands of miles to behold this one picture, to drink in its lesson and catch the inspiration of its author, could contain himself



no longer, and, jumping to his feet, he seized this Missouri farmer's arm and said in an emphatic tone: "Man alive! don't you see that picture? Can't you see those jagged stones? the sky? the colors? the bridge?" The farmer answered, "Yes, I see; but why don't the fool angel fix the bridge?"

Ah, yes! that's the message I would bring. We who love our American boys have actually wasted nearly all our time in trying to rescue those who have contracted this mastering, degrading, character-destroying cigarette habit, and have sadly neglected plans to prevent others from falling victims to it. Prevention is better than rescue. To save a hundred boys and get them to sign a pledge to abstain from cigarette smoking is well,—and the work of rescue must not lessen,—but to remove the temptation from tens of thousands of others is far better. It's better to take the stumbling block out of the boy's path than to help him up, bind his wounds, and care for him after the fall. It is better to "fix the bridge."

The charts used to illustrate this article are from "The Cigarette," a series of twenty-three charts for the use of Sunday school and temperance workers. The book can be ordered from C. W. Baines, Newport News, Virginia, at \$1 a copy, postpaid.

### Wise Counsel

JAS. L. REGAN, of the Regan Printing House, Chicago, says to young men:—

Young man, if you want to master the intricacies of a skilled trade, or, for that matter, any worthy occupation, you cannot develop into a finished workman if you are a victim of the vile cigarette habit. Cigarettes impair the brain, and injuriously affect the lungs and backbone, thereby reducing energy and will power.

John J. Hayes, winner of the Marathon race in the recent Olympian games, has this to say on cigarettes:—

I can cure most boys of cigarette smoking in one lesson. I want to say to mothers that the best argument to advance to a son who smokes cigarettes is to buy him an athletic outfit. The boy will soon learn why cigarettes are harmful. A cigarette user who buys a running costume and puts it to practical use discovers immediately how much mischief the habit has wrought. The first time he tries to run, he finds difficulty in breathing, a heaviness in the lungs that retards his progress. His cigarette heart, sluggish under ordinary conditions, will thump against his ribs like a trip hammer. He becomes easily exhausted, and can never win a race. Let him throw off the habit, and he will experience a great sense of relief.

Never in my life have I used tobacco in any form. To the absence of nicotine from my lungs, more than to any other agency, I attribute my ability to win Marathon races. Diet is important, good condition is essential, a perfect heart and stomach are necessary, but, possessing all of these qualifications, no boy can win running races if he smokes cigarettes.

Even the champion billiard player, Mr. Hoppe, says that "clean living is essential for the billiard star." He himself has never tasted alcoholic beverages, and *has never smoked*.

### A Smoking Disciple

[The British Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Narcotic League has issued an interesting leaflet entitled "A Smoking Disciple." It contains so much that should appeal to the professed Christian who uses tobacco that we reprint it herewith.]

I HAVE come across several such lately, and as they seemed so much interested and delighted in the matter, and were so regular and systematic about it, I began to think perhaps smoking was a necessary qualification for discipleship. Knowing that I had an old Volume that gave the earliest and most accurate account of the Christian disciples, and that had kept the run of them for about four thousand years, I hastened to

look into it. I found a great deal about "smoke," such as a "smoking furnace," "a mountain smoking," and even about "a bottle in the smoke," but as for a smoking disciple or a disciple in a smoke (as may be seen in these days), I could find no account of any such thing.

Not being willing to give up the matter, I considered that some of the old saints lived hard upon a thousand years, and if they were like some of the modern ones, they would surely need smoking to while away the time; so I had another look, but I could not find a patriarch with a pipe in his mouth, not one! But, then, smoking is a very great comfort to a body, so they say; and—as I knew the prophets were often in trouble, I thought to be sure to find as much as one with a cigar. But I did not find him. The apostles, too, had great need of consolation; for they were often in cold

and hunger, and endured thirst, stripes, imprisonment, etc. So I searched very carefully, but could not find so much as a tobacco box among them, nor even a cigarette. But I tried to see something in this so-called luxury which would vindicate its use by modern disciples. So I looked—

For the *beauty* of it. Now, people are not very apt to raise a breeze against things that are lovely and of good report; and if these qualities are not wanting in the thing in question, then it is a puzzler to account for things which I shall mention. In the station waiting room I saw a sign in staring capitals: "NO SMOKING HERE!" In most of the carriages was a similar notice, the violation of which would incur a fine. And as soon as I went on a steamboat, there was another: "No smoking abaft the engine." Now, all this looked like turning smoking out of doors, except in large hotels, and there I noticed they turned all the smokers into a room together, so that they should not come in contact with other people. And such a use of spittoons, and such a scattering of ashes, and such a powerful savor, and such a gloomy, murky atmosphere as was there, made sad and terrible havoc with all ideas of beauty. This sending smokers away by themselves, and then posting placards here and there warning such people away from the premises,—all these things, and others I have not space to mention, made me give up trying to find anything beautiful about this business. So I looked—

For the *usefulness* of the thing. As for its public utility, I fancied there could not be much of that, since in public places and conveyances there are such warnings concerning smoking, as if the smoker was a trespasser on the rights and happiness of his fellow men. The lovers of the business must retire, pro tem, from the cabin, quarter-deck, or the parlor, lest their indulgence of their peculiar habits should give offense. What dreadful hypocrites are those signboards warning the smokers, if the practice is not a nuisance!



Indeed, tobacco is offensive to me, and so is the user.



John J. Hayes



My father, Thomas A. Edison, thinks cigarettes make degenerates of boys. He won't allow any one who smokes them to work for him.



But maybe there is some advantage to be gained. I looked sharply into this, and the first thing I discovered was that it gave every lover of it a *leaky pocket*. A really smoky gentleman cannot puff away much less than twopence a day. This is a trifle over three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a year. A ten-year-old smoker, at this rate, reckoning the interest on the expenses each year, would in that time have whiffed out of his possession a handsome sum of money. But I don't know what he could show in its place. Most carefully did I consider, but could not find the usefulness of this.

A second thing I discovered was that there was no usefulness in this practice to *health*. A cloud of witnesses among the medical profession gave their testimony most emphatically concerning its injurious influence upon the human system. And another cloud of sufferers from the practice cast their evidence into the same scale. Dr. Adam Clarke, LL.D., F. S. A., says: "Every medical man knows well that the saliva which is so copiously drained off by the infamous quid, pipe, etc., is the first and greatest agent which nature employs in digesting the food. A single drop of the chemical oil of tobacco put on the tongue of a cat would produce violent convulsions and kill it in a space of one minute. A thread dipped in the same oil, and drawn through a wound made by a needle in an animal, would kill it in the space of seven minutes."

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent physician, in an article upon the effect of smoking on the voice, says: "In considering the evils produced by smoking, it should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. The one is the poisonous nicotine, and the other is the high temperature of the burning tobacco. The cigarette, which is so much in vogue nowadays, is most certainly the worst form of indulgence, people being tempted to smoke all day long, and easily accustoming themselves to inhale the

forgo very often other employment. With a fire under his nose, and his head like a bottle in the smoke, what important business can he accomplish? Verily, you must let him alone, and he must let everything else alone, and away flies much precious time sadly misused.

And once more I tried to find the usefulness of this practice to intellect, but I must confess my search was in vain. Tobacco as a narcotic produces dullness, heaviness, and will

**REV. C. SMOKE CALLS ON REV. TOB. CHEWER**  
*CAN INSPIRATION BE DRAWN THROUGH THE STEM OF A TOBACCO PIPE OR A CIGARETTE, MADE DEATHLESS BY SATURATING IT WITH POISONOUS NICOTINE FUMES?*



*THE WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH HAS PASSED A RESOLUTION TO THE EFFECT THAT HEREAFTER CONFERENCE WILL NOT ORDAIN TO THE GOSPEL MINISTRY A MAN WHO USES TOBACCO IN ANY FORM. THE GENERAL FIVE CONFERENCE HAS ALSO PASSED A SIMILAR ANTI-TOBACCO RESOLUTION.*  
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eventually weaken the powers of the mind. It has been well said: "Its use may seem to soothe the feelings and quicken the operations of the mind, but to what purpose is it that the machine has been previously running and blowing when once the balance wheel is taken off?"

To sum up: I was unable to find the slightest trace of beauty or usefulness in the practice, but much directly opposed to both; and I wondered a great deal at the smoking disciple. He has a lighter purse, less health, less time, and less intellect wherewith to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Human nature loses something of its dignity when it is considered that the miserable weed is eaten only by three beings in existence,—the tobacco worm; the rock goat of Africa, the most fetid of all the animal creation; and by man, made in the image of his Creator.

And then, I suppose, there is some responsibility in the way of example. What a spectacle to behold two or three ragged urchins, about five or six years old, sucking away at the fag-end of a cigar picked out of the gutter, or the hundreds of boys and youths scarcely out of their teens puffing and chewing and spitting wholesale! No wonder growth is stunted, capacity dwarfed, and the constitution permanently injured. And who is responsible? To say the least, "Example is better than precept."

Now, brother, just knock the ashes out of that pipe, quench the fire of those cigars and cigarettes, and pitch the whole, with your snuff, tobacco, etc., into the sea (or any nearer place of oblivion you can find), and stand up redeemed from a habit that has never added and never can add one ray to the luster of your holiness. Show your noble manliness. Be a freeman, and forever eschew the appellation—"A Smoking Disciple."

### Why I Don't Smoke

THERE are two reasons why I don't smoke. One is that smokers are usually so disagreeable to other people. Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "It is the only vice that inevitably annoys and injures the innocent neighbor." I have traveled in many countries, I have crossed the Atlantic ten times, and as I look back upon it all, the chief annoyance of travel has been smokers. They have left their trail on every steamship deck, they have puffed smoke at one from every carriage, they have crowded into every car, including those in which smoking was not permitted, and even if they did not try to smoke, which often they did, they forced the odor of their stench clothes upon me. Is there any other habit which men have, harmless or otherwise, of which they leave such unpleasant public reminders? The butcher and the surgeon



Small Boy: "That naughty man smoked right into my eyes."  
 Older Brother: "That is too bad; but it's all over now, so don't cry. We are never going to smoke, are we, brother?"

fumes into their lungs, thus saturating their blood with the poison." And again: "Unfortunately it is not necessary to smoke to be a victim of tobacco. Even seasoned vessels find their neighbors' pipes or cigars very trying, and for a person with a delicate throat, exposure to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco is even worse than smoking."

And, thirdly, there was not the good use, but the *loss of much precious time*. The smoker, while thus engaged, has to





That tobacco smoke makes me weary.

make himself a nuisance. Now I no doubt am a worse sinner than many a smoker, but I have had enough sense given me to avoid making myself a physical nuisance.

The other reason I don't smoke is because most smokers overdo it. Mr. Harrison is probably right when he says that "more men have died of nicotine than have died of drink." But I think not so much of death as of disability. I should dislike to think that any noxious habit could conquer me. There is to me something unmanly about the famished manner in which some men stuff their pipes after eating or light cigarettes in the midst of business. If I ever have an intellectual tussle with a man, and I see him preparing for it by a smoke, I at least thank God for a clear head. Ruskin spoke of his scorn of "men who would put the filth of tobacco in the first breeze of a May morning," and I cannot but share his belief that much of the fragrance and beauty of this world are lost to the man who smells and sees it through tobacco smoke. When my sons were small, I suppose I refrained from smoking partly as an example to them; but now that they are grown, I confess I am ashamed to, for fear they will think "the old man" is going into his dotage.

— Wm. Byron Forbush, in *Youth's World*.

## The Detroit Crusade Against the Cigarette

DR. D. H. KRESS was engaged by the Twentieth Century Woman's Club of Detroit to carry forward an anticigarette campaign in that city. While there he addressed all the high school and many of the grammar school students. Lectures were given also in the Y. M. C. A. and in several of the churches. A free clinic was conducted in the Twentieth Century Club building for the treatment of the cigarette habit. Not less than nine hundred persons received treatment. The clinic was afterwards transferred to Grace Hospital. The city of Detroit was thoroughly aroused, and much good accomplished. Dr. Kress, in a letter to the INSTRUCTOR, says:—

"Few appreciate how rapidly the cigarette habit is spreading among schoolboys and how hopelessly it enslaves its victims. The cigarette has to be placed in a class by itself, separate from the pipe or cigar. It is more akin to the cocaine, heroin, and opium habits. It exerts a mysterious, infatuating influence over its devotee. The habit, once formed, is seldom given up unaided, or without divine help. I have had considerable to do with the treatment of the alcohol habit, and I find it is easier to treat the victim of alcohol than the

remove their aprons, the foundryman washes his hands, the garbage collector changes his clothes, and those who work among vile odors take a bath, before appearing in society. But the smoker, who, sweaty from toil or play, could not sit down with his friends without cleansing himself, not only comes in calmly and infects the air of a closed room with his staleness, but asks permission to do so afresh, and is actually offended if you object. He seems proud to

victim of the cigarette. Many have said to me, 'Doctor, I was able to give up drink, but when it comes to the cigarette it is a different matter.' In one of the Detroit schools 90 per cent of the young men were users of cigarettes, according to an authentic statement made by the physical director. In one ungraded school where the ages of the boys ranged from twelve to sixteen years, only two were free from the habit. These boys have no difficulty in purchasing cigarettes, although there exists an excellent law against the sale of cigarettes or of tobacco in any form to minors in the State of Michigan. The condition of these boys, physically, mentally, and morally, shows that the money paid out by the State in their education is almost wholly wasted. From an economic viewpoint alone the cigarette law should be strictly enforced.

"While all cigarette smokers do not become good for nothings and criminals, it is a fact that practically all the good for nothings and youthful criminals, whether found in or out of our schools, are cigarette fiends. It is evident from these facts that either the boys who are criminally inclined take up with the cigarette, or else taking up with the cigarette develops criminal tendencies. It probably works both ways.

"If the use of the cigarette should continue to increase the next ten years as it has the past ten, 90 per cent of our boys will be victims of this habit, and the chances are their children will be moral defectives who not merely will more naturally take up the same practice, but in addition will be inclined to possess criminal tendencies.

"While we have laws shutting defectives and criminals out of the United States, we are permitting an evil, in the use of cigarettes and tobacco by boys, which is cultivating a defective and criminal class. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, one of the leading educators of America, says:—

I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind, or body, or more subversive of good morals, than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization.

## A Boy's Reasons

[Rev. B. F. Kidder, who signed the pledge against intoxicating liquor when a boy, gives the following seven reasons of a boy for signing the pledge. Most of these reasons apply to tobacco as well as liquor.]

1. I AM going to sign the pledge because if I never begin to drink, I can never become a drunkard. It is easier to keep out of trouble than to get out when once you are in.

2. I am going to sign the pledge because there is poison in every glass of strong drink, and I am determined that it shall never have a place in my stomach.

3. I am going to sign the pledge because a fellow is known by the company he keeps; and I don't like the "line up" of the crowd that drinks. O, yes, some of the "smart set" are



Come, boys, and join us. We want a million comrades.



These boys are each fourteen years of age. The two larger ones are the two boys in the school mentioned in the accompanying article who have never used tobacco, while both of the other two have used it from six to eight years. The young cells of the body are stunted in their growth by tobacco.



there, and a lot who want to seem "smart;" but I notice that many of them are soon passed on down the line among "red noses" and "bums." I should be ashamed to have my picture taken among *them*; and the best way is to keep out altogether.

4. I am going to sign the pledge because—

Strong drink takes the good clothes off a fellow's back and puts dirty rags in their place; and I prefer to wear good clothes.

Strong drink gives a fellow a blear eye (too often a black eye), a dizzy head, a thick, idiotic tongue, and shuffling feet that often land him in the gutter; and I prefer an eye that can see straight, a brain that can think clearly, a tongue that can talk sense, and feet that can keep out of the ditch.

Athletes and men who want strong bodies let strong drink alone; and it will pay me to let it alone.

Employers are not offering the best places to boys and men who drink; and I am not out for a second-rate, much less a third-rate or a tenth-rate, job.

The saloon needs about 200,000 boys every year to recruit its great army of drunkards; and I am not willing to be one of the boys.

The way of strong drink leads to the poorhouse, the prison, the madhouse, "the devil;" and I prefer to go in the opposite direction.

5. Then I am going to sign the pledge because it is the right thing to do; and no one ever makes a mistake by taking his stand for what is right, regardless of what others may do.

6. I am going to sign the pledge because—

By signing the pledge myself I can help other boys to sign it, and I hope to have a home of my own some day; and one of the very best things that I can bring to that home is total abstinence from all intoxicating liquor.

My country needs me in the fight against its very worst enemy, the saloon; and I can hit the saloon one hard blow by signing the pledge. If every one would do this, the saloon would have to die.

7. I am going to sign the pledge because Strong Drink is a "mad engineer;" and I should be a fool to get aboard his train. The rails seem all right, because they are laid by law, (the greater the shame!) and the train runs smoothly at first, and they tell us the brakes are all right and can be used at any time; but I notice that his run is "down grade" all the way, and that his train runs faster and faster, and that the so-called "brakes" do not amount to much, for the train speeds on past the place men call "Moderation," past "Self-respect," past "Responsibility," past "Decency," past "Hope," past "Help," and the last station—well, all I know is that the Bible tells us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

### Not a Finger Lifted to Create Appetite

JOSEPH DEBAR, secretary of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, said:—

Not a finger has ever been raised by any man engaged in the production of distilled liquors in this country to create a demand for his products.

Perhaps Mr. Debar had not heard that mail order distilleries sent circulars offering prizes to postmasters whose offices issue the greatest amount of money orders remitted for liquor. The Post-office Department at Washington, however, posted warnings that postmasters must have nothing to do with this scheme.

Distillers may be less aggressive than distributors; but we all know that the liquor people make it their business to create a demand for their wares, as well as to supply the demand already existing; and they use every unprincipled and diabolical means of doing this, as the following incidents suggest:—

A Republican politician of prohibition Georgia in a circu-

lar letter sent to the Negroes of the country telling them how they could register and vote, said:—

In sending the printed instructions on the back of this letter to every colored man whose name is furnished me, I am spending lots of money, and this expense is being paid by the Georgia Distributing Company of Jacksonville, Florida, distributors of pure whiskies, whose circular I inclose; and I want you to patronize this firm for this generous act on their part toward the colored men of Georgia.

Rev. R. T. Schelly tells of other specious measures taken by liquor dealers. He says:—

Another political boss secured as many names and addresses as possible of boys in the country, and sent to each a pocketknife, together with a letter telling the boy who was the giver of the knife, and inviting him, whenever he came to the county seat, to call on the donor, who would be delighted to show him around and give him a good time.

In another instance a youth of seventeen or eighteen received a letter from a liquor dealer early in December, asking him to accept a gallon of whisky as a Christmas gift. Very young ladies, as well as married women and men, have frequently informed the writer of having received letters from liquor dealers offering to send them bottles of wine, whisky, or any other desired liquors, in parcels defying discovery of the contents. Such are but a few of the methods employed by dealers to enslave and debauch our boys, and even girls.

Edward Quinn, Jr., of Takoma Park, Maryland, a graduate nurse, received a package containing twelve two-ounce bottles and a one-quart bottle of whisky. This was, of course, unsolicited, as Mr. Quinn is a total abstainer.

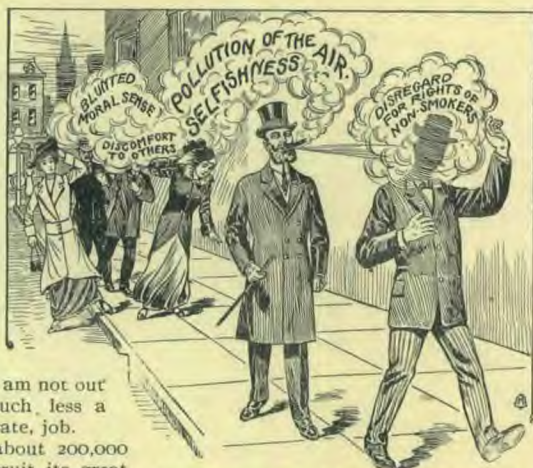
Hon. Benjamin F. Perry, when assistant treasurer of the State of Georgia, called attention to a startling newspaper advertisement for Christmas holidays, which was embellished with a picture of a glass pistol (to catch the attention of the boys), and a quart bottle, which the advertiser proposed to fill with whisky, and then give both free to every one who bought a certain amount of the devilish stuff.

Only recently there was disclosed a diabolical trap set by a bartender of one of the leading saloons of one of our leading cities that certainly had for its sole object the *creating* of the liquor appetite, and that among *boys*. He organized a Pennant Club, ostensibly to boost the baseball teams of the city. The club was composed of 500 boys, many of them from the best homes of the place. At the club the boys were treated by the organizer with soft drinks at first, then to drinks slightly intoxicating. Finally the alcoholic beverages were increased, until the appetite for strong drink was developed. Not long ago one of the members of the club, a boy of fifteen, a son of one of the leading families of the city, was arrested for drunkenness, and appeared before a probate judge. Upon inquiry the judge learned the foregoing facts.

This boy was fond of baseball, and felt it his duty to join in the movement to boost his city's teams. He was ignorant of the trap being set for him, and so were his parents, who made no objection to his joining the Pennant Club.

The judge broke up the club, made known far and wide the plan of the saloon for gaining recruits, and had the bartender imprisoned for six months.

According to *Ginger*, a liquor paper, the appetite for strong drink is *inherent in mankind*, so to extend the liquor business it is only necessary to give people the opportunity to satisfy their appetite; no effort has to be made to create the appetite. These men are mockers, as is the wine they dispense.



Tobacco transforms a gentleman into a boor and a public nuisance.



"Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage." Why will intelligent men submit to this bondage?



# Clean Living and Athletic Success

EDWARD QUINN, JR.



EVERY successful leader or trainer of athletes realizes the importance of clean living. Letters received from physical directors of the leading colleges of this country show that they are unanimously opposed to the use of intoxicants and tobacco in any form by those who are to compete in various tests of skill. Mr. Connie Mack, the famous leader of the Athletic Baseball Club, of Philadelphia, world champions of 1910, 1911, 1913, and the American League champions of 1902, 1905, and 1914, says:—

Who puts the ball player out of the game? You would naturally say "the umpire," wouldn't you?

Well, all the umpires together haven't put as many ball players out of the game as has Old Man Booze. Boozing is not common among the high-grade ball players. It was common twenty years ago; but today it is rare in the majors. Keep in mind, though, that steady—"moderate"—drinking gets a ball player in the end just as surely as boozing. Alcohol slows a man down inevitably, and *slowing down* is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. If you estimate a clever player's years in baseball at fifteen, moderate drinking will cut off from three to five years—a third of his life on the diamond.

It is recognized that a major leaguer, with a career in front of him and really big money in his pockets, must cut out all bad habits; for if he does not, the competition for a regular position becomes too fierce for him.

Going South one spring, I took a fancy to a youngster who was to be tried out. I liked his looks, and I liked his line of talk; above all, I liked his high spirits. He took a drink once in a while,—a glass of beer occasionally, sometimes a whisky,—but almost always he drank to be sociable, to be a "good fellow."

"Do you ever go awfully without drinking?" I asked him. "Sure!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes I go two weeks or a month without taking a drink."

"Don't you miss it?" I asked him. "Not a bit! Never miss it at all."

I kept quiet a few minutes. Then I came at the youngster this way: "Of course I understand—I know your drinking doesn't amount to much; but if anybody were to ask me about you, of course I couldn't ring in exceptions, I'd have to say you drink." Here I stopped—to let it sink in; then I went on: "Now, so long as you don't miss it when you're not taking it, if I were you I'd think it over and decide whether the drinking is worth classing myself with those who do drink, with those who can't get along without the stuff."

In two days that youngster came to me and said:—

"Mr. Mack, if anybody asks you whether I drink, you can tell him I don't; for I do not drink."

There was a star of the old Athletics—the team that met the Giants in 1905—who was still with us as a utility man. He seldom got into games, but was always ready, and he made a valuable man to do the coaching at third—the only place it counts for anything. Up to the last game of the series, this player didn't handle a ball nor swing a bat. But he did his share of winning games on the coaching line. When the fourth game was over,—the count was then 3 to 1 in our favor,—he certainly was in bad shape: had a fierce cold, could hardly speak above a whisper, and seemed to be in for a set-to with the grip. I wasn't surprised to have him come to me about himself. Near as I can recall it, our talk went like this:—

"Connie, I'm a sick man. If I don't take something to brace me up, I'll be in bed tomorrow."

"You mean you want to take a drink?" I asked him.

He acknowledged it.

"All right; go ahead," I told him. "Do as you think best. But if it were I, I'd die before I'd take a drink."

He looked at me, saw I was in dead earnest, and said, "No drink for me, Connie."

He wasn't in bed the next day; he was in the game. I put him in to help start our scoring machine. He stole second at a critical moment of the game, which a slow-thinking, slow-acting man couldn't have done against Archer. And he brought in the first run of the rally that cinched the world's title.

Five years ago I would take a man who drank,—provided I thought I could handle him,—and gradually break him of the habit. Now I wouldn't bother with a youngster who drinks. That's my fixed policy. I've proved, to my own satisfaction, this business of clean living and quick thinking. It's the stuff champions are made of.

Baseball enthusiasts the country over remember the name of "Cy" Young, one of the greatest pitchers, and certainly the most loved, that baseball has ever known. His record is one of the wonders of the athletic world. When asked what kept him in the major leagues so long, the veteran said:—

Taking care of myself, taking care of myself. I didn't dissipate much. I smoked years ago, cigars and a pipe. I had to quit it because of throat trouble. I found I was much better physically after I quit smoking. I don't believe any athlete should smoke cigarettes; in fact, I can't see a man smoking a cigarette without feeling sorry for him. Cigarettes and booze—they get the youngsters who start in the game hoping to climb to the top. Cigarettes ruin more ball players than sore arms ever did.

A young man by the name of George A. (Rube) Waddell entered the American League several years ago, and made a great impression upon the public by his brilliant pitching. When he was advertised to pitch, crowds turned out to witness his work. Though a successful pitcher, he labored under a great handicap, being addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco, especially cigarettes, a combination ruinous to an athlete. Instead of still being in the game and drawing thousands of dollars a year for his work, he drifted into minor leagues, at a much lower salary. The first week in April of last year he died of tuberculosis, brought on by dissipation. Shortly before his death, he sent this message to a boys' club of McKeesport, Pennsylvania:—

I had my chance, and a good one it was. Many of the boys may have a better one ahead of them than I had. If they will leave the booze alone, they won't have any trouble. I am not a very good preacher, but tell them for me to keep away from booze and cigarettes.

Mr. John J. McGraw, the famous manager of the New York Giants of the National League, has been so successful that he is often spoken of as the Napoleon of baseball. In the clubhouse of his team he has hung a list of

rules for his men. Among them are the following:—

- Don't eat a heavy dinner before the game, and above all—
- Don't smoke cigarettes.
- Don't drink whisky, and—
- Don't stay out all night.

Any player found guilty of breaking these rules will be severely punished, and any recruit breaking them will be given strict orders to pack up and get back to the bushes.

John J. Evers, the captain of the Boston National League Club, which won the world's championship in 1914, says of the use of tobacco by ball players:—

I am strongly opposed to cigarette smoking, and generally it is prohibited by all big league clubs.

Mr. Clark Griffith, the successful manager of the Washington Club of the American League, at the very beginning of the 1914 campaign called his players together and placed a ban on cigarettes.

Frank Gotch, the world champion wrestler, says:—

Tobacco should not be used in any form. It was my hardest task to abandon smoking.

To make a success of life, the only safe way is to stand firm for total abstinence of liquor and tobacco and for clean living, choosing for companions only those who will be uplifting, not those with the questionable habits which mean only failure.



Connie Mack  
"I'd die before I'd take a drink," is what this baseball manager said.



I'm in for clean living, as well as Connie Mack.



# What Is Your Answer?



THE readiness of children to imitate what they see older persons do is proverbial. A unique illustration of this fact recently occurred in a kindergarten school. One day at closing time a toy was missed. It could not be found, and no one seemed to know anything about its whereabouts. Finally the teacher said she should examine all the wraps of the children to see if in any way it had clung to them. Coat after coat was taken down from its hook, shaken, and replaced, but the missing toy did not appear. Finally it was found in the coat of a sweet little girl kindergartner. When questioned how it came there, the child innocently said she was trying to see if she could be a "really truly burglar like what she saw in the moving picture show." She then told how she had taken "some of her father's money, but he never knew it."

Our little blonde "Indians" and the little society women, mothers, and nurses we find in our homes are all living testimonials of the innate imitative faculty of children. So the

## FOR THE FATHER

Why beholdest thou the cigarette that is in thy son's mouth, and considerest not the cigar that is in thine own mouth? Or wilt thou say to thy son, "Let me pull out the cigarette out of thy mouth," and behold a cigar is in thine own mouth? Thou hypocrite! First cast out the cigar out of thine own mouth, and then shalt thou be prepared to cast out the cigarette out of thy son's mouth.—*The Missionary World.*

boy with the cigarette is imitating the man with his cigar or pipe. As long as men smoke, boys will smoke; and boyhood and manhood will be despoiled. What are you, Mr. Man, going to do about it?

Ex-Gov. Joseph W. Folk, now solicitor of the State Department, Washington, D. C., is accredited with giving up smoking in order to "set a good example for American youth."

There is no need of presenting arguments as to the positive body- and soul-wrecking nature of the tobacco habit upon boys. You know that. You know, too, that your example is one of many others that every year is initiating 150,000 boys into this baneful habit. What are you going to do about it? Is your cigar of greater worth than a boy? How will you answer when the Judge of all the earth asks that question of you?

The answer must be given. Science, medicine, business, observation, state, and church all emphatically assert that tobacco stunts the boy physically, mentally, and morally. Your cigar may be responsible for the degradation of many boys. Is there not enough magnanimity of soul in you to lead you to say at once, "In view of these serious facts, I forever renounce the tobacco habit"?

A famous statesman said that the greatest thought that ever occupied his mind was that of personal responsibility. And others have felt its power in compelling them to exemplary conduct.

Hon. Cato Sells has expressed his sense of personal responsibility thus: "There is nothing that could induce me

since I have taken the oath of office as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to touch a single drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and this regardless of my attitude on the prohibition question."

The following experience of a German school-teacher also strikingly emphasizes the idea of personal responsibility:—

One beautiful spring day I wandered out of the city, and after a long walk, took a seat in a local [beer] garden. Being thirsty, I called for a glass of beer, and as I returned the half-emptied glass to the table, gave expression to a long-drawn "Ah!"

"Does it taste good?" asked a thin, shrill voice near me.

Surprised, I looked around and saw a ten- or eleven-year-old boy standing outside the fence, observing me.

"Yes," I said, "it tastes good."

"Let me have a drink," he urged.

"No, no, child," I replied, smiling. "It is not for you. This is

only for grown people." "If I were only grown up, then I could drink beer?"

He looked at me disappointedly.

"If I were only grown up, then I could drink beer?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Have you ever drunk beer?" I asked.

"Hm" [yes], he answered, with a look of importance.

"Did it taste good?"

"No," he replied, frankly. "It tasted bitter."

"Then why do you wish to drink it if you do not like the taste?"

"Because my father drinks it, and everybody drinks it," he answered.

Just then a woman's voice called to him, and he ran away.

I sat there a long time thinking, the pale face of the thin child before me, and his words in my ears, "Because my father drinks it, and everybody drinks it."

The remainder of my glass did not taste good. It nauseated me. "What," I thought, "if this child begins at the age of fourteen to satisfy his wish and follows the general example, will be the end?"

The beauty of the day was spoiled for me, and as I rose and walked homeward I reflected.

Is an individual really responsible for the effect of his example upon a child? And if our customs and habits are to be handed down as examples to succeeding generations, are we excusable for contributing to the misery of thousands by conforming to a bad custom?

This reflection tormented me day after day, and I had no peace till I had clearly thought it out to a conclusion.

I read now with opened eyes what is known about the alcohol question. A new world opened up before me. More and more significant to me became the "facts" about alcohol, and more and more clearly I traced the source of the evil to the drinking customs. And still more important, more effective, for the solution of the alcohol question, appeared to me the influence of personal example.

And so it finally became clear that total abstinence from all alcoholic drinks was the self-evident conclusion of all my reasoning; for only a good example can break the power of a bad one. In fact, an eleventh commandment formulated itself in my mind: "You shall not set a bad example for your descendants."

THE *Outlook* has announced that in future it will not advertise cigarettes. We wish every paper and magazine would follow the same policy. Especially incongruous and reprehensible does a full-page cigar advertisement, claiming to come from "the largest cigar mail order house in the world," appear in a church magazine with a large picture of the Christ on the cover page. Such a paper came to our office.



"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."



# Thoughts for You, Mr. Voter

ONE house, on an average, burns every ten minutes in America. Each year the buildings burned, if set side by side on both sides of the road, would line an unbroken avenue of desolation reaching from New York to Chicago. But, after all, the financial loss is less than \$3 per capita, and the lives lost number only 1,500; while the money loss due to the liquor



"The show of their countenance doth witness against them; and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. Woe unto their soul! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves." Isaiah 3:9.

The Personal Liberty League offered a moving picture company \$25,000 if it would not exhibit the pictures of Jack London's "John Barleycorn," especially before the elections, in certain States. But the company refused the offer. Most manufacturers are anxious to have their finished products exhibited; but not so with the liquor traffic.

traffic is many times that caused by fire; and the desolated hearts, the blasted souls, and the enfeebled bodies scorched by the fire of alcohol are beyond calculation.

Every year the entire lumber product of the whole nation, and the output of all the coal mines, saturated with the petroleum from all the wells, are in reality deliberately burned up in a great, useless, body- and property-destroying bonfire, through the huge sum of money wasted annually on drink.

The money spent each year for drink would build twenty great highways from New York to San Francisco, and place on them 800,000 one-thousand dollar automobiles for the convenience of the public.

A million dollars a day is what New York's 13,000 greedy saloons take in from thirsty citizens.

The breweries, distilleries, and wineries took from the people of the United States \$2,000,000,000 last year, and yet they boast of having paid into the United States treasury the pitiful sum of \$333,000,000.

More than one half of the total wealth of the United States is incorporated in the manufacturing and industrial companies, banks, and other financial institutions, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and other public service corporations. The combined profit of all these businesses is less than our expenditure for smoking and drinking. A two weeks' vacation could be given to every man, woman, and child in the land, with board and expenses paid, if the nation's liquor bill, direct and indirect, could only be devoted to this purpose.

If all the nickels, dimes, and dollars spent for the products of breweries, distilleries, wineries, and tobacco factories, were hoarded as fast as received by the retailers, all the money in the United States, including every dollar in the national treasury, would be swallowed up in sixteen months.

We have now only 183,572 young persons in our colleges and universities. The \$2,000,000,000 spent for liquor each year would send 600,000 more through college.

We have now only 7,259,000 persons who own homes. The money spent for liquor would each year provide nearly 700,000 more persons with \$3,000 homes.

Our savings, according to Josiah Strong, are "much more

than sufficient to buy all the lands, cities, shipping merchandise, manufactures, palaces, paintings, statues, castles, crowns, scepters, and other sundries of Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Greece." And yet we waste on the liquor traffic directly and indirectly more than we save.

Many have judged as extraordinary the cost of our Panama Canal, which, when completed, will have required the expending of \$375,000,000. Equal to more than five times the cost of this was a recent year's bill for alcohol.

Mr. Franklin H. Wentworth, secretary of the National Fire Protection Association, in an address recently delivered on "The Economic Waste of Fire," informs us that the annual fire loss in the United States exceeds \$250,000,000. Count 200 every minute, night and day, and at the end of ten months 100,000,000 will not have been reached.

Imagine a train moving at the average rate of 40 miles an hour; at the close of 263 years, 100,000,000 miles will not have been covered. However, this annual fire loss of \$250,000,000 may be multiplied by 8, without exceeding the price paid for alcohol during one year, which is \$4,000 every minute during the year.

The annual expenditure for liquor would procure fifty new battleships, and provide for their upkeep for twenty years. Six weeks' outlay for liquor would build a large canal from New York to Chicago by way of the Great Lakes, and also at the same time a steamship waterway from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico.

The average factory employee earns \$440 a year, while the average criminal costs the public \$1,200 a year. The United States spends annually over \$6,000,000,000 upon its criminal, pauper, and victim classes. This sum more than equals the amount spent on all churches, public libraries, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, public hospitals, asylums for the insane, and all benevolent institutions; and about 80 per cent of this criminal cost is directly caused by the rum traffic. Besides this, nearly 100,000 drunkards annually fill drunkards' graves; and from our young men and young women, our boys and girls, these ranks must be filled. Not only this, but we have over 4,000,000 paupers who have to be supported wholly by the country, while over



Mr. S. B. Goff, Sr., a prominent business man of Camden, New Jersey shown at the right in his auto, conducts at his own expense a large educational campaign against tobacco using. He is now offering a reward of \$1,000 for the knowledge of one person whom the narcotic has caused to be a better citizen.

10,000,000 are on the very edge of pauperism, nearly all of which is attributable to strong drink.

These facts though not exhaustive, show that our nation is in the deepest bondage to the liquor traffic. Is it not time to break the chains that bind us to this evil cause?

Abraham Lincoln's name has been immortalized by the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave freedom to 4,000,000 slaves. Happy that other President that emancipates our nation from a worse slavery, the accursed liquor traffic. May he be President Wilson.



# A Lonely Child

A. H. SAWINS, M. D.



THE snowflakes were falling, big and white and fast. I sat in the window of my aunt's suburban home, with my cheek pressed against the pane, looking out at the scene, and fanning into flame the day dreams which such scenes kindle in the heart of every girl of nineteen.

A meddlesome blue jay hopped and scolded among the trees as a man came up the street. His hat and coat were covered with snow, and he reeled from side to side. Just in front of the house he was met by a lad of ten or twelve, whom I took to be his son. The boy hastened to the man's side, and taking him by the arm, endeavored to assist him in keeping more nearly in the middle of the walk.

But the man brutally thrust the child from him and, straightening himself with a mien of importance, made a desperate effort to walk steadily. This being impossible, he staggered on, while the boy, with bowed head, followed along behind him.

I watched the two figures until the gathering twilight and falling snow hid them from view, and still I sat looking after them through the darkness, my brain flooded with memories and my eyes with tears; for the scene brought afresh to my mind recollections of a day ten years ago when, as a child, I with my aunt visited one of the art galleries in New York City. The circumstances were connected with a painting which, with the associations that clustered about it, made an impression upon me that I shall never forget.

This being my first visit to an art gallery, many of the pictures were surprisingly wonderful to me. It was yet early in the afternoon and not many people were in the gallery, and as we were passing down one of the long rooms hung with masterpieces, we came upon the picture in question, which has ever since remained as vivid in my memory as if it were but yesterday. I shall never forget the three central figures which the artist had painted on that square of canvas. The scene was a side street in which the buildings were old, weather-worn, and wanting paint. Upon the edge of a brick sidewalk, which was literally scuffed through in places, stood a man, the most splendid human being, it seemed to me, that I had ever seen. His figure was straight and strong, his poise graceful and dignified. He was clean and well-dressed; but it was his countenance that fascinated me, that indescribable something which shone forth in every feature and seemed to illuminate things about him. His very atmosphere was inspiring, as if the strength of Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, and the goodness of Christ had been combined in this one man.

Near him, leaning heavily against a post, was another figure, as different from the first one as darkness is different from daylight. He was as far down the scale of manhood as dissipation and neglect could well bring him,—bruised, ragged, haggard, and drunk; with a countenance as dull as his brain was stupid; dejected, friendless, and hopeless — no, not friendless, for the third figure in the group was a dog, a collie, which, with suspicious eyes and curling lip, had interposed himself between the two figures, lest some harm should come to his irresponsible master. So vivid were the characters and so pathetic was the scene that it brings tears to my eyes even now after all these years.

But perhaps it was the circumstances connected with the painting, rather than the picture itself, that impressed me; for when Aunt Julia and I had finally quit the picture, rounded the far end of the gallery, and were returning on the opposite side of the hall, before I realized it I had crossed the room as if impelled by some magnetic force, and stood again transfixed

before the picture. Among its deep shadows and strong high lights the figures seemed to live and breathe, so real and life-like were they. To my girlish fancy nothing could be more noble and splendid than one of the men, and nothing more pathetically hateful than the other. The contrast was so extreme that I wondered how two of God's creatures of the same order could be so different.

While these thoughts were occupying my mind, my attention was attracted to a lad slightly older than myself who was standing by, or, rather, leaning against the rail that ran along in front of the paintings. With his hat under one arm, and with one hand twisting the fingers of the other, he stood, otherwise motionless, his eyes downcast. In a little while he raised them to the painting, and I saw tears on his lashes. He observed me watching him and turned away, I presume that I might not see him crying. I fancied he was affected, like myself, by the picture. At any rate his tears aroused my sympathy, and on the impulse I went over and spoke to him. It was a bold thing for a girl to do, but I was so touched by his



The man brutally thrust the child from him.

tears, and my heart so softened by the story in the picture, that I thought not of propriety; and not knowing what else to say, asked him if he liked the picture. Turning his face still farther from me, he broke down completely and sobbed like a lost child. I wondered at this, for he was a big boy. O, I can still hear those guttural sobs! How they tore at my sympathies and knocked at my heart! I caught him by the hand, and with tears in my own eyes asked him all the questions that my girlish sympathy prompted, but with no avail. He seemed too deeply grieved to make any response.

"Does the picture affect you the same as it does me?" I finally asked, again turning to the painting; for I felt that his grief was in some way connected with it. After a little he ceased his sobbing, and looked at me now for the first time. He was a pretty boy, with large brown eyes. His gaze was only momentary; then he raised his eyes to the picture and looked long at it, while his expression changed from utter loneliness to one of regret. The tears started afresh and ran down his cheeks.

"Do you know about the picture?" I asked. "O, I think it wonderful!"

"It is my father," he said, sorrowfully.

"O!" I cried. "Isn't he just fine!" and I fairly danced with delight. Then it occurred to me that he might have died, or something else might have happened to him, and I added consolingly, "He is the most splendid man I ever saw."

"No," said he, "it is the other one," and turned away in shame.

I looked at the hateful figure in the picture for a moment, and then at the boy. I felt my face grow cold. I let his hand fall as if I had suddenly been paralyzed, and he walked sadly away, too much hurt for words, I am sure, or even for tears. Realizing what I had done, I ran after him. "Don't go away," I pleaded; "forgive me." I wanted to say something else, but no word came. Then thinking of the violets that I was wearing, I hurriedly took them from my belt and fastened them to his lapel. I saw a faint hope come into his face as he raised his head to thank me. Turning, he walked slowly down the hall and out of the door, leaving me bewildered and full of regrets.



He raised his eyes to the picture, and there were tears on the lashes.



When I turned again to the picture, I met Aunt Julia, who had come in search of me. Excitedly I told her my story, after which we hastened to overtake the boy, but nowhere could we find him. After due search we sought the office of the art gallery, to ascertain the name of the artist who had painted the picture, hoping that in this way we might find the lad, for my aunt was a philanthropic woman and felt as I did, that the boy was in some way connected with the painting, and in need of a friend.

We were informed by the clerk that the artist was a German by the name of Van Fleet, and taking his address, we located him after much trouble, in a somewhat humble but rustic studio, occupying the rather spacious attic over a harness shop.

It was but natural that I, in my girlish fancy, had pictured a wonderful man as the author of such a masterpiece, and I was not mistaken. While he was talking to my aunt he paid but little attention to me, and I had leisure to observe him closely.

He was a man in middle life, but grizzled beyond his years. His eyes were shadowed by long lashes, and topping these were heavy brows. The lines of his face were deep, and every feature bespoke an intense nature and strong passion, yet the curves of the mouth and his classical nose indicated good ancestry. He was not emotional; for I remember while talking to my aunt his expression seldom changed, and when it did so it changed but slowly. He was not overly courteous nor gracious in his manner, but coldly polite,—a matter-of-fact sort of person, profound, and somewhat reserved.

He related how he had taken the idea of the painting from a kodak picture, a snapshot of a street scene, taken by a friend; that the camera had been snapped at a very opportune moment, and through it he had conceived the plan of the picture. When my aunt extolled the painting as a masterpiece, I could see that it pleased him; but when she related to him the story about the boy, and how she had sought the studio through an interest in the lad, he slowly grew pale, and did not speak for a long time. But at length, in response to tactful questioning on the part of my aunt, he was again obliged to talk, and finally explained that he had, to a great extent, created the manly figure in the picture, and that the other, the worthless wretch, was of no consequence to anybody in particular nor to the world in general, and that if the painting had favorably impressed her he was glad. Thus he avoided altogether any reference to the boy. He seemed to be growing more and more nervous, and Aunt Julia, after paying some attention to several other pictures in the studio, which I thought much inferior to the one in the art gallery, gave him her card with a request to let her know if he should hear anything more about the boy. As we were preparing to leave the studio, the same collie that was in the painting came out from a portion of the room which had been curtained off from the main part. I felt sure it was the same dog, because of his large size and unusually long mane. He was very friendly, and allowed me to pat his head while my aunt was taking leave of Mr. Van Fleet.

My last impression of the artist was that he looked pale. At any rate, while we were descending the stairs on our way out of the building, we heard a commotion in the studio. It was as if somebody were throwing chairs or other furniture about the room, and we stopped to listen. Aunt Julia looked wonderingly at me as she remarked that the dog had probably upset an easel or something of the sort, and sent me back upstairs to ascertain if anything had happened.

I was frightened on opening the door to find the artist writhing in a fit of anguish. I ran to call my aunt, and by the time she reached the studio he was lying on the floor in a dead faint. I ran hurriedly down to the shop below to summon help. A doctor was sent for, and while awaiting his arrival we did what we could for the man. Aunt Julia and I were, of course, both

deeply concerned, and the collie, greatly perturbed, was energetic in trying to arouse his master, rooting among his hands and arms with his long nose, whining, and pulling at his clothes with his teeth. I remember how frightened I was lest this great artist might die, or indeed was already dead. But when the doctor came, he found him alive, though suffering from collapse due, he thought, to some severe mental strain.

He recovered but slowly, and my aunt secured for him a trained nurse, that he might have the best possible care. For many days he lay in a state alternating between stupor and consciousness, but never fully recovered.

"My life," he declared in one of his conscious hours, "has been a failure. I have everything to regret." Another day when Aunt Julia and I went to see him we took some roses, and touched by the flowers and my aunt's kindness, he spoke of the picture, and expressed a wish to see it. My aunt obtained permission, and had the painting brought and placed in a good light where he could look upon it. The presence of his masterpiece brought back his memory of the past, and slowly the deep regret of his life seized upon him. It was pitiful to see him, the great master that he was, cling to my aunt's hand while he acknowledged his shortcomings. With tears he confessed that he himself was the miserable wretch in the picture, and told how drink had ruined everything, how his wife had died many years before, and, saddest of all, how a few days before, in a fit of drunkenness, he had driven the boy, his only child, from his motherless home; how the lonely heart of the boy had impelled him to seek the art gallery to look at the painting, perhaps for the last time before he should do, or go, God knows what, or where. And with a prayer that was pitiful, he pleaded with God to protect his child, to bring back his boy. To see him was his last and only wish, but his prayer was not answered; and as the poor man grew weaker, he would call now for rum, and again for his child. Almost his last words were an earnest request that my aunt should find the child, if possible, and beg him to forgive his poor weak father.

But the boy has not been found. He has never, so far as we know, been seen since that day, ten years ago, when I watched him slowly leave the art gallery with bowed head, and, as I now know, with a broken heart.

### Prohibition Prohibits

FINDLAY, Ohio, has been dry for five years; and while it is one third larger than wet Fostoria, in the same section, the latter town had 590 arrests in a recent year, against 190 in



His first drink.



In the coils.



His last drink.

Findlay. What kept the 400 persons from arrest in Findlay if prohibition did not prohibit?

The liquor people gave to one of the Chicago dailies \$40,000 a year to advertise their goods. If more liquor would be sold under prohibition through perhaps "blind pigs," which do not expend any great sum in advertising, why not save their \$40,000 and their high rents, conduct blind pigs, and vote for prohibition? Why did the liquor people spend \$500,000 to oppose prohibition in Oklahoma, and threaten to spend \$1,000,000 in Kansas to kill prohibition? O, because prohibition does prohibit! You know it; and they know it.



# Magnanimity of Brewer and Distiller



THE poor farmer — how considerate the liquor people are of him! They are almost frantic lest he lose their patronage. They fear he cannot exist by any means if prohibitory laws rob him of the liquor market for his corn, barley, grapes, and hops. Poor fellow! But if he is about to be ruined, he takes it rather quietly. He is not half so much concerned over the matter as are the brewers, distillers, and wine merchants. What magnanimous fellows these liquor people are! But to be serious, why are the liquor people apparently so zealous of the farmer's financial success? Ah, it is their own interest about which they are concerned, and not the welfare of the farmer. They substitute in their talk and writings the farmer for themselves, and many do not perceive the deception.

Would the farmer be embarrassed by the annihilation of the liquor traffic? — Not at all; though the campaign of the "wets" in California was based upon two claims as to results to the farmers if the "drys" should win: —

Destruction of the wine industry.  
Throwing thousands of persons out of work.

The bulletins of the California Commission of Horticulture

contain a mass of evidence showing that wine grape growing is unprofitable. The table grape industry is acknowledged to be very profitable; so the farmers would sustain no loss in substituting the latter for the former, especially since there is no probability of glutting the market.

United States reports say that 342 wage earners are employed to every \$1,000,000 invested in general manufacturing.

The California wine manufacturers employ 64.3 men for \$1,000,000 invested in wine making. Therefore it is plain to be seen that if the \$20,000,000 invested in wineries was withdrawn, and invested in general manufacturing, 6,840 laborers would be employed where only 1,287 are now employed. Worthy, legitimate business will quickly take care of the men that are thrown out of work by the destruction of the liquor business. A town in Massachusetts had a brewery paying in wages \$6,240 annually. The brewery was turned into a shoe factory, and at once the pay roll became \$65,000. So it has been time and again when some worthy business took the place of some phase of the liquor business.

The hop industry is also greatly exaggerated by these magnanimous men. Thirty-eight per cent of the entire hop crop was grown in Oregon last year; but that was only three per cent of Oregon's crop industry. Prohibition of fermented liquors will not hurt Oregon. That three per cent will easily bring as much money if devoted to some other crop.

In regard to the corn crop, members of the New York Produce Exchange are represented as saying: —

Sixty per cent of the 3,700,000,000 bushels of corn produced in this country in 1912 was used by the brewing and distilling establishments. More corn is being used today in the manufacture of distilled and fermented liquors than the entire national corn crop of twenty years ago.

Now if any farmer is fearful and afraid because of these

high-sounding words, let him calm himself. There is little truth in the foregoing statement. According to the United States Internal Revenue Bureau and the Department of Agriculture, the total beer and whisky workers used in a recent year just 37,359,140 bushels of the entire corn crop, or 1 3-20 per cent, instead of 60 per cent as the liquor people claim. And the total corn crop twenty years ago was exactly 2,060,154,000 bushels, so that the liquor interests, instead of "using more corn than the entire crop twenty years ago," are actually using less than 1-50 of the total crop of two decades ago.

Again, in the Brewers' Year Book for 1912, we read: —

Should the making of beer stop, the raising of barley would at once become unprofitable, and financial havoc would overtake farmers over large sections of the country.

While cereal crops occupied 40 per cent of the improved farm lands of the country, only

1.6 per cent of this land was devoted to barley. If the brewers use 50 per cent of the barley crop, or *eight one thousandths* of the entire cereal crop, which they do not, according to the United States census, in case the breweries closed down, the farmer could easily dispose of that quantity to other buyers, or could profitably sow his barley ground to something else that would yield as good returns.

Have we not by this time fully learned the lesson that the liquor people's figures are undependable? Indeed, one who has spent much time in the vain attempt to verify their figures, would receive a nervous shock to find an array of truthful figures used in their literature. Yet they have been so persistently energetic in expressing and disseminating their views, that their deceptive ideas are floating around everywhere, and many of them have taken lodgment in well-meaning but uninformed minds.

Do not worry about the farmer, except to try to save him from the deceptions of the liquor traffic.

## Asking and Receiving

DURING the Spanish-American War, Colonel Roosevelt went to the Red Cross headquarters to purchase some delicacies for the sick and wounded men of his regiment. His request was refused. The colonel was troubled. "How can I get these things?" he asked. "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them, Colonel," said the sergeant in charge. "Oh," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "then I do ask for them." And he got them at once. Believing the national government to be no less interested in conserving life than the Red Cross Society, and knowing that we cannot buy immunity from the evils of the liquor traffic for our boys and young men, we asked it of the national government. But our request was refused. So now we can neither buy nor beg safety from the liquor traffic; but opportunity must in time bring immunity. We therefore shall ask again.



Not afraid of prohibition.



Political Economist: "If the liquor traffic is destroyed, what will you do with the capital now invested in it?"

Farmer: "If I kill the bear, what can I do with the stable?"



Many a farmer and his wife have been robbed by the saloon of all they hold dear — their sons.



## One Vote Counts

A SINGLE vote has frequently decided elections of great importance. "One vote gave Texas to the United States. One vote made California a part of the Union, and thus turned the tide of immigration westward. One vote elected Oliver Cromwell to the famous 'Long Parliament' and sent Charles I to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free. One vote elected Governor Morton of Massachusetts in 1839, thus defeating Edward Everett, the famous orator, statesman, and scholar. One vote in the electoral college in 1876 decided who should be President of the United States," and one vote has cast all the saloons out of a town. Therefore do not regard your vote of little worth, and so remain away from the polls when the fate of the liquor traffic, and therefore of our boys and our homes, is to be decided. If you have any love for humanity, good citizenship, prosperity, and happiness, be at the polls, and cast your vote for the annihilation of the liquor traffic.

## Displace the Vision

A WRITER in the *National Liquor Dealers' Journal* says:—

Now the public sees only the drunkard, a human wreck; his wife or mother, broken in heart and body; the waste and wreck of home, the shame and poverty of it all; and in the background the jug and the bottle.

You must displace this vision, or contrast and compare with scenes and shames in prohibition lands, or the people will make the doom of liquor sure. The purse-proud, self-sufficient, dull-witted, arrogant master of money, who thinks nothing can touch him, will find he is in contact with a live wire if he doesn't provide himself with a system of insulation.

For once a liquor journal has spoken well. But can the vision of wrecked lives and homes be displaced?—Never! so long as the liquor is manufactured and sold. National prohibition, enforced by officers of sterling character, is the only thing that can displace the vision that has otherwise been indelibly impressed upon the public mind and heart. Vote, then, for national prohibition.

Intoxicants are in themselves bad; and nothing but bad can come from their use, and the bad is greatly multiplied when they are dispensed for gain.

Prohibitionists are for national prohibition; big business is for it; mothers want it; convicts are for it; the man who is down and out is for it. Who, then, can be against it?—Only those who are blinded by the love of money.

## A Prayer for the Fearful and Timid

THERE is nothing hidden about the liquor traffic. Its evils are open secrets. All know it should be destroyed. Even its victims appeal for deliverance. But men fear to act, lest in some way their business, their purse, should be reacted upon unfavorably. There is, however, no need of fear; such men are but cowards. Were these changed to real men, the liquor traffic would be outlawed in a day. We wish they could be made to sense their lack of moral courage, and would fervently pray as did another:—

"Lord, I want to be strong. I'm a weakling. I don't stand on my feet. I shuffle along, hiding my principles, dodging this way and that. I'm a coward. I'm not playing the man. I'm one bundle of evasiveness and fearings and triviality. I'm ashamed of it. And so I come to you, the maker of manly men. You delight in strength. You look with pity on weak-kneed folk. But you give yourself freely for people who stand for something. Therefore be my companion, God of the strong and the unafraid, that I may learn from you how to hold myself straight up; how to walk with a resolute stride, and to speak out with resonant tones. Make over unto me your quality of courageousness. Teach me to look life square in the face, and to fear nothing in earth or hell but you. Then I know I'll count for something.

"Build a bony framework of principles inside of me, to the end that I may be an upstanding fellow, a man with whom strong men will comrade. Fiber me into moral courage. So I shall begin to live. I will fear neither death, nor poverty, nor public opinion. And the world will behold in me an erect soul, mighty with the mightiness of manhood."

JUDGE SAMUEL BLACK of the juvenile court, at a hearing in the Ohio Senate Chamber, said, among other things:—

During four years' experience looking after the so-called "bad boy," I am impressed with the fact there is one thing making and contributing more to the bad boy in the cities of Ohio than all other things combined, and that is the cigarette.

## Work for Thousands of Boys and Girls

ONE thousand boys—clean, honest, upright boys—and as many earnest girls are wanted to sell this special Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR.

Ex-Governor Hoch of Kansas is credited with the statement that the INSTRUCTOR Temperance Annual is the best campaign document he has seen. Temperance workers in all parts of the country bear similar testimony. And word is frequently received of the great good accomplished by it; votes for prohibition are made, drunkards reformed, tobacco users constrained to renounce their unwholesome habit, and many educated in regard to right principles concerning the temperance cause.

Only a short time before this number went to press, the editor received an interesting letter from a young man in the insurance business. Though a stranger, he volunteered the following testimony:—

I have never been what would be termed a drinking man, nor an excessive tobacco user, although I have used both liquor and tobacco.

Some time ago a young woman called at my office, and asked me to purchase the INSTRUCTOR Temperance Annual. She assured me that I would be interested in its contents. I purchased a paper, and I did become interested in what it had to say about the effect of tobacco and liquor upon the constant user of these drugs. From that day to this I have not used liquor or tobacco in any form, and I am confident that I shall not again form the habit.

I regret that every boy, girl, and adult person cannot read the INSTRUCTOR, and benefit by it the same as I have. I am not a crank on the tobacco or liquor question, but I appreciate the help I received from reading the paper, and I know that any one would receive benefit from doing so.

Is it not worth while to aid in extending the circulation of a paper that bears strong testimony against two great national evils? Your efforts in this work need not be gratuitous. You can sell the paper; and every time a person sells one hundred papers, he makes six dollars, and, besides, he is selling something that everybody needs or wants, and which must do great good. Who will be the first to order fifty copies as a trial order? Send the cost price, or two dollars, with the order.

## Do It Now

If you regard this paper of real worth as a temperance agitator and educator, send immediately at least twenty-five cents for five copies to give to others. Some are personally circulating thousands of copies.

# The Youth's Instructor

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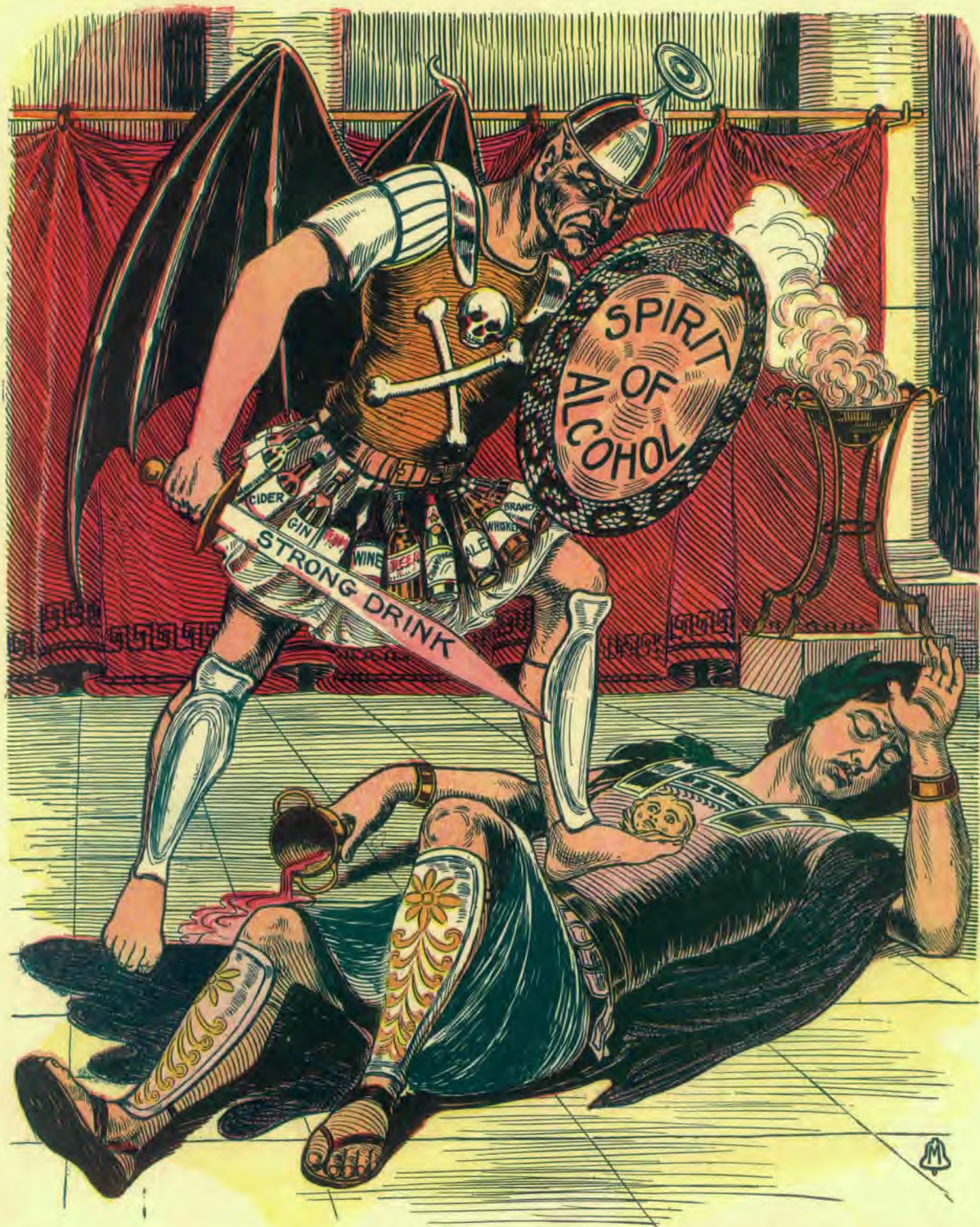
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Alexander the Great, after conquering the world, died in a drunken debauch—conquered by the conqueror of conquerors, strong drink. So have thousands of the world's geniuses perished

The fight against alcohol is the most important phenomenon of our epoch,—weightier than all state affairs, wars, and concluded peaces.—*Professor Fick of Würzburg, Bavaria.*

In the fight against alcohol, as far as Sweden is concerned, no peace is possible before absolute alcohol prohibition is carried.—*Professor Thyrén, Svensk Politik.*

The claim of saloon keepers to freedom in their traffic, is the claim to spread disease, sin, and pauperism. The great cause of social crime is drink. If I go to the gallows and ask the victim its cause, the answer is—Drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, WHY DO NOT MEN PUT A STOP TO THIS THING?—*Archbishop Ireland.*