THE INSTRUCTOR
1916 TEMPERANCE ANNUAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.

PRICE TEN CENTS

Thought Prickers

EVERY elected State officer of Kansas is now a teetotaler.

"THE saloon is a heavy debtor to humanity. It blesses nowhere; it curses everywhere."

DON'T vote for the licensed liquor traffic unless you will advise your boy to patronize the licensed saloon.

THE "copper's bottle" in the saloon is a token of all the graft that ever eased its way into the police department.

FORTY-NINE out of fifty persons suffering with Bright's disease, and treated and observed by a certain physician were beer drinkers.

WHENEVER you have blind pigs, you have blind officers; and when you have a blind officer, he is taking something to keep his eyes closed.— *Dr. Clarence True Wilson.*

THREE vessels sailing from this country within a few months landed nearly 700,000 gallons of liquor on the west coast of Africa. This is the way we evangelize our black brother.

A UNITED STATES Congressman from one of the Middle Atlantic States owns one of the largest saloons in the State. It is a notorious resort, and the gentleman receives a fabulous income from it.

A WOMAN in Chicago was recently given a verdict of $750 against two saloon keepers who got her husband's wages. Why should not others recover in a similar way some of the money which is their due?

THE Knights Templars of Pennsylvania, at their annual conclave, made it impossible for any one connected with the liquor traffic to join any commandery in the order. Why shouldn't every professed Christian church be as particular?

WHY have we named illicit rum shops "blind pigs" and "blind tigers"? I never saw the significance. If we must name such a shop for any animal, I propose we call it a skunk; that is the beast that dispenses strong liquor without a license! — *Dr. Clarence True Wilson.*

THE farmer who finds a market for a small per cent of his grain because that amount is used in the so-called liquor industry, would have a far larger market in the form of the hungry women and children who would be properly fed if husbands and fathers did not waste their money for drink. — *Oliver W. Stewart.*

ALL who desire to make sure of a bed in the city prison, should drink Old Scotch whisky. Chief of Police Charles Carter, of Columbus, Ohio, said, "During the last six months 3,514 men applied for a place to sleep at the city prison, seventy-five per cent of whom could have given you, by their breath, a good second-hand drink."

LAWRENCE, Kansas, the seat of the University of Kansas, offers its 2,500 out-of-town university students protection from the liquor traffic by closing the streets of the city to the transportation of liquor by any person who does not hold a permit from the mayor. Illinois protects its university students at Champaign and Urbana by a four-mile dry zone.

A COLORADO brewery employs its former force in the manufacture of malted milk. The plant represents an investment of a million dollars. The Crescent Brewery of Nampa, Idaho, has been remodeled for a cold-storage plant and a soft-drink factory. All former employees were retained. Another brewery converted its several buildings into a cold-storage and ice-manufacturing plant, and one in an Eastern State has been changed into a moving picture studio. No one living can have the effrontery to say that these breweries did not do a good thing both for themselves and for humanity when they made the transformations cited. Prohibition occasioned the changes.

A KING of England once said: "I can give up my crown and retire from power; I can quit my palace, and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block, and lose my life; but I *cannot* break my oath." Men with a strong sense of personal responsibility cannot vote to perpetuate the liquor traffic any more than the English king could lightly regard his oath.

A MANUFACTURER advertised for a site to locate his plant. He said he would not accept the offers of any dry town, because women and children would be needed as employees; and in dry towns the men work and support their families; but in places where men drink, women and children can be readily obtained.

IF one coat out of every ten made from South American wool was found to engender insanity in the wearer, would the public do right to pass a law, if necessary, preventing the manufacture or sale of such coats? — *Dr. Clarence True Wilson.*

MAKE Chicago dry in 1916 is the aim of the dry Chicago federation, and the slogan of the organization is, "If booze destroys the efficiency of the man who fights for his country, it naturally destroys the efficiency of the man who fights for bread."

EVERY seaman on a schooner that recently sailed from Boston, Massachusetts, with 700,000 gallons of New England rum on board for Africa, was required to sign a total abstinence pledge before signing articles for the voyage.

THE saloon keeper has an easy time; for the saloon patrons and their families pay his license fees and all his other expenses, and considerable besides, while the taxpayers support the paupers, crooks, criminals, and insane that he makes.

WHISKY as first aid to the injured has been prohibited by J. F. Turner, chief medical examiner of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Prohibition Notes

NOTHING but absolute prohibition touches the people's hurt from the liquor traffic.— *Louis Albert Banks.*

THE day after the saloons closed in Phoenix, Arizona, all the bakeries and groceries were sold out of bread, something which never happened before; and so with the meat markets. For the first time no drunks were in the police courts. The year before there were twelve a day.

PROHIBITION must prohibit in Oklahoma, when the police must batter down six doors sheathed with boiler iron and locked with steel bars before the raiding force can reach the booze that is being illegally dispensed. Surely this arrangement is of less detriment to boys than the open saloon.

IN Huntington, West Virginia, druggists, stationers, and department store managers report the greatest sale of purses and pocketbooks in the history of the State. The demand has been growing steadily, and the purchasers are men. Dealers say prohibition of the liquor traffic is the cause.

THE first Sunday that the saloons of Chicago were closed by a recent order, the first time they had been closed in forty years, resulted, according to Chief of Police Healey, in the day passing with the lowest crime record in the history of the police department,— the inevitable result of closed saloons.

L. E. HILL, conductor of the Wabash Railroad running into the university town of Columbia, Missouri, frequently called on by a friend of one of the students to go bond for the student's appearance in police court, said, "Whisky, muddled brains, a fight — and I would be called on for bond." But that was when Columbia had saloons. He has been requested to furnish bond only once in the last three years, and that case had nothing to do with liquor.

WILLIAM WOLVERTON
A STORY of RUM'S WRONG TO CHILDHOOD

BY
EX-GOVERNOR
J. FRANK HANLY

We have thrown the sanction and the nominal protection of the church and the state over the institution of the home, and for a few paltry dollars have licensed the activities of a monster whose success is measured directly by the amount of ruin and sorrow he can crowd into the homes of the people.
— C. M. Snow.

ONE afternoon there came into the governor's office in Indianapolis a little woman. She was plainly clad, her shoes were coarse, her hands were toil-calloused. She led by the hand a little boy, scarcely three years old, round-faced, big-eyed, with sun-lit curls,— a vision of impelling beauty. Strangely attracted by the sight of him, and made gentle by the memories his presence stirred within me, I said to his mother,—

"Madam, what may I do for you this afternoon?"

"Governor, I have come to ask you to give me back my husband."

"Give you back your husband? Why, madam, *I* haven't your husband."

"Oh, yes, you have, Governor! You've had him ever since last September — five long, weary months — down at Jeffersonville, at the State reformatory; and I've come to beg you to give him back to me."

"At Jeffersonville, in the State reformatory! Then your husband is a criminal, madam, and I can't give him back to you."

"No, no, he isn't, Governor! I know he committed a grave crime,— highway robbery in the nighttime,— but he isn't a criminal; and when you know him as I know him, you will know he is not."

"Not a criminal, and guilty of highway robbery! Why, woman, it is the gravest crime but one the law knows. Whoever commits it takes the hazard of taking human life. No, your husband must be a bad man, a criminal. He is where he ought to be. I can't give him back to you. My duty to the State and to society, whose servant I am, precludes my giving him back to you."

"Mister, you've got my papa. I want my papa. Why don't you give me back my papa?"

Then, summoning her courage and her strength for the final assault, she said: "Governor Hanly, I'm surprised, disappointed, and grieved at you. I thought you were a just man. People told me you were. I came here believing you were. But you're not, you're not! If I were able to employ counsel and could bring them here, you'd hear them by the hour, and you would not judge until you had heard. But I'm poor, so pitifully poor that I cannot bring counsel. I can only tell my story in my own feeble way, and you've judged me before you've heard me. You're not just! You're not just! I'm entitled to better treatment than this from the governor of my State."

Rebuked, I bowed my head in assent; and then she said: —

"We were born out here in an Indiana village, my husband and I. We were boy and girl together. We grew to manhood and womanhood together. Finally we came to love each other, and four years ago we stood at the altar and plighted ourselves in the solemn contract of marriage. We turned from the holy ceremony and went out into this great city to find a home. We were poor — yes, I know. But we were young, and strong, and brave. We went out into the city with high purpose. We found a home, a modest little one, only two rooms; but small as it was, we could not buy it; we were too poor. We could only rent it. But we did rent it, and moved into it; erected in it a family altar, and put about the altar household gods, humble, but dear to us. And we were happy. Then three years ago the baby came,— this little boy,— and, Governor, I haven't language to explain to you how his little fingers drew our hearts together; how love for him melted and fused our purposes into one. There was no cloud upon our sky until last September, on Labor Day, my husband went with a party of friends down to Shelbyville, twenty miles away, to attend a Labor Day celebration. Down there, for the first time in his life he indulged in intoxicants. By evening he was maudlin drunk; and on the way home, in the nighttime, with his drunken companions, he met a stranger in the highway. They stopped him in the darkness and robbed him, and then drove on. But sobered by the consciousness of the awful crime in which he had participated, my husband soon climbed out of the carriage, walked back to Shelbyville, reached there in the gray dawn of the early morning, hunted up the sheriff, told him the whole pitiful story, and surrendered himself into custody. Then they sent for me. I took the little boy and went down to Shelbyville. Arriving there, and walking the streets of the strange little city and inquiring for my husband, I was told I should find him up in Judge Sparks's court room. I made my way up there, stepped inside the door, and there, sure enough, beyond the bar, surrounded by the officers of the law and of the court, sat my husband. For a moment I waited in fear and silence, then I saw the prosecuting attorney arise, and heard him read to my husband an indictment charging him with the crime of highway robbery, and then I heard the court kindly but solemnly say to him: —

"'Prisoner at the bar, stand up. You are charged with a grievous crime. You have heard the indictment read. How do you plead to it? Answer. Are you guilty or not guilty?'

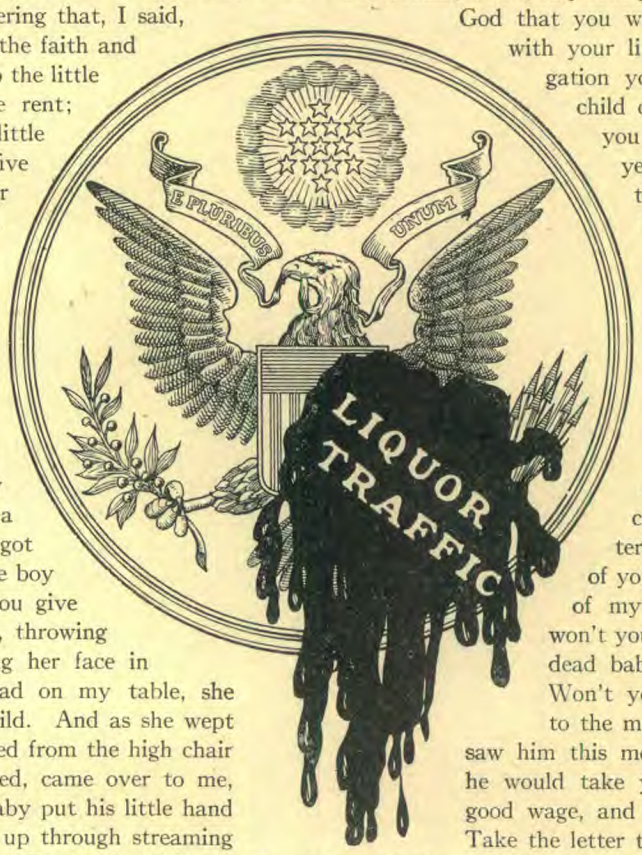
"And then, God help me! Governor, my heart stood still, as I heard him confess his guilt. Frightened and half fren-

zied by what I had seen and heard, I made my way to the bar. I intervened. I told the court the story of our lives, and asked the judge for the love of the little boy to give me back my husband. And Judge Sparks, through his tears, said to me: —

"'Madam, I would to God I could, and if I could I would. But I have no choice. The law of Indiana gives me no discretion. Your husband is charged with a grievous crime. He admits his guilt. I can only pronounce the judgment of the law, in such case made and provided, five to twenty-one years in the State reformatory.'

"You may go, but don't forget that you carry your freedom in your own hands."

"And then they led him away. After he was gone, I took the little boy and made my way back to Indianapolis; back to our desolate home; back to our desecrated family altar; back to our broken household gods. And standing there that night, in the darkness, amid my crushed and fallen hopes, and the wreck and ruin of my home, my heart grew big with hate. I hated the State of Indiana, I hated the law. I hated the judge who had pronounced its judgment. I hated my husband, until I remembered that it was the drink and not he, and that only four years before I had so proudly and confidently said, 'Will, it's for better or for worse, until death does us part.' Remembering that, I said, 'If God will help me, I'll keep the faith and fill the bond; some way I'll keep the little home; some way I'll pay the rent; some way I'll care for the little boy.' And, Governor, for five long, inclement, dreary winter months I've kept that pledge. I've washed, and ironed, and scrubbed. I've done everything that an honest woman could do,— look at my toil-calloused hands,— and I've asked no man for help; I've been too proud for that. And I should not ask you now, but I face a crisis. I can't keep my feet any longer. There's to be a new baby any day, and I've got to go to a hospital and my little boy to an orphans' home, unless you give me back my husband." Then, throwing herself upon her knees, putting her face in her hands and laying her head on my table, she cried with the abandon of a child. And as she wept and sobbed, the little boy slipped from the high chair from which his feet had dangled, came over to me, and with the artlessness of a baby put his little hand pleadingly on my knee, looked up through streaming eyes into my face, and cried in childish treble: "Mister, you've got my papa. I want my papa. Why don't you give me back my papa?" I looked down into the tear-dimmed face, and caught there a vision of my own little boy, his age, that I had loved and lost but a while before, and the tugging at the heartstrings of the father became too much for the governor. Reaching down and gathering him in my arms, I said to him: "God bless you, little man. You've won! I'll give you back your papa."



The stain that only national prohibition will remove.

The mother sprang to her feet, and cried: "Governor, did I hear aright? Are you going to give him back to us?"

I answered, "Yes, and now."

And ringing for my secretary, I said: "Colonel Gemmer, wire Warden Whittaker, of the State reformatory, that the governor is paroling William Wolverton, a convict down there, doing an indeterminate sentence of five to twenty-one years for highway robbery. Say to him that it is my direction that on tomorrow he clothe Wolverton in a decent suit of clothes, take him to the railway station, buy him a ticket, and put him aboard the noon train for Indianapolis." Then turning to the wife I said: "He will reach the union station tomorrow evening at seven o'clock. Go meet him and bring him here. I want a word with him in your presence."

But, all consideration for me, she answered, "Seven o'clock? Why, Governor, isn't that after office hours?"

I said, "Yes."

Then she said: "Then I can't ask you to wait. The train, you know, may be late. I can't ask you to wait."

I said to her: "No matter if it is late, I will wait. *Your* business will be the biggest business the governor of Indiana will have tomorrow, and I will wait until you come."

And the next evening I did wait — waited after all had gone from the big office; waited in silence and in solitude as the shadows lengthened and the twilight deepened, until finally there came through the gloaming this man and woman and little boy. As they approached my desk, I stood up, took the man by the hand, looked him in the eyes, and said to him: —

"William Wolverton, you've sinned against a State that was good to you. You've pulled down the pillars of your own house upon your own flesh and blood. You've betrayed this woman, whom only four years ago you promised man and God that you would love, cherish, and defend with your life. You've forgotten the obligation you owe to this little boy, the child of your own loins. Wolverton, you are a bad man, I guess, and yet I'm going to give you a chance to earn your freedom. I'm going to parole you, on your good behavior; not for you; no, I'm not doing it for you. I'm afraid you're not worth it. I'm doing it for the sake of this woman here, your wife, who has been as faithful to you as a Magdalene at the cross. I'm doing it for the sake of this little boy, your child, who won my heart yesterday. I'm doing it for the sake of your unborn baby and in memory of my own dear dead. Wolverton, won't you let your unborn baby and my dead baby be a covenant between us? Won't you? Here's a letter. Take it to the man to whom it is addressed. I saw him this morning. He promised me that he would take you, give you employment at good wage, and help you find yourself again. Take the letter to him and stay with him until I discharge you; but come back here next month and bring your wife and child, for I must know that you keep faith with me, Wolverton; and if you betray me, I'll have the power and I'll send you back to prison for the limit of your term, twenty-one years. You may go; but don't forget that you carry your freedom in your own hands."

Then I watched them, as with bowed heads they made

their way out into the darkness. The next month, true to direction, they came back, only there were four of them, the father, the mother, the little boy, and the new baby,— the baby born the night of the father's return. What a tragedy!

They came once a month for eighteen months. And they never came that the governor did not see them; for the standing order was that no matter what the business or who was there, the Wolverton family was to have precedence — the right of way. And in those eighteen months I saw a wonderful thing. *I saw a man fight his way back to manhood. I saw a man who, through drink, had made shipwreck of his life, find himself anew. I saw the evolution of a human soul.* And on the last Christmas Eve I spent in the great office, I stood again in the gloaming as the shadows lengthened and the twilight deepened, and about me sat this family.

"Wolverton, you're a man again. You've found yourself anew. You've fought a good fight."

And again I stood up, took the man by the hand, and looking into his face, said to him, with a voice that would tremble with grateful emotion in spite of myself: —

"Wolverton, you're a man again. You've found yourself anew. You've fought a good fight. You've kept the faith. You've filled the bond. I'm proud of you. And on this glad Christmas Eve, so fragrant with the memory of Him who died to atone for human sin, I'm going to make you a Christmas gift worth while. Here it is! Your unconditional pardon! — written in my own hand. Take it, Wolverton, take it, and go and sin no more."

My friends, do you know what I was trying to do that Christmas Eve? I wonder if you do! Do you? I was trying as best I knew to undo the work of a licensed and legalized American saloon. I was trying to give back to abandoned wifehood a husband. I was trying to restore to disinherited childhood a father. I was trying to right the wrong the rum traffic had done an unborn baby. And, somehow, as I look back to it, through the years, it seems to me the blessedest work in which I was ever permitted to engage.

I sat there long that night, after this family had gone — alone with my soul and my God. And in the silence and solitude of the blessed Christmas evening, I was born again. I found a new and holier altar than I had ever known. I saw a new heaven and a new earth. I caught the vision of *a saloonless land, a sober nation, a stainless flag,* and found a cause big enough to put my life upon. And it is a great matter when a man finds a cause big enough to put his life upon.

I was governor of my State — a great commonwealth of three million people — at forty-one. My friends were kind enough to say that I might justly expect further political preferment, but that night I put my ambition on the great altar I had found. I knew the price. I paid it gladly. I went to my home with the promise welling up from the deeps of my soul to my Heavenly Father that if he would help me discharge to the end the duties of the great office I then held, when they were finished I'd go to the American people and tell them the inexpressible, infinite wrong the legalized liquor traffic of this nation is doing the childhood of my country. From then till now I've kept that pledge as best I could. There is no American commonwealth into which I have not gone on this high mission; no great American city whose streets I have not walked, to whose people I have not appealed in this behalf. And that I might keep the vow I made that Christmas Eve, in a greater, bigger, more effective way than I otherwise could, I have called about me these consecrated men and women who constitute the Flying Squadron of America, and am leading them to and fro across the continent in this great nation-wide campaign. We seek to raise in this land a new banner, — one to which the wise and good of every party, sect, and creed may repair. The event is in the hands of God. As for me,—

"I ask not to see the distant scene;
One step's enough for me."

First Cause of National Decay

MR. ERNEST GORDON, author of "The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe," in the following article gives thirty indictments against alcohol, every one of which is just cause for its destruction: —

"Alcohol is the first cause of national decay. The gross expenditure of the great military nations on fleets and armies is but a fraction of what they put on alcoholic drinks, every one of which has a degenerating effect on human physique.

"Every two years this degrading evil carries more men to the grave in Germany than perished in the Franco-Prussian War. A Danish national commission which has spent years in the study of alcoholism, reports (and the report is based on secret circulars sent in by every physician in Denmark) that each fourth death among males in Denmark is to be set down to alcohol as either a chief or contributing cause. What is the mortality of a great war once in a generation compared with this never-ending devastation among all nations?

"'This scourge of drink,' writes M. Bourgeois, the French ex-cabinet minister, 'has a permanent place in all our social

Wouldn't it be better to license the highwayman?

miseries. We meet it everywhere. It hides itself behind tuberculosis, in madness, in crime; but it is always at the bottom of all evils, of all our degeneracies. It is the chief enemy of the race.'

"Are you fighting tuberculosis? Dr. Jacques Bertillion

declares that 'alcohol appears to be the most deadly cause of the weakening of the organism in preparation for tuberculosis. It is the master cause. All other causes disappear in comparison.' And Dr. Roubinovitch, of the Salpetriere, adds: 'People talk about the great scourge, tuberculosis, which decimates France and ordains her decay. The greatest scourge, however, is alcoholism. It is this which gives up the key of the homes and permits the sacking. There is no more burning question than the battle against this cause of all other scourges.'

"Are you interested in colonies of mercy for epileptics? You have but to remember that, according to the statistics of the greatest of all such, at Bielefeld, in Westphalia, *more than half* of the cases treated have parental alcoholism as the efficient cause.

"Are you working for prison reform? Alcohol is the great agent provocative to crime. If its sale were ended, half the prisons could be abolished.

"Do you regret divorce and the disintegration of the family? Sir Gorell Barnes, an English judge, has said that in England, at least, but for drink the divorce court could almost close its doors permanently.

"Prostitution flourishes in an alcoholized society, and beer drinking is its necessary accompaniment. It is drink which immensely complicates the Indian question. It is drink which inflames the Negro lust and intensifies the terrible race problem.

"The strongest backing which Tammany Hall and the corrupting elements in the life of other American cities have, comes from the saloon and the great capital back of it.

"Is taxation high? It is because honest men are forced to clean up after the drink seller. Popular education is checked by the stupefying of children with this poison. Infant mortality finds here a weighty cause. But for the impoverishment which drink brings, child labor would largely pass away.

"The closely organized alcohol interests stand in the way of advance in all directions. The emancipation of woman meets its incessant opposition. It fights the restitution of democracy through the introduction of the initiative. It corrupts the electorate. It intimidates and prosecutes the press.

"As a result of a lowered purchasing power and underconsumption in the broad masses, for which alcoholism is responsible, it is undoubtedly a contributing cause of commercial crisis. The peace of the world is constantly threatened by the competition for new markets and for colonial expansion. The diversion of drink expenditure to legitimate trade would create, in the boundaries of each of the civilized states, the most profitable colonial markets obtainable.

"Drink is the great enemy of thrift. It is the parent of unnecessary charities. It is the classic excuse of those who oppose shorter hours of work."

Cold water that comes from the spring is my drink —
The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I think.
It never makes drunkards, it never brings woe.
I'll praise it, and drink it, wherever I go.

True Temperance Defined and the Demand for Personal Liberty Analyzed

TRUE temperance has been aptly defined as the exercise of moderation in the use of good things and total abstinence from the use of those things which are evil.

All habit-forming drugs should be avoided. Every such drug in whatever form it may be used creates a demand for more of the same or of a similar drug, and nobody who is under such slavery can be said to be truly temperate in his habits.

True temperance means self-control; and when a drug dominates the will and warps the judgment, self-control is gone.

But it is sometimes said that the prohibition of the sale of habit-forming drugs, and especially of intoxicating liquors, is an unwarranted infringement of personal liberty, since every man has a right to drink if he so elects; that it is nobody's business, since "whisky injures only those who drink it." Of course by "whisky" is meant any intoxicant. But is it true that intemperance injures only those who are intemperate? The writer recalls at this moment one case in Nebraska, another in Kentucky, and a third in the District of Columbia, in each of which persons who did not themselves drink were the victims of the intemperance of others.

In the first of these cases a lady who was returning from a visit to the home of her parents in another State was killed, just after leaving the railroad train, by a runaway team in charge of a drunken driver. The lady was the innocent victim of the indulgence of an entire stranger. Her husband, a sober man, lost his wife, and her children lost their mother, through no fault of their own. Surely here whisky "hurt" several persons who did not drink it.

In the second case a young man with a wife and two children dependent upon him was fatally wounded by a shot fired from a railway train by a drunken man, who was shooting merely for amusement. The victim of whisky in this case was one who did not drink, or who at least had not been drinking upon this occasion, and certainly his wife and children were in no way to blame, and yet they were "hurt" by whisky, by whisky bought in a licensed saloon.

The third case was that of a trained nurse who in the city of Washington was run down and killed by an auto car driven by an intoxicated man. The nurse was in no wise to blame, but she was fatally "hurt" by whisky that she did not drink, and for the drinking of which she was not in any degree responsible.

The truth is that every drinking man is a menace to the lives and property of those with whom he comes in contact, even indirectly. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed and millions of dollars' worth of property de-

Scholl Printing Company, Chillicothe, Ohio

"Go to the divorce courts and hear the causes which dissolve the holy bonds of wedlock and send families adrift. Go to the homes where the serpent has left its slimy trail on the lintels of the door. Hear the oaths and curses, the revelings and imprecations, from thickened tongues and maddened brains. See the wife and mother as she pales in terror, with a bruised and broken heart. See the children as they huddle and shiver in fright, like birds before the hunter's gun." Then go to the polls and vote, if you can, for the licensed liquor traffic.

stroyed as the result of the drinking of liquor by those who claim that it is nobody's business what they drink or when they drink it; but facts are constantly demonstrating that it is everybody's business, for everybody is placed in jeopardy

Let us lift up our hands and loose our tongues and tell the truth about this foe of manhood, the licensed liquor traffic,— tell it until its wrongs to womanhood and its injustice to childhood shall be exposed until mothers need fear no more for the children they bear.— J. Frank Hanly.

by the indulgence of those who claim the right to render themselves temporarily insane and in a measure irresponsible whenever they will and as often as they will.

But this plea of personal liberty is most frequently and persistently urged, not by the immediate victims of the insatiable appetite for alcohol, but by those who grow rich by ruining the bodies and souls of their fellow men, by creating, keeping alive, and ministering to an unnatural craving for a poisonous stimulant which brutalizes and finally destroys its devotees. They talk of personal liberty while they are binding in everlasting chains of poverty, degradation, and destruction the poor victims of a nefarious traffic, that they themselves may flourish and fare sumptuously every day. The liberty for which they plead is the liberty the wolf gives the lamb — the liberty of being devoured.

C. P. Bollman.

Arizona's Testimony for Prohibition

Mr. Douglas Moffat, superintendent of mills for the Ray Consolidated Copper Company, gives the following strong testimony for prohibition as it works in his State: —

"It is a triumphant success. I have voted twice for prohibition when it has come up in Arizona, and shall be glad to do so again if necessary. The benefits are so evident and far-reaching that they can hardly be overstated. They are shown particularly in the case of our laborers at the Ray Consolidated Mills. Pay days in the past were always more or less demoralizing. Many of the men took their money and spent it in the saloons, and for days thereafter did not show up for work. Laborers in our part of the country are scarce, and the results of such uncertainty on the part of our employees were of the worst kind. Many men who had no other fault succumbed to their appetite for whisky, and were worthless as laborers till they sobered up.

"Today pay day is the same as any other day. Our work proceeds without interruption. More than that, merchants tell me that they make their collections without difficulty, where they used to have many hard accounts; and Mr. Blake, manager of the Gila Valley Loan and Trust Company, the savings bank of Hayden, informed me that their savings had grown steadily ever since prohibition went into effect. You will see it reflected in the families of the workingmen.

"There are many Mexican laborers whose children in the old days never knew what shoes and stockings were. Now you see them wearing decent clothing. Every one in Arizona, so far as I know, business men and laborers alike, believes that State-wide prohibition is a success."

Cure for the Drinker

A victim of the liquor traffic in a Pennsylvania county notified the hotels not to serve him rum, asking that the notice be observed to the letter: —

I hereby notify all landlords in Lehighton, Weissport, and elsewhere in this county, not to sell me any strong drink. God knows I am trying to stop drinking; but I can't. John H. Betz.

If the hotel keepers sell him again after being served with the notice, the man is prepared to have them prosecuted on the charge of selling to a person of known intemperate habits.

An Apt Fable

In one of Robert Louis Stevenson's fables we read that "when an innkeeper found the devil 'kept everybody by the ears,' he got a rope's end and said, 'Now I am going to thrash you.' 'You have no right to be angry with me,' said the devil; 'I am only the devil, and it is my nature to do wrong.' 'Is that so?' asked the innkeeper. 'Fact, I assure you,' said the devil. 'You really cannot help doing ill?' asked the innkeeper. 'Not in the smallest,' said the devil; 'it would be useless cruelty to thrash a thing like me.' 'It would indeed,' said the innkeeper; and he made a noose and hanged the devil. 'There!' said the innkeeper. Here is

I'd be ashamed of my father if he drank, or if he voted wet.

presented in allegory the position of the drink question."

National Constitutional prohibition will supply the noose that will make an end of the liquor traffic. Let us make haste to use it.

Scholl Printing Company, Chillicothe, Ohio

Our fight is not against the saloon alone, but against the liquor traffic. The saloon is the eruption on the surface, throwing out the pus and poison produced by the brewery and distillery beneath. The saloon is the delta through which the brewery and distillery throw their liquid fire and damnation upon the people.— Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger.

The Overshadowing Curse

G. B. Thompson

ONE night while I was walking with some friends along a crowded thoroughfare in one of our metropolitan cities, the doors of a gilded saloon were suddenly pushed open, and a man was thrown out on the sidewalk. He was in the prime of life, not much past his majority, but a rum-soaked, ragged, dirty, homeless pauper. As he lay on the sidewalk endeavoring to stagger to his feet, a companion said, "What is that?" I remarked, "A saloon keeper has just set outside one of the finished samples of his work." The saloon took him early in life, noble and clean, loved and honored by his parents and the community, and transformed him through drink into a poor, wretched, homeless, friendless vagabond, a dishonor to the mother who gave him birth. It was now through with him.

The unspeakable misery and far-reaching evil effects of the overshadowing curse of intemperance are known only to Him who can read and fully measure the hidden grief and anguish of the human heart, into which the incessant waves of intemperance have been pouring a stream of woe for millenniums. Beyond all question, the foulest blot on civilization, the most dangerous foe of the race, is the liquor traffic. We can never measure the ghastly tragedy of rum drinking. It has been truly said that the saloon is a licensed turnstile into criminal dumps, being the first place where officers of the law look for criminals, dead beats, and vagrants of every description. The unspeakable devastation and spoliation of drink stagger the imagination, and have reached such huge proportions as to shock the civilized world with inexpressible horror. Nevertheless the traffic, with brazen effrontery, continues to carry forward its infamous work of manufacturing paupers, sots, degenerates, and idiots.

A noted temperance lecturer has said: "Science, without bias, cold, accurate, calculating, testifies that alcohol is a poison to the body. Experience comes and sets before our view an inept, sullen, moaning, struggling, unhappy procession of victims, so long that it would almost reach across the continent, so sad that it would move a stone to pity. She shows the dry husks of hope, insanity, and sudden death, disease, want, waste, and bloody crime. Religion comes forward and declares her testimony. She relates how hearts have been hardened to her eternal truths; she exhibits rents in the garments of justice, and bloody smears, mercy fleeing before hate, passion in flame, and love with a broken wing."

These statements are not overdrawn. Intoxicating drink stands condemned at every just and righteous tribunal, and is shown to be the greatest curse which has overhung the world since man sinned. Its debauchees are clean, pure boys and girls, ruined and damned by the fatal cup. Figures so authentic as to admit no denial, lay before us the shocking and appalling fact that annually a hundred thousand victims of strong drink fall into dishonored graves in the United States. Picture to yourself, if you can, a cemetery in which are annually crowded a hundred thousand newly made graves, around which are gathered thousands of weeping and disconsolate friends and loved ones, through whose tears there streams not a single ray of hope, for God has said that no drunkard shall inherit eternal life. Ruined and cursed in this life, dishonored in death, and eternally damned in the world to come! And to fill the depleted ranks of these debauched and depraved victims of rum more than a hundred thousand beautiful boys and girls must be supplied annually from our homes. Think of this, fathers and mothers! What an awful tragedy! Those who believe and advocate that this infernal traffic should continue ought to be willing to come forward with their boys and girls to fill the depleted ranks of the staggering, besotted, ruined victims. Through millenniums of time the touching cry of suffering womanhood and the famished wail of beggared childhood have been ascending to God for deliverance from this terrible evil which covers the earth with a funeral pall. Why the distillery, brewery, and saloon are allowed to continue their work of corruption and ruin we cannot understand, when we could banish them from among us if we would.

The power and torment of an appetite created by alcoholic beverages, hold the victim of rum with a fixed and ter-

rible embrace; they haunt him through life, and tend to lead him to hell at last. John G. Woolley, the noted temperance advocate, once a victim of strong drink, tells us a little of his struggle in escaping from the venomous coils of the drink demon. He says: —

I shall never drink again; but one night in a New England train, when very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me, and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial, and my pain was gone in a minute or two; but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame.

I should have got drunk that night if I could. I thought of everything — of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody; of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys. I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone; and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat, and shouted, "Drink, drink, drink!"

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon; they were shut up; so were the drug stores, and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight, and won it in the evening by the grace of God. But the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

Touching the terrible suffering of his faithful wife during the years he was enslaved by drink, Mr. Woolley draws the curtain delicately aside in the following graphic words: —

Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the West, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston, "I shall arrive home tonight at eleven." The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me.

She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. "What is it?" I cried; "what is the matter?" And in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life. "Nothing — at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail; and tonight I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness and in this midnight through Kneeland Street alone." And I say, God forbid that we should fail to be concerned when such an influence is working in the city.

"Walking up Main Street one night, I saw a boy standing in front of a saloon. 'Well, Harold, this is a queer place for you to be! Why are you looking in there?' Looking me square in the eye, he said: 'When my father was a boy, he went up and down this street looking for his father in the saloons, and now my mother is sending me to look for my father. But I will never have a boy looking in a saloon for me. I'll die first.'" All honor to Harold, and to every other boy with a similar determination.

In these words we have a faint glimpse behind the curtain, and behold a little of the anguish and sorrow of tens of thousands of other homes, where the wife waits for the halting footsteps and stumbling figure of the man who calls her wife, and who promised to love her. Look at the drunkard, once a noble specimen of intelligent manhood; for liquor can and does lay hold upon minds of the finest texture. See him now, the finished product of the saloon. Voluptuous habits bind the power of mind and body in a loathsome vassalage. His mind revels in low and beastly pleasures to which he is a slave. Besotted by rum, he is continually tantalized and distracted by base and inexorable cravings. From the fountain of a diseased and depraved imagination flow a stream of impure and vile thoughts, the

Another view of the home side of the liquor traffic.

product of a mind which has lost its vigor, and every faculty of which has rapidly deteriorated and decayed. From the memory has been extinguished the light and joy of former days, and the sweetness and purity whispered into his ears as he prattled in innocence around his mother's knee have been rooted up. The heart has become cold and calloused. The fire of love and sympathy has gone out, leaving but a cinder. His features are marked with premature decay, and tell the sad story that the purity of manhood has been destroyed, burned away, as it were, by the flame of a volcano within. The elements of life, abased and exhausted, leave the vital organs and functions of the body withered and weak. In the wake of all this follow the most painful infirmities and gruesome maladies to which stricken humanity is heir. Witness the hopeless idiots, epileptics, chattering imbeciles, and inmates of asylums screaming in frenzy, with reason dethroned.

It is not within the power of the pen to portray the horrors which follow in the train of the traffic in rum. Think of the burning, scalding tears which flow from the eyes of the grief-stricken, white-haired father and mother as they listen to the maniac shrieks of a son or daughter, hopelessly insane as the result of strong drink. Imagine, if you can, the harrowing fear of the wife in loneliness, hunger, and rags, awaiting the return of the man she once loved, the father of her children, but now changed by rum into a monster of hate and cruelty. Think of the wearisome days she has experienced, sitting in poverty and destitution. Think of the long, sorrowful nights she has waited, pale and wan, in terror for his footsteps. Think of the piercing remorse and unconsolable grief of the son and daughter as they see their own father a drunken, ragged, dirty loafer consigned to a felon's cell, or sentenced to die on the gallows, for some terrible deed committed when his brain was on fire with alcohol, and his reasoning faculties were benumbed by the vile stuff sold by those who stand on the brink of the pit and for money deal out damnation by the dram.

Think of the torment and anguish, like gnawing pain, excited by a sense of his guilt, as the criminal father and husband sits in his cell and meditates with regret upon his sad and terrible condition, and thinks of the heritage which

he has handed down to his children; that their father, once a good man, is now a vagabond criminal, incarcerated in a penal institution to atone for his wrongs.

Think of the blasphemies and debauchery which emanate from these hybernating dens where thieves, burglars, and convicts plan arson, murder, and other terrible crimes which cause the world to shudder. Think of the moral dangers of these cesspools of hell, made such by intoxicating drink. Think of the friendships which have been broken, the sad separations of loved ones, the distrust engendered, the dark forebodings, the harsh self-reproaches, the bitter enmities, the regrets and heartaches, caused by rum. Finally sum up the terrible total, and we can well understand the words of the wise man: —

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 23: 29, 30; 20: 1.

Shall this overshadowing curse be permitted to exist indefinitely? Shall this terrible destroyer be allowed to continue his work of plundering the stricken race, robbing men of the priceless heritages which lift them above the brutes, and no effort be made to stop its ravages? Or shall the people of a free country arise in their manhood and throttle this monster which has so long enslaved and debauched the race? It can be done. The manufacture and sale of this vile stuff can be suppressed by law. Let us do it.

THE GREAT CONSCRIPTION

The liquor traffic of this country requires more than two million boys every generation for the continuance of its business. Every fifth home in the land must supply a boy for a drunkard. If the lot falls on your family and you do not furnish a boy, some other house must provide two.

Reflections for the Voter

"THE retail grogshop is the devil's slaughterhouse," says Dr. Louis Albert Banks. "I knew and loved one family of whom the husband and father patronized the saloon of a small country town. He died a drunkard. His son, led into bad company through the father's drunkenness, went to the penitentiary. The wife and mother went crazy because of the trouble and shame, and the daughter was ruined by a scoundrel the father brought home with him from the saloon. Behold the wholesale slaughter of that family by one saloon! It sent one to the insane asylum, one to the penitentiary, one to a house of prostitution, and the other directly to a drunkard's grave. And yet people cry 'Fanatic!' when we would shut the saloon that works this slaughter."

A member of the Chicago Board of Trade gives a graphic account of his own experience with the traffic. He says: —

"In 1890, when I was thirteen years old, I entered the firm of Logan & Bryan of Chicago as a messenger boy. I loved the life of a trader. I worked hard, and my rise was rapid. When I was twenty-three I was elected to membership on the board of trade, and became the company's head wheat buyer. I made money and invested it wisely, but during these lively days I became a victim of the drink habit.

"I had married. I had a loving wife and a baby girl. I had everything to make a man happy. But I kept drinking harder and harder. I did not do this deliberately. All my friends drank, and I liked to be with such good fellows. Any one who stood up at a bar with me was my friend.

"Finally — that was ten years ago — I felt that I had made enough money. So I retired from active business. One thing I did not retire from — that was my drinking. My money slipped through my fingers like water. One by one my many investments vanished. Then one day my wife took the baby and left me. I had grown to be such a beast that she couldn't live with me. At last my money was all gone. I reached the lowest stage of degradation. I avoided my old friends, and you may know they avoided me. I lost every shred of self-respect.

"One day I was standing at the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, shaky and nervous with the booze, but with enough intellect left to make me realize how horrible it all was. Then I saw coming toward me a man I had not seen for five years.

"He was the man of all men I did not want to see. I lowered my head that he might not recognize me. This man was Stuart Logan, the man who had been my boss and my friend. Instead of passing, he came up and grabbed my hand and asked me how things were.

"'Come to see me tomorrow, Billy, and we'll talk things over,' he said.

"I went. I had promised him. At the end of that talk

he gave me a job, and I had promised never to drink again.

"Then things began to happen the other way. My wife came back to me when she saw that I was trying to do right. I established a little home, just as we had done when we were young. I saved my money. And now I am a member of the board of trade again. Whisky stole ten years out of the prime of my life. I am thirty-eight years old now."

Mrs. Luella Denison Baldwin gives another glimpse into the licensed work of the saloon:—

"A young judge recently died in an Ohio town. He and his family were highly respected. He was a young man of education, exceptional ability, attractive personality, a favorite in social circles, and in demand as a speaker for public occasions. Almost every philanthropic and civic enterprise was fostered by him. Although but a young man, his legal ability was recognized in that he was made judge of the circuit court.

"But he drank. He would withstand the craving as long as he could, then hang a sign, 'Absent from the city,' on his door, and flee to another town, remaining until sober. One day he adjourned court as he frequently did, and was gone. Big headlines in the morning papers read: 'Judge —— Found Dead in His Room at Hotel. Death Due to Alcoholism.'

"Death through drunkenness?—Yes. This young man had a good ancestry, exceptionally helpful environment, trained intellect, rugged physique, in his favor. Nevertheless, drink defeated him. If ever any one tried to control and master the passion for drink by a strong will and good resolution, it was this young man. Some say only those who have inherited a taste for liquor or who have weak wills are overcome by it. Not so. Drink is no respecter of persons.

"'Drink does not bring defeat in every case,' some one may suggest. Remember that defeat due to liquor does not always manifest itself in a man's staggering home intoxicated, beating his wife, murdering his children, or in his own life's going out in a drunken brawl. *Alcohol destroys*, and *the destruction of good things means defeat sometime, somewhere.*

"A man may drink, be able to walk straight, give his children education, provide his home with comforts, succeed in business, to all appearances be on a par with the man who does not drink; nevertheless that man is being defeated. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, or other disease will one day overtake him, and the doctor will announce, 'But little hope for recovery. Alcoholic heart.' Should the drinking man apparently bear no evil effects in his own life, his son may be handicapped through his entire existence because of inheriting an insatiable appetite for rum.

"Again: many boys look to this man as their ideal of one who can drink without the conspicuous ill effects. Following him as an example, they end in pitiable vice, sin, ruin."

Your vote will help to conserve or to unmake manhood. Which shall it be—for or against the liquor traffic?

A One-Hundred-Mile Line

In the Grand Army parade that passed up Pennsylvania Avenue, in review before President Wilson, last September, there were some manly boys that marched along with the veterans. Every face brightened at sight of the boys. But there's another procession that does not cheer; it is the long line of boys marching to the saloons of our country to take the place of the drunkards. These boys, if placed five feet apart in one long line, would reach from Philadelphia to New York, a distance of one hundred miles. And, oh, the end to which they are marching! A writer said he saw 5,000 men retreat into the sea at one of the battles of the Dardanelles. But there are 100,000 boys in this fateful liquor line; and they are marching to a worse death than that to which the Allies' soldiers went. Happy that mother who could give her son into the bosom of the great Mediterranean rather than into the great sea of intemperance.

Will any man dare to say that the liquor business has not driven countless women to the factories and to the mill?—John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor.

The Saloon Invasion of Politics

Dr. Louis Albert Banks

THE saloon has invaded politics on its own account. It stuffs the ballot box, elects its tools to office by bribery, buys legislatures, and in every way tarnishes the fair name of American political life. We base the right of the political destruction of the liquor traffic on the bedrock truth that the government has a right to defend its own life.

A muscular preacher who was a sort of Peter Cartwright species of divine, used all the powers the Lord had given him — fists as well as tongue. Some of the good sisters in his church thought he was too much inclined to use his fists, so they sent him this text: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." The next Sunday he took this scripture for his text, and said that the Bible was distinguished from all other books by appealing to the God man, and not to the brute man. If a man should strike you on the right cheek, he might do it through mistake, or might do it through a feeling of mischief; and if you turned around without asking any questions and struck him back, that would be acting like a brute. You should keep still, and turn the other cheek. If he strikes you on that, you know that he meant it; then go for him.

This may not be a good Bible interpretation; but it is a good interpretation of the law of this country, the law that is inherent in every individual — the right of self-defense. The government has a right to defend its own life. The government has a right to destroy any business that threatens its life, or that debauches the character of its citizens. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided this again and again; and finally, with reference to the liquor traffic, in these very words: "The government has the right, through its police power, to protect its own life."

DR. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

This temperance question, then, is rightfully a political question. The saloon never touches politics except to defile and corrupt. There can be no permanent municipal reform in this country so long as we tolerate the saloon. Men who know how political campaigns in municipal affairs are managed, many times will not accept a nomination because they know that by common custom it makes them the helpless prey of every beer slinger in the city. It has often befallen candidates for high judicial honors — men without a stain on their names or a vice of which they could be accused; men, even, who were running on so-called reform tickets — that they have been led about from bar to bar like a fat ox, that they might win the vote of the slums by free beer. Nothing so speaks to us the degradation of politics as this.

As long as the saloon door stands ajar at every corner of the street, the affairs of cities will probably be managed by the men who are not above purchasing the privilege from the brewers.

The New York *Herald*, in an editorial protesting against the rum-besotted misrule of that city, said, "We must no longer be ruled by graduates of the Tombs and nurslings of the grogshop." But how useless it is to cry out against harvesting the crop we have deliberately planted and nourished. A city will and must be governed by the graduates of its own institutions. If it establishes and maintains two hundred grogshops to one high school, it cannot complain that more graduates from the former than the latter come into mastery.

The dirty hand of the liquor traffic grips party conventions and legislatures by the throat, and turns legislation into license instead of prohibition. East and West, North and South, earnest, God-fearing men, year after year, beg at party conventions for some adequate recognition of the evil, and some honest threat of hostility to the liquor traffic. And they are treated with insolence and contempt, while the saloon keeper is flattered and fawned upon with disgusting humility.

Modern civilization has no more pitiable sight than is revealed when brewer and Catholic priest, distiller and Protestant clergyman, saloon keeper and Sunday school superintendent, bartender and class leader, stand shoulder to shoulder, voting twin ballots, and obsequiously supporting the party policy which sustains this conspiracy of silence concerning the hideous cancer that is eating out the very heart of our institutions.

Let us compel political parties to fight the saloon or count us out. Let those taunt us who will about "voting in the air." It is better a thousand times to "vote in the air" than to deposit your ballot in a beer barrel, and help maintain the rule of rum. Let us go on "voting in the air" until the atmosphere is charged with the electricity that presages the thunderbolt of doom to this infamous traffic.

Broderick the Brave, standing undaunted before an exultant and despotic slave power, said, "Slavery is old and decrepit and dying; but freedom is young and strong and vigorous." So the licensed liquor traffic is old and rotten with its own corruption. It is a jailbird of innumerable crimes, whose bloated face is familiar in every rogues' gallery on the face of the earth. Strong and arrogant as it seems, it is really staggering to its execution.

Prohibition is young. The dew of young manhood is on its brow. The sunshine of a new chivalry streams upon its path. The strength of righteousness flows in its veins. The courage of immortal hope is in its heart. There is but one issue to such a struggle: The liquor traffic shall die!

An Interesting Letter

JUST as soon as a town, county, or State goes dry, the mail-order liquor houses and other liquor firms flood the mails with letters and circulars, offering their services to the people in aiding them to evade or break the prohibitory law. One of these letters was sent unwittingly to Rev. E. M. Evans, of Des Moines, Iowa. The letter offered to tell the worthy divine how to get his "favorite brand, now that the saloons in Des Moines are closed." Mr. Evans, in his reply to this public-spirited firm, said: —

It was very kind and thoughtful of you to inform me of a way of securing your favorite brand, Old Bob Adams whisky, since Iowa has gone crazy and butted in on our personal liberties. One would expect better things of Iowa than to interfere with the faithful serv-

ice of such as Old Bob Adams. I offer myself as a witness to the untiring energy and successful accomplishment of his race.

Last January a young man stood at my door shivering with cold, and asking for bread and for a place to rest his discouraged head. He was a remnant of refinement, which led me to ask him why he could not earn the necessaries of life.

With a pathetic quiver of his lip, he admitted that a leading brand, not unlike Old Bob Adams, had selected him for a regular

REV. E. M. EVANS

customer, and the business world would not stand for it, notifying him that there was no place for his services. Why can't the business world see beyond its nose and behold great breweries, elegant palaces, fine motor cars, sumptuous meals, rich clothing, and all that belongs to your gigantic business, and keep its hands off? What right has the business world to interfere with personal liberties?

Not long ago I carried a basket containing food to a house where some side partner of Old Bob Adams had been before me. The wind whistled through broken windows as I listened to the weak and pathetic cry of hungry children and the pleadings of a heart-broken wife, with sunken eyes and pale face, for the bare necessities of life. The husband and a relative of Old Bob had long been friends. They together had bought rich food for the brewer's children, fine clothing for the brewer and his wife, and contributed generally to the upkeep of his expensive establishment.

Since reading your letter, I walked down Fifth Street of this city, passed the Neal Institute and Keeley establishment. I saw men who once had bright prospects for a successful and an independent future, but their faces today are covered with a literature of sorrow and defeat.

A Carload of Empties.

I note you pay the freight on returned empties. I should like to send you a full carload of empties if you will honor your agreement. I suppose the freight will be much cheaper on full carload lots? To be honest with you, the empties are not in first-class condition.

They consist of empty men,— empty of manhood, energy, ambition, prospects, self-respect, and necessaries of life; empty head, empty heart, empty soul, empty stomach: also empty women,— empty of womanhood, refinement, modesty, and hope. Will it be worth while making the return of this carload of empties? Will this carload of empties be worth the freight to you?

I will file your blank order sheet, and when I conclude to sell my soul, damn my manhood, debauch womanhood, sap the lifeblood of childhood, I will honor you with a large order of Old Bob Adams.

REALIZING the havoc wrought by the American saloon, we call upon all Catholics to join us, and with the help of God to make this land free from the evil influence of the legalized liquor traffic.— *Catholic Prohibition League of Ohio.*

Growth of the Temperance Movement

G. H. Heald, M. D., Editor "Life and Health"

FROM an obscure beginning, a few despised but dauntless men working against the odds of prejudice and long-established custom, the temperance movement has developed into what has been described as a "temperance wave." But a wave must recede. The temperance movement is a growth, a living thing, and can neither recede nor stand still.

The movement began as a moral reform, the first efforts being to save the individual from a destructive habit and a hopeless end, and the appeal was personal and educational. Determined men sought, through the lodge, the public platform, and the printed page, to win fallen men to sobriety and usefulness; and their work was, in a measure, successful.

But the first great strategic move was the education of the children in temperance principles; for it is out of the Bands of Hope of earlier days that our strongest temperance workers have come.

Realizing that the process of personal appeal is necessarily slow and only partially successful, some conceived the idea that the law could be invoked as a mighty weapon against the liquor traffic; so alongside of the personal appeal to live a wholesome life, there has been a steadily increasing agitation for prohibitory statutes and amendments. The result has been local prohibition in some places, county prohibition in others, and State-wide prohibition in still others; so that now the larger part of the United States is under some form of prohibitory law, and the agitation is on for national prohibition. And a strong factor in the movement is the fact that the liquor interests, paying a revenue to the federal government, are in a position to circumvent the local statutes. Nevertheless, the prohibitory laws are beginning to show results in that the per capita consumption of alcohol, as shown by the internal revenue report, is now decreasing, notwithstanding the increase in population.

Beginning as a moral reform, the temperance movement later attracted the attention of the leaders of industry and transportation and trade, who, convinced that the liquor devotee is an unreliable and expensive employee, have grad-

DR. WILLIAM C. WOODWARD

Health Officer of the District of Columbia

On the occasion of the recent fiftieth anniversary of the Grand Army Review, Dr. Woodward gave some health hints to the veterans purposing to take part in the great parade. Among these was the following: "By all means let alcoholic beverages of all kinds alone; they favor exhaustion by deadening the sense of fatigue, and they diminish the ability of the body to react."

"It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood." Matt. 27: 6.

ually barred him from positions of responsibility and trust; and in some establishments (the number is increasing) men who drink are not wanted in any capacity.

A great change has come over the attitude of the insurance companies. In the forties of the last century, a man who was an abstainer was considered a dangerous risk. Life insurance men did not care to issue policies to men who refused to use "stimulating" and supposedly healthful beverages. The result was that temperance men organized their own insurance company; and it later became apparent that the abstainers were actually better risks than the nonabstainers; and now a man who is a total abstainer can get better rates than even the very moderate drinker.

Finally the temperance movement became a part of the great public health movement. For a long time, physicians here and there, in gradually increasing numbers, have been convinced that alcohol is a poison more potent for harm than good, even when taken as a medicine; and physiologists have added proof to proof, through animal experiment, through the study of human groups, and in other ways, that the general effect of alcohol when taken internally is evil, and only evil. The accumulation of this information has convinced public health officers that they are not doing their entire duty when they look after flies and mosquitoes, dirt, spoiled goods, and bad housing, if they do nothing to lessen the greatest of public health menaces, the drink evil. So Dr. Goldwater, health commissioner of Greater New York, the greatest municipality but one in all the world, has begun a work of education, issuing for the people of the city of New York a series of warnings against the drink evil; and he has since been upheld in his work by health officers elsewhere, and by prominent physicians and scientists.

One indication of the changed attitude of physicians to drink is that in hospitals, during a generation, the bill for liquors has been steadily diminishing to almost nothing, and the bill for milk has been steadily increasing. The modern policy is to nourish patients rather than to drug them.

Another indication is the omission of whisky and brandy from the latest edition of the United States Pharmacopœia (the official list of drugs and medicines, made the standard by the Food and Drugs Act), and the enactment of laws making it necessary for druggists who handle alcoholic liquors to take out liquor dealers' licenses. This means, in fact, that alcohol is no longer classed with drugs, even with morphine and cocaine, but is considered an indulgence.

As the antislavery movement began with a few intrepid men and women who were willing to suffer martyrdom for their faith, and grew until a nation was willing to enter a death struggle in order to rid itself of the blight of slavery; so the temperance movement, from a very small and apparently insignificant beginning, is increasing in volume and momentum, and is destined to meet the "vested interests" in an encounter which, though bloodless, will result in as great a victory as was the abolition of slavery.

Our Opportunity

THE hosts of Right 'gainst those of Wrong
Must never flag, must never flinch,
But forward march with courage strong
And press the battle inch by inch.

Is there not something you can do
In this great war against the wrong?
Shall what is false o'ercome the true?
Must Might and Right be sundered long?

Let none think he can idle be
In this, the world's most stirring fight;
'Tis ours to plan, to work, to see
The rays of truth pierce error's night.

Events will take a striking course
Till Alcohol, so strong and bold,
Shall lose what gives him fighting force—
His grasp of many millions gold.

Too long have hearts and lives been wrecked,
Too many homes been scattered wide,
Too long his baseness gone unchecked,
Too often God and man defied,

For Christian people anywhere
To smile upon him, give him room;
And portents thicken in the air
That point his well-deserved doom.

King Alcohol, thy day has come!
Thy wicked, wanton reign must cease!
Thy brandy, whisky, beer, and rum
Must go; thy strife give way to peace!

CORA FERRIS.

"CIRCULATE literature, hold rallies, and vote straight." These are the things that count most. The people must be educated; they must be aroused to action, and our good temperance literature and meetings will educate and inspire. A straight vote elects only the man who loves his fellow men better than he does the silver dollar. Will you do these things?

The Four Bars

W. B. Langston

A STEP! a halt! a glad "Come in,
My friend, and drink; let us be men."
With faltering step, though manly vim,
He takes the cup passed out to him —
Across the bar.

The first cup leads to sin and shame,
And casts a blot on his fair name;
Then comes arrest, and in the court
He eyes the judge with bad import,—
Athwart the bar.

The trial at end, the sentence passed,
He hears his fate with look aghast.
He bids his friends and all, "Good-by,"
For, says the judge, he is to lie
Behind the bar.

The curtain drops, the scene is changed;
Before the Judge of earth arraigned,
He sadly views his record past,
Which now confronts and holds him fast —
Before the bar.

The Sure Cure

A MATTER of personal business took me to Mr. Tate's private office in a tall building near the city front. We sat by a great window overlooking countless darting watercraft. Mr. Tate's hand touched lines reaching halfway round the world. Suddenly, in a discussion of my plans, Mr. Tate said to me: "Miss Fielde, during our years of pleasant association you have not become truly acquainted with me. I have never told you my history. It might give you a clue to my real aims in life."

"I am a listening sphinx," said I; and Mr. Tate told me what I here record:—

The True Story

"Of sturdy American stock, reared in a pious family of total abstainers, with all the advantages provided by opulence and social esteem, a happy life might well have been predicted for me; but an inherent taint was in me, an appetite for strong drink. It was first demonstrated to my family when I was six years old. On a Sunday when my parents, brothers, and sister had gone to church, leaving me alone with the servants, I took from a closet a demijohn of wine, drank it, and was found in sodden clothes, lying upon the floor, dead drunk.

"During the next ten years I occasionally visited saloons with other lads of my age, in the country town to which my parents had removed. The saloons furnished the opportunity to satisfy my desire for drink, which was constant and uncontrolled, but was unlike the craving that afflicts the old inebriate when deprived of his liquor. It was akin to the ordinary childish desire for sweets.

"There were private back rooms in the several saloons, where boys played cards and drank together, the younger ones proud to keep pace with their elders. The strict surveillance kept over me by my family failed to reach these resorts. My inclination to strong drink was there confirmed.

"When about fifteen years old, having passed the common school course, I was sent to a college town to enter the preparatory department of its college. In that town there were about three thousand male students, the majority between sixteen and seventeen years old. There were three or four times as many saloons as the town would have supported without the students. The saloons had young agents out on the street to meet the stranger boy and gain his confidence and get his history for use in making prey of him. They soon learned the amount of his remittances from home, and the time when the money might arrive. They extended a welcome that was captivating to a green, homesick, sensitive lad, anxious to appear to be beyond his years and his condition in his knowledge of the world. Although the State forbade the sale of liquor to minors, I have seen the saloons filled until midnight hours with boys under age, many of them in advanced stages of intoxication. Had there been no saloons in that college town, I might have escaped the worst disasters of my life; for it was there that I acquired the peculiar craving for liquor which is consequent upon overindulgence.

WHAT HE MADE

A day of reckoning is coming: "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 Cor. 5:10.

"During a year at that school I lost all desire for education, and cared only to see the world and to be amused. My father had died, leaving me abundant means, and I went into business where I made a large income. But before I was thirty years old, I had wasted my inheritance and my income in drink and dissipation, and had ruined my health.

"My family then placed me on a ranch in a prohibition State, where I abstained from liquor for two years, but longed for it every waking minute. I recovered my health, went to an Eastern city, and there secured a position in which good fortune would have come to me had I abstained from strong drink. Great success in my business brought me high honor in the business world. But I could not withstand the lure of drink when it was close at hand. Again I went to wreck and sank low. My family knew nothing of my whereabouts for two years. I was for the most of that time a fisherman along the Atlantic coast, and was always drunk while in port.

"Then, discovered by my brother, an eminent physician, I was persuaded to take the 'gold cure.' Under his care and enheartening, I took the cure, and thereafter did not touch liquor for eighteen months, though I longed for it all the time. Meanwhile, members of my family made great effort to find the cause of my disposition to drink. My

forbears had shown no tendency to intemperance, and no inebriate was traced among our ancestors. *The only clue to my inherent appetite was given by my sister, who remembered that during my prenatal life my mother's physician had prescribed lager beer as a tonic, and that this drink had then been used for some time by mother, who was usually a teetotaler.*

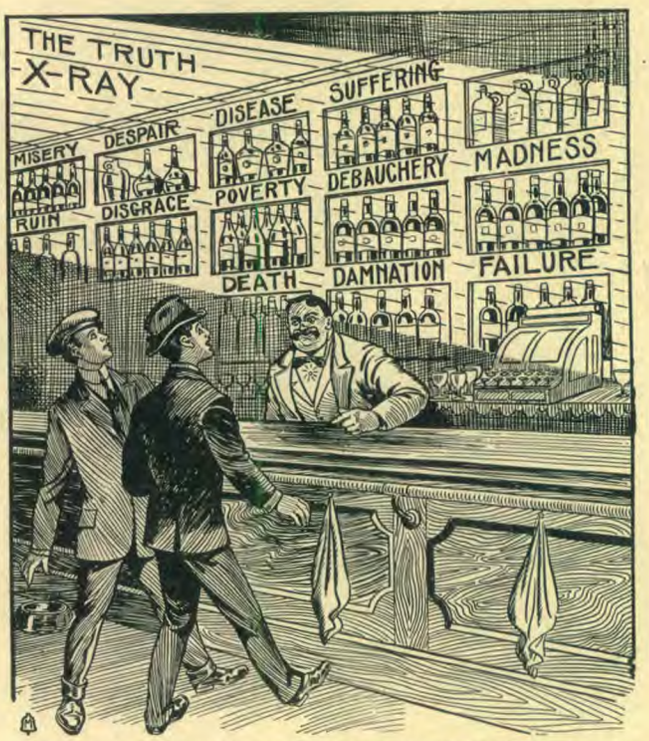
"After the gold cure, I went to Chicago to resume my business, but my craving for liquor was such that I could neither eat nor sleep. I became emaciated and very weak. I had had no liquor for ten months, when, sitting one day in the Palmer House, I was accosted by a business acquaintance of former years, who said to me: 'Tate, you look as if you were going to die. You have got the grip. What you need is a few stiff doses of whisky and quinine.' I told him he had mentioned the right remedy, and I went straight to the Palmer House bar and took the whisky, but did not bother about the quinine. It took me a year and a half to complete that particular spree, and at its end I had exhausted all my resources. I occasionally sobered up, but if I tasted or smelled liquor I took more and more of it until delirium came on.

"The only work that I could then get was that of portering in saloons. My remuneration was merely my lodging and board. To get money for drink I shoveled snow, ran errands, or did any sort of job. I was then thirty-eight years old. I was bankrupt in reputation, honor, means, and health. To get drink I had done every evil thing except murder. Then I lost my work in the saloons.

"There came a Sunday evening in February when the thermometer was twenty-six degrees below zero. I was poverty-stricken, thinly clad, and sick, and I had had but five meals in fourteen days. I was lodging in a filthy house but two blocks from a fine old church. I had ten cents hidden away in my clothes to buy the drink that I knew I must have or die; and to get that ten cents I had sold my only shirt. Starving, half-frozen, delirious, I wandered along the street and saw a sign on the old church inviting everybody into the meeting then being held. I stopped, and thought how every remedy known to medical science or to friendship had been tried upon me and had failed to save me. Here, now, was a thing that I had never tried. I made up my mind to test God. I went into the church and hid myself in a back seat. The preacher, in his sermon, said: 'No matter how far a man has gone, if he turns about, the Lord will help him.' He invited any one in the audience who desired to turn back to raise his hand. I tried to raise my hand, but was not able; I seemed to lack physical power to do so, and I said: 'O God, if there be a God, help me to turn about and live a good life. I will serve thee as long as I live, and will tell my story when it is called for.' Then up went my hand, and I got up and made my way along the center aisle of the church, in view of the many hundreds in the aristocratic audience. I took my pride and my sensitiveness to the railing in front of the pulpit, kneeled down, and turned my bloated face up toward heaven, and said: 'God, save me!' In an instant I knew that I was saved from the foe that had always overthrown me. That was nineteen years ago, and from that day to this I have never felt anything but abhorrence toward alcoholic drink, and the desire for it has never returned.

"I rose and went from the church to my dirty lodging place, and had the first sound sleep that I had had for many months. In the morning I went to one of the large transportation companies and made application for work. It was necessary for me to fill out a blank covering my history since childhood. For a year previously I had been unable to write even my name without having a pint of whisky to stop nervous shaking. When I made out this application, my hand was steady and my brain clear, and my physical condition was such that I could do a kind of hard work that I had never before attempted. I was set to trucking freight in a large warehouse.

"This warehouse was a block long and sixty feet wide. It was so well lighted that any small object on the floor was visible from any part of the warehouse. In passing the length of the warehouse with a load of freight on a truck along a route that a score or more of the men had just traversed, I found a dollar bill. In all the seven years afterwards that I was connected with that warehouse I never heard of any money having been found there. I took the dollar bill into the office, and stated that any one who called for it could get it from my hands. On that dollar I subsisted for eleven



Wine is a mocker. To youth it seems the elixir of life; but the X ray of science and experience reveals it to be the "promoter of all that is evil, all that is vile, all that is abominable." "No war, no plague of humanity,— cholera, tuberculosis, or famine,— has made as many victims, has caused as much poverty, suffering, and death, as the use of alcohol."

days, until I could begin to draw pay. I lived on one five-cent meal at twelve o'clock each night. All this time, emaciated and underfed, I did my work without sense of weakness or pain.

"I remained at that same warehouse seven years, and was promoted to the charge of a department in which three hun-

dred and fifty men and wagons were employed. I have prospered ever since.

"There are few persons in whom an appetite for strong drink cannot be created. Whether immune or naturally susceptible to its power, alcohol presents the greatest danger a man ever meets. The idea that now impels me to forgo a

Shame on our voters who, by perpetuating the liquor traffic, force wives and mothers to this unequal warfare.

large salary and to set aside business opportunities of great promise is that of getting saloons out of the way. To that I shall devote the rest of my life."

So spake James Tate. I know his true history.

Shall I put claret in the fruit punch that will be served to my guests when a Mr. Tate may be among them?

Shall I ask any man of unknown susceptibilities to go where the odor of alcohol may rouse a latent craving for it?

Shall I employ any medical man who sometimes prescribes a poison that can set a taint in the tissues of the unborn?

Shall I, by word or act, encourage a traffic that ruins men?

No; not so long as I may live.— *A. M. Fielde, in the Pioneer.*

No Sleeping on Guard

THE prohibition cause is steadily gaining. Ten States have been added to the prohibition list the past year. There are now nineteen States wearing the white ribbon. Towns and counties by the scores have joined the ranks of the dry forces. Four out of every five square feet of the United States are dry. There is no State altogether wet. A bill is now pending in the Senate for prohibition in the Hawaiian Islands. Petersburg, Alaska, also has sent a petition to Congress, signed by every adult in the place, urging Congress to grant prohibition to Alaska. The temperance people are optimistic. The liquor dealers only are nervous and hesitating.

A West Philadelphia dealer recently consulted an acquaintance in the real estate business about the advisability of transferring his license from a side street location to a Market Street corner. The change would involve an increased investment. "Stay where you are," counseled the real estate expert. "You would get a more prominent situation by moving; but that, in my judgment, is just what you should avoid. Better stay where you're tolerated. If you try to get out on Market Street, you'll only attract attention and stir up opposition. Public opinion is getting highly sensitive about the saloon business, and you'd run the chance of losing the place you've got."

"I guess you're right," said the saloon keeper. "I put the proposition to one of the biggest men in the wholesale trade. 'Don't think of it,' he said. 'Don't invest another dollar. And make all you can now, for inside of ten years we'll all be out of business.'"

Notwithstanding these bright omens for the temperance cause this is a time of danger. Rev. Sam W. Small is sounding to the temperance forces the warning, "Beware of the torpedoes! Let none of us because of our success succumb to the spirit of a foolish optimism. The enemy is not dead, is not sleeping, is simply bewildered for the hour, and may be depended upon to 'come back' soon with new plans of campaign and redoubled energies. We must not be deceived by the seemingly smooth seas ahead of us. This is the age of submarines and aeronauts. We must look for the enemies below the calm and above the clouds. They move hidden often where least suspected, and our only safe policy is to keep the fight going, day and night.

"We know that such plausible propositions intended to distract the attention from the real issue are already hatching in political incubators. Everywhere the friends of national prohibition must be prompt to turn down every such proposition that Senators or Congressmen may offer. The time for any compromise with the open or secret friends of liquor is past. Henceforth our slogan is that of St. Paul, 'This one thing I do.'" Stand foursquare and everlastingly for national prohibition and nothing less! Let us up and at the enemy! Don't bring back our flag an inch; bring up the nation to the flag!

West Virginia and Prohibition

WE are just finishing our first year of prohibition, and naturally the statistics that can be obtained in a longer period are unobtainable now, but we think we have made a respectable showing. From official reports from fifty-five municipalities in the State, we show a decrease in crime of about fifty per cent, and a decrease in drunkenness of practically seventy-five per cent. These figures are official, and show results of the last year of the saloon, and the first year of prohibition.

The largest brewery in West Virginia has been converted into a meat-packing establishment, which employs more men than it did when it was conducted as a brewery. Other breweries have been converted into cold-storage plants and ice factories, and some, of course, still remain unoccupied; but on the whole, the loss of money from loss in equipment on account of the State's going dry is insignificant. In fact, conditions are very much better from every viewpoint.

HON. FRED O. BLUE

Reports from the commissioner of labor and from the chief of the mine bureau of the State, show that the efficiency of those who work in the mine and factories of the State has been increased twenty-five per cent, and reports from mine and factory owners from all over the State indicate a wonderful improvement over old conditions.

FRED O. BLUE, *Commissioner of Prohibition.*

When a Town Goes Dry

WHAT really happens when a town goes dry? Do the dire prophecies of a "dead town" actually come to pass? or do millennial conditions really materialize? There are thousands who are in honest doubt as to the answer, who want the plain facts of the case, and here they are: —

Our town is a snappy city of fifty-four thousand inhabitants. For years it was wet — very wet. Then came an almost unaccountable revulsion, and we had "high license, early closing, and a strictly regulated traffic," and for two years we were perhaps the most strictly regulated wet town in the West. Apparently many of our solid citizens were convinced that the best "practical solution of the liquor question" had been found in high license, a small number of saloons, and a large number of handicaps strictly applied.

Listen, men and women, we've got to have it dry. If it's wet, drink will sure get some of us. Mr. Voter, just put your hand on the one you would like to make a drunkard of. Not one of us? Then don't vote wet.

But two years ago the pendulum swung to the dry side of the clock, and it hit with a bang so loud that everybody could hear it.

So, you see, our town has had her wild, "wide-open" days; she has had her period of "drought tempered with mercy and enforced with indifference;" and right now she undoubtedly is the driest city of her size in the United States.

Now what did really happen when the town went dry — real bone dry?

Meat Market Operator Tells His Experience

Our town has a most remarkable meat market operator, and he has six markets in different parts of town. He gets the trade of the millionaire factory owner, of the cheapest laborer, and of all between them. I brought up the subject of the saloon with Jerry, the market man, because I happened to know that he had been strong for high license, and because nobody would ever accuse him of being narrow, bigoted, strait-laced, or anything of the sort.

"Would you put the town back on a wet basis, such as we had before, if you could, Jerry?" I asked.

"Never!" came the quick answer. "It's a plain matter of business, mainly. My profits are fifty per cent greater today than when the town was wet. Not that the difference between saloons and no saloons has increased my trade fifty per cent, but there are families buying meat of me now regularly whose trade amounted to practically nothing when we had saloons. The money didn't get home. Of course the man had some meat at the free lunch counter in the saloon, but the wife and the children tasted very little meat. Some people of this class are now good credit customers. Others pay cash.

"There is a remarkable difference in the collection end of our business. On the whole volume of our trade the losses in bad debts amounted to a large sum when our town was wet. When this town went dry, we began to collect the bad debts. Our percentage of credit loss on current business began to shrink soon after the saloons went, and now it is so small that it really amounts to very little.

"Then with the saloon wiped off the map, my help became more efficient in every way. I have one man working with me now who was with me through the high-license period. He drew good wages, but he was never thirteen cents ahead of the game — never! Part of the time he was so badly 'soaked' that he was almost useless. He had 'tabs' at the saloons, and those had to be paid first before his store accounts were settled; so he was always behind. When the town went dry, he took a few pay-day trips to the nearest town where booze is sold. But he soon dropped that; it was too much trouble. What has been the result? That man has more than thirteen hundred dollars in a savings account in the bank — saved in two dry years. He is a fair example of thousands in this city.

"What really pushed me over into the dry line, however, was watching my delivery men. I could tell as soon as one of them was initiated at the bar. His work would begin to fall off; he would require a lot of watching. You see booze makes any man more careless with your property and your money, less watchful and less dependable. My workers — from delivery boys up — are immensely more efficient than when they could run into saloons.

"I'm a lot more efficient myself, too. Perhaps you didn't know that I drank at all. Very few of my acquaintances did know it. But generations of my ancestors have cultivated a taste for smoky Irish whisky, and it came easy to me. If any man had told me at the time that I was taking enough to hinder my efficiency, I should have resented the suggestion. My nips were very moderate. It took the contrast of no nips at all to show me that the stuff was having an effect on my ability to work and plan with a clear head. Nothing else would have convinced me. I know that it cuts down efficiency, no matter how well a man has his thirst under control.

"On the score of its effect on business, there isn't a single justification for the saloon. I always thought there was until experience pounded a change of conviction into me, just as it has into hundreds of business men in this town. We all know better now."

Lumber and Coal Merchant and Jeweler

I talked with our lumber and coal man, whose trade is mainly from families of the working class. He is a conservative man, always careful in his statements.

"There is just this difference," he declared: "Since the city went dry, we have been collecting accounts that were deadwood. They would have been utterly worthless had the city remained wet." Reaching for his ledger, he pointed to an account, and continued: "There's a case of a man. He couldn't get credit for a bundle of laths when we had license. But when the town went dry, we saw that after a little he quit chasing out of the city for booze, and finally settled down to steady work and to taking care of his family. He came in and said he wanted to build on his lot. We told him he could have credit for all the material that he needed. Now he has bought several hundred dollars' worth of stuff and paid promptly. That man is just a fair representative of a lot of others — perfectly good pay when the town is dry, and good for nothing when the town is wet."

Near by, on the street car line, is a jewelry store catering to the working people. The jeweler who owns it said: — "Certainly business is better than it was when we were wet, better in every way. It's just like the difference between good times and bad times."

Said the dry goods merchant four doors beyond: "He's right. It's the same with me. My business has increased threefold."

Owns Store in a Dry and One in a Wet Town

A large clothing and shoe merchant in the center of the town had this to say: "Business under the best wet administration this town ever had was not to be compared with what it is now that it is dry. I'm collecting accounts right along that are outlawed; just as long as we had saloons, they were absolutely uncollectable.

"You hear a lot of talk to the effect that when a town goes dry, men who like their drink and are strong for personal liberty will go to some other town to spend their money, and the merchants there will get it. I happen to know how much truth there is in that theory, for the reason that I own another store in the town that gets about all the trade that goes out of our town in order to get booze. I carry the same line of goods there as here; my store there is run by two young men who are uncommonly popular; rents are cheaper steadily going the other way. The facts shown me by my ledger and my cash book have forced me to the conviction that there was never a more childish theory palmed off on a credulous public than the theory that saloons help business. I'm ashamed whenever I remember that I once believed it myself."

Real Estate Men Scared Stiff

Jones, the real estate man, laughed when I asked him if he had found a wet town better for real estate than a dry town.

"One of the business associations here," he remarked, "took a straw vote, the other day, on the wet or dry question; out of the two hundred and ten men voting, how many do you think wanted to go back to a wet town? Just ten! When our town went dry and about fifty store locations were thrown on the market in one day, property owners and real estate men were scared stiff. It really looked as if property values were going to drop. But just as soon as dry conditions had a chance to demonstrate themselves, rentals and real estate values not only came back to where they were, but they became still better.

"Our town, as you know, has added thousands to its population under dry rule; and who is the best buyer of lot property — the man who is spending his money in the saloon or the man who is keeping sober? There is only one answer to that, as we real estate men know.

"And how about the factories? Dry territory looks mighty good to them — make no mistake on that score! Booze is one of the big troubles in factory management."

Saloon Keepers Like the Dry Regime

I asked the chief of police to look over his list of former saloon keepers and give me an idea of their present occupations.

"Well," he said, "there's one man who is running a big farm — and there's another. There's a third one who is raising crops instead of selling booze. Here's one who has gone back to work in one of the big factories. Four or five are in the restaurant business, and about the same number

The liquor dealer in his "personal liberty" argument for the maintenance of the saloon claims that he has no other way of getting bread and milk for his wife and children; but have we a right to license a man to win bread and milk for his children by taking the bread and milk out of the mouths of another man's children?

there than here, and so are some other expenses. I give close personal attention to the business there as I do here. If that doesn't furnish a sound basis of wet and dry comparison, I don't know where you will find one. My store in the town that gets our booze pilgrims — several hundred of them every pay night — is not only steadily dropping in profits, but also in volume of trade. The store here is as are running billiard halls or amusement places. There's a live one who opened a candy store, and did so well that he began to make his own goods; now he runs a candy factory, and has several retail stores of his own as outlets for his product. He wouldn't go back behind the bar if he could have the best location in our town."

Before the last election the local saloon keepers of our

town met in a council of war. The saloon keeper who kept the best "place" in town and was looked upon as the "biggest man in the business" was asked to talk. He talked right out in meeting, and said: —

"If this town goes dry,— as it probably will,— you'll put up an awful howl. But cheer up! You'll be better off when you're driven out of the business. I can count on the fingers of one hand all of you who are really making more than wages. The breweries are getting the money. You'll not lose anything financially by being forced into other business. Most of you will gain by the change. Nearly every one of you is going downhill physically. Your saloons are a long way from being health resorts. You get about as much bad air in the course of a day as any set of men in this town. Then most of you take too much of your own medicine and too little exercise. But you'll keep on just as long as you're in the business, and you'll stay in it until you are driven out. And I think the time has come."

It did come, and the town and everybody in it are happy and satisfied.— *Forrest Crissey, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

New Jersey's Serpentine Railway

NEW JERSEY breweries and saloons, allowing one to each 100 feet, would line a highway extending from Jersey City to Atlantic City, via Paterson, Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton, and Camden — 210 miles of degradation, debauchery, and death.

This monster devours annually over $57,000,000 of the earnings of New Jersey people, without a single benefit in exchange. Instead, it produces 65 per cent of the criminals and dependents, according to the report of the Commission on Crimes and Dependencies appointed by the governor; and to support these criminals and dependents, New Jersey people are taxed nearly $8,000,000 yearly.

Will you not help destroy this destroyer?

Indiana's Black Spot

INDIANA has a "city with its mayor, comptroller, superintendent of the police department, judge of the police court, sheriff of the county, and judge of the circuit court, all out of the city serving prison sentences for malfeasance in office, or for conspiring to destroy the purity of the ballot box." And how did it happen? The judge of the court in which they with more than one hundred others stood, as defendants, said: —

> The evidence in this case shows that this conspiracy had its inception in the saloons of Terre Haute. It was directed from them and consummated through them. I have the notion that the saloon will have to go. The American people will not tolerate it. They will arise in their might, and destroy it.

The saloon ought to die. It can be killed; and national, Constitutional prohibition will kill it.

Hon. Oliver W. Stewart makes the severe but incontrovertible statement that "it is no mere incident that almost every case of government corruption during the last half century has shown the saloon underneath it." This being true, the American people must strike the saloon a deathblow, else corruption and anarchy will undermine the foundation of our civilization, for "only by stainless ballots shall we ever achieve a stainless flag." "The saloon has sinned away its day of grace. The forces are forming on the battle field for the last struggle against it." Be sure you enlist on the right side in this great world-wide conflict for sobriety.

A One-Thousand-Dollar Prize

EX-GOVERNOR STUBBS of Kansas offered a prize of one thousand dollars to the best city of the second class in the State for the rearing of children. Dr. William McKeever was given the honor of handing, as shown in the accompanying picture, the one-thousand-dollar check to the chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of Winfield, Cowley County, a city of about seven thousand inhabitants.

Thirty-five years ago Winfield celebrated the State prohibition victory. The largest county majority vote for prohibition at that time was given by Cowley County. The pioneers of Winfield were sagacious men, recognizing their children as their best asset. Almost to a man they were of the belief that the saloons are childhood's greatest enemy; so before setting about in a large way to plan benefits for their children, they saw to the elimination of the liquor traffic, that they might run no risk of having their work undone by the influence of the saloon.

A quarter of a century ago courses were started in the public schools in vocal and in instrumental music. A generous farm was bought to make practical the teaching of agriculture. A free vacation school was instituted; manual training, sewing, and cooking were taught there. The children had play as well as work. They had a daily program, including all outdoor sports and the use of apparatus, and these were supplemented by the making of pictures, embroidering, and even the educational moving picture matinees. According to the Philadelphia *North American*, Winfield spent in 1913 for schools $6.45 per capita; while Philadelphia, with all its culture and its money, spent but $3.82 per capita. Surely Winfield made a wise investment when she chose to put her money into the education of her boys and girls rather than to spend it in booze shops.

NEW YORK CITY is proud of its record for a recent month. Not a murder was committed in the city; yet in prohibition Kansas twenty-eight counties have not had a criminal prosecution in a year.

Refuse the Evil; Choose the Good

PURITY is as essential to manhood as to womanhood. A manly boy is a pure boy. A manly man is a pure man.

Purity means strength; impurity, weakness. The impure man is pliable. He cannot resist temptation. He cannot stand alone for the right. He must do as others do. His guiding star is, "They all do it." Dr. Marden says this expression is "Satan's other name," and that "innumerable life tragedies have resulted from following the suggestion, 'They all do it.'" The hero, the man of fame, whether in science, art, literature, or religion, has not been the man who did as others did. He wears his laurels because he did differently from other men. He turned aside from the crowd, and marked out his own path or trod the highway of life's nobility. The boy, then, who fixes his eye upon the goal of a worthy manhood must learn to say No to the crowd. The ordinary man is prone to follow in forbidden paths; else our jails, penitentiaries, and saloons would not be full. The strong man stands alone. Boys, remember this. Leave the crowd to itself.

As the frost of a night may blight the sweetest flower, so may one impure word, picture, or visit to a questionable place spoil the purity of the soul. O that boys might know how precious is this gift of a pure heart! Then would they die rather than suffer it to be tarnished by evil. "Everything that is worth while, everything that we prize most, everything that elevates, costs us something. We must pay for it in effort, and it is prized in proportion to the struggles and sacrifices we make to obtain it. The youth who would keep himself unspotted from the world, especially the city youth, must stand on his guard against the snares and temptations that surround him. In order to be safe from moral contagion, he must, as far as possible, keep away from temptation, away from people, away from books and pictures, from faces, from everything which suggests a particle of impurity. The youth who keeps his mind absolutely pure has the whip hand over his passions."

A saloon keeper placed at the entrance to his beer garden the sign "Look out! Paint!" His poor penmanship made the "p" appear to be a "t;" and so the sign seemed to read, "Look out! Taint!" As revised, this became a significant sign, one that Uncle Sam's own hand should place at the entrance to every saloon in the land; for saloons are the places where men and boys lose their purity of soul. Then if you would heed the foregoing counsel, the saloon must be spurned.

Medical and physical science have placed warning signs over the saloon, and the church long ago recognized the sickening taint of the liquor traffic; but the crowd blindly pushes on, refusing to heed all warnings; and the thoughtless and weak among the youth follow in the wake of the crowd, and therefore human wrecks daily emerge from the saloons. You see them everywhere. The boy or man of moral courage will absolutely refuse to subject his soul and body to the awful taint of the saloon. He will say No to the first drink, for it is the beginning of sorrows. There are legitimate channels for the pent-up energy of the most robust and ardent youth. There is a world of play and work worth while, but all this is outside the saloon. Normal boys do not deliberately form habits or do things which will seriously cripple or absolutely defeat their ability to make their way in the world. They form such habits, and do such things ignorantly, or else they have the idea that they can yield now and then to a questionable course and still make good. Experience proves this to be a dangerous assumption. The wise will not act upon it.

A day laborer found a $650,000 necklace and turned it over to the police, though ignorant of its real value. Later he found in his pocket a detached pearl from the necklace. It was worth $25,000. He tried in several places to exchange this for a glass of beer. We pity his ignorance. But he was not more unwise than are the young men of today who for the first time accept the intoxicating cup. They are as ignorant of the full significance of their act as the laborer was of the value of his pearl; for in this first cup they barter away their all — health, talents, honor, business, property, position, friends, wife, and children. These all are sacrificed to this first drink. It is so far oftener than otherwise. How is it then that any one of ordinary intelligence can be found who will accept the proffered cup? It is only because of man's mistaken estimate of his power when matched against that of him who holds the cup — the father of all evil. Young man, the enemy of all good is stronger than you. After failing to refuse the first glass, you will find it harder to resist the second, and still harder to resist the third.

The steps from the saloon always lead downward. A young man who recently died of alcoholism in Chicago, passed over this downward path, and left on record the following description of his experience: —

> Six months ago I was earning $300 a month as a civil and general engineer. I had a wife and a little daughter and a comfortable home in Winnipeg, Canada. I did not drink. Then I was employed at the marine barracks at Washington, D. C. One night I took a drink. Since that night I have taken many drinks.
>
> I lost my speed. Then I lost my job. Then I continued to drink, and soon I discovered that I couldn't get another job. I felt I did not want another job as long as I could get something to drink. I lost my home. Then I came to Chicago.
>
> I am going to die. I don't care; but I want to say this before I go: "Let booze alone. It can't be whipped. It's too fast for me, and it's too fast for you. For booze I gave everything that I had; and now that I haven't anything left, booze will take me."

More than one youth has learned to drink because he thought that all men drank, that he must drink to be a man. Nothing is farther from the right than this. The truest men do not drink. It is the common man who drinks, not the uncommon. If you wish to be enrolled among the wisest and best of earth, if you wish to preserve inviolate your purity of soul, you will always heed the counsel of the wisest of all men: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Touch not; taste not; handle not."

Getting a Foreman

An employer who is a stanch abstainer advertised for a foreman for one of the departments of his works, and a number of men called at the factory. When the employer saw them outside, he said, genially, "Well, we might as well go and have a drink,"

pointing to a saloon opposite. He suited the action to his words, and led the way across, the men following. When he reached the swing doors of the public house, he turned around and saw one man loitering behind the others, and called to him, "Aren't you coming in?" "I'm a teetotaler, thanks," was the response. "Well, you're the man for me," the employer promptly responded, and he then and there engaged him, while the rest were left to go their ways.

"KING ALBERT of Belgium drinks nothing but water, and is a giant in strength. Between his two hands he can bend an inch-wide bar; he can take his fourteen-year-old boy with one hand and his ten-year-old daughter with the other and hold both out at arm's length."

Robbing America of Her Heritage

Mrs. C. M. Snow

OUR country's richest wealth lies in her youth. Imagine for a moment that some fierce creature, in the form of man or beast, were to dart out, unawares, from the solitude, and snatch from sight or kill our young people, one by one, as they go about their ordinary pursuits. How long would it be before an armed brigade, including every man in the place, hunted to its death such a horror?

Come with me for a walk. We will visit any city you like. You may choose the street — the main avenue of the city or any other business street.

The large show windows of the tailor's shop are peopled with life-size figures displaying the finished products of the house. Even the hurried passer-by cannot fail to see and be attracted, so conspicuously are these garments shown.

The shoe store has a tempting array of footwear, from the dainty moccasin designed for the wee toddler, to all that is needed for the adult. The finished products are all represented.

The millinery shop is adorned with the finished products of the finest French artists. We stop and admire a few of the creations their ingenuity has contrived, their skill executed.

The varicolored globes in the drug store, the many bottles on the shelves, whose supposedly health-giving and disease-destroying medicines are dispensed, beckon us to enter.

The confectioner displays his finished product in most enticing array. Its dainty appearance and delicate flavor appeal to other senses than the eye.

We are captivated by the florist's full-length windows. His products fill even the doorway and sidewalk, and brighten the day for many a passer-by. Their delicious fragrance perfumes the air, and their delicate beauty penetrates to the heart of even the hardened. A beautiful flower preaches an eloquent sermon.

Life-size figures of horses on the sidewalk and in the long windows are adorned with the finished products of the harness maker and wheelwright.

Each craft seems to outdo the other in varied and rich display. We could spend hours enjoyably in viewing their finished products, which are conspicuously placed for all to see; for all legitimate enterprises court publicity as a means of advertising their products.

But why these closed and close-curtained doors, these frosted windows that we so frequently pass? Even when the door is opened, a large screen prevents the passer-by from seeing within. Are there no finished products here to display? Ah, they lie in the potter's field! Some well-nigh finished products are reeling down the street, or lying in the gutter, frightening with their wild cries and unmeaning gibberish those who chance to pass that way. Others are at home, torturing, mayhap murdering, broken-hearted wives and tattered, starving children. Why not place these products on display, and advertise: —

"WANTED.— Boys, bright, promising boys, to convert into wrecks like these."

The works of the liquor trade are those of darkness and of death, and even that law which protects this fiendish traffic would not permit, on any fashionable or business street, or in the dingiest alley, such a display of its products. And the liquor agencies themselves are terribly opposed to any disclosure of their unlawful methods. They are ashamed of their products. Over the door should be placed, as the rum seller's sign, a skull and crossbones, and in a conspicuous place, in lurid characters, the following poem, to arrest all who seek to enter this demon's den: —

"I will paint you a sign, rum seller,
And hang it about your door,
A truer and better signboard
Than ever you had before.

"I will paint with the skill of a master
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful swinging signboard
So like the reality.

"I will paint yourself, rum seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.

"He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

"I will paint you again, rum seller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.

"He wavers, but you urge him,
'Pledge me — just this one.'
He lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

"I will paint the form of a drunkard —
Only a year has flown,
Yet into this loathsome creature
That fair young boy has grown.

"The work was sure and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

"I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels by her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy, who was more to her
Than all the world beside.

"I will paint the form of a coffin,
Labeled with one word, Lost.
I will paint all this, rum seller,
I will paint it free of cost.

"The sin, the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime, the want, and the woe,
That are born there in your rum shop
No hand can paint, you know.

"I will paint you a sign, rum seller,
And many will pause to view
This wonderful swinging signboard
So terribly, fearfully true."

Are you about to vote that this inhuman traffic in souls be again licensed? Are you ready to furnish its next victim? Will it be your boy? or will it be mine?

A Self-Appointed Temperance Poster

A citizen of Foster, Rhode Island, when alone and in a drunken stupor years ago, fell on the hearth of his home, with his head so close to the fire that the heat blinded both eyes and destroyed his features. The almshouse in time became his home, and in fair weather the wretched man begged to

sit outside the door, on a bench in the sunshine, where he might feel the sun and air, and sound his words of warning to every passer-by. Day after day, for more than fourteen years, he exhorted to a temperate life all who would tarry to listen. He would say: —

"I don't know who you are, for I can see nothing. But, whoever you are, I want you to look at me and be warned to let rum alone. Look at me now. This is all the work of rum, and you see there is no chance for me ever to be any better. I shall nevermore see the sun or the faces of men. I must go to my grave as I am. And yet I might have been as happy as you, or as any one, if I had left rum alone."

Is This Your Job?

IF your ambition for the prime of your life is to be a sorter of paper and old rags, or a collector of old bottles, or a daily visitor to the city's garbage cans, then become a rum or a whisky devotee, and your last job before filling a drunkard's grave will in all probability be this menial work. At the Chicago Christian Industrial League there are in the league shops graduates from Harvard doing this very work. It is the only job the world reserves for those who have turned their backs upon everything good and lovely, by making fast friends with the liquor traffic.

Poor Little Blossom

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired and lonesome;
I wonder why mamma don't come?
She told me to shut up my blue eyes,
And 'fore I waked up she'd be home.

"I dess I'se afraid to stay up here,
Wivout any fire or light;
But Dod's lighted the lamps up in heaven;
I see them all twinkling and bright.

"I dess I'll go down and meet papa;
I know he has stopped at the store,—
A great pretty store, full of bottles,—
Wish he wouldn't go there no more

"Sometimes he's so sick when he comes home,
He stumbles and falls up the stair;
And once when he comed in the parlor,
He kicked at my poor little chair.

"And mamma was all pale and frightened,
And hugged me close up to her breast,
And called me her poor little Blossom,
And — dess I forgetted the rest.

"But I 'member he striked at poor mamma;
His face was so red and so wild,
And I 'member he striked at poor mamma;
And hurted his poor little child.

"But I loves him, and dess I go find him;
Perhaps he'll come home with me soon,
And then it won't be dark and lonesome,
While waiting for mamma to come."

Out into the night went the baby,
The dear little Blossom so fair,
With eyes that were blue as the clear sky,
And haloed with golden-brown hair.

Out into the night went the baby,
Her little heart beating with fright,
Till the tired feet reached a gin palace,
All brilliant with music and light.

The little hand pushed the door open
(Though her touch was as light as a breath),
And the little feet entered the portal
That leads but to ruin and death.

Away down the long floor she pattered,
The pretty blue eyes opened wide,
Till she spied in a corner her papa,
And the tiny feet paused at his side.

"O papa!" she cried, as she reached him,
And her voice rippled out sweet and clear,
"I thought if I comed I should find you,
And now I'm so glad I is here.

"The lights are so pretty, dear papa,
And I fink that the music's so sweet;
But I dess it's most supper time, papa,
For Blossom wants something to eat."

A moment the blear eyes gazed wildly
Down into the face sweet and fair,
And then, as the demon possessed him,
He grasped at the back of a chair.

A moment — a second — 'twas over,
The work of the fiend was complete;
And the poor little innocent Blossom
Lay, broken and crushed, at his feet.

Then, swift as the light came his reason,
And showed him the deed he had done;
With a groan that a demon might pity,
He knelt by the quivering form.

He pressed the pale lips to his bosom,
He lifted the fair, golden head;
A moment the baby lips trembled,
Then poor little Blossom was dead.

Then the law, in its majesty, seized him,
And exacted just penalty, death;
For only a fiend or a madman
Would deprive such a baby of breath.

But the man who had sold him the poison
That made him a demon of hell,
Why — he must not be less respected,
Because he is *licensed* to sell.

He may rob men of friends and of money,
Send them down to perdition and woe,
But as long as he *pays for his license*,
The law must protect him, you know

God pity men, women, and children
Who are crushed by the Juggernaut *Rum*.
May press, pulpit, and platform united
Fight strong till deliverance come.

— *Good Times*.

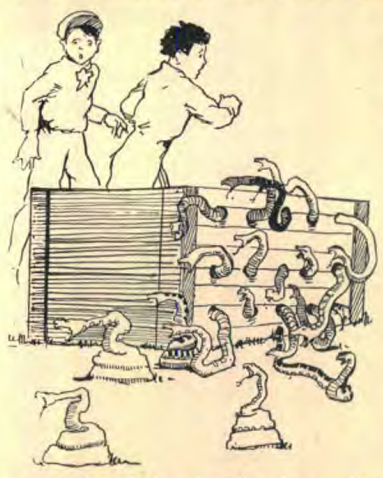
A Picture Painted by a Physician

LET me give you an instance out of my own life — back there in the years when my profession believed the falsehood that alcohol is necessary as a medicine. We were taught in the great university from which I was graduated that we should use alcohol in the crisis of disease. Back there I had a chum, a dainty little woman. She came to Kansas City, and there she married a noble man, and became the mother of a boy. Let me introduce you to the father of that boy — a Christian lawyer, and superintendent of a Sunday school; the coming man, we called him. The community was already beginning to consult him on important things, and they were talking of making him governor. It was then that he was suddenly taken with typhoid fever, and naturally I was called, for I was both physician and friend. I was there in that room myself with a bottle of so-called "best" brandy on the table, when the twenty-first day came, and we gave it to him. Can you imagine my feelings when the nurse told me that he had reached for it in the night, although he did not know it was there; but he answered the call for more, for that stuff calls for more. Three weeks after I dismissed him as cured, he came home in a cab, drunk. That was repeated again and again and again. Please remember that he was a Christian gentleman, headed for the governorship of his State. Over and over he did that thing, until two years had passed. His wife walked into my office one morning, and I shall never forget the look on that beautiful face — the cheeks sunken, the dreadful pallor. She had her boy with her, and she said: "We must go. George has threatened to kill baby." She did go, for safety's sake, and that meant a divorce. Another year passed; and just three years from the time I dismissed him, we made a narrow bed out there in the cemetery and laid in it that poor, dead defective. Hear me while I tell you that all through the haunting years that lie between the sound of the sod as it fell on that grave and this day, I have known what I am. Notwithstanding what I did was done innocently and in ignorance, I know that I am a murderer. I killed that little boy's father. I took away from the boy the guardianship of a great Christian parent, left him to go on through life without even the memory of a Christian father, but labeled as a drunkard's son. I murdered my chum's husband; left her to fight her way as best she could. She stood it for about six years, and then her heart broke, and we made another grave in the cemetery, and I became a double murderer. I robbed the State of a citizen, true and straight and honest; I robbed the old flag of a devoted follower; I robbed the throne of God of a soul for whom my Saviour died; for that man, because of the alcohol I administered to him as medicine, became a defective, a drunkard — *drink killed him.*— *Carolyn E. Geisel, M. D.*

Weapons for the Temperance Warfare

Twenty-five snakes running through the streets — free whisky.

Box up the twenty-five snakes, and, by the authority of the court, bore



twenty-five holes in the box — low license.

Stop up ten holes so that the snakes can all get out through the other fifteen holes — high license.

Drive the snakes to the next town — local option.

Kill the snakes — prohibition.

— *Selected.*

INSTRUCTIONS approved by President Wilson for the sale of town sites along the route of the government railroad between Seward and Fairbanks, Alaska, stipulated that no *liquor selling*, *gambling*, or *immorality* will be allowed on any of the lots, under penalty of forfeiture. The liquor traffic is invariably associated with the worst of earth's denizens. This fact alone counsels all decent men to have nothing to do with it.

Mary Elizabeth

MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother, she had no kitten. She had no supper, she had no dinner, she had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no hood, she had no mittens, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short, pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides these, she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington Street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamplighters were coming with their long poles, and gaslights began to flash upon the grayness,— neither day nor night,— through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people!" thought Mary Elizabeth. "He must have made as many suppers. Seems as if there ought to been one for one extra girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way, very gentle for a girl who had no shoes, no flannels, no hood, no home, no mother, no dinner, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who hadn't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out toward Charlestown, who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she couldn't use it, so she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry, she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry, she begged.

One night, of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth, I presume I should have begged, too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington Street that January night, how can I tell? At any rate, nobody did.

Some told her to go to the orphans' home. Some said, "Ask the police." Some people shook their heads, and more did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila Society, and Mary Elizabeth said, "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an office and be registered, and Mary Elizabeth said, "Ma'am?"

So now she was shuffling up Washington Street — I might say flopping up Washington Street — in the old rubbers and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next, peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them, hesitating, heartsick,— for a very little girl can be very heartsick,— colder, she thought, every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington Street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows, and a great many people know, that hotel. In fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the rule of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especially little beggar got into his well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in, nobody knows. Whether the doorkeeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head waiter at the dining room door was so tall that he couldn't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he couldn't see so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in,— by the doorkeeper, past the head waiter, under the shadow of the clerk, over the smooth, slippery floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it, smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner and no breakfast and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must have taken to feed 'em all!" She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers! I guess maybe there'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the Boston *Advertiser*, or the *Transcript*, or the *Post;* it was not the slight rapping of a cigar stump, as the ashes fell from some one's white hand; nobody coughed, nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was the sound of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress, and the red plaid shawl tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden woman in Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said, "What is the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The tempting odors of the dining room came in. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry that, if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run, and rush about and snatch something, and steal like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said, "I'm hungry."

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What is the matter here?" He called her in behind his New York *Times*, which was big enough to hide three like Mary Elizabeth; and, when he saw that nobody was looking, he gave her a five-cent piece in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said, "There, there, child! go, now, go!" Then he began to read the *Times* quite hard and fast, and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody gave anything else to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her, and she stood still.

Over by the window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen her nor anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be more sorrowful for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, and then flopped along and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched

this; they smiled and nodded to each other. The child did not see them, to wonder why. She went up and put her hand on the young man's arm.

He started. His curly brown head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar girl,— a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at, bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable signs of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said,—

"What do you want?"

"I'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day — a whole long day!" repeated the child.

Her lips quivered, but she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day —a whole long day!"

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irritably. "Don't bother me. I haven't had anything to eat for three days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped, and thought it over.

And now paper after paper, pipe after cigar, went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man with the beautiful brown curls and the dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face, was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico and the red shawl and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dining room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man — on the bright curls, this time — with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and — maybe — I — can get some somewheres. I wish you'd please take it."

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece on the table, and, snatching her in his arms, held her fast, and hid his face in her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry, but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud: —

"She's shamed me before you all, and she's shamed me to myself. I'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God."

He then took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things in the Bible, when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean Angel of Rebuke?"

"Sir?"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cow. She's so kind she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She — gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"I beg. It's better than to — get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah — well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large and attentive an audience, "but he died, too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking into a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself; "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

He flung the five-cent piece on the table, and, snatching her in his arms, held her fast.

"Wait, then," said the young man: "I'll see if I can't beg you enough to get your supper."

"I thought there must be an extry one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now she thought she would get back her five cents.

Sure enough: the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece; and something more, and more, and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily; and the gentleman who gave the five cents, and all the gentlemen, put something into the young man's hat.

So, when he came back to the table, he emptied the hat

and counted the money; and, truly, it was forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

"It's yours," said the young man. "Now come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece will take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. But we'll come to supper, now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth, loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes; we'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo, too. A little girl with $40 needn't sleep in a woodshed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth, "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the hand; and they all went out into the dining room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

"Mary Elizabeth ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows, but it didn't."

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do. So all the gentlemen laughed, and she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken and cranberry sauce, mashed potato, celery, rolls and butter, tomatoes, ice cream, nuts and raisins, cake and custard, and apples and grapes. And Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows, but it didn't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful — that might yet be, one would have thought who had seen him then — stood watching the little girl.

"She's preached me a better sermon," he said, below his breath, "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all churches. May God bless her! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it, I wished so, too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true temperance story.— *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in St. Nicholas, and published in pamphlet form by the Unitarian Temperance Society, Boston.*

The Little Optimist

"ERNEST, do you remember how we spent last Thanksgiving Day?" asked Grace at the breakfast table, a few days before Thanksgiving.

"I certainly remember," replied the young husband. "We invited the Vandors here, and on Christmas we were entertained there. What do you propose to do this year, Grace?"

"Well, that's the question. I wish we could do something different this year. Do help me plan something new."

"Now, Grace, tell me honestly, are you not thinking of last Sunday's text, and you want to inveigle me into some pious scheme? I think the text was, 'When thou makest a feast, do not as the publicans do,' etc."

"O Ernest, I wonder if I ever heard you quote correctly," and his wife smiled as she quoted, "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed."

"All right, Grace, I'll start out immediately to find paupers, and we'll fill the house with them on Thanksgiving Day."

"Now, Ernest, do be sensible. Try to discover some poor family, and we'll give them a happy day."

"Oh, rest assured I shall run down every pauper I see, and ask him whether he has already accepted an invitation to dinner on Thanksgiving Day; and if not, why, our house is open, etc. I don't fancy that next year you'll be planning for anything 'new.' You'll wish Thanksgiving to be spent 'in the same old way.'" And with a few more pleasant speeches Ernest hastened to his office.

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and as yet no guests had been invited. Ernest had been unusually busy at the office, and when off duty he encountered no one who looked as if he needed a good dinner.

But this Thanksgiving Eve he was determined to find some needy people, for Grace had laughingly told him that morning she didn't believe he could get anybody to accept his invitation.

The streets seemed filled with people, laughing and talking and apparently happy as they hurried along. The band was playing at the square. His attention was drawn to a very small, poorly clad urchin standing near the curb, and gazing at the musicians with rapt expression.

"Ah, here's the little chap I'm looking for, and I think I'll investigate his case," thought Ernest as the band started to march away. Approaching the lad familiarly, he asked, "Well, Johnny, what are you going to have for your Thanksgiving dinner?"

"My name ain't Johnny; it's Paul. But I don't care what yer calls me," replied the little boy.

"Well, what about your Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Oh, we don't never have no Thanksgiving dinners at our house."

"You don't? Well, that's too bad. Haven't you anything to be thankful for?"

"Oh, yes, lots; but we don't never have a good dinner just the same. But I don't care; I'm well and strong, and when I get bigger and can earn money, we're going to have Thanksgiving dinners every day."

"By your size I should think it might be a long time before you would have such good dinners. How will you manage until then?"

"Same as I've been doin'."

"How many in your family, Johnny?"

I represent the sorrow of the hundreds of thousands of liquor-made widows and orphans of our country.

"There are six of us, counting father."

"Why do you say, 'counting father'?"

"'Cause there's just five of us most of the time. Father doesn't come home often, and when he does — oh, well — he comes home, that's all."

"I suppose you are glad to see him when he comes?"

"Well, maybe, mister."

"You're a queer little chap."

"Well, I suppose I am. Do you have Thanksgiving dinner often?"

"Oh, not oftener than once a year! Thanksgiving comes only once a year, you know."

THE DALTON SEXTET, OF VALDOSTA, GEORGIA
You know at a glance that these children are not from the home of a devotee of the liquor traffic. Argument enough for prohibition! Six insistent and very tangible reasons.

"I should think one might have Thanksgiving oftener if he wanted to."

"Well, that's so; I suppose he might."

"We often have Thanksgiving at our house, all exceptin' the dinner."

"H'm! I shouldn't call it much of a Thanksgiving if I couldn't have a good dinner along with it. Are you so thankful for all you have that you have a Thanksgiving Day often? I can't imagine what you have to be thankful for. You are shivering now in those thin clothes, and you look hungry."

"Oh, I don't feel cold! There's no place bare yet. It's just chilly weather is all, but summer will soon come again. Besides, I've got lots more to be thankful for than the Pilgrims had."

"Well, who would have thought it! What do you know of the Pilgrims? They had all the fruit they could eat, didn't they, from the West India Islands, where they landed?"

The lad gave a merry laugh. "I guess you're a little rusty, mister, about them Pilgrims. They never had no fruit, and never seen them islands. I guess you are thinking of Columbus and his crowd. We've got an old history at home, and mother has read to us how the Pilgrims landed up in Massachusetts, and it was awful cold, and they had a hard time building houses, and there was ice and snow and Indians, but there was no nice fruits."

"So you think I'm rusty, Johnny? Well, you see it's a long time since I've been to school. I'm glad you know about the Pilgrims; and you think you have more to be thankful for than they?"

"Oh, yes; much more! I 'most know they went hungry sometimes before they could plant things."

"Aren't you ever hungry, Johnny?"

"Not ever very hungry. I know where I can get samples of breakfast food when I am hard pinched. The Pilgrims didn't have no breakfast food, did they, mister?"

"No, Johnny, I guess they didn't. Do you like breakfast food?"

"I like everything I can get."

"What do you do to have a good time at home?"

"I tell stories to the others, and then I pretend I'm playing the fiddle, and sometimes I can hear the band play. Oh, I just love that!"

"Do you sing at your house?"

"Oh, yes; we have the nicest times singing. Mother has taught us lots of hymns. But, mister, you ought to hear me whistle. I can just whistle any time a day. Can you whistle, mister?"

"Why, yes, sometimes when I feel like it. I don't believe I am as thankful as you are, Johnny. There are times when I can't whistle a note."

"I suppose that's when you've got a bad cold."

"Oh, no; it's when I'm downright cross. How should you like to come to my house to dinner tomorrow, Johnny?"

"My, but I'd like it! But I can't come. Mother would miss me, and I have to mind the others. But perhaps Jimmy could go. He's smaller'n me, and mother don't need him so much. Ask him, mister."

"Oh, I mean to invite you all. Can you come?"

The lad's eyes grew very bright as he asked, "Really, mister?"

"Yes, really. Take me home with you, Johnny, and we'll ask your mother what she thinks."

An hour later Ernest returned home, where Grace was anxiously waiting.

"Well, Grace, we're going to have company, sure enough, tomorrow; going to send a cab after the whole family, and they will be here at ten o'clock tomorrow. I've invited the drunken father, and all. That Scripture didn't say anything about asking drunkards, did it? And yet, when I saw him come staggering into that hovel, he looked to me poor, lame, blind, and all the rest, and I thought the verse fitted him. He had a tract in his hand, entitled 'Warning to Drunkards.' I'll venture that his being here to dinner will help him more than that tract."

"What a dear you are!" exclaimed Grace, delightedly. And as they went upstairs for the night, Ernest told her all about the queer little boy.

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and bright; the people in Factory Row wondered as they saw the big cab roll away with their neighbors. "Old Dawson, too, is inside," said one.

It was a thankful, happy crowd that sat down at the well-laden dinner table.

In the afternoon Ernest took out his violin, and played, while Grace accompanied him. The father's eyes beamed. He, too, could play a violin, and it brought back memories of other days. His violin had been sold for drink. Strong man as he was, he could hardly force back the tears. The soft strains of the violin brought visions of his old home, his mother, who was now dead, and of his sweetheart in the golden days. He glanced at his wife, and for the first time noticed the old, worn expression of her once fair face. He began to feel much like a villain. He longed to take the violin in his own hands.

Ernest, remembering that the lad had spoken of his "pretending to play the fiddle," took another violin out of its case, and said: "Now, son, see what you can do on this other fiddle. It is not a very good one, but it will do for you to learn on."

The look on the boy's face will never be forgotten.

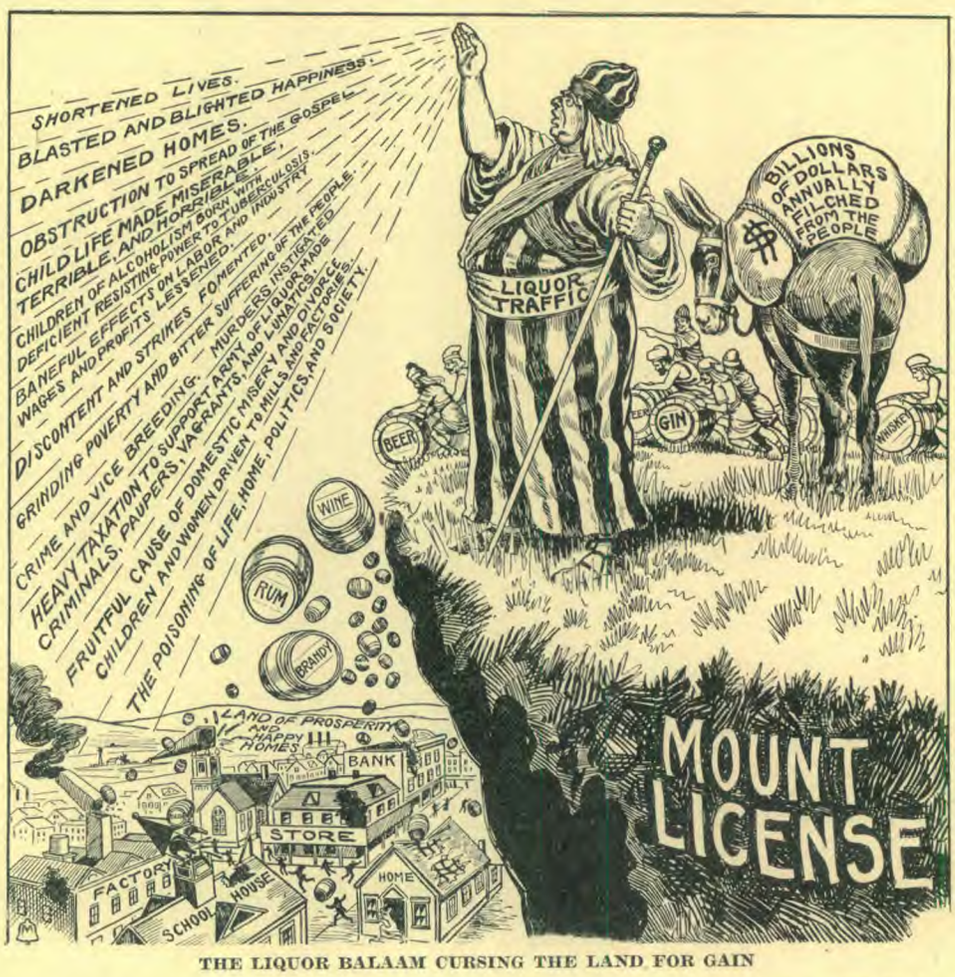
"Papa, show me how," said the lad, and he handed it to his father, who played such music as to bring tears to the eyes of the older ones. The sweet, pathetic strains spoke of other days, sorrow, and repentance, and finally it broke forth in hopeful melody.

The cab came; it was time to go. As they rolled home, Paul clinging tightly to the violin, somehow the father felt himself a man again. He determined right there that his old enemy, drink, should die, and that he would lead a new life, and live like other people. And realizing his own weakness, he lifted his heart to God for divine help.

While Paul and Jimmy were singing "Count Your Many Blessings," which they had heard at the mission school, the Spirit of the living God came into the man's heart, took away his old enemy, and left him a free and happy man.— *Pittsburgh Advocate.*

Galveston's Password

EVERY man in that crowd of five thousand men, women, and children huddled in the railroad station on the night the storm broke over Galveston, was asked as he presented himself for shelter if he carried whisky. If he did, he was required to relinquish it. No man with whisky upon him was admitted. In the morning, city officials closed every saloon in Galveston, and the saloons were kept closed until order was brought out of chaos. Every city stricken by calamity orders the saloons closed. Kansas City did so during the flood of 1903. San Francisco did so after her 1906 catastrophe. Colorado did so during her mining trouble. It is always so; and why? — Because "the saloon is the breeder of disorder, the friend of anarchy, the inciter of mob violence, riot, lawlessness, and unrestraint."



THE LIQUOR BALAAM CURSING THE LAND FOR GAIN

The Fly-Destroying Sundew

A MAN lying upon the grass noticed a little plant of sundew; presently a tiny fly alighted upon it, and tasted one of the tempting glands which grew upon the sundew. Suddenly three crimson-tipped, finger-like hairs bent over and touched its wings with a sticky touch, which held it fast. The fly struggled in vain to get free; the more it struggled, the more hopelessly it became besmeared. It still, however, protruded its tongue, feasting as it was, being more and more firmly held by other hairs, or tentacles. When the captive was entirely at the mercy of the plant, the edges of the leaf folded inward, and looked like a closed fist. Two hours later the fly was an empty, sucked skin, and the leaf was opening for another unwary visitor." So does the saloon deal with human beings. It does everything possible to attract young manhood to itself, then it closes its doors upon its heedless victims, and when it thrusts them forth for the last time they are sad wrecks of human life. They have been robbed of all that makes a man.

What Are You Going to Do?

"A RAGGED urchin of a boy, as he would be called by the average onlooker," says Mr. John Kempster, "saw a poor miserable old woman fall — perhaps she fell purposely — from the dock side into the water. Loafers were standing about, but no one took decided action for the rescue. The lad rushed about excitedly, eagerly beseeching the gathering crowd, and shouting, 'What are you going to do? What are you going to do?' Then, with impatient impulse, he off with his jacket and boots, plunged into the water, and by alternate strokes and pushes got the bundle of rags and humanity to the stone steps, where men waited without risk to land the helpless body; and the woman was saved. The boy's rags were the badge of his environment, but he was a sound-hearted boy and a practical philanthropist, an example to all who would do something to save and uplift humanity. I would apply the words of this noble boy to the terrible evils of the drink curse, and ask every one whom my words can reach, 'What are you going to do?'

"The facts and statistics of the drink curse are voluminous indeed, and yet the half is not told. We count the victims by millions, the money wasted by billions. But no figures can tell the moral damage, the social suffering, the mental anguish, the eternal misery involved. The continuous stream of 'misery, madness, and murder' still runs on. Would that we could unite our forces one and all to stem this torrent of torment, to undo this hell upon earth of our own creating. Thrilled with the pressing need for an immediate, unflinching, determined, self-sacrificing plunge, let us ask ourselves and everybody else, 'What are you going to do?'"

WHAT moral fiber has a person who will petition an officer not to let saloons come into his neighborhood, but will sign applications to allow them in other neighborhoods?

One Man's Experience With Alcohol —Then Freedom

HE was a dramatic author, a magazine writer, a newspaper editor, in a famous summer resort. He was all this, and more; and you will know how much more when I say that the saloons got $70,000 of his money, and all but put him in a drunkard's grave. How he escaped this tragic end was told by himself recently in *McClure's Magazine*. He says: —

"I arose on the morning of June 17 the year 1903, at eight o'clock, with every nerve in my body leaping with agonized tension. My hands shook so that I could not button my collar, and I shoved it in my coat pocket with the cravat that went with it. I could hardly fasten my garments, and to attempt shaving would have been to place a premium on self-mutilation. I was within one short jump of delirium tremens, and, fortunately, I knew it. Yet one thought alone possessed me: I must have a drink — two, perhaps three drinks.

"Three floors below me was a saloon, and I hurried there as quickly as I could find my way down the stairs. In the saloon I ordered whisky and absinth. I could not pour them from the bottles, so the bartender poured them for me. I tried to raise the drink to my lips, and it dropped from my shaking hands — both of them. Through experience I had found that this combination of liquids served to lull the nervous palsy that beset me in the morning, provided I repeated it three or four times within a quarter of an hour.

"When I tried to raise the glass after the bartender had refilled it, I knew I could not do it; and then I recalled a method I had seen pursued by a nervous wreck in a case similar to mine. Taking out my handkerchief, I slipped it around my neck, grasping an end in each hand. Still holding the right end in my right hand, I clutched the glass that rested upon the bar, and by pulling on the other end I raised the glass to my shaking lips. As I did this, I caught my reflection in the mirror opposite, and after draining the liquor I let the glass fall again. I saw that picture of myself a hundred times more that day.

"'That's you! That's you!' I muttered to myself, and hurried outside.

"When I left the saloon that June day, I was in the clutch of a great fear. I was accompanied by a specter that had haunted me during two weeks. I feared I should never be able to get sober again. I feared I should die in the grip of liquor, and I did not want to die. The night before, I sat rocking on the edge of my bed, crying chokingly, horribly, because I could see no hope of ever getting straight again.

"'God! what shall I do? What shall I do?' I cried.

"I walked about for an hour after leaving the saloon, and in that hour I had three more drinks. I tried to eat, but the very thought of food nauseated me, and I finally went to my work to sweat it out as best I might. I felt as if a cold hand held my heart in its clutch, and I was on the verge of tears. Twelve or thirteen times that day I went to the saloon; and when I closed my desk at two in the morning, I went back again, alone. I did not want whisky then. I ordered beer, and took it to a small table in a corner where there was a red squirrel in a cage. At that hour he was in his wheel, whirling it madly, and the sight of him annoyed me. Poor devil! he was like myself.

"I turned my back on the squirrel, and looked at my glass of beer. I closed my eyes, and that picture of my sodden self dragging a glass of rum to my trembling lips with the aid of a soiled handkerchief leaped up before me. It shocked me as I had never been shocked before. It burned me like a streak of fire. I cried again, but inwardly this time, and the sobs shook me, and somehow, up through the reek of liquor, up through the diseased, disordered mentality that was the conscious I, something of manhood fought and shivered. Perspiration broke out on my body. I shook and shivered. In a moment I knew I was face to face with a decision. Something deep within me pointed an accusing finger. It told me what I was, showed me to what I was coming; it ran over the list of men I had known and worked with who had drunk themselves to a cruel death, and I shuddered. I pushed back the glass of beer, and staggered to my feet. I thrust out an arm before my eyes to shut out the horror that was before me, and I gasped. I knew the precipice lay just ahead. Then I found myself outside, with the stars overhead and the boom of the surf in the distance. I looked up and whispered, 'I'm through! I'm through!' And as an afterthought — for I knew what I was in for — I added, 'If it kills me, I'm through!'

"For forty-eight hours I suffered the torture of the nethermost hell. Not easily does the rum demon let his children go. He tore at me, he battered my already weakened will, he seared my newborn determination with fire. I cried, and sobbed, and struggled through white nights and red days — and then came peace. I had won clear, and with the con-

sciousness of that came something I can only describe as a clean, sweet breath. The new birth of decency was mine.

"From that day to this no touch of liquor has been upon me. I will not permit it in my house; I will not offer it to a friend, nor will I pay for a friend's drinking of it. I am narrow, bigoted, if you will; but I will not willingly, consciously, give the rum traffic one cent."

My Earlier Experience With Alcohol

"Among the earliest of my recollections is that of seeing my father drunk, and of wondering what was the matter with him. I could not have been more than four, but the memory is clear to this day. I do not exaggerate when I say that to my father's indulgence in liquor I can trace every sorrow and misfortune that came to my mother and me during the first sixteen years of my life. He was a failure by the time I was nine, and then I despised him, for I heard him talked about. He left us when I was ten, and I did my small best to forget him. When he returned, I knew he was an encumbrance.

"I can look back now, without prejudice, and say frankly that I can recall no moral instruction from my father. I think at first he held high standards. I am sure if he had had none, my mother would not have married him; but whisky sapped these, and he fell. The moral qualities are the first to give way to alcohol's ravages.

"I was afraid of liquor. I have watched for my father through the gate or the fence, and if I saw that he had been drinking, I hid myself. Yet, with all that fear, by heredity I was predisposed to the use of liquor — nay, to its abuse. My father had a business partner, a retired physician, and he, too, drank to excess, swinishly. He would come to our house, and he was boisterous and rough. Of him also I was afraid. Usually I kept away from him, and he noticed this. Once he asked my mother why it was.

"'He is afraid of men who drink,' she told him, and he laughed.

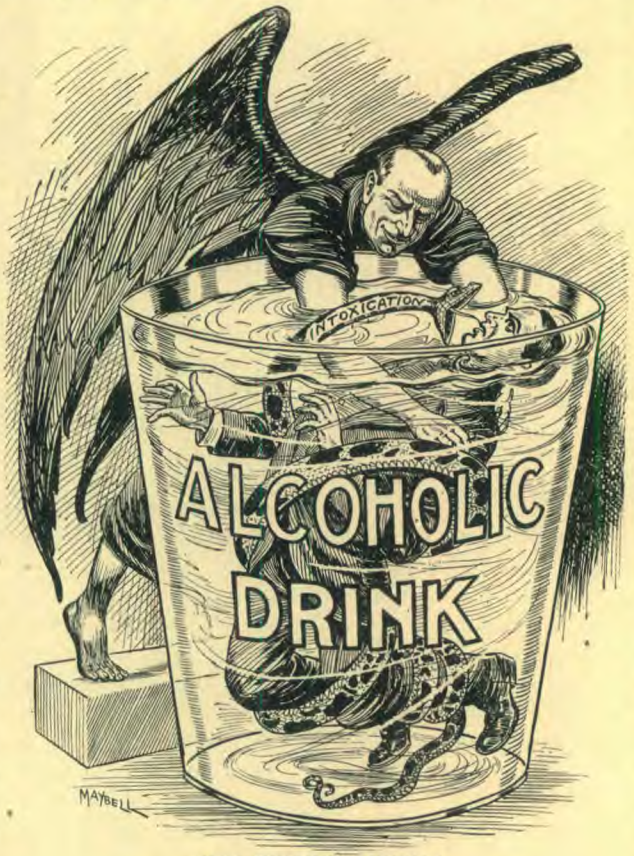
"'He'll get over that,' he replied. 'His father will see to it.'

"'I hope he's seen enough of the evil of it,' my mother answered. 'I pray God he has.'

"But I had not. I had seen other men drink. I had peered fearfully into the barrooms and watched men there; and the thing frightened, yet strangely fascinated me. I saw horrible examples by the dozen, nay, by the hundred, but they did not horrify me. I have known the evil effects of alcohol since I have known anything. I have never suffered illusions as to its nature. I have seen a farmer come to town and stagger down the main street with a bottle in his hand, and I have seen him dragged raving to the jail. I have seen women reeling drunk; I have seen them lying in gutters. I have seen the saloon vomit foul tramps; and still, when it came my turn, I drank, and did it eagerly, confident in my ability to control myself.

"When I was very small, my father beat me when he was drunk. When my mother interfered, he pushed her roughly away. I remember that, and young as I was, it burned into my consciousness. Eighteen years after that episode, again while he was drunk, he struck her, and I thrashed him so thoroughly that he kept his bed for a week. I think the horror of that affair shortened my mother's life by years.

"My mother was my educator. Such basic knowledge as I now possess I owe to her. She spoke three languages, traveled over Europe, and possessed a wide culture, a sympathetic and broad outlook upon life, and an indomitable courage. Indeed, she was a mine of energy. When my father had ruined himself irretrievably, she raised the money for his passage West, packed his trunk, and, with her high spirit and firm courage, strove to put him on his feet. That he failed was not her fault; that he returned with less character and more alcohol four years later did not, that I could see, alter her determination to struggle on. She tried again and again. and this while working and keeping me, bringing me up in the atmosphere of her own culture, and striving to imbue me with the characteristics she knew a man should possess. Today the better things of me are hers.



THE DEVIL'S BAPTISM
More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.— German proverb.

My First Taste of Liquor

"And now I come to my first taste of liquor. I write this with reluctance, with positive hesitation, and yet I do not feel that in common honesty I can withhold what I have to say. The first taste of liquor, the first sensation from alcohol that I received, was at my first communion. The memory of that has never died. I think it never will. Regretfully I now state that I firmly believe that had I never tasted that heavy wine, I should never have been led to experiment with the next step.

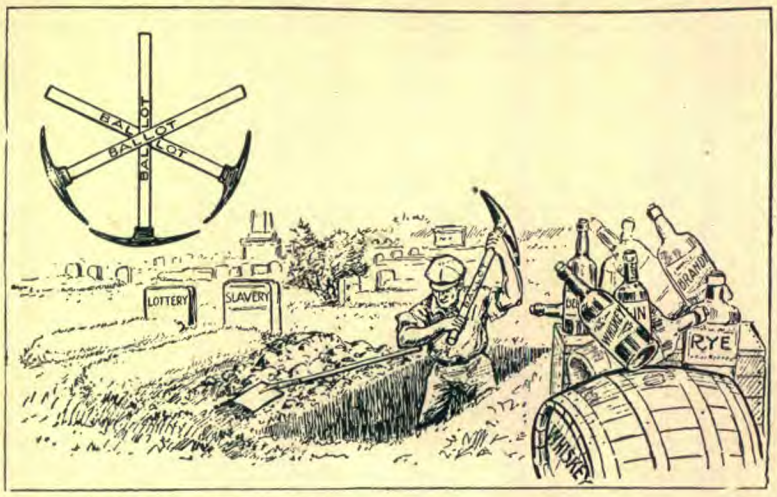
"From the Sunday morning I took that first sip of wine into my mouth and turned it speculatively about on my palate, I thought about drink. My second taste of alcohol followed hard upon my first. I am indebted to the medical profession for it.

"By virtue of necessity I began to earn money shortly after I was sixteen. I chose electrical engineering as my profession, and I began at the bottom. I was thrown with older men, rough men, men with few ideals; and with them I cultivated a taste for malt liquors. I should never have tasted beer or ale, I am sure, had it not been for the open, inviting, mysterious saloon,— the saloon that stood at the corners wherever one might go.

"The man who bought me my first glass of beer was a man of thirty-five. I can recall vividly that saloon; I recall the acrid smell of stale beer, the haze of tobacco smoke, the chatter of men at the bar. I found the saloon always waiting for me. There was no question as to age. I was welcomed. I know now that as the old customers wear out, new ones must be found, and the younger the better. I began to go into saloons alone; I did it after the day's work. Then I took in a companion or two of my own age. We leaned against the rail and talked large talk. The saloon let us stay. It always does. *When the day comes in which civilization wipes out the saloon, and with it the public drinking, one full half of the liquor question will have been solved.*"

Five years in Chicago after finding alcohol, then on to

New York, and the sequel need not be written. It is too dark. But fortunately there came an awakening. It comes to but few who have once tasted the dregs of wine cup and whisky bottle. After this dark and varied experience, this



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Take your pick and help dig the grave of King Alcohol. "No evil cause ever lives in perpetuity. The sepulcher of the centuries is filled with the whitening bones of dead evils, slain by man in his climb toward God,— slain in his effort to prepare a safer place for those who are to follow him."

man says of the great temperance question now before the American people:—

"Alcohol ruined my home, shortened my mother's life, made my father a doddering inefficient, and all but shipwrecked me. On the side of benefits conferred by alcohol I can allow none. There is only one remedy for the liquor evil; it rests solely upon the nonexistence of alcohol itself. It is not the saloon alone; it is not the wholesale or retail dealer; it is not the dispensary, blind tiger, or private still. The evil of alcohol lies in alcohol."

What Does North Dakota Say?

IF I am suffering from a disease, and a friend is suffering from the same, and both of us have been using the same remedy, but without appreciable benefit, and then my friend changes medicine, of course I shall be interested, after due time, to learn what he thinks of the new remedy. Now North Dakota tried the license system, but changed from it to prohibition twenty-five years ago. Surely we should be interested to know the result of the change, and the people of the State should by this time be able to recommend or repudiate the prohibitory law. What do they say of it?

Ex-Gov. John Burke, now treasurer of the United States, says: "In my judgment the prohibition law is responsible, in a large degree, for our great increase and prosperity and for the enormous decrease in crime."

William H. White, a lumber merchant owning about twenty-five lumber yards in the Red River valley, says: "Watching the workings of the law in our State, I am not only convinced that it is right in principle, but decidedly the best policy from an economic viewpoint." Mr. White has been a resident of the State for forty years; so his testimony is of special worth.

James Kenedy, general contractor, of Fargo, says: "When the question of changing from a license system to prohibition was first proposed, in 1884, and for several years afterwards, I was bitterly opposed to prohibition. But I am now glad that the change was made, and there is no man in the State of North Dakota that would fight the return of the saloon in any guise stronger than I would, were the occasion to arise; and I do not believe the people of North Dakota will ever permit the saloon to return to our State."

P. Elliott, a Fargo hotel keeper, gives this testimony: "I know from actual experience in running a hotel that it is not necessary to keep a bar and sell intoxicating liquors. Prohibition has worked wonders for the good of our community, and our business men generally do not want the saloon brought to our borders."

R. B. Griffifth, a leading merchant of Grand Forks, says: "When prohibition went into effect in 1890, forty saloons went out of business in our city. The friends of the saloon said grass would grow in our streets. My experience has proved that they were mistaken. My business has grown from a small beginning to about $500,000 annually. It has been clearly demonstrated that the saloon is a competitor of the store and a detriment to every legitimate business. As a purely business proposition, any community is a gainer by abolishing the liquor traffic."

Alexander Stern, a merchant, an owner of business houses for rent, and a city commissioner, says: "My rents have increased under prohibition, rather than diminished. From the viewpoint of the landlord, the prohibitory system is far superior to any other."

Hubert Harrington, a Fargo hardware merchant: "I unhesitatingly say that while originally I was not in favor of the law, yet experience has demonstrated to me its superiority over the license system."

S. S. Lyon, Fargo, cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, says: "A much larger proportion of our young men are saving money and opening bank accounts under prohibition than under license. Our best business men would strongly oppose the return to the license system."

Sound Advice

A man accustomed to indulge in drink entered a room of a hotel where a grave Quaker was sitting by the fire. Lifting up a pair of green spectacles and rubbing his inflamed eyes, the newcomer called for hot brandy and water. While waiting for it, he com-

plained to the old Quaker that his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that the spectacles did not seem to do him any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "that if thee were to wear the spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get well again."— *The Saloon Keeper's Ledger.*

Out-of-Date Statements

"PROHIBITION hurts business."

"Prohibition does not prohibit."

"Prohibition will increase taxes."

"Prohibition will increase the blind pigs."

"Alcoholic liquors are necessary for medicine."

"Prohibition interferes with personal liberty."

The foregoing statements have been so often disproved by scientific and civil investigation and by experience that a person who uses any one of them in opposing the prohibition of the liquor traffic advertises quite unfavorably his lack of information upon the question that has attracted the attention of all civilized nations.

WAR, with all its horrors, sometimes stimulates the human mind and the human soul to a broader vision of spiritual and mental activities. It is an unspeakable curse; nevertheless, there are some phases of war which develop unselfishness and humanity. Whisky and the saloon business, on the contrary, are an unspeakable curse, without one single, solitary redeeming quality.— *The Manufacturers' Record.*

Little Turtle and Whisky

UNCLE SAM has dealt more kindly with his Indian wards than with his own white children. We are not sorry for what he has done for the red man; but we wish he had been as solicitous for the welfare of the white, the black, and the yellow man. Again and again Indian chiefs and friends of the Indians among the white men besought him to stop the white man from giving and selling fire water to the Indians.

Perhaps no more earnest appeal was made than that which was made by Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. On the front of an Indiana courthouse stands the statue of Little Turtle among those of noted white men. He lived at the time President Washington had his residence in Philadelphia, and by invitation the chief visited the President there. During this visit President Washington presented Little Turtle with a fine sword and a silver medal, which had on one side the picture of the President and on the other side the picture of a turtle. The President also employed an artist to paint the portrait of his guest and friend. Little Turtle was a gentleman, a brave soldier, a wise statesman, an orator, and a loyal friend.

Of course he resented the encroachments of the white man upon the Indians' land, and many hard battles were fought; but General Wayne, whom the Indians called "The Wind," was too much for them in the Battle of the Fallen Timbers. After this conflict the Indians felt it was useless to further resist the white man; so they signed a treaty of peace, the "Treaty of Greenville." Little Turtle in time became the white man's unchanging friend. He did not, however, like to have the white man teach the Indians to drink whisky. This they persisted in doing; and as the chief found the fire water was killing off his men, he was greatly distressed, and said: —

An Indian enjoying his "personal liberty," graciously accorded him by some white friend of the liquor traffic.

This liquor that they introduce into our country is more to be feared than the gun or the tomahawk. There are more of us dead since the Treaty of Greenville than we lost by the years of war before it, and it is all owing to the introduction of this liquor among us.

He begged the government by letter and in person to prevent the rum trader from coming to sell liquor to his people, saying that unless this is done, "your red brothers are lost forever." He pleaded with Congress to prohibit the liquor traffic; he spoke before the legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky to the same end; and he prayed that the Great Spirit would "change the minds of his people and tell them it will be better for them to cultivate the earth than to drink whisky."

Little Turtle's efforts were in time rewarded. The first law passed by the assembly of the Indiana Territory is said to have been one to protect the Indians from the curse of rum; and later Uncle Sam himself was compelled to grant the earnest petitions for prohibition for the red man, and this was the first law enacted by Congress looking to the curtailment of the liquor traffic.

Notwithstanding this national statute, many of the Indians have always been at the mercy of the white men who love money more than life, and who therefore persist in supplying them with liquor. For two centuries the Indian has appealed for more adequate protection from the liquor traffic. In a recent campaign to make dry certain Minnesota towns that were a serious menace to the Indians round about, the Chippewa Indians petitioned the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to make the white man keep his word as given in the treaty of 1855. They said: "The Great Father promised us he would keep fire water out of the Indian country. Now let the Great Father keep his word." And he did. The towns in question went dry.

From Behind the Bars

A MAN under sentence of electrocution, in an Ohio penitentiary, for murder, made an earnest effort to warn others against the saloon, the rock upon which he was wrecked. In a letter giving the story of his life he placed the blame for his unhappy condition upon liquor, as shown in the closing paragraph: —

I have requested that this letter and all matters pertaining to my case be thrown upon the screen so that parents and young men and women will realize the dangers of the saloon. In my cell is a fellow Russian, also awaiting the death penalty. He killed people while drunk. This is the personal liberty that "wets" are advocating. They allow you the personal liberty of drinking, but when drink has got you into trouble, they desert you. The only men that come to your rescue are the moral people who do believe in bettering mankind. *Dear people, vote the saloon out of the country for the young men's sake. Drink only makes degenerates and brutes out of human beings.*

Another man, sentenced to prison for life for the murder of his father-in-law, was drunk when the crime was committed. Before leaving the jail to start on the journey to the State penitentiary, the penitent man issued a pathetic statement, in which he gives the following advice to the public: —

You start drinking, and don't think much about it. Soon your senses are dulled, you have lost the will power to quit, and then you are regarded as worse than nothing. My advice to any who are drinking now is to stop before it gets too much of a hold on them. Let them read this and think of the fate that confronts me — all the long years ahead within the dim, gray walls of a prison, shut off from my fellow men, denied access to the world, with the knowledge, in the lonely nights spent restlessly on my cot, that the blood of a fellow being is on my hands.

While the primary object of these men and of the many who have left similar testimonies is to prevent others of their fellow men from following in the path that caused their downfall, yet these admonitions become to us strong appeals to remove from the roadway of life those things that wreck human beings.

More than a thousand men in a Pennsylvania penitentiary, unsolicited signed a petition urging the people to vote for prohibition; and the very fact that eighty-three per cent of the persons in the penitentiary at Michigan City, Indiana, and eighty per cent in an Ohio penitentiary, and about the same per cent in every other penal institution in the land, attribute their downfall directly to liquor, is the strongest kind of appeal from behind the bars for the destruction of the liquor traffic.

There also comes to us a plea for the same from those who would be free from the tyranny of drink, but are too weak themselves to break the chain that binds them. One of these is an Oregon prisoner, sixty-three years of age, who pleaded with county officials to be kept in prison until the State went dry.

Another is from a Chicago steam fitter who went to the police station and requested to be locked up until he could

get rid of his drinking mania. Others besides these have sought freedom from the rum fiend by taking refuge behind prison bars.

From every State in the nation there are thousands of imprisoned, liquor-wrecked men calling to us to eliminate the hellish liquor traffic, and thus prevent a fate like their own from coming to thousands of their fellow men. Men and women, shall we not heed these importunate appeals for justice and freedom that come to us from behind the bars?

Destroy the Breeding Places

CLEVELAND, Ohio, has the distinction of being the first flyless city. It gained this reputation through the clear-sightedness and executive ability of one woman, Dr. Jean Dawson, instructor of biology in one of the city's normal schools. Dr. Dawson realized that "in the antifly campaign of the last decade the slogan 'Swat the fly' had been overworked. Swatting the fly in practice never got farther than reducing the total number of flies by the small number killed. The fly-swatting crusades did serve a purpose, however, and that was to educate the people as to the danger of harboring the fly, and to secure their cooperation in applying the only means for its elimination — the elimination of its breeding places."

Acting upon this assumption, Dr. Dawson enlisted 125,000 school children to unite with the normal school in a campaign to eliminate the fly's breeding places. How well this enthusiastic and intelligent corps of sanitarists succeeded in their undertaking is shown in Mayor Baker's pronouncement that, due to this wisely conducted campaign, Cleveland is practically a flyless city.

Cleveland is to be congratulated; but when a similar work of elimination is carried forward regarding her breeding places of drunkards, even greater good and honor will come to the city.

Local option and prohibitory laws, like the "Swat the fly" campaign, are good so far as they go. They destroy some of the iniquitous liquor places, and their destruction educates the people in regard to the seriousness of the liquor evil; but there is hope for a sober nation only in the elimination of all the breeding places of the saloon, and they are the breweries and the distilleries. Destroy these, and the saloon with its product must go.

Let us every one join heroically in the campaign to make America a saloonless nation, by educating the people to demand the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

"Said this man, with an accent of pride, 'I can drink it or cast it aside.'" He drank it——

The Saloon's Versatility

WHO would have thought of going to the saloon to secure a cook? But we are told by the treasurer of the Chicago Pastry Cooks' Union that a certain saloon in Chicago is the headquarters for hotel and restaurant cooks and chefs. From two to four hundred professional craftsmen can be daily found in this saloon, for it is the clubhouse of the unemployed cooks; it is the exchange station for kitchen help. Many will stay there from early morning till late at night, and squander their earnings, hoping for a job. The hotel and restaurant keepers, when in need of a cook or chef, telephone, telegraph, write, or go to this place. A well-known railroad company sends to this saloon for its cooks. Orders are given to the saloon proprietor or to the bartenders. They give the jobs to those who buy the most whisky from their bar. The result is obvious.

The men do not go there from choice. The members of the cooks' union have complained frequently to the city and State authorities, and men and organizations have interested themselves in their behalf; but all are told that this method of securing help is the most satisfactory to employers. All efforts, therefore, to abolish the system have as yet been altogether unsuccessful. Even State officials refuse to cooperate in securing relief to these outraged chefs and cooks. Men who will not from principle go to this saloon to secure jobs are placed at a disadvantage, for the patrons of the saloon get the jobs.

What is true of the cooks and chefs in Chicago must be true of such persons in New York and other great cities. All this evil comes from the saloons and the hotels being partners in the liquor business. Abolish hotel bars and the saloons will no longer be employment agencies for cooks and chefs, giving the jobs to those who buy the most whisky or beer.

The cooks and chefs are not the only workmen who get their jobs through the saloon. It is to the interest of the saloon keeper that his patrons have jobs; so he becomes a self-appointed general employment agent. According to Dr. Charles Stelzle, saloon keepers also have "a monopoly of cheap halls in large cities, and charge, usually, no rent for them. These become the meeting places of social clubs, labor unions, lodges, singing societies, and other organizations of the poorer people. Here, too, many have their christenings, weddings, dances, and other social functions. This is particularly true among foreign-speaking peoples.

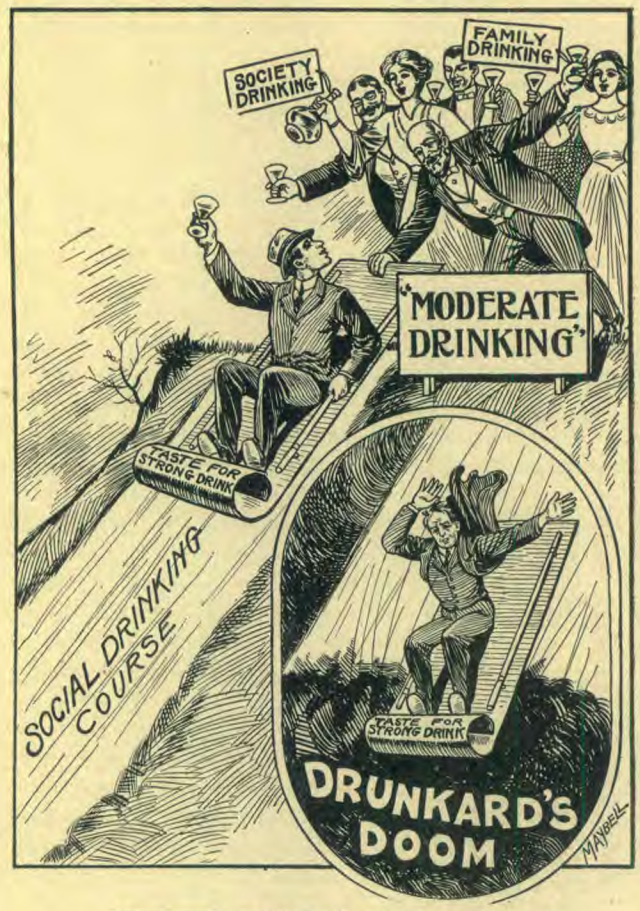
"In many cases saloon customers are supplied with papers. Sometimes the use of a free gymnasium is allowed. The saloon music wins — especially when it is given in connection with a summer garden annex to which a man may take his wife and children. But one of the most important features of the saloon is the free lunch offered. The saloon daily feeds thousands of clerks and workmen.

"The saloon keeper lends the workingman money without setting up the 'work test' of the Charity Organization Society. This is part of the saloon keeper's business policy."

These are grave evils; for the saloon should be divorced from everything but its wicked business of wrecking human life. It should have everything savoring of good eliminated. Such things deceive the unwary into thinking that the saloon is a benefit to the community. It is only an evil. Therefore it should be stripped at once of everything that tends to hide its real nature and work. It should not be allowed to act as an employment bureau, nor should it be permitted to serve free lunches. The schoolhouse with its movable furniture, or some other suitable building, provided by the city, should be the social center, the meeting place of lodges, clubs, unions, and singing societies. With little effort the foreigner and the poor can be made to feel that because of their taxes the schoolhouse, or this special building provided by the city, belongs to them as well as to the most influential in the community, and can therefore be used by them for any social function. Shall not every town and city at once strip the saloons of every semblance of good, allowing nothing to hide their loathsomeness from even the most ignorant voter? This done, the people will the sooner demand the annihilation of the liquor traffic.

Courage

AT a dinner party, where there were present distinguished foreign and American statesmen, Mr. Colfax, then Vice President of the United States, declined to take wine, whereupon a senator who had already taken too much, exclaimed, sneeringly, across the table, "Colfax dare not drink!" "You



IERE THE TOBOGGAN STARTS AND ENDS
The only safe way is to have nothing to do with the poisoned cup.

are right," he answered; "I dare not!" The following lines were written to commemorate Mr. Colfax's courage:—

"I dare not!" Were those cowardly words
That startled that brilliant, distinguished throng,
As they fell from the lips of one single man
Who dared to do right and feared to do wrong?

"I dare not!" Did he know the power
Of one fatal glass to bring sorrow and tears,
To rouse a thirst that had slumbered long,
When the pledge had been kept, aye, even for years?

"I dare not!" I might learn the terrible truth
That my act had tempted another today;
We all have some influence, for good or for ill,
To guide men aright or lead them astray.

"I dare not" when I hear the wail of distress
Sweeping o'er my loved land like the wild, surging wave;
When the terrible doom of thousands I see,—
A drunkard's home, a drunkard's grave.

"I dare not!" O that this brave reply
Might roll through the land in thunder tone strong—
A noble example, teaching others to say,
In temptation's dark hour, I dare not do wrong!

'Tis he is the coward who proves false to his vows,
To his manhood, his honor, for a laugh or a sneer;
'Tis he is the hero who stands firm, though alone,
For the truth and the right without flinching or fear.

Then dare to do right, though the whole world deride;
When tempted may this motto be your shield of might
The world ever honors true courage in man,
Then ne'er be afraid or ashamed to do right.

— *Selected.*

MORE workmen lose their jobs because the saloons are open than would be the case were the saloons to be closed; so do not worry about the jobs lost through the closing of saloons. Better jobs will soon present themselves

What One Glass Did

"I HAD a little vessel on the coast. She had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch. The seamen prevailed on him to take 'one glass,' to help him perform his duties; but being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and my wife took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. Finally they swept my little one from my embrace; then after more hours of suffering the waves swept the other child from my wife's arms, and our little ones were lost to us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am, my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost — for 'one glass' of rum."

What Two Glasses Did

THE world's greatest violinist was Paganini, an Italian by birth. He played before the courts of Europe. A great artist and friend of Paganini, after attending some of the violinist's remarkable performances, said: "You have played those wonderful passages, requiring the greatest fineness of touch, absolutely without fault, except on two nights this week, but on those nights you slightly blurred certain notes. Why is it?" "Ah!" replied the great violinist, "before going onto the platform on those two nights I took a glass of wine. I felt conscious myself that in the most difficult passages I had not transcribed them perfectly."

A Boy's Mettle Tested

FORTY years ago a boy joining the Cadets of Temperance, took the vow of total abstinence. Soon after his initiation into the society, he was apprenticed to the bricklayer's trade. The following graphic account of an experience that came to him on his first day at the brickyards is of interest:—

My employer knew his business well, was a skillful craftsman, but much given to drink, as were all his employees. At noon he bade me pour the water from the pail, go to a near-by tavern and get it filled with ale.

I brought it as ordered, took my place at the end of the line, seated like the rest in the shadow of the wall, and saw the bucket with a tin cup therein coming slowly toward me. I trembled inwardly as I saw that every bricklayer, every hodcarrier, every mortar mixer, every apprentice, drank the beer.

From my master down each took a share, and I realized that I, a poor weak lad, on my first day in a new crew, must offend all,

Temperance Pledge

"A pledge we make no wine to take,
Nor brandy red that turns the head,
Nor fiery rum that ruins home,
Nor whisky hot, that makes the sot,
Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear,
And cider hard will never do.
To quench our thirst we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring:
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

Name.....

Date.....

censure their customs, stand their sneers, endure their scoffs, or surrender my principles.

When the booze reached me, I whispered a refusal to the one who passed it, but the gaffer, thinking I was merely timid in new company, cried out in hearty, Old Country style: "Take it, Robert; don't be shy; I pay for it. You are one of us; have your sip of it."

I said, with faltering voice, while all eyes turned on me, "Excuse me, Mr. George, I never drank liquor and cannot begin now."

He laughed uproariously, as did the others, and shouted, "Ho, ho, lad, you will never be a bricklayer till you learn to drink!"

I put the untouched meal in my basket, arose slowly, shaking like an aspen tree, and walking down the row of scornful workmen, I paused before the leader, and said, "Mr. George, if that is true, I will go home and tell my father I am discharged; for drink liquor I will not, now or ever; I will not!"

I think I had mysterious help that day, unseen of all. To my amazement the boss leaped up, took my hand, and said, "God bless you, boy; stand fast, and you will be a man some day!" Then to the wage earners he said, "If any man of you ever asks him to drink, you will suffer for it."

The first step is the hardest, and I had won the heaviest battle. I worked four years with him, and saw the ruin drink made. One of my early friends became through it a murderer; another, a madman; another, an outcast; another, a thief.

I have seen wives crushed, homes destroyed, children disgraced, babes diseased, families divided, mothers bereft, brothers estranged, firms bankrupted, lawyers degraded, doctors degenerated, and ministers debauched. And all who are in prisons, insane asylums, hospitals for incurables, all who rot in lazarettos, or sleep in potter's fields through this treacherous foe of God and man, began as moderate drinkers.

My words will not reach nor shake the inhuman parasites who are fattened by the gains of this awful traffic; but to the boys I cry, *Swear eternal enmity to rum, and enlist for this holy war till America is forever free from it.*

Organized Lawbreaking

WHENEVER an attempt is made to secure prohibition, national, State, county, or town, the promoters of the liquor traffic immediately cry out for "regulation by law." Let there be higher licenses, fixed hours for opening and closing the saloons, and various other statutes in the interests of "decency" and "good order;" they will subscribe to them all! But the traffic has its very roots in lawlessness; it lives by lawbreaking. Incidents in proof of this statement could be given without end. Here is a case in point, which appeared in the Washington *Post* of Jan. 26, 1915: —

Liquor by Aeroplane!

Ohioan Has Plan to Thwart Prohibition of Interstate Shipments

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, January 25.— Liquor is to be delivered to this city from Ohio by aeroplane. This determination has been reached by Samuel Underleider, of the Acord Liquor Company, of Dillonvale, Ohio, whose company has been doing a land-office business since the Yost prohibition law went into effect in this State, by delivering intoxicants to customers in this city from the company's warehouses in wet Dillonvale. The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond, Virginia, a few days ago, makes it illegal for consignments of intoxicants to be delivered by common carrier; and in order to get around the law, Underleider has decided on the aeroplane expedient.

It is not at all likely that this spectacular method of evading the law was resorted to; but that it was ever seriously considered shows that respect for the law is not the guiding principle of the liquor traffic. And is it not true that as "the intent of the lawmaker is the law," so also *the intent of the lawbreaker is violation of the law?* A. B. E.

A Paradox Difficult to Understand

MR. and Mrs. B. A. Meeker, American missionaries living in Canton, China, while recently returning to their home from Waichow, stopped at a certain customhouse where they learned that two men were drowning in a near-by slough. But nowhere was there excitement. Instead of hastening to the rescue of the men, a few soldiers walked leisurely along the shore; but they had no means of saving the unfortunate men perchance they should rise to the surface. After some time, however, a party went out in a boat to see if the bodies could be found.

The boat of these missionaries passed on, and as it neared Canton a more exciting accident occurred. A pig got out of its bamboo cage and jumped into the water. Mrs. Meeker, in writing of the incident, says: "You should have seen the excitement on board the boat. An alarm was sounded, and after considerable calling to the launch men, the launch with the two towboats was turned about, and we went back in search of the animal. When we caught sight of it, it was struggling with the waves. We went about a mile and then circled around it, and some of the workmen drew it on board. The fact was that the loss of a pig meant that the company would have to pay the price." Therefore the pig caused more excitement than the drowning men.

No other people, it is claimed, place so small a value on human life as do the Chinese, and this incident demonstrates the fact that to them animal life with a monetary value is often of far more consequence than human life. In view of this fact, it is difficult to understand why China is destroying the opium trade while our own country fosters the liquor traffic. It would seem that America would destroy quickly everything that threatens human life, while China would at least be indifferent to life-destroying agencies so long as they are lucrative.

Educational Work a Necessity

YOU believe the liquor traffic to be an unmitigated evil that should be immediately annihilated. You cannot perform this worthy deed yourself. No one person can. The American people must do it. But some do not yet sense the serious evil of a licensed liquor traffic. They must be made to do this. When they do, they will begin to reckon with it as did the man who consulted an attorney about bringing suit against one who had called him a rhinoceros. After talking it over, the attorney said: —

"You said this man called you a rhinoceros three years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, why are you bringing suit against him now? Why have you waited all this time?"

"But," the man replied, "I never saw a rhinoceros until yesterday."

Through the nation-wide educational campaigns of the temperance forces, the American people everywhere are getting a view of the hideousness of the liquor rhinoceros. This view is arousing them to action against the infamous evil.

A Tenfold Curse

WINE brings a tenfold curse. It brings a curse on him who makes it for another's use, on him who makes it for himself alone, on him who drinketh of the poison draft, on him who carries it from place to place, on him to whom the poisoned grape is brought, on him who serves it to the eager guest, on him who sells it to another's hurt, on him who profits by the harmful sale, on him who buys it for himself alone, on him who buys it for another's use — these ten shall be accursed.— *Mohammed.*

New Work for Detectives

DETECTIVES armed with cameras are taking photographs of every employee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad they see taking a drink of alcoholic liquor. A number of employees have been discharged upon the camera's testimony.

Do It Now

IF you regard this paper of real worth as a temperance agitator and educator, send at least one dollar for twenty-five copies to give to others. Twenty-five cents will bring you five copies.

The Youth's Instructor

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WHAT IS THE LICENSED LIQUOR TRAFFIC?

It is the business which the wet voters of the nation deliberately perpetuate from the mistaken idea that it advances their own personal business and decreases their taxes, though they know its existence means the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of our noble boys, as well as an innumerable number of men and women. This is the licensed liquor traffic. It "jeopardizes every interest of the home. It cannot live without sacrificing these interests. Souls are its victims, and it snatches them from rich and poor alike. There is no satiety to its appetite, no set boundary to its field of operation, no trust too holy for it to violate, no right too sacred for it to trample upon, no child so beautiful that it would hesitate to set the hot brand of ruin upon its forehead."