

# The INSTRUCTOR

1917 TEMPERANCE ANNUAL



WASHINGTON, D. C.

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"Every three minutes one man staggers to a drunkard's grave."

"Prohibition does not confiscate property, but merely forbids its misuse."

Four times as much is spent in this country for liquor as for education.

A man who drinks 1 pint of beer a day drinks in one year 14.7 pints, or about 7½ quarts, of pure alcohol. Much of this remains in the system unoxxygenized.

A missionary in Africa ordered a case of Bibles for his work of evangelization. When he went to the freight office to get the Bibles, he was informed that in order to get the box, sixteen thousand cases of liquor had first to be moved.

The manager of the Reo Motor Company, of Lansing, Mich., says that "statistics for five consecutive pay days show that the total time lost to employees through drink was 325 days; and that the total wage loss to the men was \$731.25." The Reo Company is therefore on the trail of the liquor traffic.

For every dollar put into new churches in the United States in 1905, \$2 were spent in building breweries and distilleries. In 1915, for every dollar spent in building new breweries and distilleries, \$38.20 were spent in building new churches. Evidently prohibition prohibits.

The world's mortality averages seventy per minute, or 100,800 persons a day. Our own national death and sickness bill is \$3,000,000,000 a year. One third of this is declared to be preventable. Since one death in every twenty in this country is estimated to be due directly or indirectly to drink, the abolition of the liquor traffic would greatly decrease the high cost of dying.

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## The Onward March of Prohibition

THE progress of the prohibition movement is so rapid that one has difficulty in keeping pace with it. On January 8 the Supreme Court of the United States ruled in favor of the Webb-Kenyon law, emphatically declaring it to be Constitutional. This decision makes it possible for the States now having prohibition to prohibit the receipt, possession, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors without being hampered by the agencies of Interstate Commerce acting as bartenders to bring liquor into the States.

The day following this great victory for law enforcement witnessed another advance step,— the passage by the United States Senate of the Sheppard bill by a vote of 55 to 32, thus prohibiting the sale or barter of intoxicating liquors of any kind within the District of Columbia, and their importation for any of these purposes. The bill is expected to poll even a larger favorable vote in the House of Representatives.

Surely these victories are but gleams from the rising sun of national prohibition. Let us all gird on the armor of service with renewed energy, that that day may come before 1920, the present goal.

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## Fifty Reasons Why I Shall Vote for Prohibition

**B**ECAUSE scientists have proved alcohol to be a poison, lowering vitality, lessening efficiency, and causing degeneration and destruction of both body and soul.

**Because** alcohol has no food or medicinal value.

**Because** even though I myself eschew alcohol, yet if I vote to license the liquor traffic, my vote is an invitation to others to partake of the accursed thing.

**Because** of the alcohol-wrecked lives all about me.

**Because** American boys and girls would be ruined by the traffic if it were licensed, that would not be if it were prohibited.

**Because** it makes orphans of hundreds of thousands of children.

**Because** our drink bill, which is worse than wasted, would pay a five years' course of instruction for 2,000,000 children.

**Because** alcohol is largely responsible for the mentally defective, deformed, epileptic, and insane.

**Because** it destroys homes, causing indescribable woe and suffering to mothers and children.

**Because** of the beneficent results shown wherever prohibition has been tried.

**Because** the Newcastle *Courier* says of Warsaw, Ind.:—

"Taxes have not been raised, and assessed property valuation shows rapid increase. At least \$300,000 has been spent in improvements in the business section, many new buildings taking the place of old ones. Six new factories have located in the city during the last six years of prohibition. Over ten miles of pavement have been laid, at a cost of many thousand dollars, and the property owners have welcomed the expenditure, which during the license period seemed too heavy to be shouldered. The city's pay roll has had considerable increase each year. The population has increased approximately 1,500 under no-license, banks show heavier deposits, business houses have enjoyed unusual prosperity and have never had fewer unpaid bills. Plans have been made for the erection of public buildings this year which will mean an expenditure of between \$250,000 and \$300,000."

**Because** the vice president of the Aberdeen, S. D., National Bank says:—

"Our city is cleaner, better, and more prosperous than when we had license; homes, mothers, and children are better cared for; merchants report bigger sales and more prompt collections; and savings accounts have been started by those who heretofore, or under the license period, could not even pay for the necessities of life, to say nothing of trying to save. Buildings that were formerly occupied by saloons are now being used for legitimate business, and the demand for both business and dwelling locations is steadily increasing."

The manager of the Narregang Investment Company says after eighteen months of the dry régime:—

"The call for real estate is greater this spring than for the past five years. One Main Street lot sold this month for \$6,000 more than it could have been purchased for when we were wet."

**Because** the chief license commissioner, J. N. MacLean, who has taken the records from the five judicial districts of Manitoba and the police department of the city of Winnipeg, says:—

"Drunkennes in Winnipeg has been decreased 80 per cent, and crime throughout the whole province has been reduced 58 per cent."

Mr. MacLean found that there had been no increase in the amount of liquor sold at the drug stores, exploding the lullaby the liquor interests sang during the campaign:—

"Hush, little drug store, don't you cry,  
You'll be a barroom by and by."

The chief of police of Winnipeg says that there are not more than three arrests a day now compared to twenty or thirty per day under the wet régime.

**Because** under prohibition it cost Alabama \$8,975.40 less to feed prisoners confined in Jefferson County jail during the last six months of 1915 than under nonprohibition for the corresponding six months of the previous year, or a saving of \$1,495.90 per month.

**Because**, according to the police inspector of Birmingham, Ala., there were 1,045 fewer arrests in 1915 than in 1914 when the saloon, distillery, bottle-house, and social-club systems were in operation.

**Because** Birmingham, according to George B. Ward, president of the city commission, says that homicides have been reduced 33 1-3 per cent and suicides 60 per cent; and that the city has never before in its history been so quiet and orderly; that the normal number of prisoners confined within their jail, the handsomest city jail in the South, before prohibition, was 200 and upward. Now the number ranges from 60 to 70.

**Because** Mr. Ward further says of Birmingham, declared to be the driest city of its size (300,000 inhabitants), that—

"Every passing month demonstrates more clearly that the monetary loss from prohibition is being offset in so many other ways, both direct and indirect, both financially and morally, that the result is startling."

**Because** there were only one half as many suicides and murders in Seattle, Wash., in the first six months of 1916 as in the corresponding time of 1915.

**Because** the editor of the Spokane *Daily Chronicle*, who thought that the liquor people were right when they said that a prohibitory law would stifle liberty and injure business, and who would not help the dries in their campaign, said after only four months' trial of prohibition:—

"This paper is ready at ten seconds' notice to fight its best against any serious effort to repeal or cripple the prohibition law. For four months now, Spokane has honestly tried prohibition; and liquor was prohibited. Not perfectly; but better than speed laws prohibit fast driving or larceny laws prohibit theft. Add to this that unemployment, destitution, and poverty are less than twelve months ago; divorces are fewer; collections are better; dives have closed; white slaves are not to be found; burglaries and holdups have dwindled; the panhandler has vanished; grocers, clothing merchants, and shoe dealers report gains in business, ranging from 5 to 35 per cent; new business blocks are being built; the banks hold millions more in deposits than they held last April; and hotel men, who at that time were near panic over the coming law, are wearing smiles as they turn away surplus guests. The dry way is the way of economy, safety, and righteousness."

(Continued on page sixteen)



If you do not rise up and put the saloon out of reach of the boys, this nation is going to fail. The American home is ours, and it is threatened with destruction. That is not all. The American home is that upon which rests the American government. A nation or a country is not great because of its great mines, minerals, or money. It is great only because it has great sons, and if this American government is ever to go farther in the years that are to come, and preserve peace for the world, it will be because the American home has been preserved, a safe place for the American boy to grow up to the splendor of his mature manhood.—Carolyn E. Geisel, M. D.

## A Covenant with Death

**T**HE liquor traffic is in business for the money that is in it, and that comes easily and abundantly. It is in politics to protect itself from the assaults of those who would destroy it. It therefore has both financial and political power. With these it controls large numbers of voters and dominates political parties. Through these parties it influences government, and prevents legislation that would do it harm.

The "good" citizen acquiesces in all this, and votes to support the saloon program, chiefly because he thinks such a course will enhance his business interests or secure him political favors. Thus, in the final analysis, he sells humanity and crucifies his Lord for a mess of pottage. Not philanthropy, but selfishness, lies deep at the bottom of it all. This personal equation blinds his spiritual vision, else he would quickly "annul this covenant with Death and this agreement with Hell!" When we truly love God with all our hearts and our neighbors as ourselves, the unspeakable infamy of the license system will stand before our eyes stark in all its satanic devilment. Would that we might see it now, before it is too late.

But go, Christian voter, where night is darkest, and where broken hearts are bleeding over the ruin which your party-protected and legalized saloons have wrought, and sing the song of the almighty dollar. Tell them that for all their bitter agony your palm is filled with gold. Tell them that for gold and party success, voters professing the sacred name of Christ stand ready to lick the dust off the heels of saloon keepers and to crawl through all the slimy sewers of political sin. Tell the shivering and hungry children that you have taken the food from the mouths and the clothing from the bodies of these helpless little ones, and transmuted all into votes for your party and into gold—licensed gold!

Tell the weary, haggard wife that the license for which your party stands has put into your bank account a paltry percentage of the rose that once bloomed upon her cheek, her health, her home, her happiness, her husband's manhood and love,—all gone, and gone forever, but you hold ten per cent of it, changed by the God-defying alchemy of saloon politics into yellow gold!

Tell the shivering drunkard, as in wild delirium he dreams that he can yet beat back the serpents that sting him and the volcanic fires that consume him, that you have in your pocket the price of his shame and damnation in yellow gold!

Stand at the threshold of the asylum, and mockingly taunt the hungry, the deformed, the squalid, the idiotic, with the news that out of their misery and ruin you have put your party in power and gathered a harvest of gold.

Listen to the remorseless hinge of the prison door that slams and shrieks after its entombed victim, and cheer thy brother's desolation with the news that a great Christian [?]

commonwealth has deliberately sold him to crime and shame for gold, and that the infamy is annually sanctioned at the ballot box without protest by millions of professed Christian voters!

Tell the ragged orphans in the streets that for a handful of yellow gold you became *particeps criminis* to the accursed infamy that robbed them of food and clothing, of parents, home, and education, and that your vote and your party deliberately sold them for gold and the unspeakable reward of a political victory! Tell the sixty thousand girls who, from the homes of America, are annually entrapped in the saloons, wineroms, and beer dens protected by your party, and through these awful gateways, these licensed hells, whirl into the brothel and onward to the dark river of death—tell them that the crime and shame must re-

main in order that your political party may stay in power and its heelers may fatten upon the tribute, extortion, and graft!

Stand by the more than one hundred thousand new graves of the last twelve months' harvest, and from your open Bibles read that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, while before you reel the ghosts of uncounted thousands slain in saloons licensed by Christian [?] voters, each lost soul justly taunting you with the awful responsibility of his ruin; then tell them that the price of their eternal doom has all been paid in license fees and political victories!

### To be Weighed in God's Balances

As this grim procession of lost and ruined souls moves on to the Court of Last Resort, let no one be deceived. They



The hovering perils

will not go there alone. Those responsible for their ruin will go there also. The saloon keeper, who day by day sees his victim shivering and trembling under the fiery draft which he clutches from the bar, sees him waste and shrivel away, scorched by the breath of the consuming poison, cannot possibly escape his just share of the responsibility. What shifty plea can extenuate the crime of those who granted the license to sell this liquid death?

Judas did not nail Christ to the cross, but he sold him for thirty pieces of silver, to those who did, and for nearly two thousand years the judgment of mankind has justly execrated him for the infamy. The legislator who dared to enact a law to license crime which God had forbidden, must bear his full share of responsibility. The law, instead of preventing drunkenness and crime, protects and perpetuates the means and incentives for both; yet he voted for that law. How can he hope to escape the frown of Infinite Justice?

The voter who voted for that legislator to make the law, and who continues to support the party in power to execute that policy,— what will be his share in the final retribution? Is he not just as responsible as any man in the line? Is he not the only man in the system who has power absolutely and with one swift blow to put a stop to the entire Juggernaut of drunkenness and crime under the sanction and protection of law?

The voter is the only man who can slay the monster. The initiative is in his hands; but he refuses to use it. Yet he professes to love God and his fellow men; and he fully intends at the final judgment throne to lay the entire blame for the murder of those slaughtered millions upon the saloon keeper! What can that voter say when the

Judge shall ask, "Where is Abel thy brother?" By washing his hands of the saloon infamy he may avert that calamity now; then it will be too late!—*E. L. Eaton, D. D.*

### "The Sum of All Villainies"

**T**HE liquor traffic is the great instigator, abetter, and defender of vice. In moral surveys and investigations in more than a dozen States, I have found that the trail of crime almost unfailingly leads to the liquor traffic or the saloon, whether the issue under investigation is gambling, prostitution, drugs, or any other promoted vice.

At New Orleans we found the greatest vice district in America under the manipulation of a liquor dealer, who annually issues a hundred-page vice directory. At Cumberland, Md., the gambling which we prosecuted to conviction, was in a saloon. Every poolroom (race betting) which I have ever seen, was connected with a saloon. The largest brothel in Erie is owned by a brewer. The liquor traffic is habitually associated with various promoted vices.

The use of intoxicating liquors instigates crime, and when their consumption ceases, as by sudden closing of the saloons, crime diminishes. About ninety per cent of the Monday morning grist in the police courts of America is the direct result of drink. Not only affrays, assaults, and disturbances of the peace come from intoxication, but also many larcenies, embezzlements, desertions, and divorces are traceable to drinking. While prohibition of the liquor traffic might not be a panacea for human ills, it would be a great alleviation.

The liquor traffic abets vice, because it derives a large portion of its revenue from the assiduous exploitation of appetites, passions, and human frailties. The chief profits from many saloons come from rear rooms, where womanhood is bartered and drunken men are robbed. In Boston, Bridgeport, Buffalo, and many cities the liquor dealers' cafés and cabarets are places of assignation. The female entertainers in a score of saloons at New Orleans are listed by name in the vice directory as prostitutes.

The liquor traffic defends crime, while pretending to oppose it. In a certain city on the Great Lakes is an organization known as The Orderly Liquor Traffic Association. It is domiciled in a bank building, and is appointed the task of compelling the liquor dealers of that city to conduct their business lawfully. The head of that association repeatedly urged that I prosecute licensees who were violating the laws, and asked me to make complaints against nearly forty unlicensed dealers. He frankly stated that he could not take such action, because it might rend his association.

The saloon knows what moral and physical havoc it causes, but shuts its eyes and ears to the pleadings of its victims, and goes on degrading and maiming, because of the tremendous profits. One of our college presidents refers to this in his definition of a saloon: "A place where men go for a cent's worth of whisky and a dollar's worth of degradation for a dime."

H. N. PRINGLE,  
Asst. Supt. National Reform  
Bureau.



In the hand of Satan

### Spurious Pleas

**B**EFORE Peru enacted her recent religious liberty law, an American missionary had for a number of years conducted a successful mission station among the Indians on Lake Titicaca. These natives were strongly devoted

to the missionary and to the gospel truths which had transformed their lives, giving them power to relinquish the evil habit of drinking alcoholic liquors, chewing the coca leaf, and practicing immorality.

The state religion, which had failed to hold up a high gospel standard before these Indians, was therefore losing its grip upon them, and as a result the Indians were having to meet much opposition and persecution at the hands of the clergy and friends of the state religion. Some had been imprisoned, terribly beaten, and otherwise persecuted and humiliated. Finally a remonstrance against the work of the mission was presented in writing to the state authorities. One of the indictments brought against the mission director was that he taught "the Indians to settle their differences by arbitration instead of through the courts, and so robbed the lawyers of their rightful fees."

Bad for the lawyers, it is true; but what about poor Lo? Was it better that he should quarrel and fight, go to court, and allow the lawyers, through exorbitant fees, to rob him, rather than through the forgiving grace of God to settle his difficulties at home peaceably?

Is not the American liquor traffic's accusation against the temperance forces the same in character? namely, that by persuading the people to outlaw the traffic so that men may keep their health and character and their hard-earned money for themselves and their families, the liquor dealer, in the effort to fill his own coffers, is robbed of his legitimate right to rob and bleed to death his fellow men.

Shame on Peru's unchristian plea! but double shame on the American citizenship that claims the right to get gain to itself through the wreckage of human life and character! These are both pleas for personal gain through public debauchery, pleas direct from the bottomless pit.

Let prohibition quickly throw its protection over every man, woman, and child of the nation; and let all who would seek to debauch childhood and manhood for material gain, be converted, and turn from their evil course before the judgments of God fall upon them.

## "Seeing Things Double"

**N**OT many weeks ago an old English sailor told me of a method prescribed by his brother for the cure of a cold. "When you begin to catch cold," he said, "and the nose and throat show signs of irritation, get a jug of whisky; and after hanging your hat on the lower bed post, go to bed, cover up well, and then begin to drink the liquor, continuing at it until you can see *two* hats, when you'll find the cold is gone."

A unique prescription, and just now I am not going to declare in favor of its efficacy or nonefficacy, but I do want to tell you that a man can drink whisky until he can see *two* hats, and I shall explain how this is done.

In the lower back part of the head is a small brain called the cerebellum, or control brain. This little brain directs the body's movements, and keeps it balanced when standing or running. When a boy rides a bicycle, he does not continually think about balancing himself. The little brain attends to the balancing for him. For the same reason a cat needs not to think of maintaining her equilibrium as she leaps to catch a mouse. The cerebellum controls the eye movements, seeing that both sight organs move together.

This ability of the eyes to move together is called coördination. It is most interesting to notice them moving synchronously, as quickly sometimes as shuttles, when your fellow passenger on the train is looking at near objects as the train speeds along. Now if any outside force comes into play, or any loss of control comes in to interfere with a free and natural motor control on the part of the cerebellum, the eyes are thrown out of coördination, and as a consequence, two separate images are pictured in the brain, and we see "double."

An interesting experiment producing a temporary incoördination is made by gently applying pressure with the finger upon one eyeball when both eyes are open and looking at some small object. Owing to the dislocation, a double picture of the object now comes to view. You have produced a local condition identical with that produced by alcohol when used excessively.

When alcohol is freely taken, the control brain is put to sleep, and partial control of the eye muscles is lost, allowing the muscle to pull the balls to one side at different angles from the median line, when, if the incoördinated eyes attempt to see anything, they see it "double."

So now you see how it is that a man can see *two* hats when he drinks the whisky for his cold. It is apparent, also, why it is perilous to be on board a ship plying in rock-bound and narrow channels, when the captain is under the influence of liquor. Looking at the needle of his compass, he may see two needles, and may not know which one to trust for guidance, and, while deciding, his ship goes onto the rocks.

Yes, it is a serious thing to see two things when you should see but one; and wise men and boys steer clear of any habit that makes one lose control over the special senses in times of danger.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

## A Bird's-eye View of the World

**E**UROPE is "alcohol-sick; the nations are deeply gangrened with alcoholism." Yet there is a widespread, deepening feeling against the liquor traffic, resembling, says Mr. Ernest Gordon, "the bursting of a forest's branches into greenery after a few days of spring warmth."

Absinth has been prohibited in Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and France; and the French government is looking toward the complete suppression of alcoholic beverages after the war.

Recently a national prohibitory law was enacted in Norway.

Russia has prohibited the manufacture and sale of vodka. Germany has restricted the output of beer and prohibited the use of spirits in military districts.

The king of Great Britain, the men at the head of the British army and navy, and the great majority of leading men and women of the kingdom, have given up the use of liquor, and denounced it as the greatest foe of their country; and yet the amount of liquor still consumed is appalling.

Canada is almost dry, only one province being still wet. Australia, too, is waging an effective campaign for prohibition.

Iceland has banished alcoholic drinks from the island.

## Where We Stand

We have 23 States, several cities having a population of more than 100,000, thousands of other cities, towns, and villages, and about three fourths of our 2,900 counties that are dry.

More than one half of our population lives in dry territory; and more than 80 per cent of the area of the United States is no-license territory.

Forty-four of the 48 States have taken advanced steps in temperance legislation during the last ten years; while only four, Oregon, Indiana, Ohio, and Alabama, in that time have taken backward steps in temperance legislation. Two of the four redeemed themselves later by enacting advanced prohibitory laws.

Only Nevada, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey have not passed advanced temperance legislation during the past ten years.

In local contests, dry victories have been won in the proportion of three to one lost.

A majority of the National House of Representatives voted to submit a Constitutional amendment.

Alcohol has been stricken from the list of drugs in the United States Pharmacopoeia. Its use has greatly decreased in more than nine tenths of the hospitals of leading American cities.

The great majority of physicians claim that alcoholic beverages shorten life and predispose to ill health.

Every reputable scientist classes alcohol as a poison.

State boards of health are waging campaigns against the traffic. The church is strong in its opposition to the saloon.

Of the 2,123 daily newspapers listed in the American newspaper directory, 840 recently said they refused all advertisements of alcoholic liquors. The number of such papers yearly increases.

Sixty-four of our leading secular magazines refuse all liquor advertisements.

More than 1,000,000 jobs in America are closed to those who drink.

Dr. Edwin Bowers says that out of 403 letters that he received from the heads of insurance companies and industrial corporations relative to this question, practically the only voice that did not condemn alcohol in business came from a manufacturer of beer pumps.

Ninety-five per cent of the mileage is held by railroads insisting on no-drink employees.

Rule G has come to be one of the best known and best heeded of railroad regulations. Three years ago the "spotters" or "observers" of the Pennsylvania Railroad made 784,675 observations.

and found only 158 men of the 125,000 employees who broke Rule G. Two years ago 125,226 observations were made in one month, and not one violation was discovered. In five years the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh carried more than 520,000,000 passengers without a single fatality in a train accident.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 8,000,000 women, have placed themselves on record as opposed to the liquor traffic.

The great steel works at Homestead, Pennsylvania, employing 12,000 men, declare that the slightest intemperance on the part of any employee, even while off duty, will be cause for immediate discharge.

C. L. Close, manager of the bureau of safety of the United States Steel Corporation, a corporation that netted a gain of \$81,000,000 during the second quarter of 1916, says he believes that in ten years, through the opposition to the liquor traffic of big business, the manufacture and sale of liquor will be at an end in this country.

This is the goal for which the temperance forces of the country are striving. Let every bit of honest American energy and intelligence be consecrated to this supreme end,—the national annihilation of the liquor traffic.

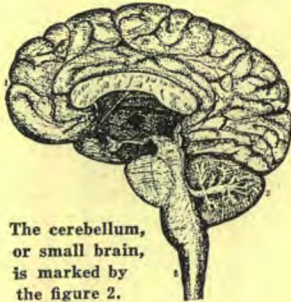
## Promotes Wife Beating

ONE morning in an Eastern city four cases of wife beating were considered in the police court. Three of the offenders were fined \$200 and costs, while the fourth had to pay \$500 and costs. All these cases were due to excessive drinking. At the noon hour the judge who tried them was heard to remark, "Drink is certainly the cause of much trouble." Every one knows that liquor causes men to beat their wives and children. No one ever casts a vote for the saloon but knows that some patron of that saloon will go home and beat his wife.

Then why should it be regarded a crime for a Montana saloon keeper to advertise his wares as possessing superior power to accomplish this end? His advertisement read: "If you take three drinks of Famo whisky and do not beat your wife, you are a coward." For this frank statement the liquor dealer was refused his license. Of course this confession looks bad in print, but why should the mere statement of the fact be a cause for closing a saloon, when the fact itself was not questioned nor regarded as cause for closing?

Close the saloon of the man who tells the truth, if you will; but do not allow a man to keep his open just because he is silent about the virtues (?) of the liquor he dispenses.

**The Prohibition States are,** Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington; and Utah and Florida have dry governors and legislatures.



The cerebellum, or small brain, is marked by the figure 2.

## Like Father, Like Child

**H**OW much Baby Flo looks like papa, auntie! What makes children look so much like their own people?" "Why shouldn't they, Fred? The little oak tree looks like the father oak; the baby fern like the mother fern; and Spotty's calf just like her. It is a part of our heavenly Father's plan for all his created beings.



Baby Flo

The little Eskimo is never like the white baby. It has the characteristics of its parents. The baby vine climbs over the trellis just as did the mother vine. The baby swan sails over the surface of the lake just as gracefully as the parents; but biddy's chicks show no ability in that line. Why not?—It is all a part of the law of heredity—God's own handwriting—that the baby shall *look* and *act* like its ancestors; that it shall be strong and healthy like its father and mother; or weak and sickly like them."

"I should think, auntie, fathers and

mothers would be very careful, then, to keep well; for everybody feels sorry for a sick child, like old John's Bessie, down by the mill."

"Yes, I should think so, too. Without doubt little Bessie is sickly and crippled simply because her father is a drunkard. It is a fact, Fred, that the drunkard's child is more likely than not to be mentally defective, crippled in body, epileptic, tuberculous, or insane. Some of our learned men have proved this to be true.

"Prof. Charles R. Stockard, of the Cornell University Medical School, New York City, thought that he might learn, from experimenting on guinea pigs, how intemperance on the part of parents would be likely to affect human babies. So he secured sound, healthy pigs, and divided them into two lots. One lot he fed as guinea pigs are usually fed; for the other lot he mixed small quantities of alcohol with the daily food. He did not give them enough to make them drunk. They were never intoxicated, though at times they appeared excited.

"After a time baby guinea pigs were born to both the temperate and the drinking pigs. Seventeen young were born to the parents that had been fed no alcohol. All these lived and were as chubby, roly-poly pigs as any one would wish for. They were perfectly healthy and normal, just the kind of pigs a self-respecting guinea pig mother would desire.

"But how about those that had drinking fathers but whose mothers were teetotalers? Of the nineteen baby pigs that came to these, seven were dead when they were born, and seven died soon afterward. The seven that lived were epileptic, every one dying in a fit. The five that lived were runts, shy and excitable. Where the mother was fed alcohol and the father was a total abstainer, as every father should be, only two pigs out of sixty-five lived; where both parents had been fed alcohol, only one pig out of fourteen litters lived, and this one died in a fit a week after birth. Since the guinea pig's general physical nature is much the same as that of man, Professor Stockard's experiments seem to prove conclusively that parents who drink alcohol are likely to cause great harm to their children.

"Another college professor, Dr. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., came to the same conclusion as to the effect of alcohol, from experiments he performed upon seven little black spaniels, the most intelligent breed of dogs to be found in America. Five of the seven, Bum, Topsy, Frisky, Winnie, and Berry, were given alcoholic drinks with their food. Only Nig and Topsy were total abstainers. Dr. Hodge allowed the school children to come to see his dogs. Nig and Topsy were always ready for a frolic, and would run for hours after balls thrown for them, and were delighted to jump over sticks held several feet from the ground. But Bum and Topsy were logy, and after a few turns were ready to lie down.

"From a little machine that Dr. Hodge fastened to the collar of each dog, it was found that the alcoholized dogs did only about half as much running as the temperance dogs, though when first chosen for the alcohol treatment, they were more active than the other dogs. They finally grew to be so ill-natured that the children confined their favors to Nig and Topsy.

"At one time there was a disease from which many of the dogs in the city suffered. Bum, Topsy, Frisky, and Winnie came down with it first, and were much sicker than the temperance dogs, which had the disease very mildly. Winnie died of it, and Bum and Topsy were so sick that for more than two weeks Professor Hodge thought they would not live. For several days both dogs were blind, and they grew exceedingly thin. Topsy was ever after blind in one eye. Dr. Hodge says that both Bum and Topsy were as ill as they could possibly be and live, while the dogs that took no alcohol were made simply uncomfortable for a few days. So, naturally, Dr. Hodge concluded that dogs that have alcohol in their food get sick more easily, and stay sick longer, and suffer more, than dogs that do not have it.

"Bum and Topsy had several babies born to them; a few of the babies grew up, but never seemed particularly bright. They were not quick to learn tricks, and they made little fuss even when rats ran right over their noses. They were cowards, too. When their master spoke sternly to them, they would howl and yelp so loudly that people passing by thought the poor dogs were being mistreated, although they were always treated most kindly.

"The other children of Bum and Topsy were deformed, or for some other reason could not live. In the course of time, when other puppies came, Mrs. Topsy actually forgot to feed the little creatures when she should, but instead went off by herself where the crying of the hungry babies could not disturb her. Bum, too, was not a very kind parent, for he frequently snapped and snarled when the little fellows begged him to play with them.

"The temperance family, however, flourished. Nig and Topsy proved excellent parents, and practically all their children were healthy, hearty puppies, which, when they were old enough, were readily sold at good prices.

### Drink Liable to Ruin the Baby

"Men have also studied the history of alcoholic human families sufficiently to feel certain that alcohol affects the human child as unfavorably as it does the progeny of the lower animals. It is claimed that a baby is made up of its ancestry, one half being contributed by the parents and the other half by its grandparents and great-grandparents. Yet if one of these ancestors has a dominant characteristic, that is, is a great musician, artist, or a criminal or drunkard, this leading characteristic may usurp the proportion that belongs to some other, and the child be affected by this dominant characteristic. He may, for instance, inherit the taste for drink, or be a cripple, epileptic, or defective, as the result of a grandfather's intemperate life. When you look upon a blind, idiotic, or feeble-minded child, you may know that his trouble has more than likely been caused by alcohol drinking on the part of some of his ancestors.

"In Bavaria, the greatest beer-drinking country on earth, three hundred out of every one thousand children are born dead. When Sweden was a great drinking country, two hundred out of every one thousand babies died before two years of age. Now only eighty die. If you will study the illustration on the following page, you will see how seriously alcoholic parentage injures babies.

"Dr. Norman Kerr cites a family in which were first born a son and a daughter. They were excellent specimens of vigorous humanity. After the birth of the daughter, the father fell to drinking heavily. After this, four more children were born, three of whom were complete idiots and the other was defective.

Nig and Topsy were always ready for a frolic.



"Another eminent physician, Dr. Sullivan, reports a case in which the older children of a family were ordinary, normal human beings, while the younger ones were neurotic, impulsive, and distinctly degenerate. The mother had become a drunkard before the younger children were born.



Crippled Bessie and her drunken father

## Drink Disposes to Insanity, Epilepsy, and Tuberculosis

"Drinking also causes a tendency to insanity. Dr. Mott, pathologist to the London County asylums, cites an instance where there was no history of insanity, fits, or nervous diseases in the parents; but the father was a chronic drunkard from childhood, and spent some time in insane asylums. Eight children were born to this family, five daughters and three sons. Five of these have spent much time in asylums for the insane.

"Only a small number of drinkers' children are normal. Prof. Andrew Wilson, of the Washington College of Law, says: 'Scientific investigation has shown that 82 per cent of the children of parents who indulge in alcoholic beverages are subnormal. They are predisposed to insanity, epilepsy, and tuberculosis.'

"That an epileptic father should have epileptic children does not seem surprising; but it is startling to learn from Dr. Matthew Woods, member of the National Society for the Study of Epilepsy, that drunkenness on the part of parents is more likely to cause epilepsy than epilepsy itself. Dr. Woods says he has found eight epileptic children, the condition of all evidently due to just one lapse from habitual sobriety on the part of a parent, that is, from just one spree."

"Surely, auntie, everybody does not know all these things, or we should not have saloons where men can get drunk."

"It is true that not all do understand, but I am sorry to say there are intelligent men who do, and yet from a mistaken idea they vote to license the saloon. We temperance people are determined to keep at work telling everybody the very things I have told you and many more until there shall be enough dry votes to



A baby is made up of its ancestry.

Lifting himself to his full height, his refined black face alive in every muscle and nerve, the young man having previously referred to various evils that menace society, cried in a voice vibrant with indignation, remorse, and the hurt of a great wrong:—

"What is this thing worse than war, worse than slavery, worse than hate, this peril that has slain its tens of thousands and its millions; that affects chiefly the young, but does not leave the old immune from its evil influence; that robs of youthful vigor, undermines physical and mental powers; that makes those who should be the bulwark of the nation a millstone around the nation's neck? Need I give you the name of this shadowy peril that hovers over us, this evil that is upon us, this plague that afflicts us? I think not; yet I will. It is the legalized liquor traffic.

"Why should I, an outcast, a human derelict, a member of the gray brotherhood of infamy, a convicted felon, stand and offer my feeble protest against that which the law allows?— Because I have felt its power, because I have seen at first hand the fruits of its business. I have seen our jails, prisons, and asylums crowded with its customers. I have seen homes made destitute and miserable, without coal or food in winter, their broken windows stuffed with dirty rags. Because I have seen husbands, fathers, and brothers in-

capacitated through the patronage of this business, robbed of their self-respect, broken in body and soul. Because I have seen children cursed into the world, and left hungry and helpless. Because I have seen the blue-eyed Caucasian, with all his nobility of character, forget himself, and the Negro, my people, otherwise honest and industrious, reduced to the level of the savage. And is this the end? If not, what is beyond the shadow? I have a vision



"A normal, healthy woman, six generations of sound stock back of her, was married three times. Her first husband was healthy and without alcoholic taint. Three children were born to them. All these were bright, healthy, normal children. After this husband died, the woman married a man who drank, but who was from a family without alcoholic taint. Three boys were born to them. One of these died in early manhood of tuberculosis. The second was an alcoholic degenerate, a social pervert, and died early. The third was dwarfed, tuberculous, and nervous. When this second husband died, the woman married a man of good stock who did not drink. They had a boy and a girl, both of whom were bright, normal children."



drive the infamous liquor traffic out of our land. When this is done, we shall have a national Baby Day celebration; for the babies will have come into their own."

"I'll help, auntie, by distributing temperance literature and in every other way I can."

"That is right, Fred. The sooner the people are thoroughly educated, the sooner we shall be able to destroy the traffic, which not only wrecks manhood and womanhood, but maims and destroys our babies."

### No. 1924's Arraignment of the Traffic

**I**T was in a great State penitentiary, when four hundred Christian Endeavorers were invited by the warden to conduct a service with as many inmates, that No. 1924, a Negro, gave the address of the day, which Mr. Daniel Poling claims is the best temperance speech he ever heard. Mr. Poling says of the speaker:—

"He was a college graduate, generous and handsome; but, falling into the unsparing hands of alcohol, he became a ready tool of women and men more evil than himself; and now he will be broken and old before the heavy doors of the penitentiary close behind him.

of the distant future; I see two pictures; tell me not that they are only dreams.

"The first is a picture of what may be expected if man's inhumanity to man continues, if the 'rule of gold' continues to supplant the golden rule, if King Alcohol continues to play such an important part in the affairs of the State and nation. It is the picture of another Babylon, of another Alexandria, of another Rome.

"But there is a fairer picture. There is light beyond the shadow, and in it I see a State and nation where there will be no drunkards staggering down foul-smelling streets to certain doom. I see a land with half its prison cells empty, a land whose cities will have no slums for humanity to decay in, a land where the songs of happy children will mingle in sweetest harmony with the songs of the birds. I see a land without a saloon, a nation without a drunkard."

"For an instant the orator hesitated. He must have remembered his gray suit and the felon mark that was on him, for the light died out of his eyes; but his voice was still the voice of a prophet as with perfect enunciation and with all the vocal richness that is characteristic of his race, he recited these lines:—

"Unanswered yet! Faith cannot be unanswered;  
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails beneath the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, 'It shall be done, sometime, somewhere.'"

# The Serpent in the Cañon Home

**W**HY, oh, why does he not come? I wonder if it is that cursed liquor again. Poor Burton! he has tried so hard to stop drinking, but it seems of no use. Why will men sell a poison that can debauch so noble and good a man, and starve his little ones?"

The speaker was a woman of thirty years, whose pale, emaciated countenance and wavy hair bore traces of rare beauty not long departed. As she sat in the doorway of the lonely cabin, her eyes wandered out over the familiar scene. Near the house stood a growth of scrubby cottonwood trees, which extended far up and down the cañon. On either side rose the river banks sheer five hundred feet to the level of the brown prairie. Bleak cut banks they were, destitute of vegetation except



The waiting that is known only to a drunkard's family.

where a pale and sickly sagebrush clung to their precipitous sides. Between these banks meandered the treacherous Milk River, named from the milky hue of its turbulent waters. This was the scene upon which Alice Stanford had looked for eight years, and never during that time had she been out of the valley. There were no neighbors nearer than forty miles away on the bank of the Missouri River.

"Papa bing little May dolly when he tum! Papa said so."

Then a moment later: "When papa tum, mamma?"

The mother smiled sadly as she looked into the animated face of the trusting child, and said simply, "I hope your father will come today."

The little one, taking this for assurance, brushed back the nut-brown curls and seated herself at the mother's feet, while her deep blue eyes wandered far up the frowning bank to see if papa had already started down its steep sides, with the coveted doll.

The day wore on as had many days before during the three weeks of the father's absence; the shadows lengthened, but the mother stirred not. She saw not the things around her: the little house, the scrubby trees, the deep cañon, were all forgotten. She is a girl again in the beautiful Eastern home, among youthful and happy friends; books in hand, she trips up the broad steps of the old brick school-house at the end of the street; once more she sees the loving faces of father and mother as the family gather around the hearth; again she hears the lark and the thrush in the pasture lot, and hears the happy robin calling his mate to come where the cherries are ripe; once more she hears the voice of manly Burton pleading to be forgiven for his error in tipping the flowing bowl; and how plainly she hears her mother's warning voice; how clearly she remembers her father's words of counsel:—

"Don't marry a man to reform him;  
Don't be by his promises led;  
If he can't be a man when he's wooing,  
He can't be a man when he's wed."

Yet she believed Burton. True, he had promised the same before, but it was his companions who were to blame. If they were married and away out on a ranch in the Golden West, where every one is happy, he would not drink. Burton believed this, and Alice believed it, despite her father's counsel and her mother's tears. She trusted and sought the West.

"Mamma, may I have a cooky?"

The mother awoke from her reverie as the sound of the boy's voice broke upon her ears. A look of pain crossed the pale features as, gazing tenderly into the face of her boy, she replied:—

"My son, there are no cookies."  
"Some bread, then?"  
"There is no bread."

"What may we eat, mamma? We have eaten potatoes and salt so long they don't taste good any more. Can't I make some bread, mamma? I know you are too sick to do it, but can't you sit by the table and tell me how?"

This was almost more than mother-love could bear—to see her children suffering from hunger, while over the bar at Chinook, a hundred miles away, the father was freely tossing the money that would have made them comfortable and happy; but she quietly replied in a voice that was not altogether steady, "There is no flour, my child."

The boy, who possessed a thoughtfulness beyond his six years, stood squarely up before his mother and said, "When I get big and sell cattle, I'm going to spend all the money for flour and sugar and shoes for you, mamma, and some pretty ribbons for sister."

"Papa bing me dolly, mamma, when papa tum." And the little face was wreathed in smiles of anticipation. "Dollies have hair, don't they, mamma? an' eyes, an' tee?"

The autumn shadows lengthened into twilight; the woman rose feebly and entered the little house. What a house! Walls bare;

but one chair, and that made of rough boards; a table of the same material, on which stood the stump of a candle in the neck of a bottle serving as candlestick; no stove, only a fireplace of rough stones plastered over with clay. At the opposite end of the room stood two bunks made of cottonwood poles, upon which were ticks filled with hay and covered with coarse blankets. Yet in these rude surroundings was seen the hand of refinement; everything was immaculately clean; floor spotless, windows shining, the rough board table adorned with a bouquet of late fall grasses, and the bareness of the walls relieved by tastefully arranged wreaths of green and golden forest leaves tied with knots of silk grass. With what undying tenacity does a gentle heart cling to the beautiful!

The little ones were soon divested of their scanty clothing, and after repeating their childish prayer and bestowing the good-night kiss, they were snugly tucked into bed, and soon were fast asleep. The mother sat for hours lost in thought, and her poor heart ached as she tried to look away into the future—into the future of the two dear ones now sleeping so innocently. How she longed to guide their feet, but knew this could not be. Grief over a fallen husband, starvation, and exposure had broken her once robust health, and she knew that the end was near.

"O that I might live until he comes! Why, oh why, does he not come?" broke from the pale lips; and creeping softly to the bedside, she gazed long and earnestly upon the baby faces.

"Papa bing me dolly," came from the lips of little May.

"O poor motherless children of a drunken father! How I wanted to stay and—and—"

The chill November morning broke over the world, and at last found its way through the dense fog and down into the great cañon. The little ones, aroused by its light, began to talk in whispers that they might not wake mamma. Soon they slipped out of bed, and helping each other to dress, stole quietly from the room and were soon building imaginary houses in the sand; but hunger overtaking them, they wondered why mamma slept so late. Peering cautiously through the door, they saw her lying upon the bed with eyes open. They called; she did not answer. Little Lynn touched her hand. It was cold. Diminutive May climbed upon the bed and kissed her, but she did not smile. A nameless terror filled their hearts, and they fled from the room. All day they hovered about the door, but mamma did not move. Evening came on; they dared not enter now, but stole away to the huge haystack by the corral, where they cuddled down together, cold, hungry, terror-stricken, and cried themselves to sleep, poor innocent victims of the demon alcohol.

Another day passed, and still they waited. They were nearly starved now, but in spite of the pangs of hunger, little May talked of the wonderful doll which papa would bring.

"We ain't nezzar seen a wealy dolly, has we, Lynn? Mamma says wealy dollies have wealy hair and wealy eyes and wealy teef, too. An' you tan hold her half 'e time Lynn, and we'll make a playhouse for her. S'pose papa'll tum dis night, Lynn?"

As the little ones were talking, a huge mountain wagon with shrieking brakes was making its way down the winding trail that leads from the prairie into the cañon below. In the wagon, guiding

the tandem six with the air of one accustomed to the practice, sat a man of perhaps thirty years, tall, sinewy, and strong, of blond complexion and regular features, a manly face to look upon; but just now the eyes were bloodshot, the face bloated, and a look of shame overspread the countenance. From the top of the bank and for nearly halfway down he could see the little cabin nestling among the trees—the cabin which he had built, he and Alice; the cabin where the Lord had given them the sturdy Lynn and little May,



Civilization's preparedness call

whose disposition ever reflected the sunshine of the month whose name she bore; the cabin where for three years no sorrow came to them and happiness reigned supreme. How the Lord had prospered them, how the cattle grew and increased, and how fondly they had planned to enlarge the little home and make a visit to the old home in the East!

Then came the first shipment of cattle. How proudly he drove them to market; how hopefully Alice bade him good-by, and how eagerly she watched for his return with warm clothing for the babies and a few pieces of much-needed furniture for the home! Ah, could he ever forget the bright, happy face that greeted him as he arrived, or the look of disappointment at the empty wagon?

In town he had met an old friend, and together they took a social glass. From that time Burton could but indistinctly remember what occurred until he arrived home with empty wagon, and saw his wife's disappointed face. Four consecutive years the act had been repeated. How he had struggled to overcome the appetite!



How he had tried to be a man again! But in spite of all his efforts it had occurred again; and as he reached the familiar gate, he bowed his head in shame, and the scalding tears ran down his sunburned face.

"Why, oh, why," groaned he, "did I take the first glass? Do I love rum better than my patient wife? Do I love it better than those sweet children? God knows I don't. I hate the cursed stuff! Then why must I drink it and ruin the ones I love?"



"Did you bring the pitty dolly?"

He neared the house, but Alice came not forth to greet him. He called; no answer came. From behind the haystack, two pale little figures staggered toward him. It was Lynn with tear-stained face, and looking much older than his years, who came slowly forward leading little May, who, in spite of her weakness, shook her nut-brown curls and in a hopeful voice queried: "Did you bring de pitty dolly? Is it got wealy hair, an' eyes, an' teef?"

"Where is your mother?" the father asked quickly, anxious to divert the child's mind from the doll which he had promised and forgotten.

"Mamma is asleep," said Lynn. "She slept all day yesterday and today. We kissed and kissed her, but she didn't wake up. She was just awful cold, and we covered her all up warm. I guess she thought you'd be home sooner, for she looked and looked for you. And once when she didn't know I was near, I heard her say, 'Lord, keep him from the drink this time. You know he wants to be good.' What did she mean, papa?"

With a sinking heart the man pushed open the door and met the lifeless stare of those beautiful eyes which through all his downward course had never given him a reproachful look.

Through the long night he worked to prepare the last resting place of her who had hoped through all; and in the gray dawn he placed the sleeping children in the great wagon, and drove up the long, winding trail which led to the brown prairie above, and out into the sunlight of a better life.

Such tragedies the liquor traffic is enacting every hour in every corner of the land where licensed saloons exist. Will your vote help to perpetuate such a traffic? God forbid!

GLENN S. BUGBEE.

## The Trader's Fire

**N**EAR the heart of Africa a missionary and his wife pitched their tent in the great fields of dry grass, so high that it hid the tent almost entirely from view. Not far from his mission home lived a slave trader, a white man, who, when he heard of the coming of the missionary, knew his "business would be ruined" if the missionary had his way. The wily trader, in an effort to prevent this catastrophe, hit upon a plan that he felt sure would result in exterminating the missionary instead of the missionary's annihilating his lucrative business. So after the missionary had pitched his tent, and started one day to a neighboring station, the trader suavely told him he would like to accompany him if there was no objection. The missionary gladly accepted his company. The trader, however, before leaving home gave directions to a native boy to set fire to the grass at a certain place. He knew that, once afire, it must sweep everything before it, even the missionary's wife, baby, and tent. Then, having lost all, the leader must of necessity return to civilization, and abandon the mission.

But this diabolical plan failed because there is a God in heaven. When the missionary's wife saw the fire coming like a race horse toward her tent, and knew that there was absolutely nothing she could do to save herself, her child, or her home, she looked for protection from the devastating flames to Him who said to his children,

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; . . . I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."

He heard and granted her petition; for the fire parted, went around the tent on either side, met again on the farther side, and then pursued its relentless course. As the missionary neared home, saw the flames, and saw from the hill his tent unharmed, he knew the angel of the Lord had protected his family.

You are horrified that a man could be so black of heart as to commit such a crime against human beings in order that his wicked business might suffer no interruption. But is he worse than those who deliberately flood every heathen land with rum, which does more to hinder the work of the gospel than the blotting out of many missionary families? Is his act worse than that of yours when you vote to license the liquor traffic, which wrecks a million homes every year?

It is greed of the basest kind that perpetuates the liquor traffic in face of all the crimes it is constantly committing. It could not live for a moment if people did as their better nature tells them they should do. All who love their fellow men better than they do the dollar, cry, Down with greed, and up with nobler principles of living!

## The Dog and the Bottle

**O**NE afternoon my mother had a severe headache, and was smelling a bottle of ammonia. A handsome Newfoundland dog named Guess watched her, and in his most beseeching way asked to have a smell of what she seemed to be enjoying.

Finally mother placed the bottle on the floor, and gave him an invitation to come "smell the bottle." In his eagerness to do so, he tipped it over, the contents poured out, and poor Guess was nearly overcome by the strong fumes. He never forgot the episode, although he was young when he had the experience.

Sometimes when we had company we would tell the story, and one of the family would ask Guess if he wanted to smell the bottle. He would get away from us as far as he could, and if we persisted in following him up with the inquiry, he would get into a corner and turn upon us with a look of reproachful love, yet with an air of determination that said that nothing or nobody should persuade him to smell the bottle.

Any one outside the family, friend or stranger, asking him about the bottle, would send him to the corner, and when once there, a gleam in his eyes would cause the person to halt, daring not to advance. Even we whom he loved so

dearly thought it prudent not to persist too long.

Would that every young man who takes his first drink of rum's fiery liquid and reaps the consequences of it, were as wise as Guess, forever after shunning the glass that else must prove his complete undoing.

A CONTRIBUTOR.

## California Forewarned

"After eight months' experience, Spokane warns California that prohibition means a loss of population in your jails, your poor-houses, your hobo camps, and your dives; it means less business for policemen, divorce lawyers, and bad-bill collectors; it means more money in the savings banks, more food for the babies, and more smiles in the homes."—Spokane Chronicle.

FROM a report of the United States Department of Labor, 98 per cent of transportation, 88 per cent of trade, 79 per cent of manufacturers, 72 per cent of agriculturists, and 56 per cent of miners and quarrymen, consider the drinking habit of applicants for positions.



Bookmark furnished the public schools by the Department of Health, City of New York. Printed on the bookmark is the instruction: "Whisky is poison; save your body; save your brain; whisky brings you death and pain."

## Painted by a Physician

**I**N the golden-grain belt live a father and a mother. The father fought through the Civil War, and carries a bullet around in his body as a reminder. Years ago if any one said anything to this man about his service in the war, he would say: "That is nothing. I never did anything for my country. But mother and I are doing something now," and he would point to his boy. That boy was his pride and joy. "Doing something now for our country: we're raising a man; and when America wants a man, she will know where to get him — right here in the golden-grain belt." So this boy grew on up through childhood, through the grade schools and the high school, and one day the father said to the mother: "Come on, Sarah, we will put on the finishing touches. He knows all the high school can teach him, and we want him to be ready for anything,— maybe the White House might want him; so let's send him to the university." And to the university he went. Can't you see that father and mother working for that boy's education? No side trips, no vacations, no new gowns or bonnets for mother; every dollar they could save or get their hands on was put aside for that boy's education, because they were finishing a man for America. That is the basis of the home, and my America needs just that kind of men,— men that have faith in Old Glory, not faith in the saloon. America does not need defectives; it needs better men.

Look you, the boy is ready to go to school. Look at him! Not a defect in that family tree, not a drunkard, not a criminal, everybody all right! Four statesmen worth while, two governors, a number of lawyers and preachers, and two literary men of national reputation — a fine ancestry back of that boy!

And the boy goes away to a wet university town. Every ounce of blood in that boy's body is as clean and pure as heredity could make; all his surroundings and environment have been right; he has a Christian father and a Christian mother; the best stuff on earth is in that boy. And he goes to a wet university town. It is full of saloons. There are five saloons in that town which are run for the "benefit" of the college men; they are called "college saloons," "college men's clubs." Can you not see them making everything attractive for this boy, and others just like him? Can you not hear them saying if the boy does not come as regularly as they wish, "We missed you for several days. We can't keep up this place unless you support it"? And so the boy goes, and bad reports go home the first year. His father comes up to talk with him, and the boy does better for a few days. But the second year is worse, and the third year is worse yet, and the fourth — well he just gets through by the skin of his teeth. This part of the story was told me by Wilbur Wright. He said the boy came home from college, came into the living-room, and the father rose to greet him; but he sank back in his chair, horrified. What was the matter? The boy was drunk, so drunk he staggered — staggered into his father's presence with his diploma in his hand. Can you think what that meant to that father? After all his work and planning and his high hopes of training up a man for Old Glory, then to get just a good-for-nothing drunkard after four years! It took just four years for the university to ruin him,— that splendid American lad,— to turn him into a defective. My friends, that is why we plead for a nation-wide prohibition. What though you may live in dry territory, you send your boy out into wet territory to be educated, and at the end of four years you get back a debauchee.

That old man rose from his chair, shut his hands together, and said: "Go! go! I tell you! My country has no use for drunkards!" Do not call him an unnatural father. He loved his boy; but he also loved his country and his flag. He could not stand the disgrace, so he took even his name away from the boy. He bought him a ticket in another name and sent him to Paris, and that is where I saw him, staggering up and down the streets, not able to earn his bread. I was interested in the boy, and tried to keep track of him, but my fellow students would say to me, "We'll get your American brother some day," for France gives the dead bodies of paupers to La Grande Clinique. And I shall never forget the morning when I walked into that clinic, and there lay the haggard, dead body of that American university graduate. And oh, how I pleaded for that body! I told them I knew his father and mother; I wanted to bury him so that I might tell them where we had laid him; I wanted to say a prayer over him and wrap the flag around him. But they pushed me away and said, "No." Besides, there was something there they wanted to see — something in his brain cells. So they took his brain out and separated it into single cells, that they might see the effect of alcohol. If you do not rise up and put the saloon out of reach of the boys, this nation is going to fail.

CAROLYN E. GEISEL.

## Real Evidence

**S**EVERAL men in a railway train were discussing God and religion. A salesman who had been quite loud in his talk, said:—

"But what tangible evidence that there is a God can you, any of you, give? With what do you," and he turned to an old gentleman, "satisfy your own belief?"

"I don't know that I satisfy it, in the sense which you mean," said the one addressed. "I accept it. I have faith, an abiding



Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel

faith. Anyway, as Arthur Balfour once said, 'Any system of religion which is small enough for our intellectual capacity is not large enough for our spiritual needs.'

"And is it thus, blindly and without reason, that all men accept God and religion?"

Hardly had he finished when a lean fellow who had attracted attention earlier in the evening spoke: "I have been listening with much interest to what has been said, and I should like to tell you an experience, if you will allow me. You speak of not being sure about God! You say all your life you have not felt any influence or evidence of the Almighty!

"I have always believed; but I had something happen to me two years ago that has made me much more certain — something I can never forget.

"When I was twenty years old I began drinking. I am now forty-three. Little by little I took more and more, until one day my old boss said to me, 'John, I guess we don't need you any more.' My next job lasted only a few days.

"This time I was not in so much of a hurry to find something to do. We had a little money in the savings bank; and I felt, as all drinkers do, that I could quit whisky and get a good job when I got ready. I loafed around for a week or two, spending nearly all the time — even the nights — away from home. Our money soon went, and I did nothing at all to relieve my good wife from the worries of a big family; and she did not always know whether there would be anything for supper or not. I don't see how a man can get so low!

"But what is the use of telling it all? You know how it is — the misery, the disgrace, the rottenness of it all.

"It was two years ago this winter on a cold day that I started across the street in Chicago for about 'four fingers' to help keep off the zero weather. As it was, I had just about as much as I could carry, but I wanted more. I had almost reached Tom's place when there came over me, suddenly, like the rap of a trip hammer, something that made me stop. It was as if some one stood by my side and said, 'One more drink, and you go down and out for the count.'

"I remember that I laughed in a drunken kind of way at this strange hunch, and started for the door. Again I was stopped, and as God Almighty hears me I have never touched a drop since that day.

"What was it that made me stop? What was it that made me think of my family, of whom I had not thought for many a day? What made me, who had no idea at all of quitting whisky, stop there on that busy street in Chicago, and never touch the booze again? And what made me feel at that minute, as never before, the presence of the Almighty, who points the way if we are not blind? You asked for evidence, and that is mine."



Remorse for the first glass, and all that followed

America must not be a land of license. We cannot afford to throw open the doors of our sacred temple of law. We cannot afford to fill our coffers with the contributions of all those who wish to barter for criminal privileges. High license is not a solution of the liquor problem. It is not law, but legislative crime. God speed the day when this fair republic shall cleanse from her royal robes the bloody stain of licensed evil.—Simeon S. Cozad.

"Our poor relatives," is the way the president of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association refers to the prohibition States. Too much booze or lack of information is responsible for such a characterization.



### Blue Monday

**W**HY should Monday be a blue day in the industrial world? It comes after a day of rest, when, from both the physiological and the psychological viewpoint, it should count as one of the best days of the week. Yet the "proverbially small output on Monday has long been a thorn in the side of industry." The "Monday morning nightmare" of accidents is another thorn that has deeply pierced the industrial body.

The cause of Monday's inefficiency has been traced to the door of the liquor traffic. It has been found that in manufacturing plants located in dry towns the Monday output does not fall below that of other

days; and also that after prohibition has wrought its work in places where Monday had been a perplexity, that day "soon stepped up with the other days of the week."

Employers in Seattle, Wash., say that Monday labor has become 50 per cent more efficient than before prohibition was enacted.

A leading Kansas manufacturer says: "Manufactories have no off day in Kansas; the men are as fresh at the beginning of the week as at the close," an unnecessary statement in any other connection, but a significant one here.

Before Russia's prohibition of vodka, there were shops that habitually shut down on Monday because so few men were sober enough to be present. These same shops now turn out more work, we are told by Russia's minister of finance, than they did before the war decimated their working force.

On all ranks of the industrial ladder Monday is the fatal day. In the Raritan Cooper Works of Perth Amboy, N. J., more accidents occur on Monday than on any other day, except the days that follow holidays. The Zurich Trades found that there are three accidents on Monday to two on other days.

These facts point an accusing finger at alcohol. Scientific investigation has demonstrated that alcohol is the "industrial vampire" that is responsible for not only Monday's increasing fatalities, but for a large share of those of other days. Annually 2,000,000 of our industrial workers are injured and 3,500 killed. Rarely, if ever, is a great mechanical or industrial enterprise completed without some accident. In the construction of the new subway and the new elevated railroad in New York, seven thousand accidents were reported. Insurance adjusters assert that a large percentage of accidents are traceable to mistakes which result from the use of spirits.

American medical directors of three great life-insurance companies estimate that from seven to forty-three per cent of all accidents are due, either directly or indirectly, to alcohol.

The vice president of the J. E. Bolles Iron and Wire Works says that "90 per cent of serious accidents occur among

men who drink." This company has largely eliminated Monday's blue record by paying off its men on Tuesday instead of Saturday.

### Drink and Automobiles

Thirty out of forty automobile accidents investigated by one writer were caused by drink. Three insurance companies claim that 10 per cent of all automobile accidents are due to alcoholic liquors. "If a man takes one drink of liquor," says Judge Richardson of Los Angeles, "he is not fit to drive a car; if he takes two or three, he wants to step on the throttle and let her out." He advises that patrolmen be stationed near cafés to prevent persons who have been drinking from acting as chauffeurs. And why not?

Automobile fatalities and injuries at grade crossings are so numerous that the chief claim agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad goes farther than the California judge, and pleads for a law denying a driver's license to any man who uses liquor.

We are a long way from that Thanksgiving Day in 1895 which saw the first proof of the practicability of the auto-

mobile, and a long way, too, from the day that saw the first auto race held in this country, the Chicago race, in which the winning car compassed the fifty-seven-mile route in seven hours, a little more than eight miles an hour. The 1916 winning car ran 350 miles at an average rate of more than 100 miles an hour. The 3,000,000 machines on the road today, with their present speeding capabilities and accident possibilities, present a sufficiently serious problem when guided by clear brains and steady hands; and when otherwise directed, they are a scourge in the earth.

The *Ingot*, the publication of a copper company's general safety committee, says: "Cut down the booze, and as surely as day follows night you will cut down the accidents."

Safety First, as well as every other humanity-serving agency, is against the liquor traffic.

The American Car and Foundry Company says that during the last six months of the open saloons in their town, there averaged one accident to every nine cars built;

The Ilseeder Foundry, Germany, in 1901 arranged for limiting the use of beer to its employees by the substitution of coffee and mineral waters. It was found that in the fourth year of this régime accidents had decreased 73 per cent as shown by the following diagram:—

—————  
Injuries per 1,000 during heavy drinking régime.

—————  
Injuries per 1,000 during soberer régime.

while during a like period after two years of prohibition, the accidents had decreased 74 per cent; or in other words, there had been an increase of 266 per cent in cars built per accident.

Students of industrial statistics estimate that only about one third of our preventable accidents can be stopped by the mechanical guarding of machinery. The remaining two thirds depend upon the man on the job; and he must refrain altogether from the use of alcohol in order to secure absolute release from accidents.

All accidents entail a loss upon society, a waste of wealth, a destruction of productive energy. Then it is a patriotic duty incumbent upon each of us, from "the economic interests involved, as well as from pity for the mutilated of tomorrow," to do all in our power to banish alcoholic liquor from the industrial world.

### Untasted Cocktails

**A** WORKMAN in the Illinois Steel Company accepted a good position in Pittsburgh. Before his departure his fellow workmen gave a banquet in his honor at one of the hotels, with twenty-five foremen and men holding clerical positions as guests. When these men went to the table, there was a cocktail at each plate. When they left the table, there was still a cocktail at each plate, not one having been touched. Why not?—Because the Illinois Steel Company disapproves of its employees' drinking, and because the men themselves know that even one cocktail is a thing to be avoided.

Laboratory wizards, whom the world honors and must believe, are chiefly responsible for the untasted cocktails. They have given the deathblow to booze in American industry. When a man can count and weigh atoms, when he can mechanically weigh thought, and do the thousand other things that the modern scientist with his delicate instruments can do, men are obliged to sit up and take notice when he begins to experiment on booze.

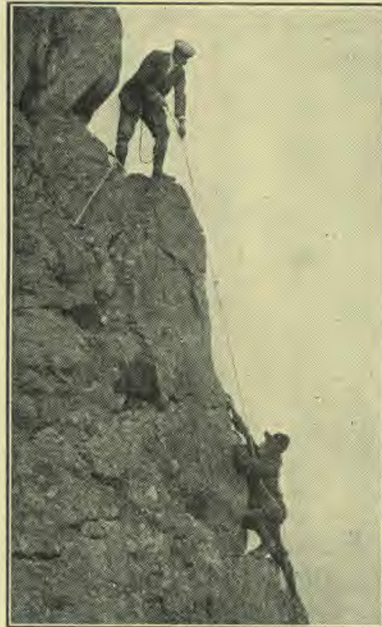
#### Alcohol Dulls Sight, Hearing, and Sense of Smell.

Prof. Angelo Mosso with his ergograph, by repeated experiments, has shown conclusively that one glass of Bordeaux wine or its alcoholic equivalent,—about one-third ounce of alcohol freely diluted with water,—diminished ability to withstand the fatigue of weight lifting amounting to seven and six tenths to eight per cent. His experiments have been duplicated hundreds of times by other

tion to perform each task was noted. Then each one was given his allotment of wine. After five minutes the subjects resumed their writing, repeating the previous requirement. It was found that invariably every man slowed up appreciably, there being five and six-tenths per cent loss in quickness on the easiest task, seven per cent on the next harder, and seven and three-tenths per cent on the most difficult. Again and again similar results have been secured.

Dr. Kraepelin also performed experiments testing the effect of alcohol upon the power of association of ideas. The taking of a drink at night resulted in a loss in coördinating power as high in some instances as twenty-seven per cent.

Professor Druig, an expert mountain climber, found that on days when he took two glasses of beer, his instruments showed that he expended fifteen per cent more energy than on the days when he did not drink, and that it took him twenty-one and seven-tenths per cent longer to reach the top of Mt. Bilkenkraft, 8,000 feet



A mountain-climbing scientist experimented and found that it took him over twenty-one per cent longer to get up a peak on the day when he drank two glasses of beer than it did on abstinent days.

high. Yet such is the deceptive power of this poison that he felt he worked more easily on alcohol days.

Tests of Swedish marksmanship illustrated the effects of alcohol upon endurance in such repetition work. Upon the alcoholic days the soldiers averaged only three hits out of thirty shots, while on their abstinent days they averaged twenty-three to twenty-six hits out of thirty. They, too, thought they were shooting better after they drank, though their skill and endurance were both greatly lessened by the alcohol.

#### Cannot Memorize So Quickly

Memory tests showed equally serious indictments against alcohol. Dr. Vogt, of the University of Christiania, in his experiments found that the time required for repetition of twenty-five lines of Homer without mistake averaged 18 per cent longer during the alcoholic period than on the abstinent days. The amount of alcohol that he gave was equal to slightly more than one-half pint of four-per-cent beer.

The unfaltering decree of science is that "even one glass of beer daily, decreases a man's efficiency by an average of seven per cent. In other words, it would require fifteen men, indulging in one glass of beer daily, to do approximately the work which properly should be done by fourteen abstainers. Scientists have found that a drinking man cannot stand extremes of temperature so well, that he cannot hear or see or smell so well, that he cannot lift so much or

so often, that he cannot walk so far, dig so much, or carry so enduringly as if he were abstinent."

These findings of science, with many others of a similar nature, supplemented by personal observations, have made American industry declare almost unanimously against the liquor traffic.

"The great god Industry may not care for the social or moral phase of the drink problem, but when alcohol begins to tease and harass his pet mascot, efficiency, that is quite another matter. Drastic measures must be taken." And these measures help to bring nearer the day of national prohibition of the liquor traffic.



Tried and condemned

European scientists. In every case a definite loss of muscular efficiency was shown.

Dr. Kraepelin, whose experiments have attracted much attention, is regarded as the most eminent living author on mental and nervous diseases. He is professor of mental diseases at the University of Munich. By means of his writing balance, the time required to write a set of characters can be computed with an error of less than one two hundredth of a second. He, too, has made some convincing experiments. Subjects were required to write three stints, each succeeding one requiring greater expenditure of mental energy. The time for the men in their normal condi-

## What Insurance Men Say

**W**HAT is one year of life worth? Some men, when they have felt the cord of life breaking, would have given millions for another year of life; and yet some of these same men have themselves cut the cord by wrong habits of living.

Insurance records show that drink shortens a man's life by at least 11 per cent. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, from observations covering a period of fifteen years, found that out of 100 abstainers who were ex-



Booze and Industry have parted company. More than 1,000,000 jobs are now closed to the American workman who drinks.

pected to die, only 78 died, while out of 100 drinkers who were expected to die, only four escaped death, 96 having died.

The Scepter Life Insurance Society of London found that in a period of twenty years, out of 100 abstainers expected to die, only 55 did die, while out of 100 drinkers expected to die, 79 died. The Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company, Scotland, obtained almost the same figures from similar observations.

Another reliable insurance investigator found that the average mortality among drinkers covering a period of sixty years, was 36 per cent higher than among abstainers.

The actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, England, says that "abstainers show a marked superiority to nonabstainers throughout the entire working years of life for every class of policy and for both sexes, however tested."

The Danes are said to have a passion for statistics second only to the Germans. As a result of this passion, a governmental commission was able to obtain from the records of Denmark's physicians the following accurate deductive information concerning the adult deaths occurring in their practice in one year:—

**"Every pint of brandy consumed steals eleven hours out of a man's normal expectation of life, and every pint of beer drunk cheats him out of approximately twenty-five minutes of earthly activity."**

Based upon a report of two million cases, tabulated from the records of American and Canadian life insurance companies in the past twenty-five years, Mr. Arthur Hunter, chairman of the central bureau, Medico-Actuarial Mortality Investigation, says that it is conclusively proved that total abstainers are longer lived than nonabstainers, the span of human life being reduced from four to six years as a result of the use of alcohol.

The Prudential Insurance Company, New York, claims to have lost 1,522 policyholders in four years through alcoholism, an economic loss to the country of \$1,522,000, counting a man's life worth only \$1,000.

The statistics from Leipzig Benefit Societies show that death carried off in the prime of life from two to three times as many drinkers as other insured men. Lombroso, the great Italian scientist, says: "The man of twenty who drinks has a probable life of fifteen years before him, the abstainer one of forty-four years."

These facts remind one of the unintentional admission in the notice of a picturesque little church in a suburb of Berlin. The church was surrounded with peaceful graves, whither artists often resorted to sketch. Close by the entrance was a notice saying, "The key to the graveyard is

to be found in the neighboring brewery." The brewery and distillery hold the key to many graveyards. They hold the key to the world's house of misery and death. How long shall we suffer this outrage upon our fellow men?

## Who is on the Lord's Side?

**W**HEN this question was first put to the waiting multitude at Sinai, every man was compelled to take sides, and to do it definitely and at once.

Now in this great hour the challenge is again given, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and men by force of circumstances are being compelled to line up for or against the liquor traffic. This is the way it is being done: In Elgin, Ill., a vote on the saloon question revealed the fact that one brewer, one distiller, one daughter of a distiller, nine ex-saloonkeepers, four ex-saloonkeepers who afterward became blind-piggers, one expressman, seven wet leaders and workers, most of whom circulated the petitions for pay, voted for saloons; while the better part of Elgin voted for prohibition.

Elgin voting is a fair sample of the general personnel of the dry and wet voting. It also shows the way things are fast tending throughout the country.

When Secretary Daniels learned of the many admissions to the hospital for alcoholism in the American navy, he concluded that if alcohol was sending so many to the hospital, it must be rendering inefficient a still larger number of men who did not get to the hospital. He therefore, for the sake of efficiency, debarred alcohol from the United States Navy.

Mayor Smith of Philadelphia barred liquor from 10,000 city employees, with the statement that "rum and efficient public service are an impossible combination."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in convention declared for State and national prohibition, saying that "drink and efficiency do not run hand in hand." The New York City Board of Health has inaugurated a temperance crusade.

The United Mine Workers of America at once remove from his position any officer or employee convicted of intoxication. National parks and forest reserves have been made dry by order of the National Congress. According to Adjutant General McCain, liquor is absolutely forbidden in all our army camps.

"The National Guard is a sober organization," said Capt. Stanley W. Root, of Company I, Pennsylvania National Guard. "It takes a good sober body to stand the strain of the service nowadays. The drunkard is the first man who becomes a straggler, and we don't want him. The personnel of the National Guard in my time has improved one hundred per cent in this respect."

Adj. Gen. I. Van Holt, of Georgia, says, "There will be no drinking among the Georgia troops as long as I am at their head. We unto the man who takes a drink if I ever hear of his having done so. *Drunkenness for a soldier is an unspeakable disgrace, especially in the case of an officer;*



and it is my purpose to have any such man court-martialed and subject him to the full penalty of the law."

"General Clark, in command of Missouri National Guard, at Camp Clark, Nevada, Mo., issued stringent orders against the use of liquors by either officers or men, or even its presence on the reservation."

The Philadelphia Quartz Company of

Chester, Pa., has declared an increase of ten per cent in wages for each one who will pledge himself to abstain from intoxicating liquors. The Cambria Steel Company of Johnstown, has also taken official steps to curb all drinking by its employees, on the principle that no man has a right to drink and expect to sell his lessened efficiency to the Cambria Steel Company. The Hershey Chocolate people, among the largest manufacturers of their line of products in America, have taken a similar step.

The Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad dismissed one hundred twenty-six employees at one time for drinking.

Socialist leaders of Norway, Finland, Germany, France, Belgium, and Austria have expressed themselves strongly against the sale of alcoholic liquor. Vandervele, one of the giants of the European socialist movement, says: "We must have the courage to tell the workers that those who are filled up with gin are not capable of marching with us to the conquest of a better future. It is the imperative duty of the socialist to attack not only the enemy without, capitalism, which exploits him, but the enemy within that gnaws his entrails and wastes his resources."

The verdict of a commission appointed by the mayor of Chicago is that alcoholism is the greatest single cause of crime and insanity.

The rules of the barkeepers' union forbid its members' using intoxicating drink. "Booze is made to sell, not to drink," said one barkeeper.

The Rand Company, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., manufacturers of improved bank and office equipment, when asked to donate one-fourth per cent of a certain bill to aid in fighting prohibition, said:—

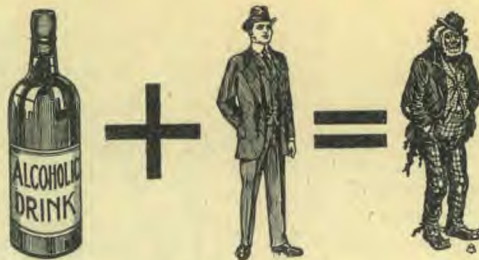
"We consider it an insult for you to ask us to help you in preventing the introduction and enforcement of one of the best laws that could be put upon our statute books. We would rather give ten times the amount of this bill for the introduction and enforcing of a prohibition law than one cent to fight it."

The Carnegie Company at Youngstown, Ohio, promotes only employees who are abstainers from intoxicants.

The Maryland Steel Company, perhaps the largest single corporation in the State, got an act through the legislature forbidding the manufacture and sale of liquor within two miles of its plant.

The Winton Motor Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, which employs about 1,200 men in Cleveland, and about the same number in other cities, has never employed any but total abstainers.

Ten large American steel concerns also employ none but abstainers.



An easy problem

not in some way dictated by self-interest? Candidly, would it not be saner and more just to grant me a federal license to steal or burglarize, and protect me in that business, than to grant to others license to sell intoxicating liquor for drinking purposes and protect them in that business?

I therefore hereby petition you to grant me and my associates the privilege of calling special elections, so that each county, town, or precinct may vote on the question of whether or not they will license "white slavers," gamblers, thieves, and murderers to commit their crimes, and thus have local option on thievery, murder, etc.? And then each community for a license fee could license thieves, and murderers, and throw certain restrictions around them so that they could carry on their business in a decent and respectable manner, and then we would not have thieves and murderers going around, like the bootleggers, committing their crimes in violation of our laws.

Awaiting your reply, I am,

Faithfully yours,

W. L. SIMMS.

## A Patriotic Prohibition Prophecy

God's clock has struck the hour that knells the final doom  
Of base resorts that flourish in shades of moral gloom.  
Our country's sacred honor conditions new commands,  
And pulpit, press, and platform unite in firm demands.  
No legalized temptation shall lure the feet of youth  
To wander from the pathway of purity and truth;  
No revenue degrading our treasury shall claim;  
No partnership with evil shall mar Columbia's fame;  
No breweries, no distilleries, no wineries, no bars,  
Shall purchase their protection beneath Old Glory's Stars!  
O statesmen wise, who legislate beneath the great white dome!  
O patriotic Chief, within historic White House home!  
This vision will be realized. High on the scroll of fame,  
In characters of tadelless light, will shine each honored name  
Through whose supreme endeavor and by whose earnest thought  
Were moved the forces which this glorious conquest wrought.  
Leaders of our Republic, this prophecy fulfill!  
Be brave! dare face the issue! it is the people's will!  
Then vict'ry bells will peal above the liquor traffic's grave,  
And o'er our nation's dome at last a stainless flag shall wave!

MRS. NELLIE HAZARD BRADLEY.

## To Uncle Sam

Dear Uncle: I wish to engage in a new business; a business that I am sure will in a short time net you larger revenue than at the present time comes from the liquor traffic. In brief, I desire a United States license that will give me and other "citizens of good moral standing" a right to steal horses and automobiles for "personal use." I want a federal license that will make the business of stealing horses, buggies, automobiles, bicycles, and accessories lawful, and give it the protection and support of the United States government. At first my request may seem unreasonable; but please waive judgment until I give you my reasons for making the request.

I am aware that the people of my State have passed laws prohibiting the stealing of these things, but, Uncle, could you not put me in touch with some good judge or attorney-general who understands law sufficiently to be able to find some technicalities that would make it possible at least for me and my associates to steal horses and automobiles from other States for "personal use"?

First, you may be interested to know how I stand regarding local option and this prohibition movement that is sweeping over the land. Well, I am not so much opposed to prohibition as I once was. I believe in prohibition that will prohibit all foreigners from stealing horses and automobiles for personal use or any other use. I want to see this business carried on decently and only by American citizens "who are of good moral character." I am willing to abide by a law prohibiting my business on Sundays, election days, or after twelve o'clock at night. I am also willing to be prohibited from stealing from minors. But if I am altogether denied the privilege of stealing these things, the result will be, that, just like the bootleggers, a lot of sneak thieves and liars will, under cover, unlawfully steal them anyway. And you will then receive no revenue to help reduce taxes. You know that prohibition against stealing does not prevent stealing in any country. "Prohibition does not prohibit." A refusal of such a license would only be an interference with my personal liberty.

My associates and myself are willing to pay a liberal fee to the government for this federal license. We are also willing to put ourselves on record not to steal colts, or horses that have no sense, neither would we take old broken-down plugs. We would not take automobiles that had been used over one year, and would agree to steal but a limited number of Fords each year. Can you not readily see that my proposed business would greatly increase all lines of legitimate business throughout the country? And, furthermore, we would agree to steal only from well-to-do people and the laboring men.

I feel confident that you will agree with me when I say that my proposed business would not be nearly so injurious or dishonorable as the business of selling drugged liquors for drinking purposes. For instance, my business would not cause any man to beat his wife and children or raise a disturbance in the community. Neither would my business wreck homes, fill jails, asylums, or county hospitals, for the sober, industrious, and respectable part of the community to support. My work of stealing would not condemn wives and mothers to lives of drudgery and want. Neither would we wreck manhood, debauch politics, or bind people to a hellish slavery. We would do nothing to steal the honor of the man, the virtue of the woman, or the future of the child.

In your one hundred and forty years of experience, have you ever known of any thief or band of outlaws whose record can approximate the awful results of the liquor traffic? Can you think of one word that can be said in favor of the open saloon or the personal-use plan that is

## British Testimonies

**Lord Roberts's Last Appeal:** "Thousands of young recruits are having their work interfered with and their constitutions undermined by being tempted to drink by a friendly but thoughtless public. I therefore beg most earnestly that the public generally do their best to prevent our young soldiers from being tempted to drink."

**Sir Thomas Barlow, K. C. V. O., M. D., F. R. C. S.,** president of the Royal College of Physicians and of the Seventeenth International Congress on Medicine, says: "Alcohol makes a man less effective."

**Field Marshal Lord Methuen:** "Drink ruins body and mind alike, besides being intensely degrading."

**Sir John French,** commander in chief of the expeditionary forces: "Abstinence and self-control make a man more serviceable."

**Sir Frederick Treves:** "If you want to be officers, don't touch alcohol;" and again: "Alcohol is a poison. You cannot be fit if you take it."

**Lord Kitchener:** "Your duty to your country can only be by *hard work* and strict *sobriety*."

**Glasgow Municipal Poster:** "Alcohol increases the risk of consumption."

**Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M. D.:** "Don't drink alcohol. You will be happier without it, healthier without it, and richer without it."

**Sir George White, M. P.:** "Drink is the greatest black spot on our civilization."

**Dr. Forbes Winslow, M. B., LL. D., C. L. B.:** "Drink, crime, and lunacy go hand in hand."

## A British Poster

To All Men Serving the British Empire

It has been proved by the most careful scientific experiments, and completely confirmed by actual experience in athletics and war, and attested by Field Marshal Lord Roberts, V. C., K. G., K. P., Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, K. P., G. C. B., Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, K. P., G. C. B., and many other army leaders, that alcohol or drink—

Slows the power to see signals.  
Confuses prompt judgment.  
Spoils accurate shooting.  
Hastens fatigue.  
Lessens resistance to disease and exposure.  
Increases shock from wounds.

We therefore most strongly urge you for your own health and efficiency, that at least as long as the war lasts you should become total abstainers.

Thomas Barlow, K. C. V. O., M. D., F. R. C. S.  
Frederick Treves, G. C. V. O., K. C. V. O., C. B., LL. D., F. R. C. S.  
G. J. H. Evatt, C. B., M. D., R. A. M. C.  
Victor Horsley, F. R. S., F. R. C. S., M. B., B. S., M. D.  
G. Sims Woodhead, M. A., LL. D., M. D., F. R. C. P., F. R. S. E.

A coward in politics is worse than a coward in war.— *Lutz*.

"Every barroom whitens a skeleton for every other room in society."

"The liquor traffic stifles enterprise, and breeds treason everywhere."

Preparedness cannot come until the liquor traffic goes.— *Fred E. Landis*.

"Rum rots the brain of the drinker, and grinds to powder the girders of society."

"Local option is too local and too optional. National evils are not cured by local treatment."

"Prohibition doesn't make blind pigs. These are the product of blind officers and blind voters."

Every city in South Dakota voted dry at the November election; so did every city in Montana except Butte.

## Master Frog as Doctor

**I**T is not easy to believe that any of our American people ever looked to the frog as a remedial measure for scarlet fever, measles, and canker rash, much less that they did so in the latter half of the nineteenth century; but according to *Home and School* this is true, and here is how the little green doctor served his patients:—

"Dr. Frog was taken into a sickroom and made to breathe in a very natural way, close to the face of the patient. He absorbed, so they tell us, the poison and soon began to swell up. When he had taken in so much that it seemed as if he were about to burst, he was taken out of doors and given a cold bath. Thereupon he assumed his natural size, ready to go out on another case.



Dr. Frog and his patient

"An old paper, dated 1874, a paper noted for its truthfulness, states that a man near Hoosac Tunnel had one of these little green doctors in a spring behind his house, and that this particular frog had such exceptional curative powers that he was in demand for miles around whenever a child came down with a rash that was suspected to be scarlet fever.

"Many a child was reprimanded for killing a frog, because it never could be told when one would be wanted, and the more frogs there were alive the less likelihood there would be of delay."

Every age has had its absurd and superstitious ideas. The twentieth century, we believe, is emerging into the sunlight of scientific and medical certainty, but it has not freed itself entirely from past absurdities and super-

stitutions. To one familiar with Present-day findings of science and medicine, the idea that alcoholic liquor is a benefit to the human organism seems as foolishly pitiable as the idea that the bullfrog could cure scarlet fever, and much more so, for while the frog did the patient no good it did him no harm. Dr. W. G. Halteren summarizes the present medical and scientific status of alcohol as follows:—

"Instead of being a valuable nutrient and tonic, as formerly considered, the facts presented show conclusively that alcohol is a protoplasmic poison, an active depressant, and the legitimate mother of anesthetics.

"Alcohol never stimulated anything or anybody. It always puts to sleep one or more of our faculties. It may put to sleep our sense of decency and our power of restraint, so that we become abnormally lively and vivacious. It may put to sleep our power of muscular control, so that we reel in walking and mumble our words when we try to talk. Finally, it may produce an actual stupor, when the individual, as we say, is 'dead drunk.' All these familiar changes are merely stages in one and the same process of stupefying ourselves — of lessening our power to do and to be. As regards the deleterious effect of alcohol, the discussion has practically been closed. The transitory effect alone should be sufficient evidence to condemn it; but that is not all, alcohol increases the blood pressure, robs the tissues of needed oxygen, hardens the arteries, and invites degeneration, decay, and disease. Physiologically, it is no advantage or assistance to the body under any circumstances whatever; nor is it capable of increasing strength or endurance or vitality in any sense, medicinally or otherwise. Even in so-called moderate doses, alcohol invariably lowers the coefficient of efficiency, retards the mental processes, dulls the keenness of vision and hearing, diminishes the sensitiveness of touch and smell; in a word, it interferes with all physical and mental action, and is thus distinctly a poisonous and habit-producing drug, always dangerous and often deadly."

In our hospitals its use has decreased seventy-five per cent in the last five years, and it has been entirely omitted from the United States Pharmacopœia. While the old belief in its efficacy as a medicine dies hard, it is almost dead. A few uninformed mothers may yet act upon the old conception freely dispensed by the brewer, that beer is good for mothers just before and after childbirth. Science has long since completely exploded this idea, showing that one of the worst things a woman can do is to drink alcoholic liquor, though the real effect of the alcohol may not be apparent except in the abnormal liking for intoxicants revealed on the part of the child after manhood is reached. But this may be enough to wreck the life of the child.

The New York Health Department says to mothers, "You can't drink liquor and have strong babies. Sickening liquor or healthy babies — which? Take your choice."

According to Drs. Chittenden and Mendel one tablespoonful of whisky reduces the digestive activity more than seventy-five per

cent. Dr. Bunge, of Germany, asserts, "When alcohol is taken into the system in any appreciable amount, the digestive process is arrested and fermentation ensues."

Call in "the little green doctor" if you wish. He cannot harm you, and his croakings may amuse you; but never, under any advice, call in any member of the alcoholic family to minister to your needs. They can do nothing but harm to the delicate human organism. "You don't need alcohol for health; you don't need it for strength; you don't need it for food; you don't need it for drink. It never does you any good; it always does you harm. Let it alone."

## The Fatal Prescription—A True Incident

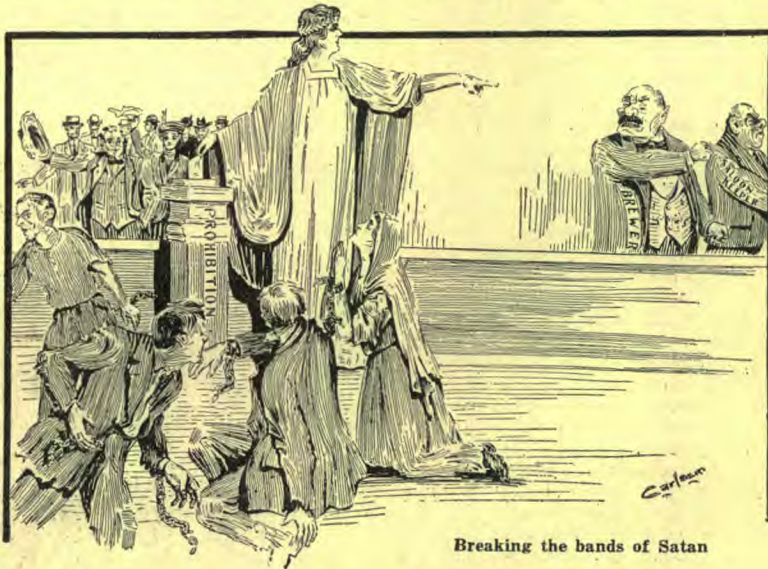
**Y**OU ask me why I so seriously oppose the use of alcohol in sickness. As one of my reasons I will give you the experience of a friend.

You remember meeting at our home, just before you moved West, a Mr. Lester and his wife. You thought their prospects for happiness bright, as you remarked to me that you had seldom met a couple more attractive and apparently so well suited to each other. Mr. Lester and my husband had been intimate friends for years, and when at the age of thirty-five he married and brought home a fair-girl of twenty with whom he fell in love while on a business trip, we were delighted, for, as Fred said, Lester was "too good a man to live a bachelor."

Mrs. Lester we found to be a charming woman, bright and intelligent. They went into society a good deal the first year of their married life; but during the second a babe was born to them, and of course that made a change. They seemed, however, happier than ever. But alas! the child, when about a year old, sickened and died. Mrs. Lester, who had idolized the little one, became low-spirited, and at last ill, and for some time her life was despaired of. Just at this time my own domestic affairs confined me closely. My mother was in delicate health, and our little Nellie had a long illness, so that for almost a year I scarcely left the house, and saw very little of others.

As soon as Mrs. Lester recovered, she called to see me; at first she came frequently, but since I was so absorbed in my own troubles, her visits became farther and farther apart, until sometimes months lay between them. I asked my husband one day what had become of the Lesters, as I had not seen Mrs. Lester for a long time. He said he knew little about them.

"Some unaccountable change," he went on, "has taken place



Breaking the bands of Satan

in Lester; he is totally unlike himself, scarcely ever smiles, seems to take no interest in anything or anybody."

"Perhaps," said I, "he has business troubles."

"I think not," said Fred, "his business appears to be prosperous."

The subject was dropped; but I thought a good deal about it, and at last determined to visit my old friends to see if they were in trouble. I was kindly received by both Mr. and Mrs. Lester, and could detect no difference in their manner to each other or to me, and yet there was a feeling of restraint which troubled me, and an air of mystery about the house which perplexed me. I soon learned that others felt as I did, and of course there was "talk."

Servants told strange tales of Mrs. Lester's "hysterics" and "queer spells," which often confined her to her room for days. During these periods no one but her husband was permitted to see her.

Mr. Lester and his wife finally left home, ostensibly to travel for the benefit of Mrs. Lester's health.

Two years passed, when one day my husband said:—

"The Lesters are home again, Nellie. I met Lester this morning, and of all sad faces I think his is the saddest. I was afraid to ask after his wife, for I felt sure she was dead."

"And is she?" I asked.

"No; he told me she was well and would be glad to see you.

Shall we call this evening?" he asked. "I feel anxious about Lester."

Company came and prevented our contemplated visit. But in a few days I called at the house and inquired for Mrs. Lester. The old woman who came to the door had lived in Mr. Lester's mother's family until it was broken up by the death of old Mrs. Lester, and since then had lived with the son. I knew her well, and was surprised at the embarrassment she showed when I asked for Mrs. Lester. She did not invite me to enter; but after a moment's hesitation said she hoped I would excuse Mrs. Lester, as Mr. Lester was quite sick. I accordingly returned home without seeing her.

About dark that evening I received a message summoning me to her side. Mr. Lester's illness was violent, and proved fatal in a few days. Whatever the trouble in the family, it was not lack of mutual affection, for his dying eyes sought hers, his hand clasped hers until it was cold in death. As for her, she neither ate nor slept during the time his suffering lasted, but was constantly with him, allowing no one to assist him in anything she was able to do for him. And when all was over, her agony was terrible to see. It was with difficulty I persuaded her at length to leave her dead, in order that the body might be prepared for burial.

About midnight I prevailed on her to lie down, and exhausted in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed by her side and fell into an uneasy slumber, from which some slight noise aroused me. Looking around, I saw, by the dim light, Mrs. Lester standing in front of the dresser with what appeared to be a bottle in her hand. I spoke to her, asking if anything was the matter. She seemed confused, and put her hand to her head, then replied that her head was aching badly. I offered to get up, but she begged me to lie still, and in a short time returned to bed and apparently fell asleep. After this I must have slept soundly, for when I awoke it was daylight.

Dressing myself quickly and quietly, to avoid disturbing my companion, I was about to leave the room, when my eyes fell on her face. The eyes, half open, were bloodshot, while the whole countenance was flushed almost to a purple hue.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, "she is very sick."

Hastily ringing the bell, I tried to arouse her. As I did so, the fumes of alcohol surprised me. I did not know what to think, but I proceeded to bathe her head in cold water and comb the tangled locks away from her face. While I was thus engaged, old Rachel entered the room.

"Just let her alone, Mrs. C——," she said; "she is drunk, and that's all there is to it. O you wretched creature!" she continued, addressing the unconscious woman, "couldn't you wait until he was under the ground to make your shame known? Now," she cried, turning to me, while tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "you know the life he led; do you wonder he was changed? O ma'am! if ever there was a saint on earth, that poor man that lies a corpse downstairs was one."

I was so surprised and horrified I could scarcely speak. "O Rachel!" I said at last, "I never dreamed of this; how long has it been going on?"

"Why, almost ever since her baby died. She was so feeble, you know," said Rachel, "that the doctor said she must have wine every day. Of course, nobody thought of harm until it was too late. Poor thing! she did try to break herself of it, but it seemed she couldn't. I thought Mr. Lester would go crazy. He would try to scold her sometimes, but more times he would coax her. I have seen her get down on her knees before him and promise, with tears running down her cheeks, never to touch the stuff again; and I believe she meant it, for she loved him dearly."

"It seems strange, Rachel," said I, "that, loving him as she did, she would persist in doing what she knew, or at least what she might have expected, would drive him from her. There are few men, I think, who would prove faithful to a drunken wife."

"That is the truth," answered the old woman. "Women are expected to live with drunken men, but not men with drinking women, and she knew it; she used to tell him that, and beg him not to leave her. Oh! if love could save the drunkards, Mrs. C——, there would be few unsaved; but I tell you the craving for whisky—it is not always love of it—is stronger than love or hate or any other passion. I know that woman," pointing to Mrs. Lester, "loved her husband better than her own life; she would gladly have died for him."

"Sometimes there would be weeks during which she would not touch liquor. Once she went three months without it, and they were very happy! That was while they were traveling. They thought she had entirely lost her desire for it, and he brought her back, thinking to have a happy home again. But they were invited to dinner at the Rev. Mr. Brown's. They never thought of danger there. But a friend had sent the minister some expensive old port, and his guests were invited to taste it.



"Dear Favur, I fank thee for making our State dry. Muvver says we can now have lots of good fings to eat."

"Immediately after dinner Mr. Lester brought Mrs. Lester home, on the plea of his own head aching. Poor man! if he had said heart aching he would have told the truth. I saw at once by her flushed cheeks and loud talk that somehow she had got liquor. But I helped him coax her to lie down, and together we watched by her until we thought her asleep. Then, as he had some business to see to, he left me in charge and went to the store.

"O Mrs. C——! she was not asleep; as soon as he left the house she got up, and in spite of me left her room. I ran to fasten the doors, but she was too strong for me. It was dark and raining hard; she got away from me and ran out into the street bareheaded. I followed her, begging, praying her to go home. But it was no use. In the darkness I lost her, she was so quick. Then I went to the store for Mr. Lester and told him. I think death struck him then, for he turned gray in the face; not white, Mrs. C——, but gray, ashen gray, and he staggered like a drunken man. As he hurried past me, I tried to follow him. But I am old and weak, and it was so cold and dark I returned to the house to get things ready for them when they came back.

"It was nearly midnight when they came. I don't know where he found her; but he was half carrying her. They were both wet through with rain, and her beautiful dress was covered with mud. He only said, 'Help me, Rachel,' and we got her clothes off and put her in bed. Then I got him dry clothes, and wanted him to lie down, but he did not. The next morning he was sitting just where I left him when I went to bed, and he had that same strange gray color on his face."

Mrs. Lester was still asleep and breathing loudly, or it seemed loud in the still room, as Rachel paused in her sad story.

"When did you say this was, Rachel?" I asked.

"Just the day before Mr. Lester took down," she replied. "He had not been well for several days; in fact, he had not wanted to go to the dinner party. He only went to please Mrs. Lester. The next morning when she roused up, he told her he was sick, and if she would stay with him he would lie down."

"O Rachel! How did she act? How could she look him in the face?" I asked.

"She felt bad, I know," said Rachel; "but she did not refer to the occurrences of the night before. She was pale and weak, but she tried to keep up, and stayed in the room with her husband all day, lying by his side most of the time. She became frightened at last, as he got no better and she noticed that strange look on his face."

"What does it mean, Rachel?" she whispered to me. "Go for the doctor. O Rachel! have I killed him?"

"I did not tell her what I thought, but I brought the doctor as quickly as I could. You know the rest—how he never rallied, and how she nursed him. I will tell you one thing more, in justice to her. Mr. Lester told me that his wife inherited her love of liquor from her father, who died a drunkard. If so, we should pity her, should we not?"

Mrs. Lester attended her husband's funeral in a calm, decorous manner. After it was over, she disappeared, no one knew whither, nor could the utmost efforts of lawyers or friends discover her whereabouts.

With the exception of a handsome legacy to Rachel, Mr. Lester had left all his property—which was large—to his wife, in charge of a lawyer friend, with particular instructions in regard to his wife, which the lawyer kept secret, while he spared neither time nor money in his endeavors to find his charge.

Years passed with no tidings from the wanderer, when, one bitter cold winter morning, I received a note from an intimate friend, stating that she would call for me in an hour, in company with Dr. Bland, in order that we might go with him to see a sick friend.

Wondering somewhat, as I knew of none of our friends' being ill, I soon made ready, and when the carriage arrived, stepped in at once. We were driven to a distant part of the city, tenanted by the lowest class of people. I suppose I looked my surprise, for Dr. Bland remarked:—

"You will know all soon enough, Mrs. C——. I cannot bear to tell you."

At last the carriage drew up at the door of a miserable house, and we alighted. The doctor preceded us up a rickety flight of stairs and into a room near the top of the house. Oh, the wretched, wretched place! The bare, dirty floor; the uncurtained, grimy windows; the broken, smoky grate with just a handful of coals; the mass of rags, on which, in lieu of a bed, lay all that was left of our once beautiful, happy Annie Lester.

She extended her hand to me. I took it, while unbidden tears filled my eyes.

"Do not cry now," she said, in a faint voice; "rather be glad that a miserable life is about to end. I never would have returned



Let your vote be for the protection of my boy and not for his destruction.



but for that. It is only a question of hours, Doctor; isn't it?"

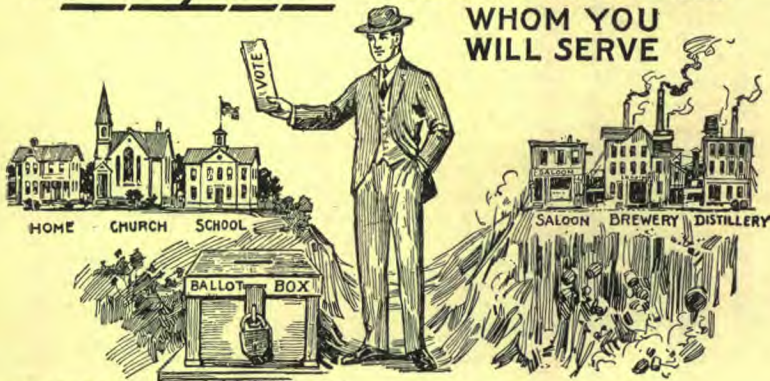
The doctor bent his head. And she continued brokenly:—"I would have spared you, dear friends, this, to you, painful scene, but I have a favor to ask. I want to be buried near my—my husband." She paused, and a thin stream of blood trickled from her lips. I wiped it off and she went on, still more faintly: "Near him, friends; not at his side, ah! no, not there, but at his feet. I killed him. Oh! I who loved him so, I killed him as surely as if I had driven a knife into his heart. O Dr. Bland!—that fatal prescription of yours! If it had not been for that! O my God!"

She half raised up, but fell back exhausted, while the pallor of death settled on her wasted features.

"Doctor," she gasped, pushing away the spoon he placed to her lips, "don't try to prolong this misery." She raised her dim eyes to his face. "I forgive you," she said, "as I hope to be forgiven.

## CHOOSE YOU THIS ELECTION DAY

WHOM YOU WILL SERVE



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You—you," she went on, a word at a time, while each laboring breath grew shorter, "did not mean, but oh! that daily glass of wine; it found its way to the hidden taint in my blood. O my father! what a heritage you left your child; but it might never have been awakened if it had not been for that. I tried so hard—I have suffered so—a thousand deaths—my husband's feet, remember, re—"

Death sealed her lips. As the doctor bent to close the glazing eyes and fold the cold hands, he trembled as with an ague.

Next day, while snow fell fast from the dull gray sky, we laid poor Annie Lester's body, not at her husband's feet, but by his side, where, while life lasted, he had so nobly kept her, and where we knew he would have wished her to rest at last.

As Dr. Bland left me at my home, after the last sad rites were over, he retained my hand in his a moment. His face was pale, and his firm lips quivered a little as he said:—

"Mrs. C—, I think I fully realize the woe of him who putteth the cup to his brother's lips, and I am resolved that no human being shall ever again lay his ruin at my door."

"Amen!" I answered. "Would that every member of your useful profession would make the same resolution and abide by it, for I am sure the sum of human sin and suffering would thereby be greatly lessened."

The doctor bowed gravely, and stepping into his carriage, was driven homeward, while I entered my own happy home, and in the society of my dear ones strove to recover my usual cheerfulness. Still my heart is sad whenever I think of those two wrecked lives, and of that "fatal prescription," and of numerous other similar prescriptions whose histories likewise have been written in human suffering and degradation, but have not yet been put in print.—*Mrs. E. V. Wilson, in Arthur's Home Magazine.*

### Shall I Vote?

**O**F course you should vote. Dr. Ira Landrith says that "scarcely a prohibition vote has been lost in a decade except by the indolence of the upright." In Ohio in 1914, 160,000 men stayed at home and failed to vote on the liquor question. If you do not want to be reckoned as an accomplice in all the evil wrought through the accursed liquor traffic, then bestir yourself and vote for annihilation whenever opportunity offers.

For a generation a certain Massachusetts town had been a no-license town, and doubtless all the good people thought it would forever remain so; but thinking and voting are both necessary to keep the slimy body of the liquor traffic out of any place. However, the town forgot this, and awoke one morning to find that the liquor people, who had been awake all the time, had crowded the town hall and voted in the saloon. But fortunately the selectmen were prohibitionists, and saved the day by deciding to place the liquor license at \$1,000,000, if necessary, to keep the traffic out.

The great Yukon Territory missed becoming dry for want of three votes. We are told that if the ministers who left

the city of Dawson that day had remained and voted, prohibition would have won.

Bicknell, Ind., and Whitewater, Wis., according to reports, were each made dry by one vote. What sorrow and loss would have come to many in these places but for the one vote! Mr. Daniel Poling regards nonvoters as civic grafters. He says:—

"There are men who would not steal a cent, who would not misappropriate a single dollar of a trust fund, who do steal liberty, who do take the priceless institutions of freedom without paying for them, who are civic grafters.

"It was one of these who said during the campaign for State-wide prohibition in Vermont, 'Prohibition will carry the State all right; and if I wasn't so busy, I should like to vote myself.' In the election which followed, he and his kind defeated prohibition, for, with one hundred thousand eligible voters in the State, only fifty thousand went to the polls, and a majority of the delinquents were registered in territory already dry through local option. "Shame! Vermont of the Green Mountains! Vermont, out of which Ethan Allen came to walk with the immortals! The descendants of men who tied rags about their frostbitten, bleeding feet, and marched through blizzards to die for liberty, sat by their fire-sides on a day when the honor of their commonwealth and the future of her unborn were at stake, and with the supreme weapon of citizenship in their hands and the gauge of civic battle thrown down, struck not a blow. The battle went to the enemy by default; it was not won, because it was not contested. Hats off to the heroic men and women who struggled until the last minutes of the voting day against unfair odds laid on them by the indifference of those who should have been their fighting comrades; but thrice shame upon those others who sold their neighbors' birthright and their own for the pottage of civic laziness."

As a people we are given the definite counsel that we fail to do our whole duty unless we exert our influence, by precept and example,—by voice and pen and vote,—in favor of prohibition and total abstinence. We ourselves must grapple with this giant foe, our motto, "No compromise, and no cessation of our efforts till the victory is gained."

### The Saddle Maker

**A**T a North Dakota rancher's rear door a middle-aged man, a tramp, begged for something to eat.

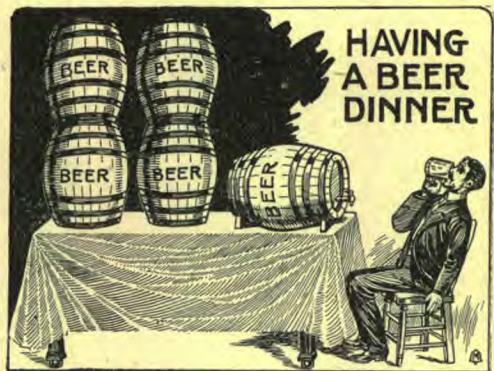
"Why don't you fellows go to work instead of begging and beating your way?" asked the rancher, banker, and all-round successful business man.

"There is nothing doing in my line in this country," answered the man. When asked what his line was, he said, "I am a saddle maker, sir, and I can make as fine a saddle as man ever rode. I came to this State to get away from drink. When I learned that I could escape drink by coming here, I did not stop to inquire about work, but came at once. I paid my fare as far as I could, and since then I have walked and starved and shivered, until I can go no farther."

"Come in and get warm, and have some breakfast," said the rancher with an uncomfortable lump in his throat. "There are a lot of cowboys on my own and neighboring ranches who purchase many saddles. I have a vacant room you may use. I will furnish you with material, and if you can do what you say you can, your success is assured."

The handsome saddle presented to the rancher at the end of the week proved that the wanderer was a saddle maker of the first class. He was therefore given every opportunity by the philanthropist to ply his trade. His success is shown by the fact that in time the Jackson Saddlery Company, Limited, was organized under the laws of North Dakota, with a paid-up capital stock of \$50,000. Since September, 1914, the company has had contracts with the British government for all the saddles it can make.

"I had always made money," said Mr. Dillon, the saddle maker, "but drink got it away from me, and I was left poor. Thank God for a State where a man can't get liquor!" And so say we.



Scientific analysis shows that one loaf of bread contains more nutrition than five barrels of beer.

## Fifty Reasons Why I Shall Vote for Prohibition

(Continued from Second Page of Cover)

**Because** the Spokane prison last March had 41 prisoners to feed instead of 230, as in the previous March; because it had one woman drug fiend instead of 25; because on a certain date it had not one drug or whisky fiend instead of 100 such cases, as on that date a year before.

**Because** within four months after the simultaneous closing of 305 saloons in Seattle, practically every one of the vacated properties had been occupied by a useful and legitimate industry; and because there were fewer vacant stores in the city than before the dry law went into effect, and rents had not decreased.

**Because** prohibition when tried, draws to its side intelligent men who strenuously opposed it before it was allowed to prove its virtues. For example, Mayor C. B. Blethen, of Seattle, says:—

"We fought prohibition on economic grounds alone. We believed that in a great seaport city, with a population of upward of 300,000, prohibition would be destructive; that it would bring on economic disaster. We believed that under the license system we had the liquor traffic as well controlled as it could be; we wanted it let alone, and we fought as hard as we could fight. But in spite of all we could do, prohibition carried and went into effect the first of January. We already know that it is a great benefit *morally and economically. Its moral effect has been tremendous.* We had an average of 2,600 arrests a month for crimes and misdemeanors growing out of liquor drinking. In January we had only 400 arrests, and 60 of these were made January 1, and were the result of hang-



His last good-by. To save our youth, kill the liquor monster with the ballot.

overs from the old year. That in itself is enough to convince any man with a conscience that prohibition is necessary. *There can be no true economy in anything that is immoral.*

"On top of the great moral result we have these economic facts: In the first three weeks of January the savings deposits in the banks of Seattle increased 15 per cent. There was not a grocery store in Seattle that did not show an increase of business in January greater than ever known in any month before in all the history of the city, except in holiday time. In all the large grocery stores the increase was immense. Every dry-goods store, except one, and that I have no figures from, had a wonderful increase in business.

"I wished to know in what class of goods the sales increased so greatly, so I went to all the grocery and dry-goods stores to find out. And to me it is a pitiful thing—and it makes me sorry we did not have prohibition long ago—that the increase in sales in all the dry-goods stores was in wearing apparel of women and children, and in the grocery stores the increase was made up chiefly of fruits and fancy groceries. This proves that it is the women and children who suffer the most from the liquor business, and it is they who receive the greatest benefit from prohibition. Yes, sir, we have found that *it is better to buy boots than booze.*"

**Because** many in Des Moines, Iowa, and in Denver, Colo., and in every other new recruit to the prohibition ranks, are learning the way to the bank since saloons have been outlawed. Governor Carlson asserts that "in the Denver Savings Bank, 2,050 new accounts were opened during January, 1916. In Seattle, months before the first year of prohibition closed, 7,165 new savings accounts had been opened.

**Because** L. A. Fare, juvenile court judge of Columbiana County, Ohio, has testified that—

"Eighty-three out of every one hundred children brought into the probate court of that county are there because of drink, and that sixty-five per cent of the abnormal and defective children brought into court are there because affected through drink."

**Because** post-office receipts in Denver for the month of June, under prohibition, were \$18,160.24 more than for the month of June, 1915, under license—an increase of 16.2 per cent. For the first time in Colorado's history Denver's post-office receipts have exceeded a million and a half dollars in a year—and the increase has come under prohibition.

**Because** in no place has prohibition brought the disasters predicted by its enemies, but in every place has demonstrated its efficiency as a true servant.

**Because** we "face the astounding actuality that if to the annual product of all the lumber mills were added the output of all the coal mines saturated with the petroleum from all the wells, and the entire mass consigned to the flames, still the amount of loss would actually be less than the annual loss due to the liquor traffic."

**Because** in Tacoma, Wash., a city of 100,000, there was an unprecedented boom in the sale of children's shoes after Jan. 1, 1916, and because, according to the mayor, A. V. Fawcett,—

"The city is in better shape economically than it has been for years; workingmen who were looking for work last year are employed; grocers report increase in business; contractors report more building than for the past five years; old shacks are being replaced by modern business houses; vagrancy has decreased 63 per cent, and fighting and disorderly cases 100 per cent."

**Because** the mayor of Walla Walla, Wash., said that he had not been called upon to settle a drunken family row since the saloons were abolished, and that bank deposits had increased, arrests decreased, and bills were paid more promptly. Another mayor says that 99 per cent of all cases of trouble brought to his office are due to drink.

**Because** bakers say they sell more bread and cakes than during the wet régime.

**Because** the dry régime makes unnecessary the long line of women at the pay window of some industries, waiting to get their husbands' checks.

**Because** Governor Alexander of Idaho says:—

"Prohibition is a success. Boise is in better condition financially today than ever before."

**Because** for the first time in many years there was not a single criminal case filed in Denver, Colo.; and the Denver Dry Goods Company reported in one month a 50-per-cent increase in its sale over the same month for the past few years.

**Because** the passengers of the "owl" cars of Denver dropped 40 per cent in the first few months of prohibition. Thirty per cent of the midnight passengers had been intoxicated women and girls.

**Because** Denver's largest laundry received 401 new family wash patrons. These families had had their washings done by washerwomen who surrendered their jobs when their husbands brought their pay envelopes home instead of giving them to the saloon keeper.

**Because** Denver three years ago had 2,653 vacant houses, including apartments. Today it has not 300 houses in good condition for occupancy. From one and one-half to two families are moving into Denver for each one moving away.

**Because** Denver's bank clearings in one week of June, 1916, were \$15,413,000, an increase of 42.7 per cent over the corresponding week of the previous year under saloons.

**Because** Crystal Falls, Mich., the county seat of the wettest of the wet counties, was \$10,000 in debt when Iron County went dry. Though it had but \$7,000 in the treasury, and lost the \$12,500 annual license fee, it has paid off all its saloon-accumulated debts; has spent \$4,000 for a new fire truck, and has \$14,000 in the treasury.

**Because** the Colorado Motor Company reported a gain of 400 per cent in January, 1916, over January of 1915. Salesmen of all the leading automobile companies report a great gain in sales due to prohibition.

**Because** commissioner of safety, Alex. Nisbet, of Denver, says:—

"The habitual loafer has disappeared. The crowds that used to hang around the lower end of the city at free-lunch counters are gone. Where, I haven't the slightest idea. Like last summer's flies, they just disappeared. Again, the wineroms are no more and the 'after the theater' dinners are over.

"When any one uses the word 'money' as an argument in the liquor traffic question he loses sight of the real question, for after all it is a question of humanity, and I have come to realize this through twelve years of service while Denver was wet and two and a half months of service as sheriff since the city has been dry."

**Because** Portland, Oregon, reports the elimination of the "night rider" and the "joy rider." In February, 1916, there was only one arrest for operating a machine while intoxicated, while in December, 1915, there were thirteen such cases, and two citizens were killed. Portland also reports the usual prohibition increase in savings, collections, grocery and dry-goods sales.

**Because** Spokane's leading daily says that "the records at the county courthouse show that to aid the unemployed it has cost \$9,000 less in February, 1916, than it did in the same month of 1915.

**Because** Findlay, Ohio, has not had liquor revenue for seven years, yet it has the lowest tax rate of any city in the State.

**Because** wet Fostoria and dry Findlay, near neighbors, the former, with 9,597 population, showed 375 arrests for drunkenness within a given time; while the latter, with 14,858 population, had only 122.

**Because** Berkeley, Cal., ten years ago, with a population of 26,000 and saloons, had 310 arrests for the year; while last year with a population of 65,000 and no saloons, there were but 291.

**Because** in Portland, Oregon, the Workingmen's Club, maintained by private philanthropy for the unemployed, has closed its doors because the number of unemployed in Portland had become so small that the club's mission was considered to have been fulfilled. During its career of sixteen months the club furnished 400,000 meals at five cents each, besides food to hundreds of men; and because at the Italian Mission in Denver, where ladies at the Highlands Methodist church have been furnishing free meals for 150 children, under license conditions, "no more free meals are furnished, since the children are getting all the food they need at home."

**Because** prohibition reacts unfavorably upon the houses of ill fame. One madam declared that since the prohibition order went into effect, her income of \$4,000 a month had been reduced one half. Others said if they were not permitted to sell liquor, they would have to go out of business.

**Because** the workman would be benefited by the wiping out of the liquor traffic and its allied industries.

**Because** cobwebs are hanging from the walls of the Macon, Mo., police court. The city attorney, elected when saloons were running, formerly received in fees from \$65 to \$75 a month. He says that now he is doing well if he gets \$5. The average is \$2. He says that he thought they had not tried a case at the courthouse for six or eight months.

**Because** from extended observations throughout the country, pawnshops, jails, houses of prostitution, gambling dens, and the morgue are the only institutions that show a decrease in patronage through prohibition.

**Because** whether the workings of prohibition are observed in towns, cities, counties, States, or nations, and whether these are east, west, north, or south, it is found to produce always the same beneficent results, and never any unhappy results.

**Because** it is time to stop making criminals, paupers, and insane through a traffic fostered by law.

**Because** "many of our social evils which overshadow the land like so many upas trees, would dwindle away and die if they were not so constantly watered with strong drink."

**Because** the Austin *Herald* of Minnesota says that while its files in other years are full of stories of fights, family quarrels, beating of wives, children going wrong, men being robbed while drunk, since the passing of the saloons it finds little to report in the criminal line. Lawyers of Austin say they have no longer to evict families for nonpayment of rents, and rents that were two and three months behind, are now paid on time.

**Because** prohibition has changed breweries and distilleries into successful tearooms, ice factories, milk companies, yeast factories, a paint, oil, and varnish company, fruit and by-products company, chemical and soap plant, creamery and produce company, loganberry-juice manufactory, and into flourishing Y. M. C. A. rooms.

**Because** saloon men who have been forced into respectable business by prohibition, have become its staunch friends, are happier, and declare they would never enter their old business again.

**Because** I desire to see men have the opportunity to be and to remain men; because I want women and children to be tenderly and generously cared for; because I want to see, as far as possible, tramps, bums, criminals, paupers, insane, epileptics, and the unemployed eliminated; because I want to see disease and death lessened; because I want to see the moral and social standards raised; because I want to see financial prosperity together with every other laudable kind of prosperity throughout the nation, I shall vote for State-wide and nation-wide prohibition, and so should you. Will you?

## Results of Prohibition in Oregon

**T**HROUGHOUT the beautiful State of Oregon, from Ashland, the most extreme southern town, to Portland in the north, the majority of the buildings that were erstwhile grogshops are now being utilized by clean, legitimate businesses, beneficial to the consumer as well as to the manufacturer. Others, however, with their glaring advertisements of the nefarious business that was within still unobliterated, stand closed and forsaken, a mute and welcome evidence that the hideous evil with its direful consequences has been extirpated.

Since the State went dry on Jan. 1, 1916, the total arrests in the city of Portland have decreased 41 per cent; arrests for drunkenness, 77 per cent; disorderly conduct, 36 per cent; vagrancy, 56 per cent. Admissions to the Oregon penitentiary decreased 42 per cent. There were 44 less admissions to the Multnomah County Poor Farm. In Portland, fire alarms were cut in two. Pisgah Home Rescue Mission has closed because not an inmate was left nor an application pending. Thirty-five policemen of Portland were dropped and more could be, though the city has been increased 25 per cent in area. The five-cent eating houses have quit business because the hobos are patronizing the twenty-five-cent restaurants, and they have moved from the five- and ten-cent houses, demanding steam-heated rooms.

Oregon bank deposits increased \$12,000,000; Portland bank deposits increased \$4,200,000, of which \$2,200,000 was in the savings banks, representing dry prosperity for the poor.

Grocers, butchers, bakers, and clothing merchants, reported to the Progressive Business Men's Club an increase in business.

Dairies have increased business because the poor are buying milk. Robert G. Duncan, manager of the Retail Grocers' Association, declares that he has been made a prohibitionist by prohibition. He affirms that the grocermen of Portland are almost unanimous in their indorsement of it.

"The grocers are helped wonderfully in the matter of collections. Men who used to dodge their grocery bills are now prompt in paying, and their families are not going hungry.

"Many wives used to come to the office begging for leniency in the matter of bringing action to collect legitimate bills. For example, a fireman's wife came in one day last year and begged for time. She said that her husband had a way of getting drunk on pay day,

and when drunk, he turned to crap shooting. As a result she got little of the money for household expenses. He had contracted a bill of \$110 with one grocer, and six other food firms were losers by his acts. Since the State went dry, that man has not only been prompt in his payments, but he has almost paid up his former indebtedness."

Mr. Duncan personally opposed prohibition until he saw the good it did. He says he can now ride in his automobile without fear of being rammed by a drunken autoist; he can go home on a street car without smelling a polluted breath or listening to some liquor-laden argument.

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. Happy the State that frees itself from the blighting curse. Let us work assiduously and systematically, with a heart uplifted in prayer to Almighty God, that this deadly evil, this ubiquitous snare, may be eradicated from our entire nation.

CLAUDIA ALBRECHT.

## For the Other Man

**Y**OUR son has no taint of the drink madness in his blood. Do not say that therefore you have no interest in the great reform; but by that mercy, and for the sake of other boys who have no chance at all for a clean life, enlist with us to close the mills that grind up boys like rags to make the paper for the diary of failure and of crime.

Two hundred and forty thousand saloons yawn along our way. They are no temptation to you. You despise them, and pass them. But the man behind you, as brave as you are, and ten thousand times more anxious to do right, hates the saloon, but goes in, and drinks his mind to a chaos and his heart to a clot, because he has to. You did not have to. Is that your own good management? In such a fight as his, what would have become of you? By the mercy of God that has spared you, I beg of you to lend a hand for the other man.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken confidence of her you love, I beseech you, make a fight for the women who wait tonight until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons, and sends them, maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms. And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered nor had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time, can go to bed without a fear, and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through peacefully, even to dream — by the mercy of God that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lava crust of burnt-out confidence — their very love a terror and a pain.

I shall never drink again; but one night in a New England train, and 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. It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood alone on the platform at Pawtucket. I flew from saloon to saloon. They were shut. 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; and the people never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

What would you take, in cash, to have that put into your life? By the mercy of God that has spared you that kind of peril and that kind of taste, I beseech you, cast a vote next time for the Son of man, who died for drunkards, and to make the stations on life's highways safe for storm-tossed men to stop at, any day or night.— *John G. Woolley.*

If you have any interest in your fellow men, any desire to advance the prosperity of your country, and believe that this paper will aid in securing good to both man and country, don't delay to send at least for twenty-five copies, five cents a copy, to give to others. Do it *now*.

## The Youth's Instructor

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“ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION COMES THE MOMENT TO DECIDE, IN THE STRIFE OF TRUTH WITH FALSEHOOD, FOR THE GOOD OR EVIL SIDE.”

—LOWELL.



“Food value” talk and the other “value” talk about alcohol is defensive hypocrisy. I know, because once I was that kind of hypocrite myself. The truth is that all drinking of alcohol is against nature. The honest drinker admits it. He says, “Yes, I’m hurting myself more or less; but I’ll take the hurt for the sake of the comedy I get out of it.” But no man has a right to do this; for his hurt becomes another’s hurt, perhaps another’s complete degradation and destruction. Each man is his brother’s keeper.

“Should not the scorched child warn others against playing with fire?” asks Booth Tarkington, the world-famous writer. We think he should. So the individual, the town, city, or State that has been scorched by the liquor traffic, but through prohibitory legislation or other means has escaped its ravages, is obligated to warn the world of the devastating nature of alcohol.