The INSTRUCTOR

1919 TEMPERANCE ANNUAL

The Discharged Engineer

AN engineer wanted to take charge of a manufacturer's stationary engine, because he could get no employment on the railroads. The manufacturer talked with the superintendent of the road from which the engineer had been removed, and found that the one fault in the man's life was his love for strong drink. The superintendent said that he was a most valuable man, had saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he could not let liquor alone, and for that reason he had been discharged.

In spite of the discouraging report, the manufacturer hired the man. During the first week of his stay he passed through the engine-room many times a day in the course of his factory route, but never found anything amiss. The great engine ran as smoothly and quietly as if the bearings were set in velvet; the steel crosshead, the crank shaft, the brass oil cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodging in the room. In the fireroom the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam gauge showed even pressure, the water gauges were always just right, and the daily report showed that they were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspector failed to find anything about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness. Several weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as one who would work for five days, then be drunk for two days, had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips about the factory were beginning to notice and comment on the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said the engineer one morning as his employer passed through the engine-room.

"Well, John, what now?" he said, drawing out his notebook. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"No," replied the engineer, "it is about myself."

The manufacturer motioned him to proceed, and this is what he said:

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor, and steadily increased in the drink habit for many years. For the past ten years, up to last month, no week has passed without a Saturday-night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold on me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulants were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me; but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for. But now," and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of liquor, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?" the employer asked, with great emotion.

The old engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window ledge, and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Now if there be any among you who have been fighting a losing fight to save a heart already captured by evil, I preach to you the gospel that saved this engineer from his terrible enemy. But you who have not yet come under this cruel dominion of evil habit, I urge that in your young manhood, in your opening womanhood, you open the door of your heart to Jesus Christ, that he may dwell in your affections, and be King over all your thoughts, so that in the beauty and glory of his dominion you shall not only live worthily in the world, but shall abide in his peace.—*Louis Albert Banks, in "The Problems of Youth."*

The Flag and the Uniform

E. F. COLLIER

I saw three husky laddies a-swinging down the street,
In military costume, hats, khaki, boots, complete;
Their step was free and jaunty, their eyes lit up with fire,
Their loyal soldier spirits fitted well the war attire.
A Jackie band was playing with gusto, "Over There,"
And Old Glory waved a silken hallelujah in the air.
The three stopped short, saluted,—gave ringing, rousing cheer
That set a full round dozen automobiles out of gear.
They stood there on the corner, heads bare, hats swung in hand,
And raised their lusty voices with the music of the band,
Till I swear the brick skyscrapers on LaSalle Street seemed to rock,
And the public gave attention for the radius of a block.

They were men, truly, real men, the kind that fairly warms
With patriotic fervor beneath their uniforms;
Strong men, with royal honor inflaming sturdy breasts,
That answered quick the summons of Liberty's behests.
The flag was honored by them; the livery they wore
Is hallowed in the service of such men forevermore.
The nation's glad to own them; distinction ever runs
To pay her lasting tribute to such noble kind of sons.

I saw three other laddies, their clothes were far from neat;
I stood with shame and watched them go stagg'ring down the street,
Three garrulous companions,—a Jackie in between,
A company lieutenant, and a wildly drunk marine.
Their uniforms were reeking with filth of their disgrace;
A clot of blood disfigured the young lieutenant's face,
Not blood of battled honor, shed valiantly for right,
But blood of brawling hatred in a hellish grogshop fight.
They saw the flag and vainly attempted to salute,
Stumbled, sprawling, maudlin, and the crowd let out a hoot.
As they lay there in the gutter, Old Glory drooped in shame,
And the public stared at soldiers who were only such in name.

We call them men and soldiers who wear the khaki clothes,
Or navy blue, in service; but God and justice knows
The difference between them, between the good and bad,
The principled young fighter and the alcoholic cad.
He honors best the banner of stripes and stars on high
Who gives his soldier calling and uniform no lie.
The flag and regimentals are one for men in truth;
The man who dares dishonor the one dishonors both.

The Youth's Instructor

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Whisky in Real Life

This most tragic of human stories, compiled from excerpts from Mr. Francis' personal experience, is not given to show what booze does to a man; we know that; but it emphasizes anew the world-wide responsibility of nations and individuals to save human life from such destructive influences.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said: "The man who is worth while is the one who bares his life and experience for the benefit of his fellow men." I spare myself nothing in this tragic recital. It is not made in a boastful manner, but in a heart full of humiliation, and had it another object than warning to my fellow men, would shame a man to his grave.

I had the honor of enumerating among my friends, Gov. Edward F. Dunne and Charles S. Deneen of Illinois, Mayors William Hale Thompson, Carter H. Harrison, Fred A. Busse, and nearly all the leading judges in the Circuit, Superior, and Municipal Courts of Chicago; many of the leading bankers and business men of Chicago and in hundreds of cities throughout the United States. With all these associations, and connections and surroundings that any man should be proud of, I tottered and fell — a hopeless victim of drink.

I was successful in business, had the distinction of being a Chicago alderman, was honored with other public offices, was a delegate to a political national convention. I had wealth, excellent health, and most substantial prosperity. I had a business that paid me annually a good many thousands of dollars, had a beautiful home in one of Chicago's most aristocratic districts, had automobiles, servants, and all the good things of life that go with sobriety, wealth, refinement, ambition, and respect; a member and officer in a number of Chicago's leading social and commercial clubs, a thirty-second-degree Mason; a publisher and owner of one of America's largest magazines; the author of several standard works; a happy family and a devoted wife — all swallowed up in the whirlpool of drink. I drank up my prospects and fortune; I drank up my friendships, and there were never more devoted and long-suffering friends. I drank up a home — the home of my wife and family — and saw them turned penniless into the street.

And with that sight in my mind I still drank harder and harder, brooding over the troubles I had created for myself, getting deeper in the meshes of the snake day by day. No argument, restraint, or treatment could stay my insatiable thirst and desire for drink — it seemed as if only death could win the battle for me.

My first step in drink was in the very best drinking places, where I met and drank daily with well-groomed, high-class, respectable gentlemen. With these "good" companions I contracted uncontrollable habits which led me to the brink. When a shabbily dressed man would enter a barroom, one whom I had known in former years as a successful man, one of my associates would remark:

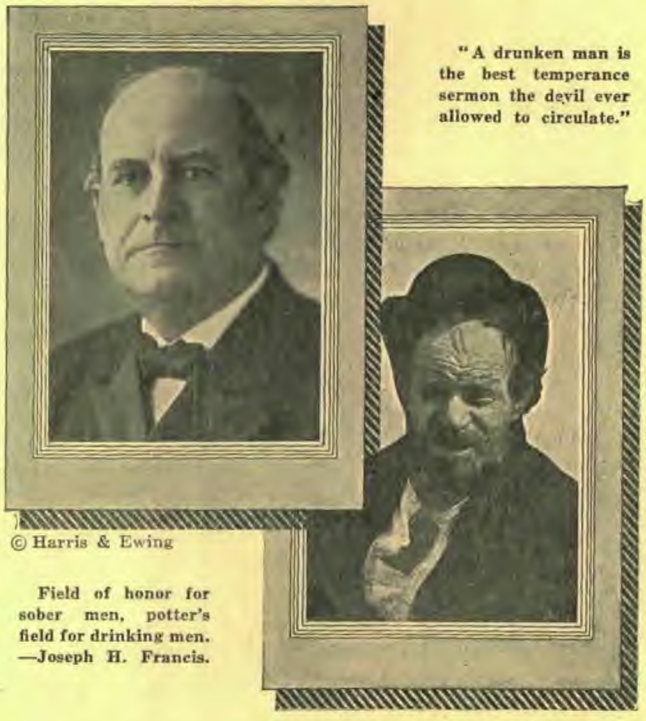
"There's Bill Smith. Five years ago he was a successful broker in LaSalle Street. Old booze has him by the neck."

We passed it off with a laugh and another drink, feeling cocksure we would never get in the condition of Bill Smith. Oh, no! But nearly every one of us got there.

My descent was slow at first, but as the appetite grew, I dropped from the moderate class to the rapid and confirmed ranks.

Drink first destroys or injures what is most sensitive, most important, the brain. No man who has his system polluted with whisky can be depended upon for anything, and you cannot trust yourself, you are drunk at the top, for every drop of alcohol goes there first. Your mind and brain are clouded by alcoholic paralysis. From the top down — that is the way whisky works on a man; it ruins first what is highest in him — the moral part.

A man is a fool who requires to be taught by bitter experience that alcohol is a monster that will destroy.



"A drunken man is the best temperance sermon the devil ever allowed to circulate."

© Harris & Ewing

Field of honor for sober men, potter's field for drinking men. —Joseph H. Francis.

Dark Side of a Drinking Man's Life

One night I slept on the cold cement floor of the Harrison Street police station. I slept as a tired dog sleeps, a dog worn out with a fruitless chase, and lay there drunk as one dead on the icy, hard floor. My companions were the same I met at all police stations throughout the

country, tramps, burglars, pickpockets, and the usual class picked up by the city police and "thrown in" for the night. With the same moan nearly all assigned drink as the contributing cause of their downfall.

Where could I go? What could I do? There was no friendly hand or cheering word for me any more. The morning was bitterly cold. I shuffled into a saloon on State Street, grabbed a few mouthfuls of free lunch, staggered to a chair, and in a few minutes was dead in sleep. Horrible dreams troubled and harassed me. After about thirty minutes of this torture, a strong hand had me by the shoulder, and out into the street the "good" saloon keeper threw me, minus my hat, which a "guest" had taken while I slept.

About the saloon center all of the corrupt political forces of every community.— William Allen White.

I was in a state of awful, cruel depression. I felt as if the weight of the world were upon me and bearing me down.

I drifted into a low groggery on North Clark Street, Chicago, when in walked a blear-eyed, unshaven man about fifty years of age, clothed in rags and dirt. With trembling hands and voice he said:

"Pard, slip me a jitney for a brain duster. I must have a drink or I shall die." I gave the unfortunate man a nickel.

There he stood with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure, and without any prelude he said:

"I am a graduate of Yale. Some of the old men around Chicago remember me. I was a criminal lawyer." He whispered his name, which was a truly honorable one until drink gripped him. "Ten years ago seems a long time, but it wasn't so long in the going. Started boozing accidentally. Took a sniff of it at the club or a social function. I did it, though I knew it was wrong, and have been doing it ever since. Today I am a human wreck, my end is near."

He plucked nervously at his coat, straightened his tie, brushed his hand across his face, and in a sorrowing voice slowly said: "Awful nervous. Stuff makes you nervous. Leaps through your brain. Sets it afire." And he fell over in a whisky fit on the floor. A policeman was called; the "wagon" came rumbling up, and he was carted to the East Chicago Avenue police station, and upon arriving there was dead. It was a sad death,— dying alone and like a dog!

Notwithstanding this terrible lesson I continued to drink and drift. There was nothing too dangerous for me to attempt to secure money to appease my burning and horrible thirst for whisky. I must have drink. Wandering from city to city, State to State, I was insane and aimless in my thoughts, stupid and benumbed from drink, and kept on wandering, wandering, and drinking, drinking. A period in jail in Richmond (Virginia), Portland (Maine), or San Diego (California), or of any other twenty-five cities I could name, had no deterring effect. I would make resolutions, however, but I was chained to the brute and it seemed as if no human effort could break the fetters.

The mind of a strong man soon becomes palsied from drink. His brain weakens, his character falls, his judgment is worthless, and his life useless, and any man who drinks is certainly taking a long chance on being trapped.

I met in New Orleans, Louisiana, a man well known throughout the South, a former banker with unlimited wealth, and powerful business connections, broken in health and fortune and a social outcast. He was a complete alcoholic wreck. Every one who had known him in his successful days avoided and shunned him. I met him in a cheap saloon, begging and crying for "just one more drink."

I was interested in the man after learning of his former standing in the community. He told me he started in as a moderate drinker, just one or two drinks a day. The habit almost unconsciously grew on him. Slight business reverses came. Instead of battling them with a clear head he took more drink. With trembling voice and staggering gait, bent and decrepit, he walked to a chair and with effort seating himself, said:

"Ten years ago I was a moderate drinker. But that habit caused my downfall. When I had my first run of hard luck," he said, "I turned to whisky. I wanted to feel good again. Whisky does it for a while. It makes you feel that you're a fine fellow, and that you'd be a millionaire if you could only get what was coming to you. What a warning my condition ought to be to my whisky-drinking acquaintances! Whisky made me forget my troubles, but it also made me forget my ambitions. It was my undoing. Whisky has robbed me of home, family, wealth, health, position, character, business, friends, self-respect, and everything but life itself. It makes the world look brighter for a little while. When I started to climb up again, I found that I had lost my punch. That made me feel bad, and I went back to whisky to feel good again."

"And there you are!" he said, "down and out."

"Why don't you quit?" I asked.

"You can't quit when you get where I am," and with a pitying look and as plaintive voice as man ever heard, he slowly continued: "I am waiting to reach one more bar, where I will not plead for drink, but mercy. I know my end is near."

Living with the Underworld

I spent months with the real underworld, not only in Chicago, but in cities throughout the country. It is a fact that a whisky-driven wretch slinks more and more into the lowest haunts, and fainter and fainter becomes his vision of decency in attempting to appease his appetite for drink.

Down among the sodden masses of drink-bound men I learned for myself, being one of the unfortunate, the awful malignity and curse of whisky. In a West Side saloon one morning I found myself helplessly drunk. After sobering up a trifle, I looked around. Surround-

They All Want It

Ken T ucky
Uta H
Minn E sota

Nev A da
New M exico
Or E gon
Colo R ado
Ma I ne
North C arolina
Okl A homa
Ka N sas

New Ham P shire
Conn E cticut
New Y O rk
Mississi P pi
De L aware
T E xas

Cali F ornia
Verm O nt
South Ca R olina

Illi N ois
Mass A chusetts
Mon T ana
Wash I ngton
North Dak O ta
Ten N essee

Io W a
Oh I o
I D aho
Rhod E Island

Ala B ama
South Dak O ta
Wisco N sin
New J E rsey

In D iana
Flo R ida
Mar Y land

P ennsylvania
Geo R gia
Ariz O na
Mic H igan
Louis I ana
Ne B raska
Virg I nia
Wes T Virginia
M I ssouri
Wy O ming
Arka N sas

They are going to have it.
— *Selected.*

ing me was an army of men, babbling and gesticulating. Such a medley of human wreckage stood about me, brought together through drink. I know such a pitiful herd of unfortunates could not be duplicated in any other place in the world but a groggery — the underworld in action.

Here in this vermin-infested district I practically lived for months. I was as familiar as if born and bred in the place. Every thief, bum, hobo, drunkard, and dope fiend seemed to be a friend, and in my crazed and drunken condition I entered body and soul into their lives. Where the liquor came from I do not remember, but it was the rankest and vilest stuff that ever passed a man's lips. I was morally dead — from booze. I was going through an awful experience.

With all the desolation and woe about me, I was powerless to break away. I found life with the underworld a cruel and remorseless one. For weeks not a meal passed my lips, nothing but cheap and half-cooked food, put out as free lunch in foul and insanitary saloons. I slept in chairs and on benches in saloons a few hours during the day, and if I managed to get a few nickels would get a ten-cent bed in a cheap lodging house; failing in this, I would walk the streets until the saloons opened at 5 A. M. The only time I was sure of being in out of the cold for a night would be when arrested for some offense, and thrown into a police station or the county jail, which occurred many times.

I was aware in my half-sane moments that there was only one end to the life I was living. I would try to restrain myself. A drunkard lives in continual fear of delirium tremens. He cares nothing for death. I was gradually going down the scale.

I was living in a world which knew nothing of decency, sobriety, honor, or self-respect. Such things as the thought of a former beautiful home a few blocks from this cesspool of degradation was a vague and unregarded recollection. I wanted drink — more drink, and nothing but drink.

Union Signal

Columbia is about to finish her task.

There was apparently nothing left for me but to push myself hurriedly to a drunkard's grave. Daily some of my new-found cronies were being lugged to the morgue, hospital, or jail. These things did not faze me. I had already been everywhere, but the morgue. There was no substance, spirit, brain, or will-power left. I was a nervous, drunken, alcoholic wreck. Hope, courage, loyalty, truth, I had parted with completely. Everything was blank, it seemed. I had no ties, I had no friends, I had no home whatsoever, all brought about by myself. I was aware that whisky is a mind-destroying, body-sapping, reputation-corroding beverage, but I was powerless to face the other way.

One night I stood on the sawdust floor of a barrel house, drunk, sick, nervous, a motionless wreck, when I was seized with a whisky fit, and although it was a bitter winter's night, the boss of the joint had me carried out in the alley — little caring whether I froze to death or not. A friendly hobo put me in a lodging house, which undoubtedly saved my life.

Twice Suffered from Delirium Tremens

The awful penalty of excessive drinking was my lot at last. I was picked up in the street and rushed to a hospital, with that terrible scourge, delirium tremens, gripping my whole system in a vise of writhing agony. It was of my own making. I knew it was coming, but I was weak, had an uncontrollable appetite for whisky, and deliberately plunged myself into this awful condition.

I was placed on a cot, stripped and manacled, and placed in a strait-jacket. My body writhed and trembled, and my parched lips had their skin torn as I tried to utter words of condemnation to my attendants who were restraining me. I could plainly see toads squatting in the corners and serpents were coiled about the bedposts, and hissing in my ears, while all manner of imps were dancing about in the air, spouting a blue flame in my face. Such a horrible, torturing condition no man can truly portray or describe. It was as if all the demons of hell had combined to harass and torment me.

In my drunken frenzy I shrieked for alcohol — alcohol in any form. There were days of mental restlessness and nights of sleepless torture.

No chamber of horrors ever described could convey an accurate description of the awful, crucial, and soul-killing writhings that I experienced. Jumping out of the way of pink elephants, feeling carefully on my bed clothing for Gila monsters and lizards, moaning, howling, and crying for some unseen force to relieve me from my awful condition, I would finally lapse into a fit. Occasionally a "shot of dope" would be injected to allay my sufferings, but even with that I would continue to writhe, and curse and spit and glare, my eyeballs bloody and protruding and ablaze with fury.

Hideous faces appeared on the walls and on the ceiling and on the floors; foul things crept along my bedclothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by myriads of monstrous spiders and rats which crawled slowly, slowly, over every limb, while beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled.

Strange colored lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appall me by its dense gloom. All at once, while gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed to be struck with a sudden blindness. I knew an electric light was burning in the room, but I could not see it — all was so pitchy dark. Suddenly I saw standing at the foot of my bed a red devil with hands polluted with blood and arms filled with serpents that were crawling and wriggling, and stinging and hissing, for their unpitying and unrelenting master. My very vitals were pierced with agony as the red monster continued to jeer and taunt and pursue his infernal work. Is there no escape from this terrible torture? I moaned. It would seem as if nothing but death could give me relief, and oh! how welcome it would have been.

To somewhat alleviate my pain the attendant released my arms for a few minutes. All at once I lost the sense of feeling. As I tried to grasp my arm in one hand, the sense of touch was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs, my frame, were there. And then the scene would change. I was falling — falling swiftly as an arrow — far down into some terrible abyss; and so realistic was it, as I fell, I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, fiendlike forms were perched, and I could feel the air rushing past me, making the sweat stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back on my pallet drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments.

There were times when it seemed absolutely impossible to stand the strain for another minute.

(Concluded on page seven)

THE HERMIT'S STORY

ALONG the north shore of Massachusetts is an old town, incorporated in 1645, called Manchester-by-the-Sea. Unlike most seaside towns, Manchester has woods and knolls and extensive meadows.

Passing through the old-fashioned village you come to the old, old cemetery, and the old cemetery gate, old two centuries ago, is still standing. The cemetery is a most curious and interesting place. Many soldiers who died in the Revolution are buried there. Hundreds of the old slate stones, which were most wonderfully decorated with mournful, drooping, weeping willows and funereal urns, and erected over the graves, have long ago fallen to the ground; but now and then one stands upright.

When I went to live in this quaint old town I often found my way into the old burying ground, and that interesting and sacred place became a favorite resort of mine on summer afternoons.

Far away in one corner, under some thickly grown pine trees, one day I came across an aged, white-haired man tottering about among the old slate stones.

I watched him eagerly, and at last he found his way to two very old graves under the tall pine trees, and sat down. Over one grave was a plain marble slab, and although it was greatly discolored by the winds and rains of the great misty ocean beating year after year upon it, it was still standing as straight as ever, showing that much care had been bestowed upon it. By its side stood a much smaller stone, with the carved figure of a lamb.

I saw the old man seat himself and gently draw his rough and hardened hand over the faces of those stones. Realizing the sincerity of his grief, I hastened away to another corner; but I could not forget him.

Whenever I went to the cemetery the old man was always there. One day I followed him to his home. It was a dilapidated old wooden structure, in a tottering condition, yet it had a wonderful garden, a garden filled with all kinds of sweet, old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. Marigolds, sweet Williams, and hollyhocks bloomed in sweet profusion, and there were some fine old fruit trees. The house itself was about ready to fall, but I consoled myself with thinking the old man would go first.

One day I remained in the cemetery after he had gone, and ventured to visit his graves. Upon the slab I read: "Sacred to the memory of Ruth Brown, wife of Henry Brown. Died June 10, 1835, aged 20," and carved upon the base of the little stone, under the lamb, I read: "Willie, son of Henry and Ruth Brown. Died June 9, 1835, aged 3."

I sighed over those graves. I knew not why; and I wondered what caused the death of the young mother and child so near together. And the husband and father had not forgotten them, but mourned them still, after sixty-five years had passed away.

I often passed his house. Sometimes I saw the children in going home from school stop before his old gate and gaze at him with awe, and sometimes he would toss them cherries, for there were many in his garden.

Once I saw a great, sturdy, handsome lad rush into his yard in search of a baseball that had been tossed over the fence, and the old man gazed wistfully at the boy, and afterward, when he and I had become acquainted, and we met the lad again, the old man said, while he drew his ragged coat sleeve across his eyes:

"He would have been just such a boy if he had lived." And I knew what he meant and nodded my head in sympathy.

The old man was called "Manchester's Hermit," and a great many cottagers had been interested in him; but I believe it was to me, and to me alone, he told the following tale. We were seated in the old cemetery, upon the velvety carpet of pine needles, and he was, as usual, caressing the old stones. The ever-incessant roar of the sea to the right of us was almost lulling me to sweet forgetfulness of sorrow; but his could be lulled by no ocean waves! He said:

"Time was when my old home over there was new and bright, for I was a young man then, with good prospects. This town was only a small village, for it was many years before city folks came and built those fine shore houses. I was a carpenter by trade and earned a good living.

"When I was about twenty-five I had a sweetheart. She was the doctor's niece, and a good bringing up had she. She was the sweetest, dearest little thing in all the world, and as pretty as a picture. I knew she was far too good for me, but, would you believe it, when I told her I loved her and asked her to be my wife, she said, 'Yes.' God bless her!

"Well, I went to work pretty lively, and soon my new house was built, and, if I do say it, a finer place was not to be found around here then. She came every day and planted flower seeds and made beds for them in the garden. We planted all those fruit trees, too. And in the fall we were married, and I was a happy man.

"When we had been living in that new house a year, our baby came; and he was a fine youngster. He was bright and cunning, and before long he was 'gooing' and 'cooing' all day sweeter than a bird singing; and Ruth, that was his mother's name, she just set her whole heart on that boy.

"When he was about a year and a half old a saloon keeper came to our town and engaged me to build for him a tavern. As soon as the frame was up, he opened the bar. He seemed like a good-hearted, generous man; he drank some himself, and was free with his drinks. I was his boss carpenter, and he set great store by me, and the day did not pass when he did not treat me to a drink, and on very cold or hot days to several. I had been brought up without acquiring a taste for liquor; but I soon learned it, and almost unconsciously it fastened itself upon me with a grip of steel.

"My wife soon noticed a change in me, and it grieved her dear heart. Sometimes, when I began to take a little too much, the poor girl would remonstrate with me gently, and beg me not to touch liquor again. I would feel ashamed of myself in the presence of my good little wife, but when I would get back to the tavern I seemed to forget everything but my desire to taste whisky again.

"Soon I began to want a drink with my Sunday dinner, and would greatly miss it. My wife begged me to give it up, for the habit was surely growing upon me; but I assured her I could take care of myself, and told her not to worry, for the very first time she saw me drunk would be the last, for then I would swear off forever.

"Sometimes, when I spent the evening at the tavern, which I did now and then, after it was finished, I would return home, to find my wife in tears, clasping the sleeping boy to her heart. She would tell me how she feared something dreadful would befall us if I did not keep away from that wicked place, and I would kiss her and laugh her fears away, for I did not realize how true her words were and that I was becoming a drunkard.

"Time passed, until the little one was three years old. He was very fond of me, and would follow me all about the shop while I worked. He had some fine wooden toys I had made for him, and I can see him now, playing carpenter.

"One day in early summer I had some work to do on the new wharf I was going to build on the harbor side of town. Ruth was not feeling well that morning, and I desired to take the little fellow with me. I had often done so before, but somehow I had that day a great thirst upon me, and I should have left the lad at home. My wife called to me from the bedroom:

"'You will be very careful of him, Henry dear, and watch him every minute?' And I answered that he was dearer than life to me, and I loved every precious, golden hair on his head. Then I swung him high on my shoulder, and we went merrily down the street.

"It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the day was very hot. Still, I think I should have gone all right had not the landlord of the tavern beckoned me to come in. He had just opened a new keg of whisky, and he filled a bottle and gave it to me. 'Take that,' he said, 'with my compliments, for you are the best workman in town.'

"I carried the whisky with me, and when I reached the wharf I sat the boy down on a pile of lumber and took a long drink of it.

"There was something in that whisky that was not just right, or the sun was too hot that day, for it seemed to go straight to my head. I did not feel a bit like work, and when Willie climbed down from the lumber and began to play, I wondered why he did not want to go to sleep, instead of throwing stones in the water. I felt so sleepy and drowsy I called Willie and we lay down together. I thought we were in our own bed at home. The sun was hot and I was tired.

"It was near sunset when I awoke and staggered to my feet. The tide had gone out and the flats were dry. My head felt as big as an ocean vessel, and swam as I had often seen a vessel toss about in the white caps. I started at once for home. My wife was waiting for us in the yard, and, seeing me alone, cried out:

"'Where is my baby? Oh, where is he?'

"My heart almost stood still, but I said:

"'Isn't he here with you? Did not some one bring him home?'

"Then my wife cried, in an agonizing voice:

"'You would not send him home with any one, Henry!' and then: 'O my husband! have you been drinking? Oh, where is my darling? My precious baby!'

"'Don't worry, Ruth,' I said, trying to comfort her. But my own brain was tortured and my heart seemed turned to ice. 'I will soon find him and bring him home.'

"I rushed away. I aroused the neighbors and told every one my boy was missing. We searched the entire town. All night the search went on. Men looked all over the flats, and behind every tree, bush, and wall in Manchester, and all the time calling, 'Willie, Willie, Willie Brown!' while the women and girls gathered about my house to comfort Ruth.

"But in vain. I was perfectly sober now, and prayed as I had never before prayed for God to help me find my boy. But it was too late. I had to return home without him. I tried to hide my own grief, to comfort Ruth, and told her some one would surely find him in the morning; but she shrank from me with wild, frightened eyes.

"Some one did find him. A fisherman off the Beverly shore picked up the little body of our darling, and hearing of our loss, brought him home.

"While I had been in a drunken stupor, sleeping off the effects of whisky, my little boy had fallen into the water and drowned, and the tide had carried him out to sea. The waves had washed him ashore at Beverly, because God was merciful to Ruth. And she for nearly twenty-four hours, sat and clasped the little cold body in her arms and rocked him. Then with a wild, piercing scream she fell senseless to the floor, dying.

"Three days later I followed them both to this place, a miserable, heartbroken murderer.

"That night I sat all alone in my house realizing what I had done. Out in the yard there were the pretty flower beds Ruth had planted, and all the fruit trees were in blossom. Beside me on the hearth were all of Willie's toys that I had made for him. It seemed as if I must see him and hear him call me; but no, the room was silent, my darlings were gone forever. I had killed them both, and just for a bottle of cheap whisky.

"The next morning the sun shone, the robins sang, and the fragrance of the flowers came in at the window, but only to mock me and cry, 'Murderer.' Oh, if young men could only know the awful curse which follows drink, they would never touch it. If I had only listened to Ruth's gentle voice and kept away from the tavern. it would never have happened.

"I promised my wife that the first time I was ever drunk should be the last, and I have kept my word. No intoxicating liquors have ever since passed my lips; and I have killed no living thing. But oh! the awful sorrow, the misery, and the heartbreaking loneliness that have been with me all these years! They say I am a madman. Yes, I am mad. I am the oldest man in these parts, but I have never forgotten my crime and its cause."

The sun had gone down and it was growing dark in the cemetery, but I was glad I knew his history, and after trying to comfort him to the best of my ability, I bade him good night and left him there.

Out on the street I met a party of gay young men just returning from a luncheon at the Country Club. They had all been drinking the fashionable cocktail and were loud and noisy. "Would that they had heard the story of the hermit," I said as I sadly turned to go home.—*Selected.*

Uncle Sam Has at Last Come to His Senses

HOME WRECKERS

ON a beautiful day in spring," says ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, "I sat on my porch in my Tennessee home. The warm showers had fallen, and the grass was spring green. It was the mating season, and a pair of robins fluttered about my rose tree. They flew away and back again. They brought a string, a straw, a twig, and the robins appeared supremely happy. The husband sang bravely and blithely. The wife was serene and joyous. She laid four tiny eggs in the nest, and soon there were four fluffy bird children. How gay the parents were, and with what impartiality did they feed the little gaping mouths! But a dark cloud came. A hawk flew near. A sly cat prowled around the tree. A slimy serpent found the nest. The little bird children were slain. The parent birds were driven away, broken-hearted. Their home had been devastated.

"I knew a strong, handsome young man. He wooed and won a beautiful girl, and led her to the altar. It seemed that the brightest smile of God and the angels rested upon them. They built a cottage, and a home, and love was the scepter. A year passed, and a baby came. How happy they were! There's no music so sweet as the cry of the first-born child. But a dark day came, a day that cast its shadow over the wife, over the babe, over the home. Something entered that was fiercer than the hawk, slyer than the cat, more poisonous than the serpent. The husband and father became a drunkard. The wife's heart was broken. The song of joy was choked in the baby's throat." Their home had been wrecked by the world's organized home wreckers,—the brewers and distillers. The destruction of happy homes is their chief business.

Home owners pay the State a tax that they may have the protection of the State, and then the State in return licenses a traffic which itself wrecks thousands of the homes the Government is pledged to protect. In this the State is traitor to its own citizens.

What is true of the State is also true of the Federal Government.

Ordered to Quit Business

Loyally have the men and women of the country stood by the Government in this war time. And the Govern-

ment should stand by the men and women who give husbands, sons, daughters, and money to support it.

It is not strange, therefore, that the Government is beginning to awaken to its responsibility to protect the homes that protect it. It has enacted legislation that puts these home wreckers, the brewer and distiller, out of business temporarily. May this be but a precursor of the death sentence that shall soon be passed upon them by an indignant nation.

Whisky in Real Life

(*Concluded from page three*)

At times the torture would return and slimy, gliding, writhing, biting, stinging adders would wind themselves about my body and thrust their forked and poisonous tongues into my sides.

My eyes were bleared and glistening, and pain and fright enthralled me, and I prayed and begged and entreated that death might relieve me.

I was not the only victim in my ward suffering with this awful curse.

I could hear the crackling flames of burning victims and the shrieks of suffering men. Around their deathbeds could be seen serpents unfolding coil after coil from out of the darkness, brandishing their forked tongues to sting them and lick their blood as a fierce flame licks up its fuel.

And some in their agony begged to be let plunge into a lake of fire to escape still greater torture; others would stand on their cots shrieking with agony and begging their attendants to plunge them to death to escape further awful tortures. Demoniacal ravings, mutterings, and curses made a perfect bedlam of the ward,— the whole a human tragedy terrible to witness. Others were moaning and crying, shrieking and cursing and dying, while several were uttering the most heart-piercing and piteous prayers for death to relieve them that ever passed the lips of man.

Even now these terrible combats come at me like a nightmare, and are often re-enacted in ghostly pantomime in my sleep.

One poor victim, formerly a well-known Chicago business man, was on his knees with his hands clasped in prayer, his eyes looking upward, shrieking that death might come at once to relieve him, which it did.

The most impressive and saddest sight of all I witnessed was to see young men scarcely out of their teens, chained to cots and beds, suffering with delirium tremens; some good mothers' boys who had been caught and pinioned in the horrible grip of drink.

The deaths from delirium tremens throughout the United States annually are said to be approximately fifty thousand.

My Coming Back

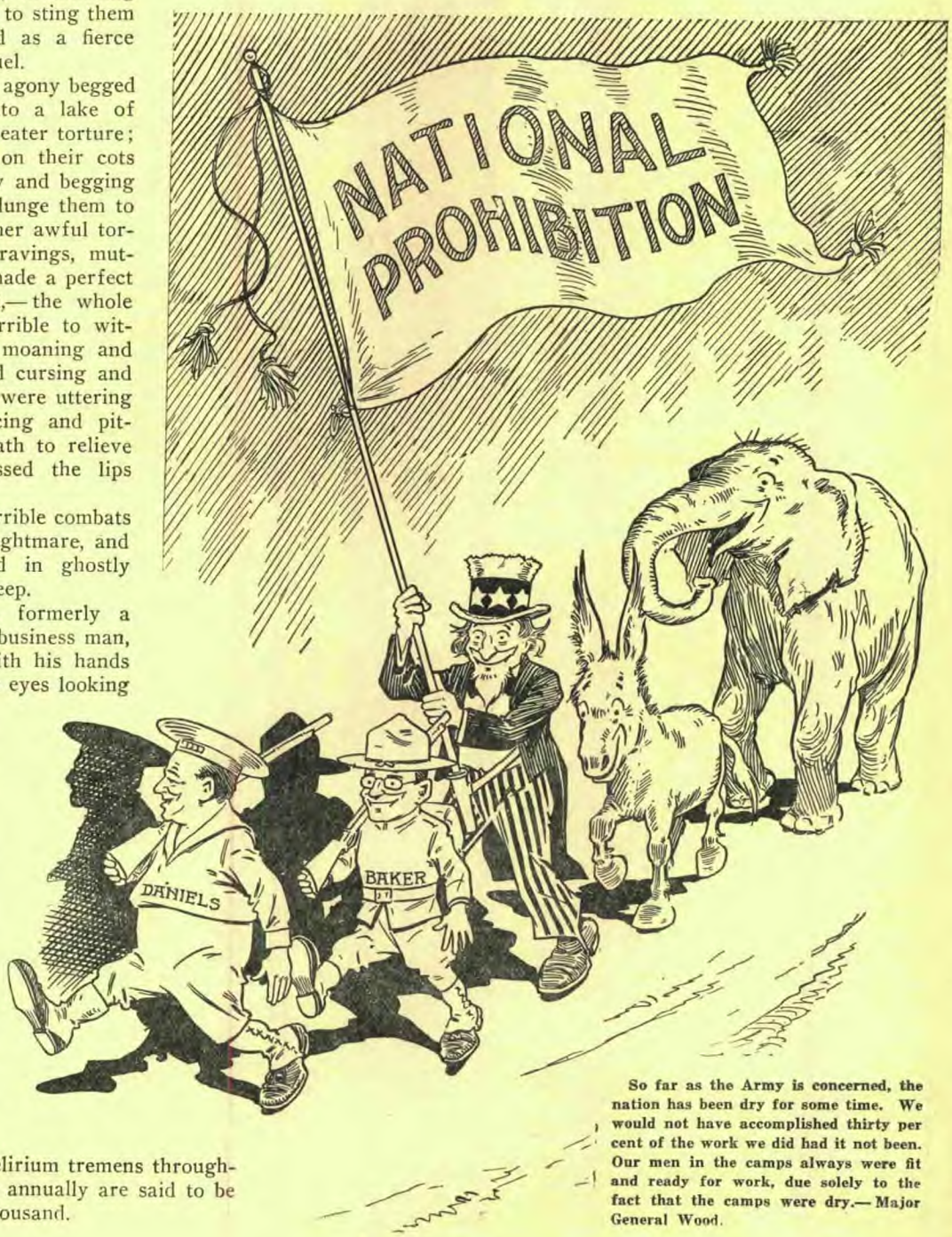
I waged war with the demon and I am no longer in bondage. Starting in at the scene of my defeat, I am rapidly working myself up the highway of sobriety, respect, contentment, and health.

It was a long, hard, bitter battle, but at last the enemy was conquered. I am now free from this terrible incubus of drink, but the memory of those ruinous years can never be wholly eradicated.

The drink traffic is the paramount problem in the United States today. Business efficiency, industrial economy, the fundamental principles of thrift, clean manhood, pure womanhood, and good citizenship, demand the abolition of the drink traffic, the most malignant and dangerous foe the world has ever known.

It is my purpose to devote the remainder of my days in an effort to uplift those enthralled in the quagmire of drink, who have lost their moorings and are being plunged headlong into an awful maelstrom of destruction.

THEIR per capita consumption of intoxicating beverages make Germany and Austria the greatest liquor-drinking nations of the world. What has the traffic done for them? Let their defeated armies tell. Let devastated France and Belgium tell.



So far as the Army is concerned, the nation has been dry for some time. We would not have accomplished thirty per cent of the work we did had it not been. Our men in the camps always were fit and ready for work, due solely to the fact that the camps were dry.— Major General Wood.

LOYALTY v

A FEW months ago, in the midst of a winter without precedent in the memories of you, for length, severity, or continuity, we found ourselves as a nation in the grip of a fuel famine. We were not mining coal enough to meet our needs by fifty million tons.

I spent days in great cities, where mighty factories were hushed, where public schools were closed,—closed in my own city of Indianapolis, the capital of a great State, for six weeks,—where even God's temples were locked, no services held, where men, women, and children shivered in their homes with cold for lack of fuel. Great ships, loaded with supplies for our troops in France, rode at anchor in our harbors for weeks, within two hundred miles of inexhaustible coal fields—unable to sail until coal was brought from Great Britain, three thousand miles away. And throughout the pinch and stress of that fuel famine, the rum traffic was putting its hand like a blight, upon the coal-producing power of the nation. I do not guess about it, I know, and I know at first hand. I spent many weeks in Pennsylvania, traveling much of the time through her great coal fields, meeting the superintendents of her great mines almost daily, and was constantly told by them that in the moment of need like that, there was no Monday upon which the coal mines of Pennsylvania produced more than fifty per cent of the normal output, and when I inquired the reason, the answer always came, "Because on Mondays our men have not yet recovered from their beer debauch of Saturday night and Sunday, and they come to the mine so few in number, and so inefficient that their production is less than fifty per cent of normal, and in many instances so few in number that many mines do not open for operation until Tuesday."

But not content with blighting the country's coal-producing power, the traffic was using coal in the operation of its affairs at the rate of more than 7,000,000 tons a year.

Seven Million Tons of Coal a Year for Rum

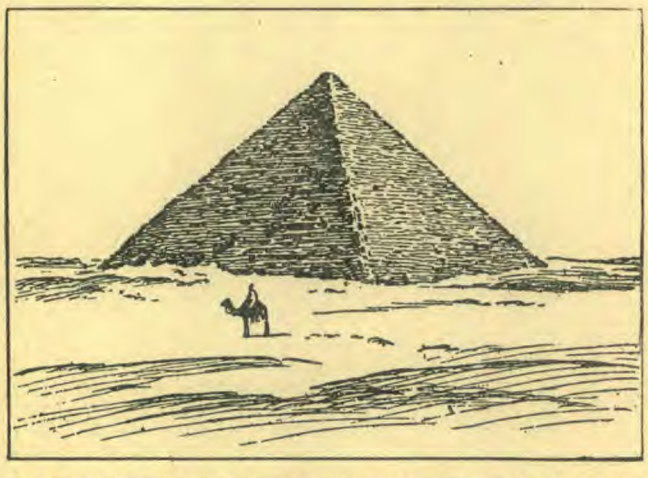
but not enough for factory, school, church, or private home, or for the empty bunkers of waiting ships loaded with supplies for our own sons on the battle front beyond the seas.

The coal shortage was due, not only to lack of production, but to the failure of transportation facilities. The weight of freight laid upon the railroads of the country had been so augmented that they broke beneath it, and the Government at Washington was compelled to take them over for operation. But with all its resources, power, and authority, it found itself unable to assemble freight units to transport the coal that was being mined. And you saw what I saw—the industrial life of this nation stand still for five consecutive days, and then for five consecutive Mondays, because there was insufficient fuel to keep it alive.

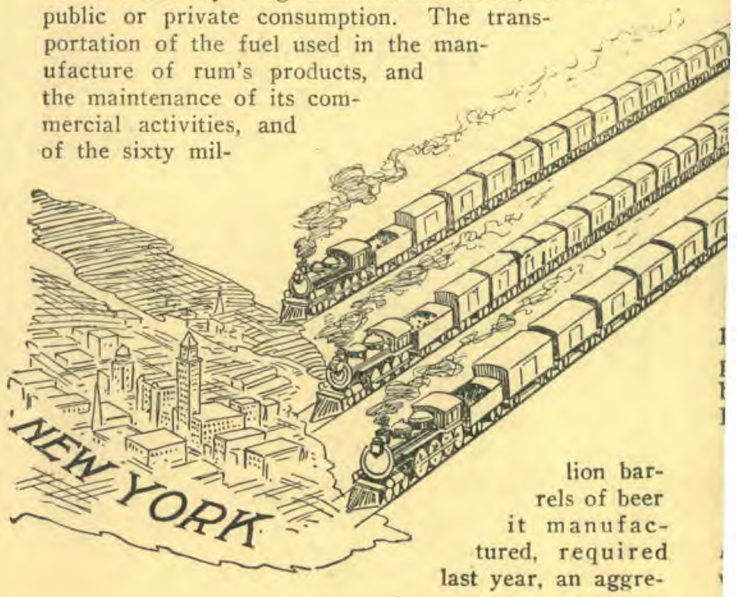
Yet in the midst of that shortage, this traffic was actually using in the transportation of its products, more than 1,080,000 freight cars a year.

One Million Eighty Thousand Freight Cars a Year for Rum

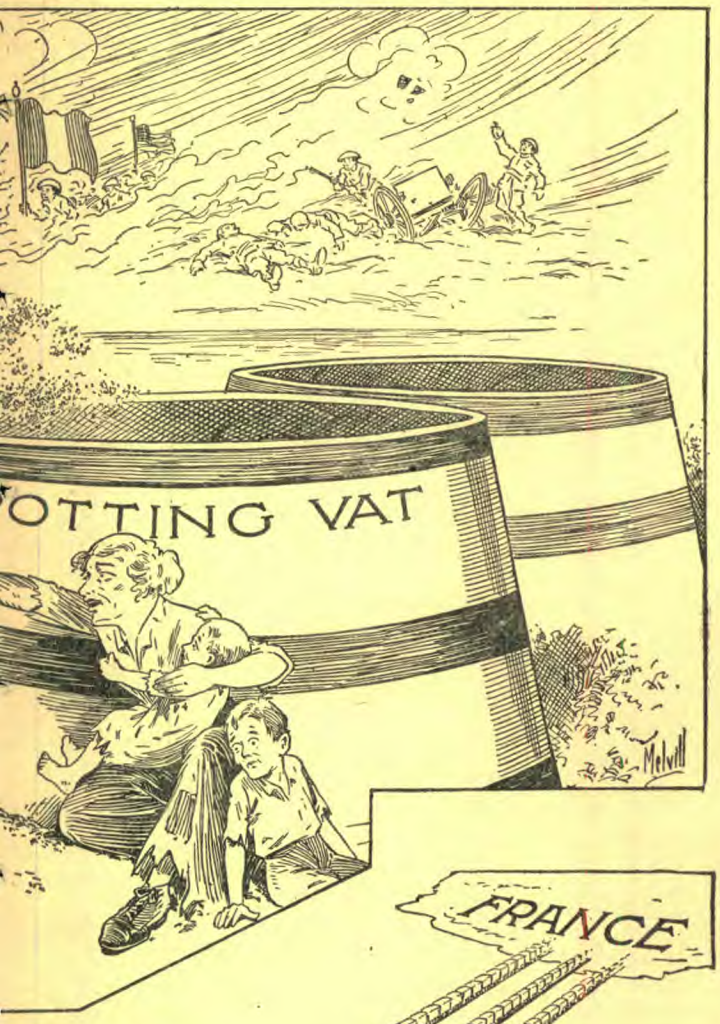
but not enough for the transportation of coal required for the country's legitimate manufacture, or for public or private consumption. The transportation of the fuel used in the manufacture of rum's products, and the maintenance of its commercial activities, and of the sixty million barrels of beer it manufactured, required last year, an aggre-



The Great Pyramid of Egypt, the Biggest Construction in Stone Ever Made by the Hands of Man—80,000,000 Cubic Feet of Masonry.



us TREASON



e of Such Waste
But the World
Passing.

gate of 1,313,333 freight cars; or 32,833 freight trains of forty cars each, with 32,833 locomotives to draw them. To these freight cars and this motive power, must be added the freight cars and motive power required to move the vast tonnage of grain and foodstuffs used in the manufacture of the traffic's products, necessitating annually the use of hundreds of thousands of other freight cars and thousands of other locomotives. The total transportation required and used in all its activities, required freight cars, locomotives, tenders, and cabooses great enough in number and in length to make a solid train 9,327 miles in length — a solid train of ight cars, locomotives, tenders, and cabooses three times greater gth than the distance between New York and San Francisco; ars, locomotives, tenders, cabooses, enough in number and in ridge the Atlantic three times across — from Boston to Liver- New York to Calais, from Philadelphia to Havre; three solid freight trains, stretching from our seaboard to the coast of rance, where our soldiers are!

his, all this, in the midst of a fuel famine!

A Sugar Shortage for All but the Brewer

me further. For more than ten months preceding the first of 8, the whole country felt the pinch of a sugar shortage. There y in that ten months when my family could buy in all the city of Indianapolis, where we live, more than two pounds of sugar; many days when we could buy but one, many more when we could buy none — not an ounce. But there was no week in the ten months when the rum trade did not have every ounce of sugar it required for the manufacture of its products. And how much did it require? In Great Britain and America together, more tons of it than were consumed by the Allied armies of all the world last year.

The time has come in this nation when the Government at Washington must forever cease to give

Preferential Treatment to the Brewery as Against the American Home.

And I am gratified to know that some concept of that great truth has found lodgment in the mind of the Government, and is bringing forth fruit meet for repentance.

For one whole year, prior to July 15, 1918, the cause of the Allied democracies was at low ebb — ebb so low that no man dared to define the morrow.

What did it require to lift it to victory? Men! More men! Men from where? From here! God help you, there was no other where.

In such an hour of need why were they not there, and there in sufficient numbers? We had them here, trained, armed, and ready. We wanted to send them. They were impatient to go. The Government at Washington was ready to transport them, but they did not go, did not go because in all the world

There Were Not Ships Enough

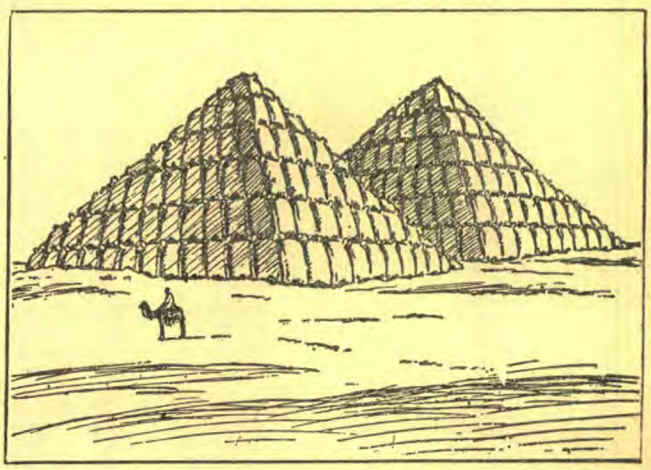
that could be had to transport them in sufficient numbers.

Yet in the face of a need like that, the rum trade in Great Britain and America, used during that disastrous and all but fatal year, more than a million tons of overseas shipping for the transportation of its products. Four hundred million cubic feet of ship room for rum, but not enough for the transportation of re-enforcements to Freedom's hard-pressed armies battling on tragic fields for the freedom of the race.

A Criminal in Peace, a Traitor in War

the liquor traffic deserves not executive clemency, mercy, or lease of life, but the stone wall and the firing squad! And I'm a member of the firing squad, come to summons you to such enlistment in this behalf as you have never made — come to say to you that the most climacteric hour of American history is before you, big to breaking with God's unfolding purpose, needing only the touch of your high endeavor to burst full blossomed before the sight of men.

The hour of destiny is at hand, and with God's help we shall not fail! — *Excerpts from address by Frank J. Hanly.*



The Great Pyramids of Food, the Biggest Wilful Destruction of Food Ever Known — Far More Than 180,000,000 Cubic Feet of Food was Destroyed for the Drink Trade During the World War.

Adapted from *Woman Citizen*

The Blot on Britain's Record

IT is more than a blot. It is Britain's tragedy, crime, shame! that she persistently resisted every appeal to close her public houses during the war.

Canada sent her 500,000 stalwart sons trained in prohibition camps, sent them to the mother country understanding that they would be kept free from the temptation of drink; but Britain failed to protect these boys, and Canada's sons suffered appallingly from the drink traffic.

A doctor irom a Canadian nospital declared that a large percentage of the men from his hospital had been sent back to Canada permanently insane from alcohol.

"A Canadian boy enlisted from a teetotal home, he was trained in a prohibition camp, he went to England in a prohibition ship; all the way Canada guarded him from drink. Then, led astray by drink in the wet canteens, he contracted a horrible disease, and was ordered home. But he dared not meet his mother, he dared not face the girl he was to marry, and he blew out his brains. 'Had I known what he was going to face in England,' said his father, 'rather than let him go I would have strangled him with my own hands.'"

And this is not all. Britain's own sons left their wives and children in answer to their country's call, and spent months and years in the trenches, only to return to their native land to find they had no home, the wife having become a hopeless victim of the public house, and their children having been sent to a charity home, or left to starve.

Not of one, but of many men was this true. Sir Arthur Mee, nearly two years ago, said that at that time nearly two thousand children of soldiers had then come into the care of the N. S. P. C. C. through drink.

Crimes of Prejudice and Ignorance

Steamship Inventor Imprisoned

SOLOMON DE CAUS, a Norman, was perhaps the man who first projected the idea of moving ships and carriages by steam. He presented his plan to the French king, then tried the church, and, following a cardinal too perseveringly, was by him thrown into a madhouse. When in 1641 the Marquis of Worcester went to visit him, a frightful face appeared behind the bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich any country that adopted it.'

"'What has he discovered?' asked the marquis.

"'Oh, something trifling enough,' said his companion, 'you would never guess it—the use of the steam of boiling water. To listen to him, you would imagine that, with steam, ships could be navigated, carriages be moved; in fact, there is no end to the miracles he insists could be performed with its aid,—oh, he is very mad!'

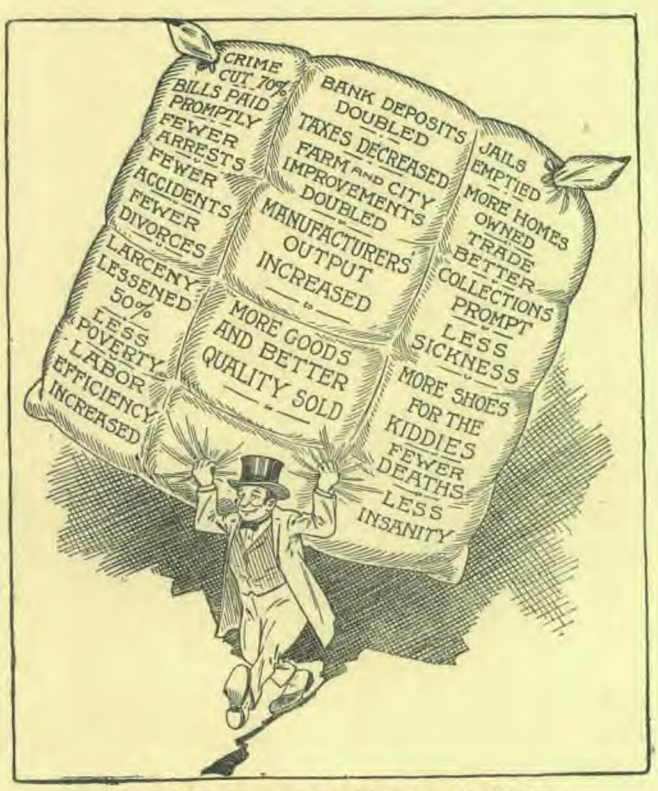
"And so he was left to die. But men persevered, and thought, toiled, experimented, lost their property, ruined their health, and died neglected; yet they lived not in vain, nor labored and spent their strength for naught. Even their disappointments inspired emulation, and their failures taught others the way to a glorious success.

Engineers Regarded as Unclean Spirits

"In tracing the lines for our great railways, the engineers were often looked upon as magicians and unclean spirits, whose unearthly object was to frighten the land from its proprietors. In many instances where it was proposed to give vigor and animation to a town by tapping it with a railway, the inhabitants fancied their interests would expire under the operation. Take, for instance, the opposition to Mr. Robert Stephenson's endeavors to locate the route of the London and Northwestern Railway, when the people of Northampton, urged and excited by men of influence and education, opposed the scheme with such barbarous force that they succeeded in distorting the line from that healthy and handsome town to a point five miles distant. But for that opposition the town would at once have attained to a position of commercial importance of inestimable value. They considered it utterly incredible that a railway could supersede mail and stagecoaches. The invention was declared to be a smoky substitute for canals. Men of property inveighed against it, and their tenants were equally opposed. On one occasion, one of the engineers employed to trace out a line which was to confer inestimable advantages upon the locality, was attacked by the proprietors of the soil, and a conflict ensued which ended in serious legal results."

Prohibition Feared

While this country is full of incontrovertible proofs that prohibition is a good thing, yet there are persons who still fear it, and regard it as an evil to steer clear of at all hazards. The opposition of people who so feel and act appears to those who know the real good that results from the destruction of the liquor traffic, to be as vain and nonessential as was that of the common people toward the great inventors and inventions of past days.



Some of the Blessings Resulting from Prohibition

It Did the Work

— Adapted from *American Issue.*

It's "Back to the Mines," All Right

THE Retail Liquor Dealers in convention boasted that "America would not go dry; but after the war Uncle Sam himself would go into the booze business." Poor Uncle Sam, to be so maligned after his heroic efforts to keep booze away from his army camps and from the boys "over there"! But the stalwart old man cares little about the prophecies of the liquor men.

After all the blatant boastings and rantings of these men, they whispered among themselves that there was a menace to their prophetic dreams — a real menace. Said one speaker, "It's that infernal ratification. If that goes, it's back to the mines for you!"

So it was for every lover of purity, sobriety, and decency to see that this menace to the liquor traffic became a reality; to see that not only the necessary thirty-six States ratified, but that all the remaining States that had not registered their votes did so on the side of the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic.

If ratification was what the liquor men feared, the temperance people determined to concentrate their efforts upon the ratification campaign, with the well-known result — a dry nation!

The Immediate Program

WHAT shall we do now? Keep at work as heretofore. The liquor traffic will do everything possible to bring discredit upon the efficacy of national prohibition; it will work secretly to destroy human souls. It will evade all law, and use every questionable means of filling its coffers with unholy coin. We must therefore continue the work of educating the people until every man, foreign-born and native, acknowledges the absolute harmfulness of intoxicants and the superior advantages of prohibition and abstinence. The most enthusiastic bootlegger could not persuade you to patronize the outlawed liquor traffic. Then work till there's not a man, woman, or child left in the country who would not be so fortified by his knowledge of the harmfulness of intoxicating beverages that he would scorn the approaches of any bootlegger, whether friend or foe.

Many poor depraved drunkards of the past have called vainly to us for help in fighting the demon that was their undoing. But we answered their appeal only by renewing the licenses of the men that were responsible for their debauchery.

We have at last outlawed the legal rum seller. Let us work to shield the liquor devotees from the nefarious influence of the bootlegger, thus helping them to regain their lost status in the business and the social world.

This will mean personal work, but it will pay. A year or so of earnest work on the part of the temperance forces of the country will do much toward reclaiming the last remnant of the old régime.

If we settle down now and neglect the necessary education program, officials will have difficulty in enforcing prohibition measures, and the evil work of the vicious illicit seller of booze will be seen on every hand.

Let us not fail to do our part in this reconstruction period, a reconstruction made necessary by the devastation wrought upon human society through centuries of liquor autocracy.

Prohibition Helped the Coopers

THE H. D. Williams Cooperage Company of Leslie, Arkansas, honestly believed that their business would be ruined if their State went dry, because their chief orders came from distilleries and breweries. But experience has proved conclusively that prohibition has been a decided advantage to their work. They employ from 1,200 to 1,500 men in factory and woods. Under the wet régime they could hardly run on Saturday afternoon or Monday morning. They also had great difficulty in keeping help; for the men would go off on long sprees, and when they sobered up they would be ashamed to return to work. Now all days of the week are alike, and there is no dearth of work or workers. The men stay by and turn off the orders as never before, and reputable business firms furnish larger orders than did the brewers and distillers. It is vain to fear the results of prohibition.

Liquor Tax Not Needed

A NATION that can borrow of its citizens nine billions in a year does not need to dicker with brewers, distillers, or liquor dealers for money to carry on the war.— *The Commoner.*

The Golden Day of the Coffin Nail

E. F. COLLIER

OTHER imps, supposedly, are black; this one is white. Like the father of his tribe, he also is transformed into an angel of light. Not a great many years ago only a limited number of boys and daring young men, content to "evaporate their brains in smoke," had anything to do with this new member of the nicotine alliance. Men of reason and wiser instincts smoked cigars and briers instead. They blew rings and spirals, and lamented the appearance of the paper-rolled Lilliput of abominations. Fathers, who smoked crusted pipes that smelled to the skies, warned their sons against it. Men of the medical profession labeled it "Poison" and tacked up danger signals. Reformers and clergymen shouted their disapproval even of its most stinted use. State legislatures enacted laws for its suppression and discontinuance.

But the deadly wound was healed. Behold! Grown men, young and old,—lawyers, statesmen, mayors, bank presidents, superintendents of schools, musicians, physicians; ladies, social stars! clergymen!—now roll, light, draw, inhale, stain their fingers, pollute the air, and try to look dignified while doing it. The deadly little container of nicotine and maker of furfural has suddenly become respectable and famous—a nerve soother, a dainty, cylindrical delight for brave, manly soldiers, ladies of ultraprogressive tendencies, and others of sublime and esthetic tastes. It is being sold in red-white-and-blue containers. It is purchased and handled and delivered in an ecstasy of smiles and enthusiasm by troops of dapper little maidens who believe with all their hearts that soldiers and boys of the Navy are above doing any wrong. Masked by big-hearted liberality and brotherly patriotism, it is supplied in trainload lots, given open indorsement by associations of merit known the world over, and considered by millions in the light of an actual necessity and established blessing in the training camps and on the fighting fronts of all lands.

Such is the evolution of the cigarette. How has it come about? Is it true that the example of military men whom people naturally honor, a large per cent of whom smoke it constantly, has brought about all this change? The soldier's uniform is universally regarded as an insignia of honor; with many it sets him forth, regardless of characteristics other than that of a warrior, as the nearest thing to a god that this world affords. Is it true, then, that the millions of khaki uniforms that reek with fumes of consumed cigarettes contribute their major share to this wave of welcome accorded the little imp in white paper clothes? It is taught extensively and believed by many that society and nations are all rapidly advancing to higher standards, and that the millennium is about to dawn. Is it true that an advance stride has been made for civilization by removing the ban and creating a halo about the cigarette?

"For want of the cigarette I became a criminal."

The argument is freely used that under the conditions of tax and strain to which the soldier is subjected the cigarette is soothing and stimulating to the nerves. On that ground it becomes desirable. This argument, functioning under the new conditions of camp and trench life, has its appeal, and is readily accredited by multitudes of people. Sympathy for the soldier in his hardships helps it along. The idea is conveyed that what might be undesirable for the youth in ordinary civil life is really good for him during the period of his military service. Such logic does not hold good with respect to the use of intoxicants. Not with Uncle Sam. On the contrary it is reversed. Laws are enacted and orders given to protect both the soldier and sailor from the evil of intoxicating drinks, while at the same time licenses are granted to protect the sale of such drinks to civilians. In other words, the rule is applied that what might be permissible in ordinary civil life is highly objectionable and harmful to those who are engaged in military service. Why not apply the same rule to the narcotic as to the beverage?

"'The Makings' of a Nation"

Many thousands are daily reading this seductive phraseology in an advertisement for a certain well-known tobacco used extensively in the make-up of cigarettes. The accompanying cut, made from a photograph of a young man who began to smoke cigarettes when ten years of age, is suggestive of the type of nation the cigarette will produce when used by men and boys who are to become the fathers of a generation to come. This young man was born in Michigan, in a good home, of good parents. He had many opportunities for a successful life, but the cigarette spoiled them all. He claims that it made of him a thief, a drunkard, and ultimately a physical wreck, diseased in mind, body, and soul. His own words: "I am an invalid, my left lung practically gone, my right one following, and I have what is known as the 'tobacco heart.' I have been a fool all these years, and for want of the cigarette I became a criminal." Coming from his own lips there is added pathos and power in his quotation from Hudson Maxim, the inventor, "Cigarettes are making invalids, criminals, and fools." To this young man's credit it should be said that he has now given up smoking and other bad habits, and is employing his remnant powers in fighting the evils that formerly were his undoing.

Winfield S. Hall, M. D., of the Northwestern University Medical School, is quoted as saying: "The inhalation of cigarette or cigar smoke is harmful to a grown man; to the boy it is worse than harmful, it is almost suicidal. If I were mean enough to wish to destroy a boy, and put into his mouth something that would steal away his brains, take the color out of his red blood, I should start him to cigarette smoking at eight or ten years of age."

Hundreds of eminent authorities have testified to the demoralizing, degenerating qualities of the cigarette, but its devotees continue to increase in numbers. An authoritative report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, gives the total number of cigars manufactured and imported in the United States as 9,535,932,100, with an estimated value of $954,544,612; the number of cigarettes manufactured, imported, and hand-rolled as 35,108 572,600, with an estimated value of $251,972,154. Quoting from the *Herald-Examiner* of Oct. 2, 1918, under the caption, "More Cash Going Up in Smoke!"

"About 1,000,000 cigars are consumed daily in Chicago. . . . Experts in the tobacco industry estimated the added cost (because of advanced war prices) of cigarettes consumed in Chicago would total about $18,000 daily. Taking last year's Government report, placing the annual consumption throughout the nation at 39,000,000,000, it was figured proportionately. Chicago consumed 975,000,000 annually or 2,700,000 daily."

"Gone over with colors flying to help win the war," is another expression used to laud tobacco's advertised virtues. The war is over, what now? Will the boys come marching home again cleaner, happier, richer, better qualified to engage as citizens and to build homes and rear children? Will the temperamental craving of the war hero or the sentimental sanction of admiring throngs of people justify the result that will follow this mad indulgence in narcotics? I have no doubt that an awakening will come even as it did on the liquor question, and with it a great revulsion against the now-welcome cigarette, but it will require an age of reform to wipe it out — years of education, and years of aggression against the tobacco industries that are fastening themselves like leeches upon our nation. Public opinion and an angry national conscience is driving out the distiller and the brewer; in the process of time the manufacturer of tobacco products must feel the same rod in order to save the race.

Abstinence on the part of the man is the only advice that counts with the boy.

It is time to begin right now. Men and women, and boys and girls, who are clean in habits, noble in ideals, and sane and sensible in judgment, should immediately lend a hand to counteract in as large degree as possible this baneful thing. Every wrong inborn and inbred in the human race makes it harder to bring men to Christ, and harder for the human family to bear the burden of ills that earth, because of its sin, is subject to. Young men and women with clean, Christian influences should let their light shine more and brighter, for the poison clouds of the enemy are coming thicker and stronger, and misery and death are ever in their wake.

"Caleb Cobweb's" Observations

"Across the Tracks"

SOME men's eyes see all that is to be seen, and their ears hear all that is to be heard. Such eyes and ears has "Caleb Cobweb," of *Christian Endeavor World* fame. He makes stones, trees, and all he sees preach sermons; but they are interesting, and they are helpful, for they are always short and to the point. Here is one of his latest:

"One day I was going home on the train, when the cars halted in the railroad yard just outside the station. There they waited a miserable time. It was hot, suffocating. The passengers fidgeted. Many were the inquiries for the cause of the delay; no one knew. At last we started up uncertainly, and slowly hitched our way through the city.

"Suddenly a brakeman who was standing on the steps, peering ahead, looked in through the end window and motioned to me to look out. I did, and saw the reason for the long wait. We were passing under an old bridge which was being rebuilt. There was a great gap overhead through which the sky appeared, and there on the ground beneath it lay an enormous steel girder, shown to be new by its red paint. A crowd stood around it, and another crowd gazed down from above. It lay across three of the tracks, and it had cut the rails in two by its fall of twenty feet. Only one track was left open for the passage of trains. The girder was being placed in the new bridge when something broke and down it fell, fortunately just after an express train had passed.

"Now this, which is luckily a very uncommon occurrence in railroading, is a very common happening on the railroad of life. In fact, every man who falls, falls across the rails of other lives and terribly hinders the progress of others. Human wrecks cause other human wrecks. No man lives to himself alone. Whether he falls or rises, it is to the bane or blessing of many.

"How careful we should be, then, as we swing into place the girders of our lives!"

Tact and Tobacco

Caleb Cobweb's pen keeps pace with his eyes and ears, and drips wisdom and epigrammatic truths for old and young. His facetious discourse on "Tact and Tobacco" is also worthy of consideration:

"When Billy Sunday conducted his big evangelistic campaign in Boston, he laid down as one of the requirements for secretaries of the campaign that they must be 'tactful and not users of tobacco.' The newspapers, of course, tied to tobacco as they are by innumerable advertisements, made fun of this juxtaposition, and wanted to know just when, where, and how in the process of smoking a man loses that kindly fellow feeling which constitutes tact. They also wanted to be shown the preponderance of tact in non-users of tobacco.

"Of course Billy Sunday, who is after practical results and is not writing treatises on English composition, did not intend to imply any connection between tact and abstention from tobacco; he just happened to think of those two things at the same time. But he builded better than he knew. No one pretends that many tobacco users are not tactful, and that many abstainers from tobacco are not tactless. The question is whether the use of tobacco lessens what tact a man has and hinders the use of it. There is no doubt that it does.

"What is tact? It is a courteous consideration for another person. If a man comes up to me on a dark night, thrusts a pistol in my face, and demands my money, he gets it, but not in a tactful manner. If a man enters my office and, with smiling urbanity, inveigles me into buying some worthless stock, he is crafty, shrewd, persuasive, but cannot be described as tactful. If a man, however smiling and polite, forces me to breathe down a lot of polluted air, I cannot call him tactful. No man is tactful who by his precept and example lends his influence to the traffic in nicotine poison. He is a corrupter of the health of mankind and a weakener of public morals. He is a selfish indulger of his own vice at the expense of all the clean lungs around him. If that is compatible with tactfulness, I do not know what tact is.

"Tact and contact are kindred words. The contact of a tobacco user is made by the pervasive atoms of the repulsive weed with which he assaults all whom he meets. In this sense he makes contact, sure enough; but that is as near as he comes to tact."

ELEVEN years ago there were but three prohibition States,— Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota. Today the nation is dry by legislation, and will be in practice soon, we hope. May the campaign against narcotics pass through as rapid and as successful an evolution as has that against alcoholics.

Whose Propaganda—German or Tobacco Trust?

G. H. HEALD, M. D.

THERE can be no question that some "influence" has been back of the movement to send large quantities of cigarettes to the boys over the seas. Taken up by newspapers, championed by women who a few months ago would have done anything in the world to keep their own boys from the cigarette habit, the work of sending tobacco and cigarettes to the boys has assumed the character of a crusade which is breaking down adverse opinion and carrying everything before it. For this reason it is refreshing to read the editorial in the September *Long Island Medical Journal,* written by an eyewitness of the abuses of which he speaks. If the crusade was engineered by the tobacco trust, the trust has certainly reaped a rich reward in the way of increased prosperity. If it was engineered by German propaganda, it was in keeping with their work of bombing hospitals, poisoning wells, and the like. The article, entitled "Tobacco in War," follows:

"This providing of unlimited smokes for the soldiers and sailors is a curious change of front on the part of people who in the past have felt that tobacco was a harmful weed. The discussion of the cigarette habit has filled many reams in recent years, and the contention has been that the cigarette is not a beneficial article. Witness its various sobriquets: 'coffin tacks,' 'hell sticks,' and a dozen others even less polite. The boy who smoked cigarettes was solemnly assured that he would be stunted in his growth, that his mental development would be inadequate, that he would land in an insane asylum; and countless other horrors, varying with the imagination of his parents, were held up to wean him from the filthy weed.

This is He

PHOTO, WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

The man the soldiers like to have visit their camps is the strong, cheerful, clean old man commonly known as Tommy Ryan. He is the world's champion middle-weight lifter. He gained this distinction at St. Louis when he raised 194 pounds straight above his head with one hand.

Young Juvenal, alias Thomas Ryan, was born in Scotland, but came to this country when a lad. He gained his ability as a lifter when he "beguiled the tedium of the long days of sheep herding in Kansas by juggling with the 'niggerheads' which filled the creek beds and lay about the prairie."

Although he has traveled with a circus and taken part in prize fights, he has always been a clean man, never having uttered an oath in his life.

"He stands before a roomful of young soldiers, and after proving to them that he is stronger than any of them and quite as courageous and manly as the best of them, he tells them that he has absolute knowledge that the use of tobacco, particularly of cigarettes, is a harmful practice, that he lets tobacco as well as liquor entirely alone, and that they would do well to imitate him. And his testimony in this direction is having its effect."

"And now, what do we see? A daily propaganda asking for money for tobacco for soldiers! Visit any hospital and see what is going on. Every convalescent is wandering about with a cigarette between his lips, and many of the bed cases. The writer had occasion recently to peremptorily remove a package of pipe tobacco and some cigarettes from the bedside of a young man who had had a recent acute pneumothorax. One of his navy pals had provided him with tobacco and matches, and he lay in a ward given up to pneumonia cases, smoking.

"The writer has repeatedly made rounds on a series of patients from the navy, many of them suffering from acute cardiac conditions, and all of whom he has found smoking cigarettes. Questioned as to why they smoke so much, the answer very naturally is, 'Because we haven't anything else to do, and the cigarettes are free here.' It is a fact. Speaking for the hospital to which he is attached, the editor is in a position to state that misguided people are showering cigarettes, not in packages, but by boxes and bales, upon the invalid sailors sent there by the Navy Department.

"One man who was interviewed on the subject, a father with growing boys of his own, explained somewhat sheepishly, when asked why he had sent cigarettes to a young sailor of his acquaintance, that flowers and fruit seemed altogether inappropriate to send to a young man, so he sent him some cigarettes. Asked if he permitted his own boys to smoke, he acknowledged that he did not, and disapproved of the cigarettes. As a matter of fact, thousands of the picked youths of the country are being taught to smoke to excess by the hysterical folly of well-intending, misguided people, men as well as women, and incalculable physical harm is being done in consequence. It seems incredible that people who discourage the use of cigarettes by their own boys should fall into the error of forcing them upon other people's boys.

"This paradox quite naturally raises the question, Where does this originate? Is it merely in the mistaken kindness of a hysterical people, or is it part of an insidious scheme fostered by enemy interests to undermine the efficiency of the fighting forces? This question is not asked flippantly, but with the serious purpose of urging Americans to think of the harm they are doing by the indiscriminate giving of tobacco.

"Whatever may be said of the harmlessness of an occasional cigarette smoked in the open, no thinking person will agree that it is harmless when used by a young man suffering with heart or lung trouble, doomed to inactivity by reason of his enforced idleness, tempted by the presence of unlimited smokes, and enveloped in an all-pervading cloud of tobacco in all stages of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous. It is a matter not to be treated lightly. Serious consideration must be given by those who so far have not thought of the harm they are doing. Serious attention must be called to the part of the public press, and, lest the spirit of this communication be mistaken, the writer gives his assurance that no exaggeration has been attempted, and that the incidents that he has cited are by no means occasional, but are so frequent as to have aroused his personal indignation and to have confirmed him in his earnest desire to see the matter adjusted."

The Lost Pipe

GRANDPA was very fond of smoking, and for convenience' sake he kept more than one pipe. One of the pipes was laid on the window sill near the porch swing. This particular one was much used during the long evenings of the summer months. A night came, however, when grandpa's hand failed to rest upon the pipe when he reached for it. A careful search showed that it was not on the porch at all. None of the older members of the household knew anything of its whereabouts. Little Virginia, aged five, then said, "I know where it is." Upon being asked where it was, she said, "Out in the street." "How did it get there?" queried grandpa. The reply was, "I threw it there." "But why?" persisted grandpa. "I smelled it, and it was *spoiled,*" she answered.

M. H. VOTAW.

THE NEXT BIG PROBLEM

By Prof. J. H. Dickason, A. M.

Lecturer for the Presbyterian Board of Temperance

IN proportion as the saloon has retreated the cigarette has advanced. It is the greatest enemy that the boy and young man have. It has so camouflaged its forward march that few, even yet, are aware of its progress. It has through artful advertising so surrounded itself with a garb of patriotism falsely so called that many who fear it and hate it are afraid to come out boldly and attack it.

Let us look for a moment at some of the salient features of the situation confronting us. Unless we know this and the strength of our enemy, we will not know how to attack. Knowing this, some may become faint-hearted and give up in despair, but those who really have at heart the welfare of youth will be all the more determined to win.

The fiscal year 1917 saw the largest sale of cigarettes this land has known. Sold under Government revenue there were 36,959,334,804; to these are to be added 3,000,000,000 sent to the soldiers overseas, on which no tax was paid, and the large number of hand-rolled, so that the total was much over 40,000,000,000.

Figures Beyond Our Grasp

We have learned to speak and think in great numbers within the last few years, but no one can understand the meaning of such a number as that which represents the sale of cigarettes for but twelve months. Let us see if some illustrations will help us.

1. Placed end to end the cigarettes consumed in this country last year would reach around the equator sixty-six times.

2. The moon is 238,850 miles distant from the earth. This cigarette line would reach to the moon and back three times, then around the world at the equator three times, and there would be enough left to reach three times and back from New York to San Francisco.

3. It represents a daily consumption of 100,000,000, or one each day for every man, woman, and child in the United States; enough if placed end to end to extend 3,788 miles, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again to Denver.

A Little Fire but a Big Smoke

Suppose some lover of cigarettes should be willing to consume the offering of last year. He would be sick of his contract long before its completion.

1. Let him smoke uninterruptedly, giving five minutes to each cigarette, and he would need, in order to complete his task, more than 380,000 years.

2. If he were willing to hurry a little, though cigarette smokers seldom do hurry, and would take but one minute for each "smoke," he would not finish until A. D. 76521.

3. He would need merely for "lighting up," 80,000,000 boxes of 500 matches each; and if he paid five cents a box, he would need a trivial bank account of $4,000,000 just for this item of household expense.

Look at it as you may, it's a big smoke and costs a big sum, whether for one or many smokers.

Unbelievable Increase

The excess of sale for 1917 over the preceding years was almost 10,000,000,000 cigarettes. That is in itself a great number, but when we recall that it is only the *growth* for the year, it is all the more appalling.

1. Ten billion is four times the consumption in 1901.

2. It is three times the consumption in 1904.

3. It is twice the consumption in 1906.

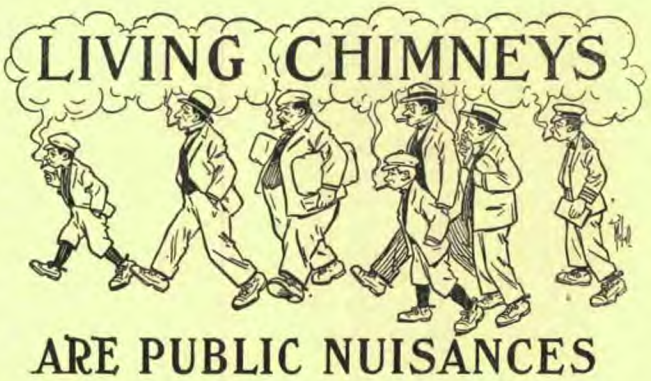
4. It is the entire consumption in 1911. Thus it is clearly seen that it has increased 400 per cent in the six years preceding, and just one third over 1916. We cannot maintain that pace very long. Results are proving disastrous now, but what if it should continue at the same rate!

It would be a physical impossibility to keep this ratio of gain, one third, for fifty years, but suppose we did — what then?

Our annual consumption then would be 121,906,685,618,064,958.

Such a consumption could never be, for all consumers would be dead long before they had finished, poisoned and filling the graves of suicides. Such a situation seems preposterous, but unless something is done, and done quickly, we will pay the price. We are headed right toward that very condition. Fifteen hundred new recruits are joining the cigarette army every day, a half million a year, most of them boys and young men, and their number is increasing with every twelve months.

Isn't it a problem to make one think — and pray — and work?



Who Lost His Head?

WHEN there's a fire, there's always some one who loses his head and does ridiculous or positively dangerous things; some one who throws the mirrors out of the third-floor window and carefully carries down the stairs some article that is of small worth and could well bear being tossed from the fourth-story window. So in every great catastrophe there are those who are likely to start a panic by their nervousness or lack of good judgment. It has been so in this war, and the loss sustained by their folly will be more apparent after the war.

Tobacco Forced upon Them

Who lost his head and suggested that the soldiers be given tobacco rations? Uncle Sam heroically refused the rum ration, but succumbed to the pleas of the thoughtless or the greed of the tobacco trust. This may not have been the time to wage war upon the tobacco users; but we need not have invited every soldier to become a tobacco devotee by giving it as a part of his daily ration, and by putting in the "comfort kit" supplied to every soldier by the American Red Cross "one pipe, one package of a certain kind of tobacco, one package of another brand, and one package each of several brands of cigarettes." "All of which," says a prominent educator, "are manufactured by the American Tobacco Trust."

While providing tobacco for those who were devotees to it, we should have done nothing to encourage its use by young boys who were abstainers. We should the rather have earnestly discouraged its use as a war measure, since tobacco injures the heart; hinders good marksmanship; causes slowness in perception of signals; and militates against recovery from wounds. These are sound reasons why the use of tobacco by soldiers should have been discouraged rather than encouraged.

Apropos with these facts is a statement from Dr. Poling, who says:

"I have discovered an Englishman who does not smoke, Major Dolby. In entertaining me he brought out the cigarettes. When I stated my case, he gave me the amazing information that he also passed up the weed. He has been one of England's greatest athletes, track, polo, and tennis, and has the finest collection of big-game trophies from Africa, India, and America that I have ever seen. He said that he had to choose between tobacco and a steady nerve, keen eye, speed, endurance, and quick reaction against all sorts of weather."

Did not every United States soldier at the front need just these qualities for efficient soldiery?

Shamed and Humiliated

In view of the many well-known counts against tobacco, there are millions of men and women in this country who were incensed and chagrined when they learned that the War Department was to deal out to each soldier daily a ration of four tenths of an ounce of smoking tobacco and ten cigarette papers, with plug tobacco for chewing. One of the editors of the *Christian Endeavor World* expressed his humiliation thus:

"We are ashamed that a civilized nation has so poorly used its civilization as to feel obliged to deal out to its soldiers, in this terrible world crisis, a demonstrably harmful drug. It means a lamentable lack of intelligence and a fai'ure of consecrated, brotherly activity. Enough of us know better to have prevented such a state of affairs, if we had bestirred ourselves."

The unwise campaign that has resulted in surfeiting soldiers with tobacco is not appreciated by all in the army, as the following word from an officer reveals:

"I recently received a dozen packages of cigarettes from the war-service committee of my home town. They were of no use to me, as I do not smoke. Of course I thanked the committee for their kindness; but, if they had only sent a dozen bars of chocolate instead of the cigarettes, I could have been genuinely grateful. In my company of twenty-five men there are eighteen that do not smoke, but every man of them is fond of chocolate."

The New York *Globe* absolutely refused to be entrapped in the general craze to carry on a tobacco campaign for our boys, and instead of tobacco it sent Bibles to the boys. All honor to the New York *Globe!*

A daily paper that persistently eschews the water wagon, being wet in all its principles, was among the first and most enthusiastic promoters of tobacco for soldiers. This in itself should have been enough to have kept the people from espousing the cause. But no, we lost our heads and sacrificed the most promising of our young manhood to the Cigarette King.

How shall the evil be counteracted?

Dueling and Smoking

ONCE men had the mistaken idea that it would be unmanly to refuse to fight a duel. But today, in view of the world's broadened ideas, true manliness demands the refusal. We are free from the idea "that honor can in any way be mended by two men standing up to take snapshots at each other." But we have been freed from this superstitious idea because some men had enough true courage and manliness to dare to be thought unmanly and cowardly by the majority, holding the narrower and mistaken idea.

Among boys there has been an idea that to be manly, to be courageous, one must smoke. But this idea, too, is giving way to the larger and truer idea of manliness, that of total abstinence from tobacco in any form. Those who began smoking from such a misleading purpose will have to follow the man who said, "I began the use of tobacco to be a *man*, and I quit for the same purpose." The manliest boys, the most courageous boys, are those who have the courage to refuse to smoke. They are the boys who will help the world of boys to come into the larger and more wholesome idea. Ex-Senator Beveridge of Indiana once said that if a boy smokes to make a man of himself, he will be a very little man.

As men of real worth have long ago forsaken dueling, so the manly boys of today and tomorrow will shun the harmful cigarette habit.

Why He Gave Up Tobacco

ONE Sunday afternoon a young minister went into the country to hold a service in a schoolhouse. He both smoked and chewed tobacco, and as usual took a quid of the delectable weed in his mouth just before reaching the place where he was to preach. It was a hot August day. The schoolhouse was packed. Little girls, with their white dresses, were compelled to sit around on the small platform about four feet square, on which the minister stood.

He had gone onto the platform with the tobacco in his mouth, and after speaking for a time, he found it inconvenient either to expectorate or to dispose of the quid. To throw it upon the floor would endanger those about him who were dressed in white, and for some little time he pondered on how he could dispose of the offending quid which hindered the free use of his vocal organs. Finally he wiped the tobacco into his handkerchief and returned it to his pocket.

He soon became absorbed in his subject, and owing to the heat and the crowded condition of the room he began to perspire freely. He drew out his handkerchief, and wiped his face. No sooner had he done this, than a smile was provoked in the congregation. This irritated the speaker, who reproved the congregation for their lack of reverence. Again he wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief, leaving more streaks of tobacco juice over his face. The congregation was now almost convulsed with laughter. The more the people laughed, the more the minister wiped his face; and the more he wiped his face, the more laughable was the picture he presented. He stamped his foot and demanded quiet.

Then a good old deacon arose and said, "My good brother, if you knew how your face looks, you would not blame any one for laughing." This, of course, reminded him of the disposition he had made of his tobacco, and led to a quick dismissal of the meeting. He said that the words of the inspired penman flashed into his mind: "Shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Hab. 2:16. He there resolved, God being his helper, that he would never again use the filthy weed. He kept his word.

R. A. UNDERWOOD.

Tobacco Proves a Blessing to India

THE flea is the disseminator of the bubonic plague. The rat entertains the flea, and thus the flea and plague go wherever the rat goes.

British officials have found that the flea has no liking for tobacco. Scattered on the floor of rooms, it works havoc to the jumpers. "As they enter the room so fortified, the fumes of the plant overcome them. Consequently, the inmates are not bitten, and not being bitten, they do not take into their blood the germs of plague which the flea has in his power to deposit.

"In carrying on experiments to prove the efficiency of the tobacco process, fifty-two houses were thus treated. A piece of matting was used in each case. To this the tobacco leaves were stitched. This matting was then laid on the floor. As a contrast to prove or disprove the theory concerning tobacco, the same number of houses of the same type and in the immediate neighborhood were left untouched. Only one house that had been subjected to the tobacco treatment became infected. Out of the others, seven became infected. The comparison is certainly significant."

Why not export the 1918 tobacco crop to India?

SYRACUSE University advertised a course of lectures on "America's Parasitic Industries — Tobacco and Alcohol." Twins in soul-destroying work!

Illustrations on "Keeping the Body Under"

I KILLED a little rattler this morning," said my friend, the ranger, as we met on the cañon trail. "Not over ten inches long. No rattle, hardly a button."

"Didn't need to be so careful of him, then?" I said.

"Didn't, eh?" was the quick reply. "Why, the little ones have more poison to the amount of snake, and they have no rattle to call attention to them. You see it isn't the rattle that hurts; it's the other end."

He was right. And the same thing is true of sin. Little sins, white lies; the first drink of "punch with a stick in it," perhaps at a school function; the first cigarette rolled on a dare; the first nasty novel. No rattle to them, no fuss, but they have the poison. And "it isn't the rattle that hurts; it's the other end."

A professor in a Western high school saw one of his pupils smoking. At a favorable opportunity he said to him: "How's work going? You're pretty keen in mathematics. I hear you've taken to smoking. I was a little afraid you'd be pushing me out of my chair one of these days; but if you've taken to smoking, no fear of that."

A man who needed dental work done hunted up a friend whom he had met socially. As he sat in the chair and the drill began to work, the dentist said to him, "Don't key yourself up so. I'm not going to hurt you." "But you are working toward a nerve." "Yes," was the reply, "but I can tell when I am coming near a nerve, and I will stop in time."

The patient became interested. "How can you tell?"

"Well," said the dentist, "I used to drink a little just as you do. I noticed that the days after I had been drinking I could not tell; but the days after I had kept from drink I noticed that my hand was sensitive to the decreasing pressure of the drill as the tooth softened near the nerve. So in the interests of my patients I stopped. I didn't want to hurt them, you see."

As the district agent for a large company stepped from the train in a California city in company with the Pacific Coast agent for the same company, the first man said to his chief, "Let's have a drink before we go and close that big contract."

The chief looked at him a minute, and finally said, "I've quit. Since I saw you last I contracted for an auto, 'future delivery.' The firm notified me that I could have the car some time before they had counted on getting it for me. I really was not able to handle the payments, but was too proud to tell them so. It so pinched me to meet the payments that I had to save every way, and I cut out the drinks. I couldn't afford them. I soon noticed a change in my work. I could think more quickly, figure more accurately, and see through a deal more clearly; so I decided to let it go altogether."

The physician had done fine work in the case. A friend said to him, "Will, do you know of one thing that would help you?" Without waiting for an answer from the physician, the friend touched the two cigars which were sticking out of the doctor's vest pocket, and said: "I happen to know that in the case you have just treated the patient is very sensitive to the odor of tobacco. This is true of many other persons. It tends to nauseate, especially when one is sick."

The doctor did not hesitate a minute, but said: "I had never thought of it that way. Got in the habit in medical school. I see it now. I'm through."

A florist who uses one hundred dollars' worth of tobacco yearly, but not for himself, is a Sunday school teacher of a class of boys. When he knows of any of them smoking, he asks them to come on a visit to his greenhouse, and they come, for there are acres under glass.

In the course of the walk he shows them how he kills insect pests. "Some of them we kill by laying the stems of tobacco by the pots. The exuding of the smell kills those under the leaves. In other houses where there is no bloom to hurt, we make a smudge fire in a pot, put tobacco in it, and drag the smoking pot through the house.

"Or we mix the essence of nicotine in a spray, and spray the plants, or daub it here and there on the steam pipes. It always kills the young insects first. Here and there an old one stands it. But even then they are so tobacco soaked that they can seldom propagate young, or if they do the young soon succumb. Our final way to fix them is to take a little alcohol and a camel's hair brush — one drop, and he curls up. That ends him."

The moral needs not to be pointed out. The wide-eyed boy will see it. F. G. H. STEVENS.

The Secret

WHEN Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, expressed fear to Congress that a nation-wide ban on booze would retard shipbuilding, hundreds of brawny patriots who are pounding out ships at Hampton in record time replied:

"Tell it to Tommy Mason."

Tommy Mason was superintendent of the construction work on the "Tuckahoe," the naval collier turned out of the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company in twenty-seven days, breaking a world record.

After the launching of the "Tuckahoe," Charles M. Schwab, director of the Shipping Board, asked Mason how he and his men had made such phenomenal speed.

"I want to pass your secret along to the other shipyards," said Mr. Schwab.

"No booze," replied Mason. "That's the secret."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Thought Arrows

PROHIBITION in ten years has reduced crime in Mississippi 95 per cent.

PROHIBITION has already emptied a Michigan jail that receives prisoners from five counties.

IN the iron district of Michigan it is reported authoritatively that for the first time in twenty-five years every man reports for work on Monday morning.

PROHIBITION looks out for the children. Soon after Portland, Oregon, went dry, the sale of kiddies' shoes increased 300 per cent.

IN Portland, Oregon, antomobile and team accidents were soon reduced 75 per cent by prohibition.

SINCE Colorado went dry, 119,000 new savings accounts have been opened.

"BOOZE was driving when 54 out of 74 St. Louisans were killed by automobiles this year."

PAYING your taxes in dollars instead of in boys is what prohibition means.

SOME of the liquor men say, "The temperance question has had its day." No, it has had its *night.* National prohibition, yea, world prohibition, will usher in the *day,* the glorious light of a new era for the temperance question for the world!

DR. FALCIONI, representative of the king of Italy at the Fourteenth International Congress against Alcoholism, held in Milan, Italy, September, 1913, said:

"He who stubbornly denies the ravages which alcohol produces in the organs of our bodies, citing the example of men who enjoy health and intelligence in spite of the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, is like those who, showing some green leaves upon a branch, would try to deny the effect of the first frosts, without taking any notice of the thousands of dry leaves which fall at the touch of the first breeze."

American Issue

WORLD PROHIBITION

FIVE years ago the temperance people of the world convened at Columbus, Ohio, and under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League of America launched the first campaign for a dry *nation*. Hitherto the effort of temperance workers had been confined to the securing of local option or prohibition for the community, town, county, city, or State. The most enthusiastic and optimistic effort did not go beyond State-wide prohibition. But now that national prohibition for the demobilization period has been granted, and permanent national prohibition by ratification of the amendment to the Constitution is assured, our temperance workers turn their eyes across the ocean on either side determined to help the struggling peoples of all lands to annihilate the infamous liquor traffic.

America is duty bound to help break the liquor shackles from the alcoholic slaves of other lands; for it is she who has done most to enslave the world. Her brewers and distillers have long sought to establish in every land a mart for their body-and-soul-destroying wares. Only last August, when there were seventy missionaries of various boards waiting in New York for vessels to carry them to their respective fields, a vessel left that port for Liberia and Sierra Leone, West Africa; but only nine of the men and women who had waited impatiently for months were allowed to board the vessel. Why? — Because all the space was needed for the cargo. And what was the cargo that must take precedence of missionaries anxious to return to their needy fields of labor? — Thirty thousand gallons of one prominent brand of whisky!

Then again, as the brewers are driven from their strongholds in this country they turn toward China, India, and Africa as their asylum. These countries are being co-erced into giving the liquor barons full liberty to establish their wretched business. The missionaries and the most intelligent native people of these lands pityingly plead with us to help free and protect them from the devastating curse.

As a nation we have answered these appeals by forbidding the exportation of all alcoholic beverages from this country. As individuals we can answer them by sending representatives across the water to take part in the great temperance campaigns inaugurated in those countries. Let us do our part, for "world democracy, world peace, and world patriotism demand world prohibition."