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Herald of Health



The Tiginj Babga Waterfall,
Sikkim.

Temperance Annual, 1915.

Johnston & Hoffmann

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Bustin' the Temperance Man

HOARSELY demanding " Gimme a drink!"

He sidled up to the bar,
And he handled his glass with the air of one
Who had often before " been thar."
And a terrible glance shot out of his eyes,
And oyer his hearers ran,
As he muttered, " I'm hangin' around the town
Fer to bust that temp'rance man!

" I've heerd he's a-comin' with singin' and sich,
And prayin' and heaps of talk ;
And allows he'll make all fellers what drink
Toe square to the temp'rance chalk.
I reckon——" and he pulled out a knife.
That was two feet long or more,
And he handled his pistols familiarly,
While the crowd made a break for the door.

The good man came, and his voice was kind,
And his ways were meek and mild ;
" But I'm goin' to bust him," the roarer said—
" Jess wait till he gets me riled."
Then he playfully felt of his pistol belt,
And took up his place on the stage,
And waited in wrath for the temperance man
To further excite his rage.

But the orator didn't; he wasn't that sort,
For he talked right straight to the heart,
And somehow or other the roarer felt
The trembling tear-drops start.
And he thought of the wife who had loved him well,
And the children that climbed his knee,
And he said, as the terrible pictures were drawn,
" He's got it kerrect—that's me!"

Then his thoughts went back to the years gone by,
When his mother had kissed his brow,
As she tearfully told of the evils of drink,
And he made her a solemn vow,
That he never should touch the poisonous cup
Which had ruined so many before;
And the tears fell fast as he lowly said:
" He's ketchin' me more and more!"

He loosened his hold on his pistols and knife,
And covered his streaming eyes;
And though it was homely, his prayer went up—
Straight to the starlit skies.
Then he signed his name to the temperance pledge,
And holding it high, said he,
" I came here to bust that temp'rance chap,
But I reckon he's busted me."

—From the *Star Speaker*.



F.J. Iemos
after Calliers

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BOTTLE

The Passing of Alcohol

By V. I. Mann, M. D.

EVER since the day, as Woods Hutchinson conjectures, when one of our forefathers, having picked more berries than he could conveniently consume at one time, left them in a gourd where they fermented; and upon finishing his repast, it was found that the sweet, luscious fruit was now quite a different thing; that it had assumed a peculiar yet not a disagreeable sting; that all perplexities and troubles had vanished; things were looked at in a different light than they had ever been before; an experience, the results of which were well worth repeating,—alcohol has been the subject of much controversy. Nor is it any wonder that King Alcohol has taken the grip that it has upon humanity. Any substance that can bring about the radical change in so short a time, that transforms pain into comfort, sorrow into joy, and discouragement into encouragement, naturally would be heralded as the panacea for all ills, troubles, and turmoil. However, the fact is lost sight of that this grip is the grip of the octopus whose suckers are deeply set in the very vitals of the social, political, and religious world, and whose mammoth growth is entirely at the expense of its victims.

To show the extent to which alcohol has been weaved into every fibre of the human being, one has but to mention its use in connection with the habits, the pastimes, the medicines, or the diet of the human race. The tears, the heartaches, the empty cradles, the unmarked graves, are but occurrences of every-day life. The wives and mothers of some of the most civilized nations to-day spend their money at the grog shop and charge it to the account of flour and sugar because they are ashamed to let their husbands know the amount of liquor they consume. The back entrance to the public house is as busy as, or busier than the front

one. Among its victims will be found little tots of three or four years, coming out with their pails of grog, too heavy for an erect posture, but laboriously carried to a besotted older brother or sister, mother or father. Who has not seen on the street,—you see them at every turn, the bloodshot eye, the flushed face, the bloated features, that are evidences of the result of the social glass. It has been said, were it not for alcohol, and two other drugs, cocaine and opium, the backbone of the patent medicine business would be broken in twenty-four hours. Even reputable physicians have lauded alcohol very highly as a drug in the practice of medicine. In these days of enlightenment and research we are glad to say that men are deciding these important issues,



Exiled!

not from the standpoint of impulse, but upon the merits of experimental knowledge and reason; and not so much from the immediate as the remote effects. The changes which such reasonings have brought about will be considered later.

We have shown that alcohol has permeated every activity of human life. Is there any just claim, outside of the apparent immediate effect, that warrants the extensive field that alcohol has occupied? Of least importance to us is what a drink of intoxicants will do to-day; but what this drink, taken to-day, will do to-morrow is of the most vital importance. The foundation on which to base

our attitude on this important issue is, will alcohol stand the test in all or any one of the various activities of life into which it has subtly forced its way? To ascertain this, it must be examined from the standpoint of economics, sociability and endurance, and medicine. Volumes have been written on the first three, with the result that the decree has gone before the world unchallenged that in each one of them alcohol is a curse to the human race. Who would dare to deny the fact that (with the exception of a few who build themselves mansions at the expense of the hard earned savings of the poor) alcohol leaves nothing in its wake but poverty, destruction, and ruin? Who would dispute the point that 90 per cent. of theft, lust, and murder are due to alcohol? What great athlete is there that is not a total abstainer? In the relation of alcohol to endurance some important things have been revealed in this present war. The nations engaged in it realize that it is a fight to a finish, that it means their national existence. In view of this they also know that King Alcohol is their greatest foe. Mr. Lloyd George has said that alcohol is an enemy to be feared more than the Germans. In France it is styled as "the other war, the anti-alcoholic one" in which General Callieni stands at the head. In Russia, with one stroke of the pen, vodka is banished from the country. Every one of these nations know that in a crisis for existence, to procure endurance and efficiency, it is "Down with the tyrant Alcohol!"

Sir Victor Horsley in condemning the use of rum in the trenches, makes the statement that it causes a loss of heat, fall of body temperature, dulling the senses; and not only was of no assistance to the soldier in withstanding the strain, fatigue, and weather, but actually decreased his efficiency. He also reviews the history of the use of alcohol in the army in ancient times, coming on down to its use in the armies in India, Egypt, Crimea, the Civil War in America, and in the war in

South Africa. He contends that in all of these instances it was not only absolutely useless, but was productive of much damage from every standpoint. He also shows that in the navy, the officers insist upon no liquor being consumed twenty-four hours before target practice and gun trials. If this rule were not enforced, poor marksmanship would result.

There are two phases in the relation of alcohol to the practice of medicine, namely, the diseases that are caused by its use and its use as a medicine. The dozens of diseases caused by the moderate and immoderate use of alcohol are well known, but the relation that physicians have sustained to the use of alcohol as a medicine and as a food has been the greatest obstacle to a clear cut argument against the use of alcohol. One has always been confronted with the argument that Dr. So and So advises alcohol as a food, therefore it can not be very harmful, but the belief that alcohol is a food or even a good medicine is fast passing away. In fact, the former idea has entirely disappeared, and it leaves us absolutely no excuse for the use of alcohol in our homes.

In decades gone, physicians as well as the laity have had the wool pulled over their eyes as to the apparent benefits derived from the use of alcohol. Some few decades ago alcohol was the routine remedy for many ailments. Typhoid fever is a good illustration of this. A half century ago, alcohol was a routine treatment, but these days any and all up-to-date physicians repudiate the use of alcohol in this disease. We venture to say that in the days of alcohol and typhoid fever the patient had to put up a braver fight against the alcohol forced upon him, than he did against the bacillus typhosus. It is true we have always had a few prominent medical men that have lifted their voices against the dangers of the use of alcohol in any form, but that these voices have now become almost universal among the

medical profession is a thing of moment and shows that the platform upon which alcohol has stood in the past has crumbled away. We have only to mention two prominent societies to show what the opinion of the medical profession is on the subject. In 1911 in the British Medical Association, fifty of its most prominent physicians raised their voices against the use of alcohol. They showed that "alcohol diminishes the quality and the total output of both manual and intellectual work; that it predisposes directly and indirectly to disease; that in the treatment of nearly all diseases it does more harm than good; that the universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors as beverages would contribute greatly to the health, prosperity, morality, and happiness of the human race."

The Life Extension Institute is an organization interested in the prevention of disease by the education of the public. The board operating this institute is made up of physicians of national and international repu-

tation. The following is a part of the report prepared by the director:—

"For many years alcohol was used as a heart stimulant in acute and chronic disease. Only in rare instances is it now so used. Alcohol, in the amounts formerly used as a heart stimulant, is undoubtedly a heart depressant.

"Such a benefit as alcohol has conferred in acute disease has been due largely to its rapid utilization as a temporary food. It can be burned in the body as a fuel, and thus spare the tissues. For a brief time it can

take the place of energy goods such as fats and sugars. But there is grave risk in using it for such purposes, in view of its effects on the heart, nervous system, and blood elements. While it makes body heat, it causes a loss of more heat through its action on the blood vessels. There are other ways to nourish and support the acutely ill without these attendant risks.

"There are many poisonous substances formed in the body, some of which, like alcohol, must be destroyed by the liver, or carried off by the kidneys. But that is no



LEADING AMERICANS AGAINST THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Ex. Secy. of State Bryan.

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

Senator Sheppard

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

Secretary of the Navy, Daniels

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

reason why we should eat these poisons and impose a further burden on our organs."

Let us be candid with ourselves, looking at it economically, socially, or from the standpoint of endurance or medicine, every one of us is better without it. That peace, happiness, and prosperity will abide only when total abstinence is strictly adhered to, while in its indulgence nothing but poverty, woe, deficiency, discouragement, sickness and death is found in its tracks. If to-day you are an imbibor even moderately; if you are taking it because the monster's

clutches are hard to set free; if you are taking it to increase your endurance; if you are taking it as a food to help keep up your body; if you are taking it for a temporary respite from the cares and troubles of life;

if you are taking it for the sake of sociability; if you are taking it to keep yourself well, your hope is but a will-o-the-wisp that sooner or later, some how or other, will prove your Charybdis. Stop it! Stop in now.

The Old Temperance Lecturer

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

THE old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled the breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at least, a mere child, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his eyes full upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

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

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

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

No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I not ced a tear trembling

on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed of my own tears.

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

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife, as fair and angel-hearted a creature as ever smiled in earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer's sky, her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart was wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble son, a bright and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it. Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him into the world, and the blow that lamed him for life. May God forgive me for the ruin which I brought upon me and mine!"

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

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone

at the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.

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

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

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

"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the floor. The furies of hell battled in my bosom with deep intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

"God have mercy!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance; 'you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie,' as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her

to the door; and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a loud 'Ha! ha!' I closed the



THE SIEGE OF OUR CITIES IN A WAR THAT NEVER CEASES

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES

- Does nothing but harm.—Tolstoi.
- Stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.
- Decreases strength.—Matthew Woods, M. D.
- Impairs every human faculty.—The Rosanoffs.
- Propagates tuberculosis and cancer.—Sir Victor Horsley.
- Acts as a poison on all living protoplasm.—Professor Krassowitz.
- Drink kills more than all our newest weapons of war.—Lord Wolseley.
- Increases liability to disease, adds to its severity, and retards recovery.—A. K. Chalmers, M. D.
- If we could sweep intemperance out of the country there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.—Phillips Brooks.
- No war, no plague of humanity—cholera, tuberculosis, or famine—has made so many victims, has caused so much poverty, suffering, and death, as the use of alcohol.—Charles Darwin.
- Alcohol solidifies, crystallizes, and makes chronic every evil passion of depraved human nature. It is a promoter of all that is evil, all that is vile, all that is abominable.—John B. Gough.

door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe.

"But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my older son,

and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of the devil that possessed me, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist."

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

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

"As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God, how horrible!—it was my own Mary and her babe, frozen to death. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in

its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

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

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

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

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

My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson."

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance flushed and then became deathly pale. "It is—no, it cannot be, yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own lost boy."

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

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

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

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

A MIRACLE IN RUSSIA

"A miracle has happened in Russia—a miracle that has put bread in the cupboards of the poor, fires on the hearths, reformed the wife beater, lifted a people from sullenness and despair to happiness and self-respect.

necessary to cover the deficit in revenue (Rs. 60,00,00,000 annually) from the larger incomes they derived by reason of the increased capacity of their employees.

THE HOME CRUSHER

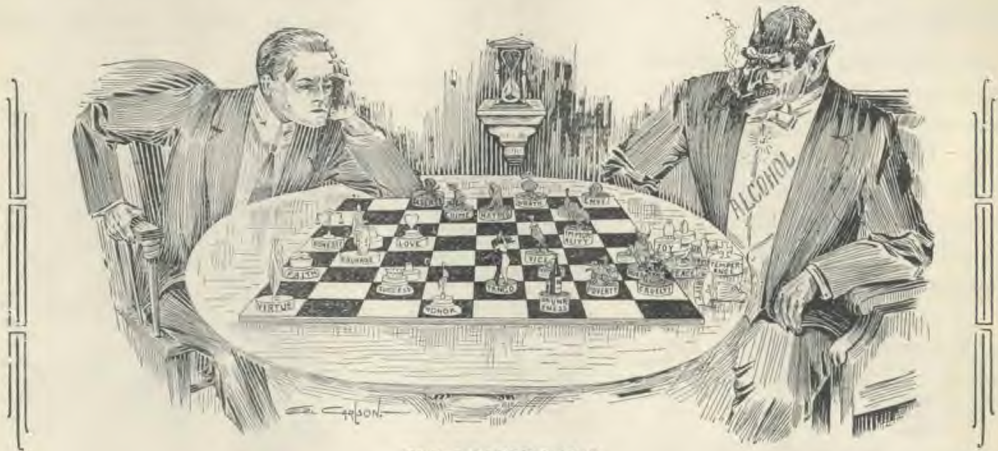
THERE is no cottage humble enough to escape it, no place strong enough to shut it out.

To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself.

It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage.

It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory.

It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent



THE LOSING GAME

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

And the miracle, strangely enough, was made possible by Russia's autocratic form of government, under which the little father, by one stroke of the pen, put vodka and its temptations beyond the reach of the people,—by prohibiting the sale of strong drink in any part of the empire.—*The Evening Star (Washington), Dec. 26, 1914.*

In the *Saturday Evening Post* of Feb. 20, 1915, M. Bark, Russian minister of finance, is quoted as saying:—

"In coal regions we have sent thirty per cent of the male inhabitants to the war, and yet the output of work is greater by thirty per cent, because everybody is sober. . . Heads of large concerns employing labour have said they would pay in cold cash the sums that were

more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho.

It comes to ruin, and it shall profit largely by the ruin of your sons and mine.

It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels.

It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame.

It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children.

It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation.

It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—*Henry Grady.*

Legislation or Education?

BY S. A. WELLMAN, EDITOR OF "ORIENTAL WATCHMAN."

FEW men in public life who have given consideration to the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the race, have been left in doubt by their investigations as to the great harm physically, mentally, economically, which the use of spirituous liquors has done and is doing. It is a long established fact that whether alcohol be taken either in large or small quantity, whether the individual be a drunkard or what is known as a moderate drinker, the results to posterity as well as to himself are in evidence, and the general tone of the entire community is adversely affected thereby.

Medical men, as is shown elsewhere, rulers, financiers, and captains of industry, are in these days of enlightened public opinion, taking a definite stand on the question of alcoholic liquor drinking on the part of those under their direction or watchcare. They all recognize that to produce the greatest efficiency in every service of life, alcohol must be forever banned.

Nor do these alone recognize the great danger to the highest interests of the race in alcohol.

In the present war, all the great leaders have recognized the danger and have taken steps to prevent as far as possible, drinking on the part of the troops in training and in the field. No army under modern conditions can hope to succeed if it is not at all times perfectly sober and unhampered by the effects of alcohol.

To what does this point. First of all, to the necessity of eradicating as rapidly as possible the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors. Secondly, to the need of a vigorous campaign by those who believe in temperance and prohibition that the general public may come to more fully sense the

danger to which they are exposed so long as the liquor traffic continues its destructive trade. Thirdly, to using every legitimate endeavour to bring home to Government the necessity of drawing the lines close each year till the traffic is entirely obliterated from public life.

Of the two methods of labour toward the one great ideal, total prohibition, there is no question but that education must be placed first. An enlightened public, demanding in the name of common morality and righteousness, the suppression of its most deadly foe, will do much to hasten the day when



His first drink

In the coils

His last drink

Government will feel free to take those steps which already it is beginning to realize must eventually come.

For this reason we believe that during the next few years, temperance reformers, lovers of sobriety and the uplift of the great mass of the people, should strain every energy to put before the inhabitants of India both through the medium of English and vernacular literature, the principles of temperance, the dangers of liquor, and the blessing of sobriety. When this is done thoroughly and in a way to popularize the truths taught, the restrictions will follow as a matter of course.

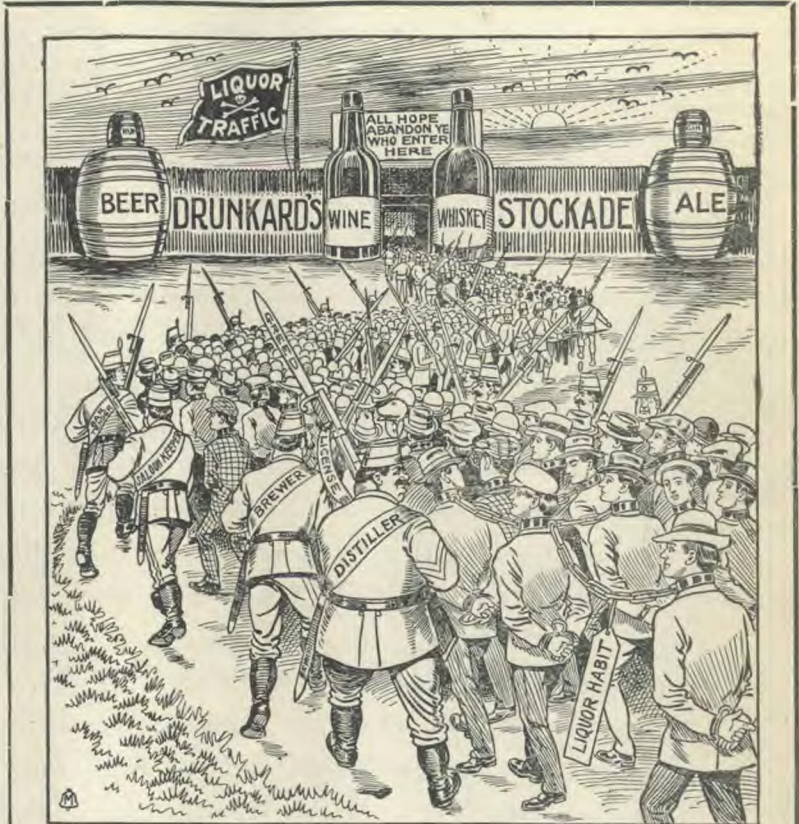
In the meanwhile, with an already strong

public sentiment in favour of prohibition, we believe the conditions and dangers from the increased consumption of alcoholics on the part of certain sections of the public, should be constantly presented to Government. And we believe that Government, in full justice to those under its care, will draw the lines of restriction just so fast as the public demand it and insist upon the removal of that which year by year is becoming a greater menace to public morals.

Therefore let us educate! educate!! educate!!! Let us put the case to all, and teaching the strong to fight the danger in their own lives, and laying in the proper place the cases of the weak, the downcast and oppressed, let us work to the end that the near future may see the demon, "Alcohol," barred without the gates of our fair land.

"Germany is known as a nation of moderate drinking rather than for unusual drunkenness. And yet drink causes annually 1,600 suicides, 1,300 accidents, 30,000 cases of delirium tremens and insanity,

and 180,000 crimes. More than 60 per cent of the insane, 52 per cent of the epileptics, 46 per cent of the criminals, and 82



TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? —A hundred thousand! A hundred full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and a hundred regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp—comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for?—The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of filling a hundred thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of crowding our prison house with felons, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.—*J. G. Holland.*

per cent of the immoral women are reported to have been born of drunken parents."

A Prayer for the Fearful and Timid

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

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

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

Alcohol Not a Stimulant

An Irritant and Depressant—Its Action upon the Heart

BY FREDERICK M. ROSSITER, M.D.

FOR thousands of years alcohol has deceived men and women into thinking it possessed great virtue, because it "braced them up," and made them feel better and stronger, put energy into their muscles and keenness into their brains. But, alas, what a deception! How terribly a man must be deceived to think that he has had a "boost" forward, when he has had a hard shove backward!

No Scientist Will Affirm It

There is no scientist of any repute who would be willing to say that alcohol is a stimulant to any good thing or action. Alcohol is a drug, and conforms to certain rules governing the action of drugs. There are a number of drugs that are stimulants. We use the word "stimulant" in various ways. For instance, sunlight is a stimulant to all life. It stimulates all life-giving forces. It makes things grow. Oatmeal is a physiological stimulant. We say that a horse feels his oats. They put life into him.

It Borrows from the Future

A drug stimulant is different from this. It is a substance that enables the body to utilize more of its reserve energy in a given portion of time. In other words, it enables the body to borrow for to-day what it should use to-morrow. It imparts no energy to the body, but gets energy out of the body by its action of irritation rather than stimulation of the nerve cells. It makes the body do more actual work in a given time. In this sense strychnine is a stimulant. It stimulates the spinal cord, the heart, the lungs, but it has no effect upon the intellectual faculties.

When taken into the body the most noticeable effects of alcohol are on the nervous system. It acts on the faculties of the brain in reverse order to their development. That is, it acts first on the faculties that come into action last. These are judgment, will-

power, and self-control. Alcohol does not stimulate better judgment. It does not enable one to weigh questions better where right conclusions are necessary. It does not strengthen the reasoning powers. We are considering only the moderate use of alcohol. Even the liquor men are willing to admit that in excess it is a bad thing.

The will is the power to choose to do a thing or not to do it. It is mental inhibition. Alcohol removes the inhibitory powers of the will. More crime and immorality are committed when alcohol is used. Why?—Because inhibition is lost and self-control is diminished.

It Reduces Efficiency

Professor Kraepelin, of the university of Munich, with an instrument that will register an error in time of one two hundredth of a second, made tests on a group of men with and without wine, writing figures by hand and on the typewriter.

When a glass of Bordeaux wine was taken after meals, the test showed a decrease in mental processes to the extent of seven to fifteen per cent, and more mistakes were made. In one test continued daily for two weeks, at the end of that time the deficiency had increased up to fifteen and one fourth per cent. Typesetters lost over nine per cent. efficiency in one week after taking a "gentlemanly drink" after the noon meal.

He also demonstrated that under the mild action of alcohol the association of ideas is much slower. The ability to remember diminished rapidly under the influence of moderate drinking.

Alcohol quickly removes the power of the sight centres to recognize the colour red. This makes it a real, positive danger to railroad engineers.

So after all the experiments have been summed up showing the action of alcohol on

all the mental powers, it can be positively shown that it is always a narcotic and a depressant and never a stimulant to any mental quality.

Its Action on the Heart

But, says one, "Alcohol is a heart stimulant; for do not people give it when one becomes suddenly weak, after some shock?" People are still doing this to some extent, but it is because they do not know any better. To give one a drink of whisky or brandy under such circumstances is unscientific; and more than that, it is dangerous.

Alcohol weakens the heart action, and lowers the blood pressure, and makes the heart beat more rapidly but with less power. It does this by removing the control of the "governor" nerves to the heart. When the "governors" on a steam engine fly off, the engine pounds itself to pieces.

Alcohol has about the same effect on the heart that grease or soap on the rails would have on an engine that was pulling a load. The wheels would go faster, but the entire train would slow up, and might even come to a "dead stop." Anything that weakens the heart action weakens the entire body and lessens the endurance.

It Diminishes Muscular Power

It has been shown that the degree of the capacity and capability of a man for work is the weight he can continue to lift with the index finger of his right hand. This is measured by means of an instrument called the ergograph. Experiments with this instrument have been repeated in thousands of instances; and in every case, alcohol is shown to increase fatigue and diminish muscular work. The practical application of this fact is that men who drink alcoholic liquor during any kind of labour do less work and poor

work. A labouring man shovels less dirt. A soldier marches fewer miles.

In brief, alcohol stimulates an inordinate desire for itself, but does not stimulate the brain, the heart, or any vital process. Only when it is eradicated and exterminated can the nation begin to realize what a destroyer and deceiver it has been.

The habit of drinking leads at least to the hospital; for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies—paralysis, lunacy, disease



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

of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker. The hygienic faults of parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first few months, they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or, worse still, they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis, or phthisis.—*World Book of Temperance.*"

A Deluded and Pitiabie Slave

Shunned by Manufacturer, Transportation Company, Merchant, and Farmer
—His Condition Cries for Relief

BY G. F. RINEHART

Who is it that always enlists in the army of down-and-outs?—The man who drinks.

Who is the last man to be employed?—The man who drinks.

Who is the first man to be laid off?—The man who drinks.

Who objects to paying ten cents for a quart of milk, but readily pays one dollar for a quart of booze?—The man who drinks.

Who is it that pays the saloon license when he can not pay his other bills?—The man who drinks.

Who believes that whisky keeps him warm in winter?—The man who drinks.

Who believes that the same whisky keeps him cool in summer?—The man who drinks.

Who always scores lowest in efficiency?—The man who drinks.

Who forgets the fine distinction between right and wrong?—The man who drinks.

Who becomes careless of his personal appearance?—The man who drinks.

Who becomes reckless in his speech and conduct?—The man who drinks.

Who pays cash to the saloon-keeper, and asks his grocer for credit? The man who drinks.

Who fails to distinguish between his own money and that of his wife and children?—The man who drinks.

Who impoverishes his family while debauching himself?—The man who drinks.

Who "stimulates" his brain until he becomes maudlin?—The man who drinks.

Who "stimulates" his legs until they become wabby?—The man who drinks.

Who uses up all of a fourteen-foot sidewalk when he is loaded up with "stimulant"?—The man who drinks.

Who paralyzes himself, and calls it "stimulation"?—The man who drinks.

Who poisons himself to give him "strength"?—The man who drinks.

Who advocates "personal liberty" as an excuse to trample on the rights of others?—The man who drinks.

Who claims a "personal liberty" to blow his vile breath into the faces of sober people?—The man who drinks.

Who insists upon his right to buttonhole a stranger and fill his ear with maudlin drivel?—The man who drinks.

Who insists upon his "privilege" to stagger out of a saloon and leer at passing women?—The man who drinks.

Who buys less clothing, that he may buy more booze?—The man who drinks.

Who can not buy of the merchants, because he buys of the saloon?—The man who drinks.

Who keeps legitimate business out of town in order to keep up the saloons in town?—The man who drinks.

Who makes a sober man pay more for what he buys, in order to balance the uncollectable accounts against himself?—The man who drinks.

Who is the first man to fail in health when he thinks himself the strongest?—The man who drinks.

Who can not get work on 90 per cent. of the railroads?—The man who drinks.

Who can not work for 88 per cent of the merchants?—The man who drinks.

Who can not secure employment from 79 per cent of the manufacturers?—The man who drinks.

Who can not secure a job from 72 per cent of the farmers?—The man who drinks.

Who can not serve either as a soldier in the army or a jacky in the navy?—The man who drinks.

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A Lonely Child

BY A. H. SAWINS, M. D.

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

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

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

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

This being my first visit to an art gallery, many of the pictures were surprisingly wonderful to me. It was yet early in the afternoon and not many people were in the gallery, and as we were passing down one of the long rooms hung with masterpieces, we came upon the picture in question, which has ever since remained as vivid in my memory as if it were but yesterday. I shall never forget the three central figures which the artist had painted on that square of canvas. The scene was a side

street in which the buildings were old, weather-worn, and wanting paint. Upon the edge of a brick sidewalk, which was literally scuffed through in places, stood a man, the most splendid human being, it seemed to me, that I had ever seen. His figure was straight and strong, his poise graceful and dignified. He was clean and well-dressed; but it was his countenance that fascinated me, that indescribable something which shone forth in every feature and seemed to illuminate things about him. His very atmosphere was inspiring, as if the strength of Cæsar, the wisdom of Solomon, and the goodness of Christ had been combined in this one man.

Near him, leaning heavily against a post, was another figure, as different from the first one as darkness is different from daylight. He was as far down the scale of manhood as dissipation and neglect could well bring him,—bruised, ragged, haggard, and drunk; with a countenance as dull as his brain was stupid; dejected, friendless, and hopeless—no, not friendless, for the third figure in the group was a dog, a collie, which, with suspicious eyes and curling lip,



The man brutally thrust the Child from him.

had interposed himself between the two figures, lest some harm should come to his irresponsible master. So vivid were the characters and so pathetic was the scene that it brings tears to my eyes even now after all these years.

But perhaps it was the circumstances connected with the painting, rather than the picture itself, that impressed me; for when Aunt Julia and I had finally quit the picture, rounded the far end of the gallery, and were returning on the opposite side of the hall, before I realized it I had crossed the room as if impelled by some magnetic force, and stood again transfixed before the picture. Among its deep shadows and strong high lights the figures seemed to live and breathe, so real and lifelike were they. To my girlish fancy nothing could be more noble and splendid than one of the

men, and nothing more pathetically hateful than the other. The contrast was so extreme that I wondered how two of God's creatures of the same order could be so different.

While these thoughts were occupying my mind, my attention was attracted to a lad slightly older than myself who was standing by, or rather, leaning against the rail that ran along in front of the paintings. With his hat under one arm, and with one hand twisting the fingers of the other, he stood otherwise motionless, his eyes downcast. In a little while he raised them to the painting, and I saw tears on his lashes. He observed me watching him and turned away, I presume that I might not see him crying. I fancied he was affected, like myself, by the picture. At any rate his tears aroused my sympathy, and on the impulse I went over and spoke to him. It was a bold thing for a girl to do, but I was so touched by his tears, and my heart so softened by the story in the picture, that I thought not of propriety; and not knowing what else to say, asked him if he liked the picture. Turning his face still farther from me, he broke down completely and sobbed like a lost child. I wondered at this, for he was a big boy. O, I can still hear those guttural sobs! How they tore at my sympathies and knocked at my heart! I caught him by the hand, and with tears in my own eyes asked him all the questions that my girlish sympathy prompted, but with no avail. He seemed too deeply grieved to make any response.

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

"Do you know about the picture?" I asked.

"O, I think it wonderful!"

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

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

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

I looked at the hateful figure in the picture

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

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

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

It was but natural that I, in my girlish fancy, had pictured a wonderful man as the author of such a masterpiece, and I was not mistaken. While he was talking to my aunt he paid but little attention to me, and I had leisure to observe him closely. He was a man in middle life, but grizzled beyond his years. His eyes were shadowed by long lashes, and topping these were heavy brows. The lines of his face were deep, and every feature bespoke an intense nature and strong passion, yet the curves of the mouth and his classical nose indicated good ancestry. He was not emotional;



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

for I remember while talking to my aunt his expression seldom changed, and when it did so it changed but slowly. He was not over courteous nor gracious in his manner, but coldly polite,—a matter-of-fact sort of person, profound, and somewhat reserved.

He related how he had taken the idea of the painting from a kodak picture, a snapshot of a street scene, taken by a friend; that the camera had been snapped at a very opportune moment, and through it he had conceived the plan of the picture. When my aunt extolled the painting as a masterpiece, I could see that it pleased him; but when she related to him the story about the boy, and how she had sought the studio through an interest in the lad, he slowly grew pale, and did not speak for a long time. But at length, in response to tactful questioning on the part of my aunt, he was again obliged to talk, and finally explained that he had, to a great extent, created the manly figure in the picture, and that the other, the worthless wretch, was of no consequence to anybody in particular nor to the world in general, and that if the painting had favourably impressed her he was glad. Thus he avoided altogether any reference to the boy. He seemed to be growing more and more nervous, and Aunt Julia, after paying some attention to several



Thinking of the violets, I fastened them to his lapel.

other pictures in the studio, which I thought much inferior to the one in the art gallery, gave him her card with a request to let her know if he should hear anything more about the boy. As we were preparing to leave the studio, the same collie that was in the painting came out from a portion of the room which had been curtained off from the main part. I felt sure it was the same dog, because of his large size and unusually long mane. He was very friendly, and allowed me to pat his head while my aunt was taking leave of Mr. Van Fleet.

My last impression of the artist was that he looked pale. At any rate, while we were descending the stairs on our way out of the building, we heard a commotion in the studio. It was as if somebody were throwing chairs or other furniture about the room, and we stopped to listen. Aunt Julia looked wonderingly at

me as she remarked that the dog had probably upset an easel or something of the sort, and sent me back upstairs to ascertain if anything had happened.

I was frightened on opening the door to find the artist writhing in a fit of anguish. I ran to call my aunt, and by the time she reached the studio he was lying on the floor in a dead faint. I ran hurriedly down to the shop below to summon help. A doctor was sent for, and while awaiting his arrival we did what we could for the man. Aunt Julia and I were, of course, both deeply concerned, and the collie, greatly perturbed, was energetic in trying to arouse his master, rooting among his hands and arms with his long nose, whining, and pulling at his clothes with his teeth. I remember how frightened I was lest this great artist might die, or indeed was already dead. But when the doctor came, he found him alive, though suffering from collapse due, he thought, to some severe mental strain.

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

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

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Why I Don't Smoke

THERE are two reasons why I don't smoke. One is that smokers are usually so disagreeable to other people. Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "It is the only vice that inevitably annoys and injures the innocent neighbour." I have travelled in many countries, I have crossed the Atlantic ten times, and as I look back upon it all, the chief annoyance of travel has been smokers. They have left their trail on every steamship deck, they have puffed smoke at one from every carriage, they have crowded into every car, including those in which smoking was not permitted, and even if they did not try to smoke, which often they did, they forced the odour of their stench'd clothes upon me. Is there any other habit which men have, harmless or otherwise, of which they leave such unpleasant public reminders? The butcher and the surgeon remove their aprons, the foundryman washes his hands, the garbage collector changes his clothes, and those who work among vile odours take a bath, before appearing in society. But the smoker, who, sweaty from toil or play, could not sit down with his friends without cleansing himself, not only comes in calmly and infects the air of a closed room with his staleness, but asks permission to do so afresh, and is actually offended if you object. He seems proud to make himself a nuisance. Now I no doubt am a worse sinner than many a smoker, but I have had enough sense given me to avoid making myself a physical nuisance.

The other reason I don't smoke is because most smokers overdo it. Mr. Harrison is probably right when he says that "more men have died of nicotine than have died of drink." But I think not so much of death as of disability. I should dislike to think that any noxious habit could conquer me. There is to me something unmanly about the famished manner in which some men stuff their pipes after eating or light cigarettes in the midst of business. If I ever have an

intellectual tussle with a man, and I see him preparing for it by a smoke, I at least thank God for a clear head. Ruskin spoke of his scorn of "men who would put the filth of tobacco in the first breeze of a May morning," and I cannot but share his belief that much of the fragrance and beauty of this



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

world are lost to the man who smells and sees it through tobacco smoke. When my sons were small, I suppose I refrained from smoking partly as an example to them; but now that they are grown, I confess I am ashamed to, for fear they will think "the old man" is going into his dotage.—*Wm. Byron Forbush, in Youth's World.*

The tables of consumption of "country spirits" show that in a single year there was a net increase in the major provinces of 369,386 gallons. Only one province, the Bombay Presidency, showed a decrease of 73,961 gallons. The above is for the year 1911 12 to 1912-13.

A Smoking Disciple

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

I have come across several such lately, as they seemed so much interested and delighted in the matter, and were so regular and systematic about it, I began to think perhaps smoking was a necessary qualification for discipleship. Knowing that I had an old Volume that gave the earliest and most accurate account of the Christian disciples, and had kept the run of them for about four thousand years, I hastened to look into it. I found a great deal about "smoke," such as a "smoking furnace," "a mountain smoking," and even about "a bottle in the smoke," but as for a smoking disciple or a disciple in a smoke (as may be seen in these days), I could find no account of any such thing.

Not being willing to give up the matter, I considered that some of the old saints lived hard upon a thousand years, and if they were like some of the modern ones, they would surely need smoking to while away the time; so I had another look, but I could not find a patriarch with a pipe in his mouth, not one! But, then, smoking is a very great comfort to a body, so they say; and as I knew the prophets were often in trouble, I thought to be sure to find as much as one with a cigar. But I did not find him. The apostles, too, had great need of consolation; for they were often in cold and hunger, and endured thirst, stripes, imprisonment, etc. So I searched very carefully, but could not find so much as a tobacco box among them, nor even a cigarette. But I tried to see something in this so-called luxury which would vindicate its use by modern disciples. So I looked—

For the *beauty* of it. Now, people are not very apt to raise a breeze against things

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

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

But may be there is some advantage to be gained. I looked sharply into this, and the first thing I discovered was that it gave every lover of it a *leaky pocket*. A really smoky gentleman cannot puff away much

less than twopence a day. This is a trifle over three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a year. A ten year-old smoker, at this rate, reckoning the interest on the expenses each year, would in that time have whiffed out of his possession a handsome sum of money. But I don't know what he could show in its place. Most carefully did I consider, but could not find the usefulness of this.

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

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent physician, in an article upon the effect of smoking on the voice, says: "In considering the evils produced by smoking, it should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. The one is the poisonous nicotine, and the other is the high temperature of the burning tobacco. The cigarette, which is so much in vogue nowadays, is most certainly the worst form of indulgence, people being tempted to smoke all day long, and easily accustoming themselves to inhale the fumes into their lungs, thus saturating their blood with the poison." And again: "Unfortunately, it is not necessary to smoke to be a victim of tobacco. Even seasoned vessels find their neighbours' pipes or cigars very trying, and for a person

with a delicate throat, exposure to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco is even worse than smoking."

And, thirdly, there was not the good use, but the *loss of much precious time*. The smoker, while thus engaged, has to forego very often other employment. With a fire under his nose, and his head like a bottle in the smoke, what important business can he accomplish? Verily, you must let him alone, and he must let everything else alone, and away flies much precious time sadly misused.

And once more I tried to find the usefulness of this practice to intellect, but I must confess my search was in vain. Tobacco as a narcotic produces dullness, heaviness, and will eventually weaken the powers of the mind. It has been well said: "Its use may seem to soothe the feelings and quicken the operations of the mind, but to what purpose is it that the machine has been previously running and blowing when once the balance wheel is taken of?"

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

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

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

is responsible? To say the least, "Example is better than precept."

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

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

SEVENTEEN years I had the drink habit; eight, the drink habit had me. If during the last six years of that quarter century I was sober once, I do not remember it. Day by day, I added to the strength of my weakness until the disease—and disease it had in truth become—brought me, nerve-racked, unstrung, broken, palsied, to the verge of delirium and disgraceful death.

Then, when without brandy and ever more brandy, I could not lift food or drink to my lips, I took the fag end of a misspent life that remained, and made a man of it.

How? Not day by day, hour by hour, as the habit grew, but instant by instant; with every instant a poignant agony of body and soul. Moment by moment. I postponed the drinking of the brandy carried in my pocket, though every moment of those first days was a suffering such as I trust may never again fall to my lot. Every fibre of my being, distressed, screamed out, "Brandy! Brandy! If ever you needed it, you need it now!" But always my answer was, "Not yet. In a second or two perhaps, but not yet."

Many times during that first terrible day, and the scarcely less dreadful days that followed, I asked myself if I could live another hour—a half hour—fifteen minutes—without brandy. I did not know. A second? Perhaps. I was not sure.

At last, weakening, as I now marvel that I did not weaken sooner, I drew forth the flask that seemed to hold my only hope of life; opened it; with two hands, shakily raised it to my lips.

Then came the thought. If I must die of brandy, I can die without more; if not, I can live without any. And again I said, "Not yet. In another moment, maybe; but not yet."

That was six years ago. After the first

month, I threw away my flask—and have tasted no intoxicant since.

My moment-by-moment method was based upon the thought that all of life is measured out in fractions of a second; and that, for the brief present fraction that is all the life we have, any torture is endurable.—*Thomas Harding.*

THE reason why it is impossible to get absolutely full and accurate statistics on the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the Indian Empire is thus stated in *Abkari*, organ of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association:—

"The consumption of country spirits is recorded in terms of a definite standard—the London Proof Gallon, but all



Destroy the nests, and the birds will fly away.

areas under the outstill system furnish no statistics—and cannot do so—upon which reliance can be placed. Statistics of the consumption of foreign liquor are unobtainable."

THE revenue from liquor to government was £4,373,000 in 1902-3, but had increased owing to increase in taxation and to larger consumption to £8,199,000 in 1912-13. The proportion said to be due to either item is unknown. Meanwhile there has been a considerable reduction of the number of shops in a given area.

THE importation of intoxicating liquors into India from 1903-4 amounted to 5,675,000 gallons. In 1912-13 it had increased to 6,348,000 gallons. The value had accordingly risen from £1,074,189 to £1,214,270.

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Herald of Health,

The Indian Health Magazine

Published by the

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17, Abbott Road, Lucknow

REGISTERED, - - - No. A. 457

THE attitude of the two great religious communities of India, the Mohammedans and the Hindus, toward the use of alcoholic liquors is thus stated by the *India Temperance Record*, and deserves the serious thought of all Christians.

"The Mahomedans are supposed not to drink intoxicants. It is strictly forbidden in their sacred books. Some of them do drink, however; but even those would not dare to come out boldly against such Government order and incur the odium of their fellows. If the question were put to a Mahomedan vote the overwhelming majority would vote the liquor out. No one will doubt this. There you would have, in round numbers, sixty-five million people in favour of such a proposition should Government put it forth.

"The higher castes of the Hindus are opposed to intoxicants. Like the Mahomedans, some individuals of these castes do drink, but they are yet a very small per cent of the whole. It is safe to say, also, that the vast majority of the middle castes abstain from such beverages. There are many of the humbler castes, too, among whom the use of such beverages is strictly forbidden. These are fully as strict as the Brahmans in enforcing this prohibition. The Chamars (shoemakers) are supposed to be heavy drinkers of toddy and country liquors. And this has been true. But I hear that the shoemakers of Calcutta have agreed together that anyone found drinking liquor shall be punished or expelled from the caste. Such a movement is being agitated among certain sections of this caste in up-country districts also. Now, what would be the result if Government should put to the Hindus, as a whole, the question whether intoxicants should be sold as a beverage? I think no one can doubt that there would be a tremendous majority against the traffic. If this is true, then we have the two largest communities of India, comprising no less than eighty-five per cent of the entire population, decidedly against the liquor traffic."

In the preparation of this number of *HERALD OF HEALTH*, our Temperance Annual for 1915, we have used material from a number of sources. For illustrations we are greatly indebted to the *Youth's Instructor*, of Washington, D. C., U. S. America, and also for some of the articles. For the quotations and one story, to that excellent volume advertised on page three of the cover, "The Shadow of the Bottle." We are also indebted in our selection of material to the "*Signs of the Times* weekly and *Abkari*, the official organ of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association. We trust that the material thus brought together and its local additions may be a source of help in the battle against the demon, alcohol.

Owing to conditions at the time of printing we were compelled to run the covers this year as formerly, in one colour, but the excellence of the press work and the beauty of the illustration will, we believe, more than compensate for the deficiency in colouring.

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A DELUDED AND PITIABLE SLAVE

(Concluded from Page 15)

Who can not secure a job behind the same saloon counter that he has patronized from the front?—The man who drinks.

Who never lives as long as God intended him to live?—The man who drinks.

Who leaves to wife and children the memory of a misspent life?—The man who drinks.

Who will be unable to give a satisfactory account of the talents entrusted to his keeping?—The man who drinks.

Who leaves his family unprotected and needy when he has cut short his own career?—The man who drinks.

A LONELY CHILD

(Concluded from Page 18)

he would call now for rum, and again for his child. Almost his last words were an earnest request that my aunt should find the child, if possible, and beg him to forgive his poor weak father.

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

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