



TRUE TEMPERANCE BOYS & GIRLS

1 True temperance boys and girls are we,
We're trying hard as hard can be,
To learn health habits in our youth,
For 'tis a part of God's great truth.
We'll join our hearts, and join our hands,
And stand a true and loyal band,
From all bad habits we will flee
For temperance boys and girls are we!

2

We know our bodies must be clean,
Inside as well as what is seen;
And so we take deep breaths of air,
Which lies about us everywhere;
And then we drink at least a glass
Of water, pure, each lad and lass
Four times a day and not at meals
And soon we'll find how good it feels!

3

We wash our hands before we eat,
Our fingernails keep short and neat;

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Our teeth we brush both morn and eve,
And praise for what we do receive;
With windows open wide at night
We sleep long hours till morning light;
These things will make and keep us well,
This message we delight to tell!

4

We try to stand up straight and tall
And not let shoulders droop or fall
To softly step with toes and heels,
And not to eat between our meals;
This last is hardest, we all think;
Instead of eating, take a drink.
The stomach must have time to rest,
Then for us all 'twill do its best.

5

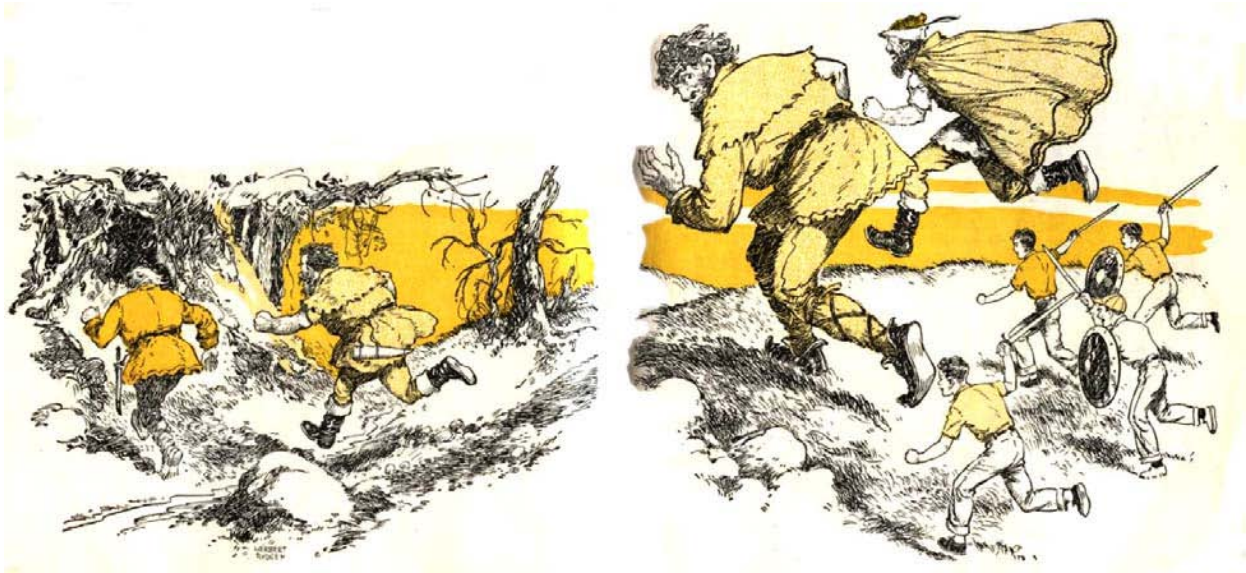
And when it's time to go to school,
To study hard, obey the rule,
We'll have clear minds to get our tasks
And do the things the teacher asks;
The health work is the entering wedge,
And round our path a sheltering hedge;
'Twill help us choose the right from wrong
Be kind and good as well as strong!

What is 'TEMPERANCE' anyway?

'TEMPERANCE' means staying away from all bad habits. It means making sure that we eat right and drink right and live right. It also means not using anything that is harmful to our minds or bodies-- not even a little bit. It means using good things wisely and not using bad things at all.

'TEMPERANCE' is having good health habits. If we do this; our bodies will reward us with health and energy as well as 'brains' to be able to do our daily tasks well. Did you know that caring for our bodies right is one of the very first things a little child is supposed to learn? And yet many big people have never learned it at all.

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CHASING AWAY BAD HABITS!



Drinks: Good and Bad

Water is the drink that God originally designed for man. It is the only drink, which will really satisfy thirst. Other things we drink are mostly of water; lemonade is lemon juice and water. Wine, beer, cider, and such liquids contain alcohol and many other things, mixed with water.

Why do we need water? Well our bodies are made of 75-80% water and it is used in every process or work the body does. If we wet a sponge and leave it, in a few hours it becomes dry, as the water evaporates into the air. Our bodies are losing water all the time, and we need to drink to keep ourselves from drying up.

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Water is very necessary for many things the body does, digestion, making blood, and our brain function. Still another use for water is to dissolve and wash out waste through the sweat of the skin, and in urine. If the body does not have enough water, it can't keep itself clean and running smoothly. The greatest single thing anyone can do for better health and a smarter mind is to drink more water.

Water that has a lot of minerals in it is called 'hard water' it is not so good for the body. The best water to drink is distilled water, which is pure soft water. But even hard water is better to drink than no water at all. What about juice and pop and stuff? How clean would your clothes get if you washed them in pop? Your body does best with pure, soft water.

It is harmful to drink very cold water, especially when your body is hot, if that's the only water you have, the bad effects may be lessened by sipping it slowly.

Many people drink tea or coffee, and think that these drinks are good foods; but they are not foods at all. Tea, coffee and cola contain a poison called caffeine (caf-feen'), which, in a pure form, is very poisonous. Even a little is enough to kill a cat or a dog. This poison does much harm to those who drink tea, coffee or cola drinks.

Alcohol (al'-co-hol) All of you know something about alcohol. It will burn if we light it. It is clear and looks like water. The native American Indians, years ago, used to call it "firewater." Alcohol is not a food; It is not grown like fruits and grains; neither is it found in nature for our use, as air and water.

Where does it come from? When a baker makes bread he puts some yeast, a kind of fungus, in the dough to make it "rise," so the bread will be light. The yeast eats some of the sugar and starch in the flour and changes it into alcohol and gas. The gas bubbles up through the dough, and this is what makes the bread light. This is called fermentation (fer-men-ta'-tion). The small amount of alcohol made in the bread goes away as the bread is well baked.

Any liquid or moist substance, which contains sugar will ferment if yeast gets into it and it is kept in a warm place. You know that canned fruit sometimes spoils. This is because it ferments. Fermentation is a sort of decay. When the juice of grapes, apples, or other fruit is allowed to stand in a warm place, it "works," or ferments, and produces alcohol. Wine is fermented grape juice; hard cider is fermented apple juice.

Beer, ale, and similar drinks are made from grains. The grain is first moistened and allowed to sprout. In sprouting, the starch of the grain is changed to sugar. The grain is next dried and ground, and is then boiled with water. The water dissolves the sugar. The sweet liquid thus obtained is separated from the grain, and yeast is added to it. This causes it to ferment, which changes the sugar to alcohol. The grain does not contain alcohol in the first place, it is produced by fermentation.

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All fermented liquids contain more or less alcohol, mixed with water and a good many other things. Rum, brandy, gin, whiskey, and pure alcohol are made by separating the alcohol from what it is in. This is done by a 'still' and is called distillation. This is how we get pure water also, but the water is good for us, and the alcohol is not.

To learn how a still separates alcohol, make a little experiment. When a kettle is boiling on the stove and the steam is coming out at the nozzle, take a dry glass and put some ice in it then, being careful not to burn yourself, hold it near the steam. Little drops of water will stick to the side of the glass. Alcohol boils at a lower temperature than water, so when they heat the stuff that has the alcohol in it, it quickly goes into the air and is caught in tubes and allowed to drip into bottles. By distilling the liquid several times the alcohol may be almost pure.

Strong alcohol has a deadly effect upon all living things. If you pour alcohol on a plant it will die very soon.

A man once made a cruel experiment. He put some minnows into a jar of water and then poured in a few teaspoonfuls of alcohol. The minnows tried very hard to get out, but they could not, and in a little while they were all dead, poisoned by the alcohol. Another man once gave alcohol to some pigs with their food. They soon got sick and died.

There are people who think alcohol is good for food because it is made from fruits and grains which are good for food. This is a serious mistake. A person can live on the fruits or grains from which alcohol is made, but no one can live on alcohol. If he tried, he would soon starve to death, if he weren't poisoned first. People have often died when drinking whiskey in place of food or water.

People do not use alcohol as a food, but for the effects which it produces, which are not like a food, but a poison. It dulls their minds and makes them foolish and this feels good to them.

Some, who would not drink strong, distilled liquor, think it's OK to use wine, beer, or cider. This is a great mistake. These liquids contain alcohol, as do all fermented drinks. A person will become drunk or intoxicated by drinking wine, beer, or cider, the same as rum or whiskey, they just drink more, and even a little alcohol harms the body.

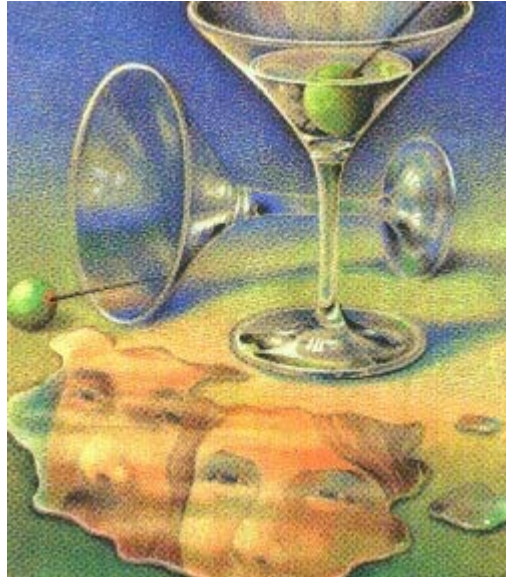
Do you know what the word 'intoxicated' really means? Well people use it to mean drunk, but it really means poisoned! Alcoholic drinks make people unhealthy and shorten their lives, and they cause much poverty, crime, accidents, and misery.

People who drink alcohol are not as healthy as those who don't; they do not live as long as they could if they did not drink alcohol. If a beer or liquor drinker gets sick, or has an accident, it is harder for his body to get well again. Alcohol also hurts your brain, and

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without a clear mind, we cannot get to know the truths that will allow Jesus to get us ready for heaven. We must put no poison into our body-temples!

Once a person gets the habit of drinking wine, cider, or other fermented drinks, he soon wants stronger drink, and starts to use whiskey or other strong liquors. It is not safe to use any alcoholic drinks, either fermented or distilled. The only safe plan is taste not—touch not! =^..^=



Alcohol the Enemy!

If you put a little alcohol into your eye, your eye would become very red. When men take alcoholic drinks into their stomachs, the delicate membrane lining the stomach becomes red in the same way.

How do we know that alcohol has such an effect upon the stomach? Many years ago there lived in Michigan a man named Alexis St. Martin. One day he was, by accident, shot in such a way that a large opening was made right through the skin and flesh and into the stomach. The good doctor who attended him took such excellent care of him that he got well. But when he recovered, the hole in his stomach remained, so that the doctor could look in and see just what was going on. St. Martin sometimes drank whiskey, and when he did, the doctor often looked into his stomach to see what the effect was, and he noticed that the inside of his stomach looked very red and in-flamed.

If St. Martin continued to drink whiskey for several days, the lining of the stomach became very red and raw like a sore eye. A sore stomach cannot digest food well, and so the whole body becomes sick and weak.

What would you think of a man who would keep putting pepper or alcohol or some other irritating substance into his eyes every day, keeping them sore until he destroyed

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his eyesight? It is equally foolish and wrong to injure the stomach and destroy one's digestion by the use of alcoholic drinks!

Alcohol, even when it is not very strong, not only hurts the lining of the stomach, but injures the gastric juice, so that it cannot digest the food well. The liver, as well as the stomach, is greatly damaged by the use of alcohol. You will recollect that nearly all the food digested and absorbed is filtered through the liver before it goes to the heart to be distributed to the rest of the body.

In trying to save the rest of the body from the bad effects of alcohol, the liver is badly burned by the fiery liquid, and sometimes becomes so shriveled up that it can no longer produce bile and perform its other duties. Even beer, ale, and wine, which do not contain as much alcohol as do rum, gin, and whiskey, have enough poison in them to do the liver a great deal of harm, and to injure many other organs of the body as well.

But alcohol does more than hurt your body; it also makes a fool and a slave out of those who use it! A man, who holds a very important office in the largest prison in the United States, told some interesting stories.

His special work is to interview prisoners as they come in. He asks them about their homes, their families, their work, their education, and particularly what it was that led them to commit the crime that brought them into prison.

Do you know what most of these poor prisoners tell him? Can you guess?

You should know. Everybody should know. They say, "It was drink, sir."

You know what that means? It means that before they broke the law they had been taking alcoholic drinks such as beer, wine, or whisky. These things are known as "drink".

Here comes a boy of fifteen—there are scores of them here as young as this. He has stolen somebody's car, and has been arrested and sent to prison.

"Well, son," says this kind friend of the prisoners, "why are you here?"

"We started drinking, sir, and—" The same old story.

Here comes a lad of eighteen. He has murdered an old woman, mistakenly expecting to find money in her house. "Why did you do it?"

"Drink, sir. Had a drop too much, I suppose, and didn't realize what I was doing."

Oh, the sad tragedy of it all! In his particular prison there were more than two thousand five hundred young men—their average age only twenty-four—who blame drink for their fall. Sometimes the prisoners are released on their promise to be good and lead a better life. All too many come back, and have to face their kindly interviewer again.

"Why are you here again," he asks, "after having been given your liberty?"

"Oh, sir," is the reply, "I went into a saloon. I couldn't help it. And then—"

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Another slave! Just one of thousands upon thousands, in bondage to drink. None of us can take a wiser step than to promise before God, that with His help, we will never, never, NEVER taste a drop of the evil stuff. It is the only way to keep ourselves free from its clutches. Let's make the promise now-and keep it! =^..^=



The Legacy of Alcohol

Do you know what a legacy is? If your father should die and leave to you a fine house or farm, or money in the bank, or books, or automobiles, or any other thing to have for your own, it would be a legacy. When a person gets anything in this way from a parent we say that he inherits it.

We inherit a great many things besides houses and lands and other kinds of property. For instance, perhaps you have eyes and hair the same color as your mother's, and your nose and chin are like your father's. So you have inherited the color of your hair and eyes from your mother and the shape of your chin and nose from your father.

The Alcohol Legacy: We inherit our brains just as we do our faces. So, if a man spoils his brain with alcohol and gets an alcohol appetite, his children will likely have an appetite for alcohol also, and may become drunkards. What a dreadful kind of legacy to inherit!

If a mother drinks alcohol when she is expecting a baby that poor little one will be born already an alcoholic with its little brain already hurt and will go through the symptoms of DTs just like a grown person quitting alcohol may do. All its life it will have to live with the damage done by alcohol to its little unborn body. What a cruel thing alcohol is in our world!

There is good news though, if you are someone who has been damaged like this, talk to Jesus about it and give yourself completely to Him. He will give you power to beat the

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alcohol appetite and can restore and bless your mind and body if you trust in Him and choose to obey Him.

There is a promise in the Bible that says: "And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten..." Joel 2:25. This means that the harm that sin has done to us, our own or the sins of others, will be undone by a special blessing from Jesus, if we give our hearts to Him and trust in Him.



What Alcohol Does to Brains & Nerves

Did you ever see someone who was drunk? How did they act? Perhaps they were noisy and silly. Perhaps they were angry and tried to pick a fight with someone.

What made them drunk? You say whiskey, wine, or beer that he drank. Anything that contains alcohol will make a person drunk, for it is the alcohol that causes the problem.

You can often tell when a person has been drinking, even when not yet drunk, by their flushed face and red eyes. When a man drinks just enough alcohol to make his face blush a little, the extra amount of blood in the brain makes him think and talk more lively, and he can feel very cheerful and happy. This makes many people think that alcohol does them good. But if we notice what people say when under the influence of

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alcohol, we find that their remarks are very silly and careless. They say very unwise and foolish things, and feel sorry later when they become sober.

How does a drunken man walk? He staggers. Alcohol makes his brain and spinal cord become partly paralyzed, and not do their work properly, and when he tries to walk he reels and stumbles along, often falling down, and even hurting himself. The alcohol has put his spinal cord and brain in kind of a sleep so that he cannot make his legs do what he wants them to do. Now, if he drinks still more alcohol, he may become so drunk that he will "pass out" and look as if he is dead, that is why some say he is "dead drunk." It is very harmful to organs of your body to become dead drunk. Especially does it hurt the brain, destroying thousands of important brain cells that help us to think and function.

A small amount of alcohol does not make a man dead drunk, but it still poisons and paralyzes his brain and nerves just according to the amount he takes.

If a person holds a little alcohol in his mouth for a few moments, the tongue and cheeks feel numb. This is because the alcohol paralyzed them so that they cannot feel or taste. When taken into the stomach, it has the same kind of effect on the nerves of the whole body.

Alcohol is a Deceiver; a hungry man takes a drink of whiskey and numbs the nerves of his stomach so that he does not feel hungry. Alcohol puts to sleep the sentinels which Jesus, our Creator has placed in the body to warn us of danger. A man who is cold, drinks alcohol and feels warm, though he is really colder. He lies down in his false comfort and can freeze to death. A tired man takes his glass of strong drink, beer, or wine, and feels rested and strong, though he is really weaker than before. A poor man gets drunk and feels so rich that he spends what little money he has. The alcohol steals away his good sense. Alcohol is always a cheat and a deceiver.

When a person drinks strong liquor regularly, they soon injure the brain and nerves, so that they are very irritated, and at night they cannot sleep well and have frightful dreams. They see all sorts of wild animals and horrid shapes in their dreams. Perhaps you have sometimes had nightmares from eating big late suppers or hard-to-digest food.

Did you ever have a dream when you were awake? If a man drinks a great deal he is likely to have a terrible disease known as delirium tremens, (DTs) in which he sees the same frightful things when he is wide awake that he dreams about when he is asleep. This is one of the terrible effects of alcohol upon the brain and nerves.

You have seen how a drunk staggers when he walks. Did you ever see a man who walked just as though he were drunk when he was really sober? This is because part of the brain or spinal cord has been permanently injured or paralyzed. Alcohol is not the only cause of this disease, and so you must not think every person who staggers is a drunkard; but alcohol can cause this problem.

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When a man is under the influence of alcohol, is his character good or bad? Most men behave badly when they are drunk, and after they have been drunk a great many times they often behave badly all the time. A great many people who are shut up in prisons would not have been sent there if they had never learned to drink. Since Jesus wants us to have good characters, it is wise for us to avoid anything that will hurt us and cause us to do bad things. =^..^=





Helping Yourself

"I wish you would lend me your pen, Sarah. I can never find my own."

"Why is it, Mary, you can never find it?"

"How can I tell? But if you will not lend me yours, I can borrow one elsewhere."

"I am willing to lend mine to you, Mary. But I would very much like to know why you come to me to borrow so often."

"Because you never lose any of your things, and always know where to find them."

"And why do I always know where to find my things?"

"I do not know why, I am sure. If I did know, I might sometimes find my own."

"I will tell you the secret. I have a place for everything, and I put everything in its place when I have done using it."

"O Sarah! who wants to run and put things away as soon as they have used it, as if our life depended upon it?"

"Our life does not depend upon it, but our comfort does, surely. How much more time will it take to put a thing in its place, than to hunt for it or have to borrow when you want to use it?"

"Well, Sarah, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it."

"You are not offended with me, I hope."

"No, but I am ashamed. Before night, I will have a place for everything, and then I will keep everything in its place. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember."

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Did you know that keeping things neat, clean and tidy is good for your health? Yes it is! Mentally, physically and spiritually! It also helps you to be more efficient at whatever you do. And with a well-ordered mind, you even get smarter.

Have you noticed these days that people seem to take pride in how sloppy they are or how messy their rooms are? People that try to have a well-ordered life and use their time and effort wisely are called geeks and nerds and laughed at. Well this is because Satan is working hard in these last days to get people to love what will destroy them and hate everything that is heavenly and good.

Heaven is a place of order and neatness. Everything is neat and proper up there. The angels love to be neat and orderly and if you don't know how to be this way, just ask Jesus and He will have the angels help you to know how to do it. I don't mean that angels will tidy your room for you; that would not help you to learn.

They will impress your mind with how to do the job. And when you live a life of order and your rooms, desks, work and play areas are neat, you will soon come to realize that the devil is a liar and being sloppy and messy is NOT the way to be happy and have real pleasure in life! =^..^=

FROM A BOY TO A DRUNKARD THE SAD STORY OF OLD JOE

BY MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE



Nicest boy I ever saw
Was sipping cider through a straw.
Soon he thought to get some cheer
He ought to drink a glass of beer
Then he just could not dine
Unless he had a glass of wine
Soon he thought the folks quite dumb
Who would not taste a shot of rum;
Now his brain and life are shot
And people say,
"He's just a sot!"



OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD

GRAMA DUNCAN lived with her three grandchildren in a pleasant village nestled among the green hills of New Hampshire. Grandmother had a habit of taking the children, Bertha, Max, and Henri, out for a walk over the hills, on pleasant days, and much the children enjoyed these rambles.

"There is nothing," grandmother used to say, "that I so desire as to see the children of my dear daughter (who left them to my care,) grow up to be good and virtuous."

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Grandmother's hair was white as snow, but her eyes were as bright and blue as the skies, her voice was soft and tender, and the children of the whole neighborhood loved to listen to her quaint stories of the time when she was a child; while to Bertha, Max, and Henri, grandmother was very dear.

One afternoon, when the May flowers were showing their pretty, fresh faces on the hills and meadows, and the sun was shining brightly, they all went for their accustomed walk. The children soon filled their baskets with trailing arbutus, jonquils, and soft mosses, and just as the sun was setting, grandma and little Bertha strolled leisurely homeward, while Max and Henri hurried on before.

"You shall be Queen of the May, grandma, dear," laughed Bertha, "See, I shall crown you with these pretty jonquils as soon as we are home."

Just then Max and Henri came running back panting and quite out of breath, both eager to tell what they had just seen over the hill. "O grandma!" began Henri, "there is a poor man lying asleep by the bridge, all covered with mud!"

"Yes," added Max, "yes, and his face is red and specked, and, O Henri, did you notice that his old battered hat was floating around in that pool of muddy water by his side?"

"I'm afraid it is poor Joe Brandon," sighed grandma. "Let us hasten; perhaps we maybe able to help him. He may be really ill, though much I fear he has stayed too long at the Red Lion;" as the one saloon in the village was named.

By this time poor Joe had awakened from his drunken stupor, and was staggering on toward his wretched home as fast as his unsteady legs would carry him. His filth-covered coat was reeking with slime and mud, which constantly dripped over his ragged trousers, while his wet and battered hat, which the poor fellow had contrived to rescue from the pool, was slouched far over his face. His gray hair and beard were long and matted, and his eyes were bleared and bloodshot.

The children shrank as far away from him as possible, as he reeled past them, and all the laughter and pleasant mirth had gone out of their voices, while little Bertha's face had grown quite white.

"I cannot blame you, my dears, for shunning the wretched man, and yet he was not always so," sighed grandma.

"Why grandma," protested Henri, who thought himself quite a man, "he has been a poor drunkard ever since I can remember; and that is ever and ever so many years, why just think; I am almost twelve years old."

"Yes, but you know, my dear, I can remember very many more years than that, and I knew poor old Joe when he was no more than five years old. And a sweet, charming child he used to be."

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"O grandma! please tell us about it," cried the children excitedly, "please do!"

So as soon as they were home and well rested, they gathered around grandma's great rocking chair. Henri had kindled a fire in the grate, for it was rather cool, and now they waited to hear the story she had promised to tell them.

"Well, my children," she began, "it is quite true that I knew poor old Joe when he was a sweet, innocent child. I was a child myself then," and grandmother gazed dreamily at the red flames as they chased each other up the chimney.

"Yes, he was a sweet, innocent child," she repeated; "Nobody called him 'Old Joe,' then. He was the only son of my father's dear friend, and I was his playmate while we were children."

"O grandmother!" said little Bertha. "How could he ever grow to be such a bad man?"

"It was not all at once, my child, but little by little. You remember the tiny seed you planted in the pot last year and how we watched it day by day as it grew slowly. Don't you remember how it put out first one little green leaf after another until it became a tall, strong plant?"

"Yes, grandma, it was so small I thought it would not grow at first, but I watered it and kept it in the sunny window, and now it's quite a big tree."

"Well, my child, it is just so with bad habits. They grow just as fast as weeds."

"I will try to tell you all about it, my children, though it is a long story. I hope you will listen thoughtfully, for poor old Joe's life story is almost the same as that of many thousands of poor drunkards in this rum-cursed land."

"O grandma! Are there thousands of people as miserable and wretched as this poor man?" questioned Henri, opening his brown eyes wide; "It doesn't seem at all possible. I'm so sorry for them," he continued, for Henri had a very tender heart and was full of sympathy for every one in trouble.

"I hope you will be sorry for them," replied grandma, "so sorry that you will do all in your power, as long as you live, to help them to lead better lives and to shun the very first step toward a life of intemperance and shame; for you must not forget, my boy, that no man becomes a worthless sot in a day or a month or even a year. In this, as in everything else, the little things are those which count. Indeed, life is made up of little things, little duties neglected, little deeds undone, little burdens unborne, these all help to make a careless, selfish, unlovely character.

"I remember that poor Joe was very selfish as a lad, and this most undesirable trait grew upon him as the years went by, until finally he would not scruple to do anything mean, or rude, or anything dishonest, if thereby he might gratify his appetite."

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"What do you think the poor old man would have said," questioned Max, "when he was a young boy, to have seen a picture of himself as he looked to-day, wallowing in the mud, just like the big pig in Mr. Brown's meadow!" and Max shuddered.

"He would have been greatly shocked, I dare say, but I almost question whether, then, he would have been willing to quit his selfish and gluttonous habits; for poor Joe was a great glutton, even when a small boy," explained grandma, "though, as I have said, he was a bright and lovable little fellow."

"A great glutton!" repeated Max wonderingly. "I supposed a glutton was a person who ate too much food. I didn't think that the kind or amount of food a person ate had anything to do with his becoming a drunkard. Does it grandma?" And Max awaited the reply of his grandma with some anxiety, for he was very fond of sweets and rich pastry.

"Yes, yes, my child; the kind and quantity of food we eat has very much to do with the making or spoiling of our lives."

"Joe's father and mother were good people, who tried to bring their little boy up to control his appetite; for they were wise and prudent, and well knew the evil effects of gluttony upon both body and soul. But they died when Joe was very young, and left him to the care of his aunt.

"Aunt Maggie was a good woman, but she made a great mistake in allowing Joe to eat anything and everything he wanted, and at any time he pleased. She seemed to forget that the stomach needs rest as well as the other parts of the body, when we are tired."

"Isn't that queer?" laughed Bertha. "I never thought of it in that way before."

"Many people either forget or do not know that this is true," continued grandma, "and overload their poor, tired stomachs, and force them to work when they are weary and need rest, until they become weak and wretched and full of disease.

"Joe was very fond of sweets," continued grandma, looking hard at Max, "but at first, he contented himself with coaxing his aunt for them. But when he grew larger, he did not always wait to ask for candies and preserves and rich cake. Aunt Maggie, as we called her, kept a large supply of rich and highly seasoned food constantly on hand, and when Joe was ashamed to ask for any more, he would manage to steal as much as he wanted from the cupboard. This he did quite often, and it troubled me not a little," and grandma sighed.

"Why didn't you tell your mother or Aunt Maggie of the young rascal?" interrupted Henri, who scorned anything like falsehood or theft.

"I feared that he would not play with me if I did; but I have regretted my childish thoughtlessness many times; for perhaps if I had been more faithful in doing what I could for him, poor Joe might not now be the miserable wreck he is."

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"Just think of our grandmother ever wanting to play with that horrible old creature!" exclaimed Bertha, "though of course he was not always so; but I can't see, yet, grandma, what all this has to do with making poor Joe a drunkard. Will you tell us?"

"If you will be patient, my child. It is quite a long story, and I want you to be fully impressed with its truthfulness, and to understand me.

"One day I went over to play with Joey, as we children used to call him. I was only about five years old, and Joey was six. My parents thought him a good child, and since he was the son of my father's best-loved friend, they allowed me to play with him very often.

"Aunt Maggie had a jar of choice preserves, and another jar of highly seasoned and spiced pickles. These she kept in the cupboard on a high shelf, out of reach of naughty, mischievous fingers. That day after we had become tired of our blocks and marbles, Joey asked Aunt Maggie for a dish of preserves. She very kindly gave us each a dish, with some bread and butter, and shortly afterward, put on her bonnet to go down the street. She did not forget to caution us not to get into any mischief.

"But as soon as she was out of sight, Master Joey decided to have as many cookies and plates of preserves as he wanted. At once he climbed into a high chair and helped himself. I was never allowed such freedom as this at home, and in my childish way, tried to explain to my play-fellow that it was wrong. But he paid small heed to my words and ate until he became quite sick.

"By this time Aunt Maggie had returned, and though poor Joey tried hard to deceive her as to the cause of his illness, the greedy boy had quite forgotten to wash his face, which, in his haste, had become smeared with preserves.

"Aunt Maggie made him drink a cupful of bitter herbs, and I ran home to my mother."

OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD: PART TWO

"Next day I went to see poor Joe, but he was too sick to play with me."

"I think he must have learned a lesson by this time, ventured Bertha."

"O no, my child, you see he has not even yet learned to control his appetite, and it has nearly proved his ruin, and surely must unless he repents very soon, and turns from his evil ways. Instead of learning a useful lesson from that day's folly, his craving for sweets and rich foods seemed to grow stronger from that time. He always called for the most highly seasoned food whenever he would come to spend the day with me, the greasiest meat, the strongest pickles, the richest puddings.

"One day at our table my mother helped him to some food. At once Joey called for the pepper. 'It is not good for you, child,' said my mother, mildly. But Joey insisted until she allowed him to cover his food with pepper till it was quite black. He was very indignant indeed when mother told him that she never allowed me such highly seasoned food,

True Temperance

and the young gentleman declared once that if he could not have what he wanted to eat, he would go home where he could get as much as he pleased, and that he would never come to play with me again.

"O my children! I hope you will never forget that appetite is like fire;" and grandma sighed; "it is a good servant, but a bad master. You see that in poor Joe's case it has proved master, to be a strong giant, from whose dreadful chains he has no power to release himself."

"I suppose," ventured Bertha, "that he began drinking rum when he was just a little boy."

"O no; the taste for liquor is not formed in a moment. All this time he was an intelligent, bright, and active lad, and I liked to play with him very much. Until he was about eight years old, he drank nothing but water or milk. But by this time, the rich foods and spices, the pepper and the strong, fiery pickles, with which he had so often filled his stomach, created a longing for something stronger than milk and water to drink.

"Come, Aunt Maggie," he pleaded, one day, "come; please let me have a little taste of your tea, just a little."

"Of course, he got it," said Bertha. "O yes, and before long, he ran slyly into the pantry, and drank still another large cup. When I threatened to tell Aunt Maggie, he only smiled and replied: 'I love it, I tell you; it's good! if it doesn't hurt Aunt Maggie, it won't hurt me. If it's good for women, it's good for boys, and I shall have what I like—there now!'

"I was a timid little girl," continued grandma, smiling gravely, "and Joe's logic as well as his bravado rather appealed to me, and so I said nothing. When it came time for me to go home that day, he went a little piece with me, as was his custom:

"I wonder if Aunt Maggie thinks that was my first cup of tea," reflected Joe, turning confidentially to me, "cause if she does, she's mistaken, that's all; and what's more, I've got so I just hanker after—and good, strong coffee, too. Aunt Maggie thinks it's expensive, I guess; but I don't believe she thinks it hurts anybody, or she would not drink it herself. I tell you, Jennie Brown, Joey used to call me by my full name whenever he was excited, 'when I get to be a man—a big man, I'll have what I want to eat, I tell you, and — and what I want to drink, too, or I'll know the reason why,' he added, pompously bringing one little fist down into the palm of the other hand.

"O Joey, Joey!" I cried; "you don't mean to be a horrid old drunkard!" Joe flashed a look of defiance back at me.

"Don't you suppose, Jennie Brown, that I mean to be a gentleman—a gentleman, like my father used to be? Well, I do, but I guess a little tea and coffee'll not hurt me any, and look here, sissy, I'll tell you something if you'll never tell," he continued, putting his small fingers across my lips; "look here; I've noticed that a great many gentlemen smoke and

True Temperance

chew tobacco, and just as soon as I get a little bigger, you just wait!' and Joey assumed a swaggering gait, and puckering his red lips, puffed a cloud of imaginary smoke from an imaginary pipe. Then he turned on his heel, and called a cheery good-by to me.

"But into my young heart had crept a vague fear that between my little playmate and myself there would be, some day, 'a great gulf fixed!'"

OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD: PART THREE

"IT doesn't seem a bit possible!" exclaimed Bertha, "that this awful looking old man could have been a nice little boy; nice enough to ever have been my grandma's playmate!"

No," reflected Max, "I didn't dream that just tea and coffee ever helped to make drunkards; very many people surely use them both, nice people, too, grandma."

"But it does not always have this effect, my dear, and we may be thankful, but it is certainly one of the stepping stones to intemperance."

"But I don't understand why," said Max, who always wanted to know the reason for everything. "Can't you tell us, grandma, why tea and coffee are so bad? 'Cause if they are, I'll never drink another cup of either again, as long as I live, for I don't want to run any risk at all of being a drunkard, isn't that what you say, too, Henri?"

"Indeed, it is! No drunkard for me, I tell you! But may be grandma will tell us a little more about it," and Henri put his boyish cheek close to grandpa's and gave her two or three hearty kisses. Please tell us, grandma."

"Well, my children, both tea and coffee contain a very deadly poison, but in so small a quantity that we do not at once feel the evil effects."

"No, grandma; I have often heard Mrs. Wilson, the grocer's wife, say that she could not work until she had had her cup of tea."

"That is because it stimulates the system," said grandma. "I will make it plain to you. Do you remember in our walk this afternoon, we saw a cruel driver whipping his poor horse to make him pull his heavy load up the hill?"

"Yes, yes; and I felt like snatching the whip away from the wicked man," said Henri.

"It would have been wiser and better for him to take off a part of the load instead of whipping his poor, patient horse. Still, you remember how much quicker the poor beast drew his burden to the top.

"Now, my children, tea and coffee act on the body just as the driver's whip did upon the horse. Perhaps we can do more work at the time by drinking it, but, like the horse, when we have done the work, we are completely exhausted, and feel the need of more and more of the poison."

True Temperance

"I just knew grandma could make it plain to you boys," smiled Bertha, "but I believe I understood it quite well all the time. But please go on with the story about Joe, grandma, I want to see how it all comes out."

"Why, my child, you saw how it came out; saw it all too plainly, this afternoon, when you saw poor old Joe as he reeled by us," and grandma sighed, while a tear stole down her cheeks. "Yes, you saw how my story must end; but I will tell you the steps which poor Joe next took:

"When he was about ten years old, I went over again one day to play with him. As I have said, he was a pleasant and lively playfellow, generally good natured, and always ready to build me playhouses and never laughed at my dolls.

"After we had played for some time, Joey began to act uneasy. 'What's the matter, Joey?' I asked. 'See, you are spoiling my playhouse, and it just suited me. You act as if you didn't want to play at all; I'll go right home unless. . .

"'O, don't be a silly sissy!' exclaimed Joey, 'I didn't mean to spoil your playhouse; but, look here, Jennie Brown, I'm getting dreadful thirsty!

"Well, then, go and get a drink of water. See, Aunt Maggie has just pumped a nice fresh pail.

"See here' said Joey, 'you needn't think I'm such a sissy and ninny as to drink water when I can get something else that's a whole lot better!'

He winked at me very slyly, and turning on his heel, he beckoned me to follow. I was so curious to know what he was going to do, that I dropped my dolls and scampered after him. As we passed the kitchen window, he peeped in cautiously, to assure himself that Aunt Maggie was so busy that she would not be apt to see him, and then he again beckoned me to follow him down the back cellar stairs.

"What are you going to do, Joey?' I whispered, almost frightened at his strange actions.

"Sh-sh, speak lower. See! I'm going to have a good drink of Aunt Maggie's cider. She's been saving it for weeks and weeks to make vinegar of, but it's good enough to suit me now,' he chuckled, as he produced a long straw, and, inserting it in the hole of the barrel, took a long, deep draft, and offered the straw to me:

"I tell you, it's good. Come, help yourself. It makes a fellow feel nice all over. When I take a little bit too much, it gives me a headache, and Aunt Maggie makes me a good, strong cup of tea,' he chuckled, 'so I don't care very much after all.'"

"But did you drink, grandma?" gasped Bertha.

"I tasted it, but it was so bitter I couldn't drink it, nor did I want to do so. Then we tiptoed back into the kitchen. Aunt Maggie gave Joe a keen glance, but she said nothing, and we hurried out again to our play.

True Temperance

"You oughtn't to do that, Joey,' I said, looking fearlessly into his bright brown eyes, 'I just know you ought not; what would Aunt Maggie say?'

"It doesn't harm her any,' he returned; 'the old lady will have a little less vinegar, that's all, I prefer my vinegar this way. I've had all I've wanted to drink for a month, and it gets better and better, and, besides, I can drink a whole lot more than I could at first, and it's lots stronger, too. After a little I guess I can drink as much as a big man and never feel it!' and poor Joey stretched himself to his greatest height, and strutted about the playhouse in an exceedingly silly manner."

"Why didn't you tell Aunt Maggie?" asked Bertha. "I would have told my mother, at least."

"Perhaps you would, but I was a thoughtless child, and Joey was almost the only playmate I had, and as I was very fond of play, I suppose I kept quiet from a selfish fear that I might be forbidden his company entirely."

OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD: PART FOUR

"IT doesn't seem possible; I declare it doesn't!" exclaimed Henri, "that anybody could ever have cared to be near that horrid old man, least of all, our nice, sweet grandma."

"But you must not forget that he was not always horrid. He was as fair and bright then, as you are, Max.

"And I tell you, my children, if you are ever led to follow in his steps, and form the appetite for strong drink which he did, you would not be one whit better in appearance or condition in a few years than old Joe is to-day. It may well make you shudder, my boy, but I tell you the truth, and I only hope you will keep the object lesson which you have learned to-day always before you.

"I did not dream, at this time, any more than poor Joe, what this would lead to.

"A few days after this," continued grandma, "his aunt sent him to our house to do an errand for her, and told him he might stay half an hour. After a little, while we were quietly playing, I noticed that Joey began acting strangely. When he tried to talk, his tongue seemed thick, and his eyes were red and dull.

"What's the matter, Joey?' I asked, in real alarm, for I had never seen any one act so before.

"Nothin' smatter. Little too much Aunt Magsh spider. Bezzer go home now,' and poor Joe walked unsteadily down the lane to the road. But even then it did not occur to me that my little playmate was actually a trifle drunk. I only thought he was trying to plague me, or was possibly a little sick, so I didn't mention it. But the very next week I was sent to Aunt Maggie's to borrow a pattern. When I asked for Joey, she said she guessed he was around somewhere, she didn't know where, she hadn't seen him all the morning.

True Temperance

"Of course, I scampered off to find him, for I wanted to spend the precious hour that mother had allotted me in which to play with Joey, in repairing our latest playhouse.

"Joey! Joey!" I called. 'Come quick! For I can't stay very long. Come and let's mend the playhouse!'

"But there was no answer. I called again and again. It took me a long time to find him, but at last, just as I was getting a little frightened, I turned around a corner of the old barn, and there, leaning against the corncrib, with his round face quite white, was Master Joey, sucking away bravely on an old clay pipe which we had often used to blow soap bubbles with.

"The smell of the tobacco smoke was quite strong, so I knew at once what my poor young friend was attempting to do. I had heard my father say that smoking was a very bad habit, and the smell of the nasty stuff made me feel sick, myself, for I was not accustomed to it.

"When Joe saw that he was fairly caught, he tried to put on an air of great importance, and began stuffing more of the vile tobacco into his pipe; but I could see that his hand trembled so that he could hardly hold the pipe.

"Why, Joe Brandon!" I exclaimed, now fairly aroused. 'I'll tell Aunt Maggie, there now; I declare, I will!' and I started toward the house.

"Comeback, I tell you! I wouldn't be a little telltale!' shouted Joey, though his voice sounded weak and strange. 'You just march back here, Miss Tattler, or I'll never build you another playhouse as long as I live, or play with you another minute. Every single time a fellow wants to have a little fun, then you begin to threaten to tell Aunt Maggie! As much as I've done for you, and as many playhouses as I've made for you! Never you mind, Miss Tattler, it's the last—the very last!'

"My children, I am ashamed to say I hung my head and slowly sauntered back; but I felt guilty.

"Joe tried to laugh boisterously, as he saw me coming back, and though he was really a kindhearted boy, he began to mock me, and threatened to tell my mother that I had stolen the tobacco from the grocery for him.

"But you know that isn't true, Joe Brandon!" I protested with trembling voice, for it was the first quarrel we had ever had.

"I'm no sissy boy, I'll have you understand, Miss Jennie Brown! Lots of the best and richest men in town smoke. Even the new minister smokes cigars, for I saw him, and I'm going to smoke, too. It's no worse for me than it is for them. So there! I guess you'll hold your tongue now, Miss Jennie Brown!"

True Temperance

"Why, grandma!" exclaimed Henri; "he was surely very impolite, for a boy who was trying so hard to be a man. He deserved a good flogging; if I'd been there, I never would have allowed him to speak like that to my grandma."

"Surely Joe must have been a bad boy. Did he ever talk to you like that before?" asked Bertha, whose face had grown very red.

"O no, Bertha; but you see one cannot expect much from a glutton or an intemperate person. And poor Joe had been a glutton so long and had taxed his weak stomach so many years with rich food, and stimulating tea and coffee, pepper and spices, that all this began to be felt in his nervous system, and led to all sorts of evil; until, when he was only ten years old, he had such a craving for something strong and exciting that he began learning the tobacco habit. The Bible says truly that none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. So, how could sweet and gentle words come from lips through which passed so much calculated to destroy and break down the body and ruin the nervous system?"

"Did Aunt Maggie find it out at last?" questioned Max.

"O yes; I will tell you about it; finally after Joe had smoked his pipe out, I said to him, 'come, now; my hour is almost up, and I've been waiting for you all this time. I hope you are ready to come with me now and fix our new playhouse.' Then I turned to look at Joe. I tell you, children, I was frightened this time and no mistake. The poor lad's eyes were turned up and rolling wildly in their sockets. His cheeks were as white as marble and his lips were purple and drawn; his hands were clenched, and he rolled down like a log by the side of the straw stack. Still he groaned, 'don't you tell Aunt Maggie—no, no!'

"I must! I must! I guess you are going to die, Joey, I must call her! I can't let you die here, all alone!"

But all poor Joe could do was just to curl up in a heap, and snarl, 'Tattle, tattle!' between groans.

"I was just deciding to run home and leave him to his fate, for surely I thought him dying, when I looked up, and there stood Aunt Maggie. She took in the situation at a glance. She had begun to worry about Joe's being gone so long, and had started out to find us.

"There, by the side of the sick and spueing lad, lay the old pipe, the cause of all the mischief. The good lady was terribly disgusted, besides being considerably frightened. For a moment she did not speak, though her lips trembled; I was the first to scream:

"O Aunt Maggie! He'll die, won't he?"

"Die?—No; but may be it would be better in the end if he should, before he breaks all our hearts."

True Temperance

"Aunt Maggie was large and strong, and I had always thought her too stouthearted to cry, but something very much like a sob broke from her trembling lips, as she said, not unkindly, kneeling by the side of the sick boy, and putting his damp head in her motherly arms:

"Joe, lad, I've been thinking all wasn't right with you of late. I've been missing the hard cider in the cellar, and I've thought you acted strange. No wonder. Now, Joe, if this doesn't kill you, you must stop it at once. Where did you get the stuff?"

"I'll not tell you! I'll die first!" groaned Joe.

"That's all I heard," continued grandma, "for I turned on my heel, and ran just as fast as my little feet could fly, nor stopped until I reached home, a very frightened and a very breathless little girl."

OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD: PART FIVE

BUT Aunt Maggie insisted upon knowing where Joe got the tobacco," said grandma, "and how he obtained the money for buying it; for she found some of the nasty stuff hidden away in his room that same day.

So, at supper, she again asked him to tell her the truth, and begged him to hide nothing from her. Aunt Maggie told my mother all about it afterward. She said that Joey had been doing errands for the grocer, Mr. Green, for some time, and that he had never brought home any money, and that now Joey declared that he had taken his pay in tobacco, because Mr. Green refused to pay him in any other way."

"That wasn't true, I dare say," reflected Max. "Was it, grandmother?"

"No, indeed. When Mr. Green found out about it, he said that he had paid the boy the money for all that he had done, and that he had not only not given him any tobacco, but that he did not keep it for sale at all in his shop. He said that as he knew it to be harmful, he had decided not to sell the stuff. So poor Aunt Maggie saw at once that Joey had added to his other sins, those of falsehood and deceit."

"Why, grandma," ventured Bertha, "I should think you would not have wanted to play with him any more, when you saw what a bad, deceitful boy he was."

"No, I did not play with him any more. My father at once forbade that, and in a few weeks Aunt Maggie moved away. Of course, I missed my old playfellow, but I did not see him again in a long time," continued grandma. "My mother saw Aunt Maggie after they had been gone about a year, and mother said that she never saw such a sad change in any one before. The poor old lady's hair had grown quite white, and her face was pale and careworn."

"I dare say that bad, ungrateful boy vexed her so that she had no peace," continued Bertha.

True Temperance

"Yes, yes," sighed grandma, "my mother said there were tears in Aunt Maggie's eyes as she told her that poor Joe was going to ruin as fast as he could, and that already she found it quite impossible to control him.

"Finally, one day about three or four years after this, my father had occasion to pass through the town where Joey lived, and I went with him. I rather hoped we would not see Joe, for I knew that the meeting would be only painful; for you will remember that by this time I had grown to be a large girl, quite a young lady, in fact, and Joe was a year older."

"Did Joe know you were coming?" asked Henri. "O, no, or surely I do not think I should have found him in the place where he was."

"Maybe he wouldn't have cared after all," ventured Max.

"O, yes, he would, I am sure; for he was naturally a very proud lad, fond of show, and always anxious to make a good impression upon his friends. But you see, he didn't know we were coming, and so as father and I were passing the door of one of the many saloons which cursed the little town, there stood my old playfellow, among a crowd of young toughs, just in the act of lighting his pipe, and taking dreadful lessons in beer drinking and profanity. O you can't think how badly I felt."

"What did he say then, grandma? Wasn't he very much ashamed?" asked Bertha.

"Perhaps so. He stood close outside, by the door, and I called to him just as he was stepping inside. At first he pretended not to hear me, but it seemed to me that I could not let him enter that awful place; and so I ventured to call his name once more, louder than before. He could hardly refuse, then, to come back and speak to me. Just as he did so, an old man came out, staggering and spueing as he came. The man was quite well dressed, for this was one of the better saloons; but the poor man's face was red and bloated and looked much like old Joe's today.

"I could see that my young friend was considerably ashamed, but he tried by falsehood and deceit, and by putting on a bold front, to excuse the fact of his being in such a place.

"'Fact is, Mr. Brown,' he said, addressing my father, 'I was in there just doing an errand for Aunt Maggie. She wanted some alcohol for her camphor, and of course, she wouldn't go, so she coaxed me. I don't like these rough fellows, myself, Jennie,' he continued blandly. 'You know I never did. Didn't we have some jolly times in the old days though?' and I fancied," continued grandma, "that I could see a shade of real regret in his expressive brown eyes. O! I felt so sorry for him!

"'Poor Joe!' I said, 'Aunt Maggie might a great deal better have gone without her camphor, than to send you into a saloon among those awful spueing men. Really, Joey,' I questioned in an undertone, 'did Aunt Maggie actually and truly send you?'

True Temperance

"O you're just like you used to be, Jennie,' said he, laughing lightly, but I could see that my question made him wince. 'Of course she sent me, I have to mind Aunt Maggie, don't you see?'

"Finally, before I left him, I had made him promise solemnly that he would keep away from the saloons and never touch another glass of beer as long as he lived."

"Then he owned up, did he?" questioned Max.

"Yes, for he must have known on second thought, that his wretched falsehood about Aunt Maggie's sending him into a saloon was too foolish to be believed."

"Well, anyway," sighed Bertha, "the poor boy didn't keep his promise to you, grandma, or we would not have seen him in the gutter to-day."

"Oh no, my dear; but it was all I could do, and perhaps it did affect him for good for a little while; for though he was weak and foolish and had, by this time, acquired a great love for the fatal cup, yet he had great respect for my father, and also entertained a strong feeling of friendship for me. Still, it took me some time to get him to make the promise.

"You're asking a great deal of me, Jennie,' he said, 'seems to me you're pretty hard on a fellow, but I'll promise, of course. Though you ought to know me well enough to be perfectly assured that I would have too much sense to drink enough to do me any harm. Just a social glass now and again, that's—~~it~~ wouldn't possibly do me a bit of harm. I flatter myself I'm too much of a gentleman not to know enough to quit when I've had plenty. Of course some people can't do it, but I am my father's son, Miss Jennie, and they say that he was a gentleman!' and the poor, misguided lad straightened himself very proudly and glanced at my father as though hoping he would approve his logic."

"What did your father say, grandma," queried Henri.

"He only smiled sadly at the self-conceited young lad and said: "'I used to know and love your father, Joe, he was a true gentleman, and one of my dearest friends, indeed, he was too much of a gentleman to allow anything that could intoxicate to pass his lips. I only wish you would follow in his steps.'

"This sort of thing was not to Joe's liking one bit" continued grandma, "and he soon made an excuse to part company from us. He turned down another street, and it was nearly five years before I saw him again. Meanwhile, his heartbroken aunt, who had been to him both father and mother, was doing all in her power to save him.

"I can't imagine whom the boy takes after,' she often said to my mother. 'None of his people ever drank, and his father was a gentleman.' But the poor woman did not realize that he had formed the love for strong drink right at home in her own pantry and cellar.

OLD JOE, THE DRUNKARD: PART SIX

"AS I said, it was almost five years before I saw Joe Brandon again. He was then a young man of very fascinating manners, handsome, and attractive. But he was already becoming so idle and vicious that no one dared trust him, and although his face was handsome, his follies and intemperate habits had stamped themselves upon it, until they had given him a certain reckless air that was far from agreeable—still—"

"O grandma!" interrupted Bertha, with an expression of incredulity, "it can't be possible that old Joe ever had a grain of good looks. Why I his face is actually hideous and disgusting, and so bloated that I could scarcely see his eyes; and, grandma, it was horrible, horrible! His long, yellow beard was covered with vomit, and—O grandma! How could he ever have been attractive?" and Bertha shuddered.

"I tell you, my dear," explained grandma, "there is nothing on earth that is so brutalizing and degrading in its effect upon the human system as strong drink. It is the devil's own weapon, and with it, he succeeds too often in bringing his poor, duped victims far below the level of the brutes.

"About this time Joe became acquainted with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a merchant who lived in the city, where Joe now had his home.

"Meanwhile, good Aunt Maggie had died, leaving Joe the little remnant of property which she had. This was soon spent, of course, in folly and dissipation by the poor prodigal.

"But tell me about the pretty young girl," persuaded Bertha.

"Her name was Martha Grey," replied grandma, "and all too soon the reckless and dissipated young man succeeded in winning her heart, for, as I told you, he was handsome and kind-hearted; although he possessed a high opinion of his own good looks and capabilities.

"He had attended school a good deal, and was no mean student, and after a time he began the study of law. He might have succeeded well in this, his chosen profession, had he been diligent and persevering; but his old enemy, appetite, was constantly upon his track, and it was not long before he lost his practice, because nobody wanted to employ a drunken lawyer. After he had been seen reeling down the street a few times, he soon found himself without clients."

"But, grandma," protested Bertha, "I don't see how he could have kept all this hidden from poor Martha Grey."

"Ah, he could not, though he tried hard enough to do so, for Mr. Grey, Martha's father, was very much opposed to strong drink. But one day Joe so far forgot himself as to enter Mr. Grey's store quite intoxicated. Of course, the merchant was very much displeased and disgusted and forbade the young man ever to visit his daughter again.

True Temperance

Still, I am sorry to say, Martha insisted upon meeting Joe, and still accepted his company."

"Why didn't you go and talk with her, grandma?" suggested Henri, "maybe you could have persuaded her, even if her father could not; she must have been a silly young lady, I'm sure."

"OH my dear boy!" exclaimed grandma. "If you had known Martha Grey, you could not have said that. No; she was a beautiful girl, but a most mistaken one," and grandma sighed. "I went to visit her, myself, many times, and most earnestly did I try to persuade her to quit the company of this reckless and dissipated young man. Poor Martha's face would turn very pale as I talked with her, but her voice was low and decided as she replied:

"I know you think him very bad, dear friend, but poor Joseph is not altogether so, and he has promised me to quit his cups entirely, and I am sure he will. I think it is my mission to make a good man of Joe; to reform him, in fact, and I believe I can do it, at least, I mean to try.' So in spite of all that I could do, and in spite of the efforts of her father, and many interested friends, she ran away from home and married the poor drunkard."

"Didn't Joe behave himself any better then?" asked Henri.

"Better? No, no; and from that moment, the fate of the poor, mistaken girl was sealed. To be sure, her wretched husband would have periods of repenting, and spend days and nights of misery and remorse, but the demon which he had entertained and fed so many long years was not to be easily banished."

"Did Mr. Grey ever forgive his daughter and take her home again?" queried Bertha, her blue eyes full of tears, "O, I hope so, grandma."

"Mr. Grey was a kind father, and he loved his daughter very tenderly. So, after a while he went to see Joe, and invited him to take a position as clerk in his store. The poor fellow was only too glad to accept the kind offer, and promised most faithfully to reform. Of course, his devoted wife was much encouraged, and for a time all went well.

"But, my children," continued grandma, "there is nothing but the power of Christ, which can lay hold of the victim of rum, and stand him upon his feet and keep him from falling. But for this wonderful power, poor Joe had never asked.

"Still he struggled in his own strength, struggled most pitifully, to break the strong bands which bound him; struggled vainly as poor Samson did when he was shorn of his strength. But it was only a few weeks before poor Joe had fallen again. Some of his old companions, jealous of his success and altered circumstances, determined to compass his ruin.

True Temperance

"Come in, Joe, man, come in and take a glass with your old friends,' they called one day as he was passing a saloon where he had so lately been a drunken idler. Joe had not the courage to refuse, for there was nothing so dreaded by him as to have it said that he was tied to a woman's apron string."

"O, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Bertha, for she was a very sympathetic little girl. "Of course, the foolish man went into the saloon."

"Indeed, he did, and when he came out again, his drunken legs would scarcely carry him home."

"Did his father-in-law send him away now? I'm very sure I should," reflected Max stoutly. "I would not have a drunken man about."

"I am glad to know that you hate strong drink, my lad," replied grandma, placing her hand kindly upon his head, "but we must none of us forget that Christ died for all, even the poor drunkard, and we should pity, and do all we can for him. Yes, Mr. Grey forgave him and took him back, not only this time, but many times afterward, until finally after a few years, his poor wife, beautiful Martha Grey, died heartbroken and wretched."

"Then Joe went away, and after a time he went to sea. Finally, after many years, he became the wretched, drunken outcast whom you saw to-day."

"Now children, I have told you the story of poor old Joe, and I want you to learn this verse, which is one of the proverbs of Solomon, the wise man:

"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

True Temperance



THE MAN THAT RUM MADE!

This is the man that RUM made.



This is the WEED that sowed the seed
For making the man that RUM made.



This is the BEER, the jolly good Lager
Firm Friend of Cider, the Rum-seller's tinder
That goes with the WEED, that sowed the Seed
For making the man that RUM made.

True Temperance



This is the WHISKY, to make you tipsy
That follows the Wine the red, red Wine
Alluring from beer, the jolly good Lager
Firm Friend of Cider, the Rum-seller's tinder
That goes with the WEED that sowed the Seed
For making the man that RUM made.

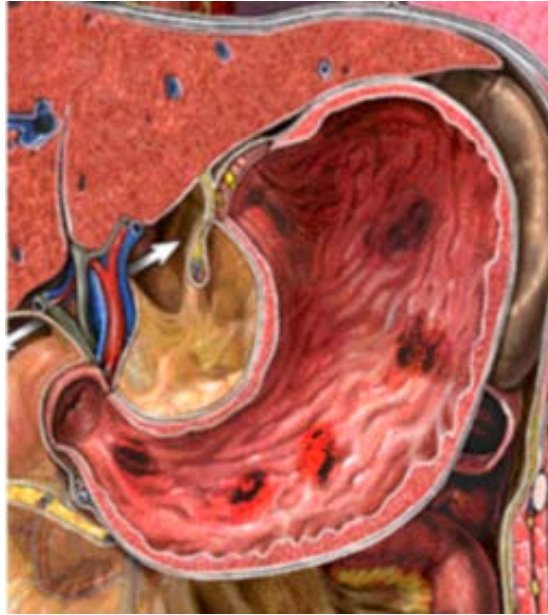


This is the nose - that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that RUM made.

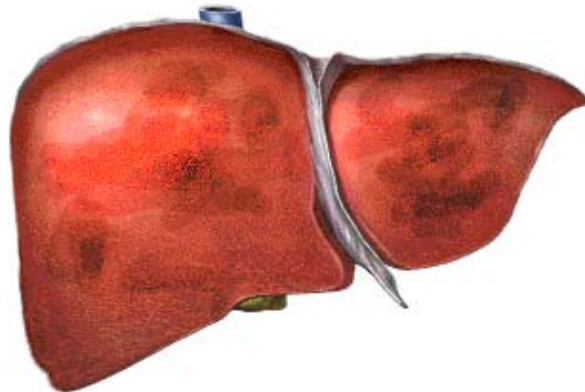


This is the eye, all bleared and awry
Surmounting the cheek, all flabby and weak
By the side of the nose, that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that RUM made.

True Temperance



This is the story the Stomach will tell,
The stomach that once was healthy and well;
Far worse than the throat of the whisky bloat,
Below the eye, all bleared and awry
Surmounting the cheek, all flabby and weak
By the side of the nose, that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that RUM made.



This is the Liver all pickled and shrunk,
Produced by the alcohol making him drunk,
This aiding the story the Stomach will tell,
The stomach that once was healthy and well;
Far worse than the throat of the whisky bloat,
Below the eye, all bleared and awry
Surmounting the cheek, all flabby and weak

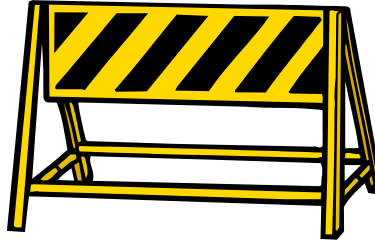
True Temperance

By the side of the nose, that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that RUM made.



This is the WRECK that alcohol made,
Of the man who was once sober and staid,
Whose blood was diseased by the little blood cells,
Being crippled or killed by the poison which tells,
So fatal to liver all pickled and shrunk
Produced by the alcohol making him drunk,
This aiding the story the Stomach will tell,
The stomach that once was healthy and well;
Far worse than the throat of the whisky bloat,
Below the eye, all bleared and awry
Surmounting the cheek, all flabby and weak
By the side of the nose, that blossoms and grows
On the face of the man that RUM made.

True Temperance



DANGER SIGNALS

Mrs. Grace Robison Rine Our Little Friend: May 19: 1916.

WHEN I was a very small girl, I lived with my grandfather in the city. Every summer, I looked forward to going home to see my mother, and the dear little brothers and sisters, who lived on a large farm.

One day in early summer, my mother came for me, to take me to the farm, where I was to spend four happy weeks. It was a long, long way; so I amused myself, as we rode along in the carriage, by reading the signs I saw beside the road. I was just learning to read, so it was great fun to pick out the longest words I saw, and try to read them. But I did not know them all; and when I came to a large sign by the side of a railroad track, my mother helped me read the words, "Danger; Look-out for the train."

"Has my little girl never learned to know the danger signals?" my mother asked, when we had safely crossed the track. "You will always find one of these signs at every railroad crossing. They are placed there to tell us that a crossing is a dangerous place; and we must see if any trains are coming, before we try to cross."

And then it was that she told me something I shall never, never forget. She said there were many kinds of danger signals in the world, and she wanted me to know them; for some of them were so very small, and looked so harmless, that I might not be able to find them all alone.

"One of these danger signals," she said, "is using bad language; and whenever you are with anyone who uses bad words, that is a signal for you to hurry away as fast as you can."

She said that "Bad Manners" and "Keeping Bad Company" were other, danger signals. Bad manners always go with bad company; and when we are not careful about our manners, we are really putting out a danger signal that will make people afraid to be with us.

The dull, sleepy feeling that we sometimes have after eating, is a signal that we have eaten too much. It is a signal we should watch closely; for if we do not learn to control our appetites while we are children, we will not be able to resist bigger temptations when we are older.

True Temperance

Telling untruths is still another signal we should be sure to see; and boys (& girls) especially must watch the signal that says "Smoking." It is a danger they should always avoid, or when they get to be bigger, they will not be able to run when they see the signals "Drinking," "Swearing," and "Stealing."

"But we are almost home," said mother, "and I cannot talk to you longer. Tonight however, I will tell you how even the animals teach their little ones the danger signals"

That night, when story time came, and I, with the other children, was sitting by the side of my mother, she told us this story:

"In some parts of the world, there lives an animal something like a reindeer. It is called a caribou. I have read that one day a man was walking through the woods, when, from the top of a little hill, he saw a mother caribou and her calf feeding in the valley below him. He quickly hid behind a stump; but the wind was blowing in the direction of the caribou, and already she had caught his scent.

"At once she thought of her little calf, and the danger it might be in. Here was a danger signal, and she must teach her little one to avoid the danger. So she brought her baby up the hill some distance toward the man, and made it smell the ground where the man had walked. Then, to teach it that whenever it got this scent again, it must run for its life, she got behind the calf, and butted it down the valley as fast as it could go.

"That is why I am telling you to-night about the danger signals. I want my boys and girls to learn to watch for them, and when they see them, to run quickly away from them. In this way, you will grow up to be strong and clean and pure."

What It Cost to Be a Drunkard

BY MRS. ALICE OWEN-RITTENHOUSE

HELEN! Helen!" The voice came from the rough, dirty bed in the corner of the room, where Helen's father was lying. He was wild and raging with a craving thirst for whisky.

Little Helen was a sad-faced child of six. Her father had not always looked as he did there in the dingy room. Helen could well remember when her father was a minister. He had been a rich man, too, and had everything he wanted.

"Helen," he screamed, "I tell you to come to me."

"Yes, father, what can I do for you?"

"Take this pail, and go to the corner store. Get me drink, or I shall die."

"Oh, father, I cannot. Oh, I cannot."

He answered, "Go! I tell you, go!"

True Temperance

"No, father, I cannot. I promised mother, before she died, that I would try to help you to be a better man, so we might be happy, and have a home again. And then mamma said that Jesus would not want me to get drunk for you, and that Jesus would see me do it, if I did."

Her father was very cross because his little girl would not get him whisky. But Helen stood true to what she thought was right, even though she was weak and sick herself because she did not have enough to eat.

Before long, Helen died, too. Then her father went away to another town.

One day he stood on a bridge at Niagara Falls in despair. As he looked into the water below, he wished he could die. He wanted to jump into the water to end his life. He wanted to end his trouble. As he was about to do the awful deed, the words of little Helen seemed to come to him, "Jesus would see me do it, if I did." The poor man turned away; and a few days later, as he walked the streets of a large city, he heard someone singing. He heard the name of Jesus. He went into the mission, and there he told how much it had cost him to be a drunkard.

It cost him his money.

It cost him his happiness.

It cost him his home.

It cost him his dear wife.

It cost him his sweet little girl.

He made up his mind that it cost too much to be a drunkard. He gave his heart to Jesus. Now he lives to gain eternal life, and have a home with Helen and her mother.

A Message to Boys and Girls

Dear children, a few words especially to you: Don't use tobacco in any way. Don't be drawn into it by the example of others. It is injurious to the health. Young people, let tobacco alone.

In taking strong drink of whatever name, there is great danger. It is bad for the health. It is dangerous to good morals. It is a bad example for others. No one in all the world was ever harmed by avoiding strong drink . . . Let all your influence be against this great evil; a greater danger to those who do not avoid it than any other. You are old enough to know what it is to sign the pledge. (A promise not to use alcohol or tobacco in any form.) If your parents are willing, I urge you strongly to do it. Neal Dow.



DANDY: A TEMPERANCE PONY

ONE sunshiny day, everything was excitement in our southern California town. There was to be a big parade in the evening. If you were going to see a parade, you would be clapping your hands with delight. To be sure, you would be excited too.

Perhaps you think I am going to tell you about an animal parade, for you know I love animals, and like to talk about them. There were animals in the parade, but not wild animals - just horses, and one shaggy little Shetland pony. It is this little pony I want to tell you about especially, for I know you would have been watching for him if you had seen the parade.

But I have not told you yet what the parade was all about, and I feel sure you could never guess. It was a temperance parade. There were horses and wagons, and a band playing very grandly, men and women, and ever so many boys and girls - even very little ones marching.

All afternoon, the boys and the girls had been very busy helping the big folks get the wagons ready. The wagons were decorated with flags, and pepper boughs, and flowers, and big signs that read, "California Dry."

I wonder if you understand what it means for a state to go dry. I tell you.

When a state goes dry, there is no more whisky or wine or beer sold in that state, and that means there are not so many hungry little children, and poor, sad mothers. For whisky makes men very wicked, and they do not care even for their own children, but will sell the furniture in their homes to get money to buy strong drink. I am sure you would rather live in a dry state than in one that is not dry.

Let us suppose we are watching the parade go by. It is such a long one! So many people in this little town believe in temperance! Here comes Dandy, his shaggy head bobbing up and down, and his little hoofs pattering on the paved street. He is pulling a wagon, covered on the sides with large pictures of happy little children who have good temperance fathers. At the back is the picture of a poor little girl who is crying because her father is a drunkard. We all wish we could do something for her.

True Temperance

On the seat, holding the lines is a little boy, and beside him sits a little girl. They are calling out, "Dry! Dry!" as loudly as they can; and we too smile, and call out, "Dry! Dry!" That is one way very little boys and girls can help the cause of temperance.

We all need to speak up for Temperance and Healthful Living. Of course, boys and girls must be careful what they eat and drink, or it will not matter very much what they say.

Now that is just the sort, of little temperance pony Dandy is. He is very fond of apples. He likes them just as well as you like candy, or ice cream, or something else that tastes very good.

One day, a man who thought Dandy was a very dear little pony, was standing beside him, eating an apple. Dandy asked, in his polite, pony way, for a bite. The man thought he would be kind, so offered Dandy the rest of the apple, which was only a bite for a pony. Dandy smelled it, and shook his frowsy head. No, he would not take the apple, because the man was a tobacco user. (Dandy could smell the tobacco smell on the apple.)

If a temperance pony was so particular, how should boys and girls act who are to be little lights in this world? Let us be very sure we are temperate ourselves, and then perhaps we can help some one else.

If Not, What Folly?

MUST a boy be damaged in order to be happy? Must an apple be speckled to be palatable? Can a dog run better on three legs than on four? Is it better to be sick than well? Is black smoke better than pure air? If not, what folly for a boy to smoke cigarettes! - - Rev. F. Flint, in a school address to boys.

What Thomas A. Edison Said

Cigarette smoking keeps boys from growing, it eats away their brains, it leaves yellow trademarks on their fingers, and it steals the ruddiness from their cheeks, and the brightness from their eyes. It hurts their hearing, and makes them color-blind. It dulls all their finer natures, and takes away their purity, their kindness, their love.

O boys, let it alone, and help every other boy to let it alone, too. And, girls, there are some girls who think it is smart to smoke cigarettes. You would not think of going to a bottle labeled "Poison!" and drinking what it contained. But when you smoke cigarettes, you are just as surely, though more slowly, taking poison into your bodies. Let all poison alone if you really want to live.

They Would Not:

Our Little Friend Dec 16, 1916

TIMOTHY'S mother's first name was Eunice. He had a good grandmother. Her first name was Lois.

These good women wished the little boy to grow up a Christian man. They often told him stories from the Bible. One of these was about how the Lord chose Abraham, and promised him many blessings for himself and his children if he would obey Him.

Then they told about Isaac, and how willing he was to let his father bind him on an altar, because the Lord had told Abraham to offer him as a sacrifice, as God was to give His Son Jesus to die for us.

They told him about Jacob, and the shining ladder he saw reaching up to the stars, and the wonderful words spoken to him while he was sleeping with the stone for his pillow.

Another day, Timothy heard of the things done in Egypt, and how the Lord brought His people through the Red Sea. Jesus had a great plan for that people, and wanted to make them the greatest nation in the world.

Timothy was told how these people afterward turned to serve idols, and that the prophets came to them to tell them that they, would be taken captives, and that their beautiful cities would be taken from them unless they obeyed the Lord. The little boy listened to it all, and he wondered why the people would not hear the words, which Jesus sent to them by the prophets and other good men. Instead, they misused them, and some they put to death.

It was even worse with the people of Israel when Jesus Himself came to talk to them. They would not listen to what He said, nor would they do what He said. When Peter, Paul, Barnabas, and other good men were sent to tell them what to do, they abused them as they had Jesus.

They were like Fred and his little brother, Joe. Fred was out one winter day with the other boys, building a snow fort. While he was playing, mamma said to Joe, "Go and call Fred now, and tell him it is time to come and bring in the wood and the coal."

Joe ran across the street, and called, "Fred, Fred, it's time to come in."

Fred did not answer. "Fred, mother says come home now," Joe called again.

"I'm not going to do what you say, Joe. You run home and keep still."

"But, Fred, it's mamma, and she says come right away. You've got to come, for she says so."

Then, what do you think? Fred became cross, and he knocked Joe down into the snow, and said: "I tell you I'll come when I get ready. I'm not going to mind a baby like you."

True Temperance

Joe went home crying. By and by, Fred came; but he found his work done, and the supper had been eaten by those who were at home when it was ready. There was none in sight for him. After he sat around a while, he ventured to ask, "Can't I have any supper, mamma?"

"There is none for you to-night, Fred. Can you think why?"

"But why should I do as Joe says, mother? I can't stand his ordering me around."

"But the word he took you was from your mother, Fred. Joe was my messenger, and you disobeyed me when you did not come, just as much as though I had called you myself," replied mamma.

In the Bible, we learn how Paul and Barnabas carried glad tidings - a loving message from Jesus to the Jews - but they would not listen. Instead of believing what the messengers said, they were full of envy and hate. They talked back; then they persecuted the Lord's messengers. After that, they turned them out of their country, and would not let them stay there. We must be careful how we treat those who speak to us in the name of the Lord. V. J. F.

The Drunkard's Vow

"GOOD-BY, Jim Brown, you have got the last cent of my money that you will ever get," said a poor, miserable looking wretch, as he turned to leave the barroom of a hotel, where a large company of men sat drinking and carousing.

"I guess when you find a few cents, I shall get them, Jake," answered the besotted landlord with a sneer, "but I tell you again that you will get no more drinks of me until you pay off the old debt."

"Good-by, Jim Brown," said old Jake again, you will never get one cent of it, nor will you ever sell me another glass of strong drink."

"Goin' to sign the pledge, Jake?" queried another voice, "guess 'twill not do you much good if you do, for you like rum too well to keep it long."

"Maybe I shall sign the pledge," was the reply, but I consider my word here, just as sacred and binding as a written pledge, and so I solemnly swear before God and man never to touch another drop of the accursed poison so long as I live," and Jake retreated toward the door as he said it.

"Hold on, Jake, don't go yet," called out another voice, "come back and I will treat you. Here, landlord, give him a good glass of whiskey to make him better natured." But Jake never looked toward the speaker, and still kept moving slowly toward the door.

"You will try in vain, I guess," he slowly said, "for I have drunk my last glass of liquor, God helping me," and old Jake Bell walked away.

True Temperance

"Wonder what has got into the old fool," said one of the bar-room loungers, "for I never knew him to refuse a glass of whiskey before."

"Guess he'll come back before many days go by," was heard from another part of the room. "Suppose that old Jake should reform," said one who had not spoken before, "I never saw him with such a fit on, and if he should stick to what he said, Landlord Brown has lost one of his best customers."

"And a few shillings besides," chimed in another voice. "Guess he has not lost much by old Jake Bell, for if I'm not mistaken, his money has been quite an advantage to Jim Brown for a number of years," was the reply.

"Stop your noise, will you?" said the landlord, with a scowl on his face, "I'll take care of old Jake."

"Perhaps he'll take care of himself," was his reply, "and I think he would do quite as well, and his wife and children would be the gainers."

"Stop your infernal noise, Bill Gray, or leave the room," yelled the landlord, growing black with passion.

"If I do go," said Bill quietly, "I shall go as old Jake did, never to come back again. You know that what Bill Gray says, he means."

Susan Bell sat by the low window of her house, looking out upon the beautiful landscape, bathed with the golden rays of the setting sun. There was an expression of pain and sadness upon her face, and occasionally a tear gleamed in her faded eyes.

We doubt if the glory of the fields and the sky had awakened one cheerful thought in her heart, and if it did, the dark clouds of misery soon turned the ray of sunlight to gloom again. Ah! The bright hopes of other days had long ago died out from the heart of Susan Bell, and the gray shadows of wretchedness had long thronged her pathway.

But the time had been when this wretched woman had seen bright days of happiness, though they appeared now like some fairy dream, which cast its mocking glory upon the barren wastes of life.

Strong drink had destroyed the hopes of poor Susan Bell, and driven peace and plenty away from the once cheerful fireside. It had ruined the prospects of Jacob Bell, and made him a miserable, besotted wretch. In other days he had been loved and respected, for he possessed many noble, generous qualities, and he seemed likely to become a man of more than ordinary usefulness in the world.

But he became possessed with a thirst for strong drink, and so started upon the fearful road of sin and ruin. His children once made music in their home, but after he began his career of sin and shame, disease laid its hand upon two of them, and they died.

True Temperance

Mrs. Bell did not murmur as the death angel claimed them, for she saw the storm that was gathering. It came all too soon, and then she thanked God that there were only two children left to suffer the abuse of a drunken father and to bear the heavy load of want and poverty. Jim Brown had taken the earnings of the husband and father for many years, and in return, gave him the deadly poison that made him a brute and deadened every impulse of nobleness.

"He has gone to Brown's, as usual," said Susan Bell to herself. "Oh, how I wish that he would not go there so often! He will never even try to reform as long as he goes there to spend his leisure hours." A tear dropped from her eyes as she looked in the direction of the village tavern. "It will do no good to hope any longer, for he will never do any better," she said half aloud.

The sun went down behind the western mountain and twilight began to gather over the earth. Still Susan Bell sat by the low window, looking toward the now lighted bar-room." Why ! he is coming!" she exclaimed, as she saw the well known form of her husband, coming down the street, in the twilight "How strange that Jacob should come home so early; I wonder what it means."

Jacob walked steadily into the house, and in a pleasant voice asked: "Susan, will you get some supper? I am very hungry."

"We have but little to eat, Jacob," was the reply, "but I will get you what we have."

"Have we any flour or sugar, Susan," was the next inquiry.

"None," was the reply.

"Then I will go and buy some," said Jacob. "Mr. Grant is owing me for a half day's work, and I guess he can pay me."

Susan Bell's heart beat very fast as her husband started out again. "Oh, if he does not stop at Brown's!" she exclaimed to herself.

He did not stop at Brown's, although a dozen voices called to him as he was passing by. "I think you will not succeed," he said quietly, as he walked toward home.

"Now, make supper, Susan," he said, as he placed several small packages upon the table.

His wife quickly obeyed, and in a short time Jacob sat down to a better supper than he had had for many a day.

"I am very tired to-night," he said, as he finished the meal, "but please call me early in the morning, Susan, for I am going to work for Mr. Grant. I have taken the job of building his barn, and want to get it well started this week."

True Temperance

Mrs. Bell could scarcely sleep that night; there was a strange, deep joy in her heart, that she had not known for years. And yet, she hardly dared to hope. She really could not account for the strange conduct of her husband.

The day came with its beautiful splendor, and just as the morning sun began to bathe the far away mountains with light, Jacob Bell sat down to his morning meal.

After breakfast, he asked: "Have you enough flour to last to-day?"

"We have a little," was the reply.

The day passed away at last, and just as the sun was setting, Jacob Bell entered the door of his home.

"Here are three dollars, Susan," he said. "Take the money and use it as you think best. Herbert can bring home whatever you like, for he will not work any longer for Mr. Hill. He is not strong enough to do such work as he has been in the habit of doing there. He will go to school the remainder of the summer."

Mrs. Bell said not a word. She only hoped and prayed. Another day passed away and three dollars more were placed in her hands. A whole week went by, and her husband had worked every day, and had not once visited Jim Brown's saloon.

Then he came home one night with a new suit of clothes. "These were a present to me," he said simply, in reply to Susan's inquiry. "Mr. Grant gave them to me."

"And why did he do it, Jacob?" asked Susan in a trembling voice.

"If I tell you, then you will know my secret. But I think I will. It was because I signed the pledge."

"Have you signed the pledge, Jacob?" asked the wife in a voice choked with emotion.

"Yes," he quietly answered, "and with God's help, I will keep it. Jim brown has got the last cent of my money that he will ever get."

"Why did you take this step?" Susan asked, trying very hard to keep her voice from trembling.

"I can't really tell you, Susan, but Mr. Grant, I think, was the true cause of it. He has talked so earnestly and kindly to me of late, that I saw myself as I never did before.

"And then about a week ago, I went to Jim Brown's bar-room and asked him to trust me for a drink. I was owing him a few shillings, and as he was nearly drunk himself, he refused to trust me. I was very angry; and then I made a vow before all present never to drink another drop of liquor, and as I have said before, God helping me, I will never taste that accursed poison again."

Susan Bell silently thanked God, and earnestly prayed that he would help her husband to keep his vow sacredly.

True Temperance

Five years have passed away with their sunshine and shadow, and still Jacob Bell keeps his vow. His skillful hand has transformed the old brown house, and it is the prettiest cottage in the village. Everything about the place betokens thrift and plenty.

Jacob Bell looks much younger than he did five years ago, and for some reason, people do not call him "Old Jake" any more. The village tavern still stands, but old Jim Brown died long ago with delirium tremens. Another rum seller fills his place, but Jacob Bell has never spoken to him. Thus the drunkard, by the help of God, did keep his vow.

Saying NO!

"No!" The word was clear, sharp, and ringing, with an emphasis that could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the playground.

"It is not often anyone hears it. The boy who uttered it can say Yes, too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles away. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the man does himself. He is the most coarsely dressed boy in the school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such a sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce."

"That is true. If you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were excitedly discussing some question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say No, I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud, and tell everybody about it," one of the boys responded impatiently.

"I am willing everybody should hear what I have to say about it. I won't take anything that does not belong to me; and I won't drink cider, anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you No, to begin with. And you are the ones to blame if there has been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

True Temperance

"Yes, sir!" And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate, and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I have two bushels that were my share for picking. Would you like to buy them, sir?"

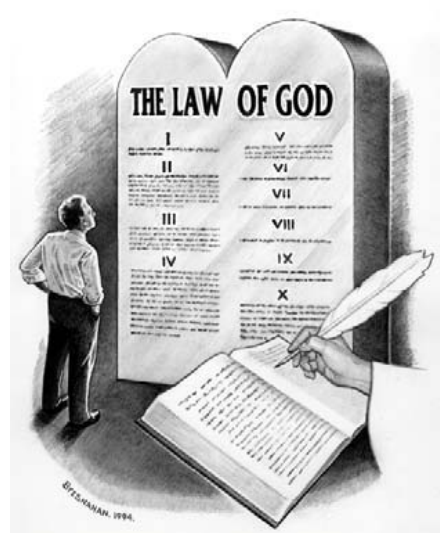
"Yes, if we can agree on the price. Do you know how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day, a call was made at his uncle's, and although years passed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his future was assured. After he had grown to manhood, he was offered a good job. He asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say No if necessary," answered his employer. "'No' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They do not wish to do wrong, but they hesitate over the temptation until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say "No" is reasonably certain of becoming an honorable man or woman."



Determine in the Strength of Jesus to Do Right because it IS RIGHT!

True Temperance



Water Cure

I believe the Lord works to bring to men information to help relieve suffering and sickness, but often few people want to try things that are very different from what 'everybody' thinks should be done. Here are some who learned and tried to share what they learned.

In the late 1700s and 1800s some people both in European countries and in the United States were experimenting and were finding out better ways of living and of treating the sick. Some wise doctors were realizing that using the poisonous medicines commonly given back then, was not doing good. Some other methods were being tried and some change began in people's thinking.

If you think about it, almost anything would be better than giving people doses of poison when they were sick. More people would get well if they did nothing than if they did that!

But one kind of treatment seemed to give amazing results. That was called Hydrotherapy or Hydropathical treatment, but most people just called it 'The Water Cure'.

In the summer of 1777 William Wright, a doctor of Jamaica, was sailing from that island in a ship bound for Liverpool. As he was caring for a man with typhus fever, who later died, he caught the sickness also and was very ill. He took all the same medicines he would have given for others, but he wasn't getting any better.

He found out though that if he went on deck he felt better and the colder the air, the better he felt. So he decided to try a treatment on himself that he had wanted to try on fevers, but never dared to.

He asked someone to throw 3 buckets of cold sea water over his bare body and then he waited to see what would happen, if he would get better or worse.

The cold buckets of water were a great shock, but he felt better right away. Several hours later the fever came back so again he had 3 buckets of cold water thrown over his body and felt better.

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The second day he did it twice again and by this time he was well. Then he did it twice for one more day to make sure it would not come back and it didn't.

Then another passenger came down with the disease and begged the doctor to use the same treatment. He did and the man got well quickly also.

Adapted from (James Currie, M.D., *Medical Reports on the Effects of Cold and Warm, Water as a Remedy in Fever and Other Diseases*, Vol. I, pp. 1-4. London: Printed for T. Cadell and Davis, 1805.)

Not why did Dr. Wright feel that he wanted to try this treatment on someone? Well, he was talking one time to a surgeon on a ship that stopped at Jamaica and he had told him a strange story.

On the ship where this surgeon worked, a terrible epidemic of typhus fever had broken out. All the bunks were full of sick people and soon there was no room below and the medicine had run out.

The sickest men were chosen to lie on the decks as they were not expected to live anyway. So there they lay in the fresh air and sunshine. As their poor bodies were so hot with fever, they begged their friends to throw buckets of seawater over them. The Doctor said to go ahead as it would probably help them to die sooner and so they would be out of their misery.

The results were surprising. While the patients in their bunks, who were carefully protected from the cold air and kept warm with blankets, grew worse; and many died, most of their fellow sufferers who were lying on the hard deck, not only exposed to the heat of the sun but soaked with sea water, recovered. Adapted from (Logan Clendenning, M.D., *Behind the Doctor*, pp. 296, 297. New York: The Garden City Publishing Company, 1933.)

Dr. Wright, after he heard this story remembered it and wanted to try it. He was afraid though of being charged with malpractice if he used such a method in his work.

Now that he had tried it on himself and on another patient with good results, -he felt free to recommend it to others, and in the summer of 1778 he wrote for a medical journal the story of the successful treatment of fever by means of throwing cold water over the patient. His article caught the eye and thoughtful attention of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, England, one of the staff physicians in the large hospital in that city.

Soon after this an epidemic of typhus fever raged in Liverpool, and many cases were brought to the hospital. Dr. Currie's associates were shocked and horrified when he prescribed the cold-water treatment for several, of the cases under his care. But their horror was changed to astonishment when they saw how well it worked; for all recovered, but the people treated the usual way with the poisonous drugs mostly died.

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After further study of the matter and after experiments with ways of applying water to the sick, Dr. Currie brought out in 1797 a book about it. Many people read the book but even though people were interested, few wanted to try it and it was soon forgotten.

Many years later, interest in water treatments started again as news of wonderful cures done by an Austrian peasant through the use of cold water became known. Again it was an "accident" that caused the rediscovery of the curative powers of water. I believe that again God was seeking to bring relief to the suffering millions through a simple use of something that all could afford.

Vincent Priessnitz (1799-1851), a boy of thirteen years living in Graefenberg, Austria, one day sprained his wrist. With his good hand he worked a pump and kept a stream of water running over the injured part. This eased the pain. When he became tired of pumping, he used wet cloths dipped into cold water.

Soon after this he crushed his thumb while working in the woods, and again found relief by the use of cold compresses. The report of these minor injuries, and of their relief using cold water, would not have gone very far, but a far more serious accident occurred soon after.

Young Priessnitz was sixteen years old and he was driving pair of horses with a load of hay down a steep mountain road. The animals became frightened and began to run. The young man tried to stop them by holding the reins, but he was knocked down, kicked by the horse, and run over by the heavy wagon.

When he was picked up, it was found that he had lost three teeth and, in addition to many wounds and bruises, had broken ribs. A surgeon painfully probed the wounds, put bandages around his chest, and left, declaring that the wounds were incurable and he would die.

Priessnitz tore off the bandages and applied cold cloths until the swelling was gone and the pain was eased. By pressing his abdomen against the windowsills and filling his lungs, he set the broken ribs, kept using the cold treatment, and soon was completely well. (From Joel Shew, M.D., *The Water Cure Manual*, pp. 266-277. New York: Fowler and Wells, 1852.)

Instead of being carried to the fields, he lived to write his name deep in water. Uneducated, he did not know what Hippocrates had written about hydrotherapy in the years past, but gifted with wisdom and first-class organizing ability, Priessnitz started a hydropathic (water treatment) institute at Graefenberg, which was soon crowded with health seekers from all parts of the world.

In time many famous doctors came there to learn from the untutored Priessnitz such practical thermotherapeutic procedures as the douche, the plunge, the dripping sheet, the dry blanket pack, the wet sheet pack, the foot bath, the sitz bath, the warm bath,

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and much else that was not written in books." Victor Robinson, M.D., *The Story of Medicine*, p. 394. New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1931.

Of course many of the doctors, who were jealous of his success, tried to stop Priessnitz and he was often brought before the courts and charged with practicing medicine without qualifications or government license; but the people loved and appreciated his work, and the judges freed him upon his defense that he used no other means than pure water.

But though many bitterly opposed them, the water treatments helped many people. Soon other 'Water Cure' clinics were set up in Europe, Britain and the United States. Books were written and journals started telling of the wonderful cures from these water treatments. In the Library of Congress at Washington, D.C. There are more than sixty books about the water treatments written between 1843-1863 by authors from many countries.

In the USA a man named James C. Jackson (1811-1895), of New York State, was among the pioneers in the United States who lost faith in drugs and stopped using them in medical practice. After practicing twenty years as a physician, he wrote:

"In my entire practice I have never given a dose of medicine... I have used in the treatment of my patients the following substances or instrumentalities: first, air; second, food; third, water; fourth, sunlight; fifth, dress; sixth, exercise; seventh, sleep; eighth, rest; ninth, social influences; tenth mental and moral forces."-James C. Jackson, M.D., *How to Treat the Sick Without Medicine*, pp. 25, 26. New York Fowler and Wells, 1868.
Dr. Jackson at Dansville, New York

In 1858 Dr. Jackson took over a water cure center in Dansville New York. This he enlarged into an institution for the rational care of the sick, where he might treat them in harmony with these principles. Because of its location, it was named "Our Home on the Hillside." woman physician, Dr. Harriet Austin, an adopted daughter was associated with him in the institution and in the editorial work on a monthly magazine, *The Laws of Life*. Dr. Jackson wrote a number of books, besides pamphlets and tracts, and lectured in many places. It is probable that he, more than any other single individual, exercised a widespread influence in behalf of early hygienic reform in the United States.

Dr. R. T. Trall (1812-1877) was another physician who entirely discontinued the use of drugs in his practice.

The idea of treating the sick by the use of natural methods, water treatments and living by the 'Laws of Health' gradually became accepted more and more by thinking people and it was shown that drug medicine is not the only answer or the best answer for good health that is lasting.

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When Ellen White was given the vision on Health Reform in 1863, God provided much knowledge for His people and it was made very clear that the only treatments that God approves for treating disease are the use of simple and natural methods and learning to obey the Laws of Health He has placed in our bodies.

It is very sad today that so many have decided that drugs were only bad back then but now because we have so much fancier drugs, they are OK. This is not so. Our drugs are just as poisonous and some even more poisonous than anything they had back then! Everyone knows that if you eat a bottle of any kind of 'pills' that you well may die. If they were not poisonous they could not kill you, right?

Good health does not come in a bottle! It never did and it never will. Real good health only comes by learning to live according to God's laws of health and disobeying them is breaking the commandments of God!

All too many think you can eat whatever you 'like' and do whatever you please with the body lent to you by God, and then if you get sick you just run to the doctor and get some pills and go right back and do wrong again. If we do not care enough to obey God and respect the body He has lent to us here—we will never be given a heavenly body to wreck.

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How To Live

Whatever you think, never think what you feel
You would blush, in the presence of God, to reveal;
Whatever you speak, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.

Whatever you read though the page may allure,
Read nothing of which you are perfectly sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look
If God should say solemnly, "Show me that book."

Whatever you write, though in haste or in heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read;
Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees
Sing nothing His listening ear would displease.

Whenever you go, never go where you fear
Lest the great God should ask you, "How camest thou here?"
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing
If God should look down and say, "What are you doing?"

Whatever you wear, can you be very sure
That the feelings it quickens are blameless and pure?
Would your face be unblushing and conscience be clear
Should your wardrobe be opened and Jesus appear?

When you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight,
To be kept from all wrong when at home or abroad,
Live always as under the eyes of the Lord.



Kissing the Serpent

There is a story Elder Ferrell tells in his article about the 'Master Number'. It tells of a strange practice observed among the serpent-worshippers of India.

"Murl Vance mentioned an old motion picture film that was issued, I believe, in the 1930s. I recall having seen it as a boy. It was called "Wheels Across Asia," and was something of an epic travelogue through Africa and then across the Near East and India. This film was not like the slicks that followed it in the 1940s and beyond. It showed paganism in all its reality. Murl's special interest lay in the scene in India of a woman kneeling before a coiled hooded cobra. She was intent on performing a great act in Hinduism. The snake was equally intent on biting her, and as, without uncoiling, his head would dart forward, she would as instantly move back with her head and trunk. Flecks and streaks of cobra venom could be seen staining her clothing. Then came that special moment; in an instant she darted her head forward and kissed the serpent."

Who on earth would be so foolish as to want to kiss a deadly cobra? Most people have a natural distrust and fear of serpents, especially the poisonous kind. But there are some who seem to have a great attraction to them.

I recall a true story about such a person told in a book called "Eagle in my Bathtub" by J. Mannix. They worked with all kinds of animals and birds mostly for the movies, and they met a sweet little lady that had the most amazing collection of reptiles they had ever seen. She really seemed to have an affinity for them. Some even seemed to respond to her love and would come when called.

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She had not only harmless snakes, but some of the most deadly, including a pair of large King Cobras. She worked with these serpents even handling them, they would strike at her but she was expert at quickly snatching her hand out of range or meeting the strike with a flat palm. The cobra has a rather small mouth and no long fangs like a rattler. They have to grab something and chew for the venom to enter the prey. So the flat palm gave them no grip.

This lady spoke lovingly of her cobras, but it was clear that they did not share this love as they would strike at her. Clearly their intention was to kill her. This never seemed to concern her though, and she continued to lavish her affection on these and others of the deadly serpents in her collection.

She had a tremendous knowledge of reptiles, clearly, at the time the Mannix's met her, there was no one on earth that understood reptile ways better than this little woman who loved serpents. But one day, the inevitable happened.

She was being filmed with some of her strange 'pets', and of course this included the magnificent King Cobras. Whether she was slightly distracted by the filming process, or had grown careless from long years of working with the huge snakes, no one knows. But suddenly one of the cobras darted forward, she met the strike with the palm BUT was just a shade off; the deadly beast fastened to the loose skin between her thumb and hand.

Quickly but gently she detached him and returned him to his container. She rushed to her anti-venom supplies, only to find the cobra antitoxin dried up and useless, the emergency kit had never been used and was ancient. She was so sure of herself that she never bothered to keep the kit up to date.

I can't recall from the story if she was taken to hospital or not, but she knew it was a vain hope as no hospital nearby would stock cobra antitoxin and the poison would kill in a very short time. The lady perished of that bite. The world's most knowledgeable person on cobras, died from the bite of her pet.

What about our devil worshipper in the first story? We know nothing about her, but we can easily see that if she kept up this practice, one day as she aged, or was in some way distracted, the cobra would succeed, and fasten to her face. She would die in minutes.

Why would a person play with a deadly serpent? There is a certain pride in taking risks, there is an exhilarating feeling that comes with doing something others are afraid to do. But there is another serpent that people seem to love to kiss. Just as deadly and just as hateful, they convince themselves it is a good pet to have around. Having it and using it makes them feel sophisticated. They think it is a sign of the 'better life', a symbol of being rich and affluent. The Bible tells us about this serpent.

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“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, ... At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” Proverbs 23:31,32

Yes, all too many kiss the deadly serpent of ALCOHOL and think it is beautiful and will never hurt them. They think that although other people may find their lives ruined, their bodies and minds damaged and destroyed, their family brought to sorrow and despair; this would never happen to them.

They are the experts, they can have the serpent in their home and kiss it regularly and yet they will not go to excess, they will not suffer harm from it. It gives them a prestige to play with the serpent and they would not want to be the one to say to friends, “No WAY! I will not play around with this harmful and deadly stuff!!” Of course not, they might be laughed at or considered ‘straight-laced’ or peculiar.

Friends, Alcohol is one of the biggest lies of the devil. We hear a lot about the ‘drug scene’, but it is no longer fashionable to tell the truth that ALCOHOL is the King Cobra of drugs and year after year wrecks more lives and damages more bodies than any other substance.

I am going to give you a few facts here that you may not realize. When in training for RN, I had the privilege of having a few lectures by the Chief of staff of Psychiatry in the hospital where I trained, who was very knowledgeable in the effects and addiction of alcohol. Here are a few things I learned from him and also facts that have been demonstrated by medical studies.

So many lies are told about Alcohol, and most people think that alcohol is just fine as long as you don’t drink it too often or enough to get drunk. (By the way, I have never met any drunken person who would not tell you he had only had a couple drinks. The fact of drinking too much is something almost no-body will admit.)

The reality is that even one drink containing alcohol has noticeable and measurable effects on the circulation, brain and nervous system. These effects do not just go away in a couple hours. Here is a medical test that was done. A group of non-drinking young people was divided, and part was given one beer to drink in the evening, the others were not given any alcohol.

The next day, a medical expert examined each of the people, without knowing who had the alcohol and who did not. Invariably he could pick out each person who had been given the one beer the night before. Effects were still visible the next day. He used the eyes to examine, but the effects would have been found other places as well. So you see, even a person that does not drink, and is given one drink, will have effects from that drink. How did he spot this? The tiny capillaries of the eye would show groups of red cells sticking together and blocking the capillaries. Alcohol, even in a small amount makes red blood cells sticky. Bloodshot eyes? Yes, but the same effect is also in the brain.

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Now if a sticky mass of cells goes into a blood vessel where blood cells can only pass one by one, it gets stuck there. What happens to the cell at the other end of that vessel that needs the oxygen these cells are bringing? Well, it is damaged and even killed. When this happens in the brain, it is especially bad, because these cells are not replaced like those in most other parts of the body.

Now it has also been shown that if a person is in the habit of taking a drink each evening quite often or regularly, he is actually a type of alcoholic. His body will show signs of damage in many places and if he wants to quit, he will find withdrawal symptoms. In addition to that, it will take many months before all traces of alcohol and its effects are out of his body. An established alcohol dependant person takes more than a year to clear it from the system.

People think they can go out and party and get roaring drunk, then the next day, they are sober and off they go to work. This is another BIG lie, even for the person who only does this occasionally, it will be weeks before all effects of the alcohol are gone, and the brain cells killed by that 'party' are gone forever. What effect does this have on society? LOTS! Many accidents are caused by people who think they are sober when they are not.

Here is another way in which alcohol is cruel to your body. Your body requires a LOT of water to run its functions and clean itself; also your brain runs partly on hydroelectric energy it makes by running water through special tissues. If you are average sized man, you need about 2 quarts a day, just for your body to manage.

So you feel thirsty and instead of giving your poor body the good pure water it needs to do its work and keep you healthy, you give it something with alcohol in it. This is stupid and really is cruelty to your body. What little water the body can get from this, has to be used to try and flush out the poisonous alcohol and the body is left parched and having to do all kinds of extra work just to keep you alive.

A man, that once worked in a hot factory with my father, went home on a hot day and drank, instead of water, an alcoholic drink in large amounts. His body just quit on him and he died on the spot; victim of his own ignorance and stupidity. It is so much better to properly care for your body, and say "NO" to anything that is even a little harmful! People will make fun? Perhaps so, but if you are wise and they are foolish like that, you will have the last laugh. No friends, kissing the serpent for whatever reason, is not smart, it is not sophisticated, it does not make you distinguished. It will make you extinguished sooner or later and every sip, gives permanent damage to the wonderful body God gave you to care for. =^..^=