



Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXVI.—REVIEW CONTINUED.

1. What poisonous weed have you learned something about?
Tobacco, which is smoked or chewed by great numbers of people.

2. Is it really a poison?

Yes, indeed; a very little will kill a small animal; and it always makes a person who is unused to it very ill.

3. How, then, do people come to enjoy it?
The body gradually becomes used to the effects of the tobacco, and ceases to struggle against it.

4. What is there in tobacco that gives pleasure?

It puts the nerves to sleep, so that they do not tell the brain of the disagreeable feelings there may be in some other part of the body; and the stupid brain fancies the body is all right and comfortable.

5. Is not that a good thing?

No, indeed. Pain is intended to warn us of danger, and show us the need to do something to cure the suffering part.

6. What does tobacco do to children?

It stunts their growth, makes them weak, and brings on a great many diseases.

7. How are boys most likely to use tobacco?

Either for smoking or chewing.

8. What harm does it do to chew tobacco?
It injures the teeth, uses up the saliva which should be saved for the digestion of the food, and so prevents the food's proper change into pure blood.

9. And what next?

Some of the poisonous juice of the tobacco is sure to be swallowed. Then it irritates the delicate surface of the stomach, often producing sores. It poisons the stomach's precious juices which are necessary to digest the food, and so poisons the blood into which the food is made.

10. And what then?

Then the poison is carried by the blood to all parts of the body, producing disease everywhere.

11. How does smoking injure the body?

The poison of the tobacco is inhaled by the lungs and carried all over the body.

12. What is the worst thing a boy can smoke?

Cigarettes. In them the poison is shut in by the paper covering, and not allowed to escape as much as it does in a cigar. Besides the burning of the paper heats and injures the mouth and throat.

13. What else is there in cigarettes that does harm?

The cigarette is usually made of ends and bits of tobacco; often of partly consumed cigars, filthy and dangerous. And opium is used in them which is full of danger.

14. What do you know of the effects of cigarette smoking?

It often produces insanity, and sometimes death. A great many cases of boys having been killed by cigarettes are known.

15. What is it best to do about tobacco?

To let it wholly and always alone.

Hints to Teachers.

With this mere outline of a review it will be easy to round out a most interesting and helpful lesson. Facts and conclusions may be multiplied indefinitely.

Wanted a Coachman.

DIALOGUE FOR FOUR OLDER BOYS AND ONE YOUNG GIRL.

CHARACTERS

Dr. Cureall, Mary, his servant, John, Pat, and Dick.

Dr. C. (sitting reading a newspaper).—Ah! I see my advertisement is in. I hope I shall meet with a decent man this time. For I'm

getting tired of having a man who drinks. (Rings a bell.) I must tell Mary what to do while I run across to see my patient.

(Enter Mary.)

Dr. C.—I ought to have told you before this, Mary, that I have advertised in our morning paper for another coachman in place of Thomas, whom I have to discharge for getting drunk. Mind, I have told them to be here from five minutes to nine to nine, and be sure, on no account, to let no one see me who comes after the clock has struck nine. I must have a punctual man.

Mary.—I will be sure to attend to your wishes, sir; and I hope this time you will be able to get a steady one to suit you.

Dr. C.—I intend to try my best to do so, and hope that I shall be able to meet with the right man. (Going out.) I shan't be long, Mary. If any one calls, tell them I have just run across the road on business.

(Exit.)

Mary.—And I hope you will succeed, for I'm sick and tired of having a tippling coachman about the place. My word, if I had my will I'd make a law compelling all of them to be abstainers; for its certain they can never be too sober to drive such splendid horses like the doctor keeps. But I'll just put this room a bit straight (begins to arrange chairs, etc.) so that we may get the thing over as soon as possible. (A knock is heard.) Ah! there's number one, I suppose.

(Goes to door.)

John.—Is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes.

John.—Then, please, I've called about that coachman's place that's advertised in today's paper.

Mary.—Then, walk in; he will be here in a few minutes. You can sit down a minute.

John (taking a seat).—I'm the first on the ground, I suppose?

Mary.—Yes, it appears so. (A knock is heard.) But not much before somebody else, I fancy. (Goes to the door.) This is number two.

Pat.—Sure, my honey, is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes, what's your business?

Pat.—Business, indeed, and isn't it to have the honor of drivin' your master's blessed self every day wherever he might want to go?

Mary.—Then you had better come in and sit down, and not make yourself quite so free with your betters, or perhaps you will get into trouble.

(Enter Pat.)

Pat (to John).—And are you in search of the coachman's place, too?

John.—Yes, and with a good character, which will beat you any day, I know.

Pat.—Character! And a mighty fine character a man wants to drive horses. What's that got to do with handling a whip, and pulling the bits of leather tight at the proper time?

John.—We shall see, I expect, when the master comes. (A knock is heard. Mary goes to the door.)

Dick.—Please, miss, is this Dr. Cureall's?

Mary.—Yes, will you walk in. (Aside.) What a well-behaved and nice-spoken young man! He called me miss; now that's what I call manners!

Dick.—Will the doctor be long before he is in? If so I will call again.

Mary.—No; I expect him the moment the clock strikes nine. He's a very punctual man, and likes to have punctual people about him also.

Pat.—Punctual, is it? Then I'm sure soon to get into hot water for being unpunctual if he engages me for I'm always getting behind.

John.—I hate a man for being so particular. What difference can a few minutes make?

(A clock strikes nine.)

Mary.—There, time's up. No more will be allowed to come in, whoever it is; that's my orders.

(Enter Dr. Cureall.)

Dr. C.—Oh! I see I've plenty of choice this time. But before I start my inquiries will you let me say that I only want one coachman, so I cannot hold out any hope to two of you.

Pat.—Shure, your honor, you'll take pity on me. I'll do anything to deserve your respect and merit your confidence in me in everything.

John.—And so will I, sir, if you will only give me the chance. You may rely upon me, at any moment to be at the door when wanted.

Dick.—I've two things to call your attention to, sir, which I will promise to provide to the best of my powers. They are ability and sobriety.

Dr. C.—It appears that you have all promised some good qualities, but it strikes me that if I am to act fairly to each of you, I ought to give you all an equal chance of getting the place.

Pat.—That's fair, your honor.

John.—Certainly; we can't object to that.

Dick.—I shouldn't wish to object to such a reasonable proposal.

Dr. C.—Well, supposing your characters are all equally good—and I will take that for granted to save time—let me ask you (looking at John): suppose you had to drive me once a week from here to (name a town a few miles off), and we had to go down that steep hill, on the side of which there is a very deep stone-quarry, out of which they have taken all the stone, how near do you think you could drive the coach to the edge of that quarry without running the risk of driving over, and so smashing the coach, killing the horses, and perhaps killing yourself and me, too. Mind you, I say how near could you go, for I have to go that road every week, and, therefore, I must have a very plain answer.

John.—Oh! I could manage it within a foot, sir, I've been used to dashing away.

Dr. C.—And how near do you think you could manage it? (looking at Pat.)

Pat.—Shure, your honor, I could do it nearer than that, especially if I had a drop of the crather to start with. I could do it within an inch. I am noted for being clever at cutting it fine.

Dr. C.—And how near could you manage to go? (looking at Dick.)

Dick.—Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I should never try to see how near I could get to the edge, but I should make it a rule to see how far I could keep away; for if I did so I should be sure of not running the risk of tipping any of us over at any time.

Dr. C.—You are the coachman for me, Dick, for the man who never runs needlessly into danger is more likely, if overtaken by a special temptation, to be equally able to face it with a prospect of overcoming it. I have no confidence in the man who cuts it so fine, or can go within a foot. Keep as far away from risk as you can is my motto, and then you will be free from danger.

Pat.—Then you won't engage me?

Dr. C.—Not at any price; you might cut it too fine, and land me in the quarry.

John.—Nor me?

Dr. C.—No; you might dash over the edge and smash us all to pieces.

Dick.—Then I may take it for granted that I am the successful man?

Dr. C.—Just so; because I also hear you say that you had ability and sobriety; and, besides, you would keep as far away from the edge as possible. If you do this it will be next to impossible for us to be in danger of going over the edge of that quarry, however quick you may have to drive, or spirited the horses may be. You are the coachman for me.

(Pat and John retire, gesticulating, first, and then all exeunt.)

—'National Temperance Society Leaflet.'

A Young Slave.

What do you think of a boy less than fourteen years old who is so firmly bound by a bad habit that he cannot give it up? Is he not to be pitied? We fear there are many in his condition, bound to such a little mean thing as a cigarette. The boy we have in mind when asked to sign an anti-tobacco pledge said he had tried to give up using cigarettes because he knew they were killing him but he could not break the habit. Said he: 'I stood it for three weeks, but I almost died, and so I gave up trying.'

Boys, we beg of you, don't touch a cigarette or tobacco of any kind.

Protection.

Protection for what?—For copper and steel; Protection for wool, for beef and for veal; Protection for yarn, for dry-goods and toys; Protection for mules, but none for the boys.

Protection for tin, for hairpins and wax; Protection for iron, for toothpicks and tacks; Protection for gum, for brushes and combs; Protection for lace, but none for the homes. —'Southern Temperance Magazine.'