

## Selections.

## A CALL TO ARMS.

O ye who venture on this grand crusade  
Against our nation's most accursed  
foe,  
Bold Knights of Temperance, on to  
battle go!  
God aids your cause against the shame-  
ful trade  
That casts on all our land its deadly  
shade.  
Oh! lose not heart. Your progress  
may be slow,  
But sure the conquest. Ye shall  
overthrow  
This demon that hath such destruction  
made.  
Stand on your armour! Let your faith be  
strong!  
Worthy the cause of all your sacrifice—  
Rise at the call divine! the angels  
cheer  
Your venture. God is with you;  
persevere!  
The fight grows fiercer, and it may be  
long,  
But yours the triumph if ye pay the  
price.

—Alliance News.

## PROHIBITION GUNS.

BY R. K. BLIGHT.

List, the Prohibition guns!  
A deep reverberation from their frown-  
ing muzzles comes  
Like the roll of distant thunder, a ring  
of the coming storm,  
Like the cry of some avenger on the  
wings of midnight borne.  
Oh, saloonist, take ye heed, for your  
reign of crime and greed  
soon will end, and retribution, swift and  
dreadful, be your meed:  
Justice stands behind the Prohibi-  
tion guns.  
Oh, the guns, snow-white guns!  
When you mark a Christian ballot you  
are touching off the guns;  
When you drop it in the ballot box  
just see how "Rummy" runs:  
Hurrah for the Prohibition guns!

List, the Prohibition guns!  
Beneath their startling menace there are  
sweeter undertones,  
For they sing a song whose harmonies  
resound from vaulted skies,  
And the weary captives, hearing, from  
the bondage try to rise,  
For it fills their hearts with hope; and  
that lowering cannon smoke  
Is an earnest of that moment when  
their shackles will be broke:  
Freedom stands behind the Prohibi-  
tion guns.

List, the Prohibition guns!  
Their echoes sound 'Tis Deum in a million  
darkened homes,  
And women's hearts, unused to song,  
take up a joyful strain,  
And little children stop their play to  
join the glad refrain;  
And the burden of their song, that  
they sing the whole day long:  
"Oh, praise the Christ, the day has  
come that ends the drink fiend's  
wrong,  
For chivalry is with those booming  
guns."

List, the Prohibition guns!  
The coward politician from his ill-got  
plunder runs,  
And Corruption, once so blatant, seeks a  
covert place to die,  
And the bosses scan the distant zones  
and long afar to fly.  
Oh, corruptionist, beware, for your  
doom is sounded there,  
For those guns will surely drive you  
from your foul and loathsome lair;  
Manhood stands behind the Pro-  
hibition guns.

List, the Prohibition guns!  
To you a solemn message in their deep,  
deep booming comes,  
And you cannot be neglectful or indiffer-  
ent to its tone,  
For it thunders from the presence of  
Jehovah awful throne:  
"Men are ye No longer stand as an  
idle, coward band

In the name of Christ go forward, and  
at Justice's stern command,  
Take your place behind the Pro-  
hibition guns."

Oh, the guns, snow-white guns!  
When you mark a Christian ballot you  
are touching off the guns;  
When you drop it in the ballot-box  
just see how "Rummy" runs:  
Hurrah for the Prohibition guns:  
—The New Voice.

## WHOM JACK'S FATHER VOTED FOR.

BY JOHN F. COWAN.

There was to be an election the next  
day on the saloon question. For a long  
time there had been no liquor sold  
openly in the town, and it was the hope  
of many of the good people living there  
that they would always be able to keep  
it free from the curse of an open saloon.  
They wanted to bring up their children  
without having the example of drunken  
men reeling down their streets before  
their eyes.

But some men who were so greedy for  
money that they were willing to come  
and rob the women and children of the  
town of it by taking the wages of the  
husbands and fathers for that which  
would make them fools and brutes, were  
trying to get a vote which would permit  
them to set up a saloon in Rushton.

They had sent their agents around to  
talk with the voters, telling them how  
much revenue the town would derive  
from the saloons, how much business  
the whisky traffic would bring in, and  
how much more wide awake and up-to-  
date it would be with a saloon; and the  
arguments of reduced taxes, and of side-  
walks, street-lamps and other improve-  
ments which they would be able to make  
out of the revenue from the saloons  
was beginning to tell on some of the  
men, among them, Jack's father.

"Pshaw!" he said carelessly, as he  
flung down his dinner-bucket on return-  
ing home that evening, "it's a pity that  
a town like this should be run by a lot  
of women and preachers! I say, let the  
men run it, and let the men have the  
liberty to drink or not drink as they  
please, and let's have the revenue from  
the saloons that the other towns have,  
and be somebody."

"Does that mean that you're going to  
vote for license to-morrow?" asked his  
wife.

"It means that I'm going to do as I  
please. I'm a man, and I'm not going to  
be domineered over by a lot of things in  
petticoats," he exclaimed, ill-naturedly.

Mrs. Camden belonged to the Woman's  
Christian Temperance Union, which was  
one of the most active agents in making  
the fight against the admission of the  
saloon.

Next morning when the polls were  
open and the voting began, the brave  
women of the town met in the church  
and submitted the matter to God, re-  
solved to do everything they could in  
their homes and at the polls to influence  
their husbands and brothers to vote  
aright.

All day long they kept their prayer-  
meeting going, and received their re-  
ports from the polling places. Toward  
the middle of the afternoon, some of  
them began to lose faith and become  
discouraged. The reports were that the  
election was going against them: that  
when the working men came out of the  
shops at half-past five, as they were to  
be permitted to vote, the majority would  
vote for license and thus settle the  
question.

The women were in despair until at  
last Miss Fenton, the superintendent of  
the Loyal Temperance Legion, said, "I  
have a scheme that I am going to try.  
Will you help me!"

They gladly consented, and she  
quickly handed around among them a  
number of squares of cardboard to be  
lettered like the one she held in her  
hand:

"VOTE FOR ME."

When they were done and strings  
attached to them, it was time for school  
to close, and the Legion was to meet in  
the church immediately after.

When the boys and girls came in, they  
saw something unusual in their leader's  
eye. Her face was tear-stained, but her  
look was bright and hopeful. She  
quickly explained the situation to them  
and asked for volunteers to wear about  
their necks to the polling places the  
placards which the other ladies had  
prepared.

There was a moment of hesitation.  
The children were timid about doing  
such a thing, but in an instant Jack  
Camden spoke up and said, "I'll wear  
one, Miss Fenton, and I'll go right down  
to the place where papa votes."

Gladly she tied the placard around his  
neck, and the example having been set,  
the other children followed like sheep.

When Jack Camden's father came  
from the workshop that evening to the  
voting place, he was fully persuaded "to  
be a man," as he said, and "protect his  
liberty," and vote for the licensing of  
the liquor traffic. He did not mean to  
drink himself. He intended to be a  
sober man, but he wanted other men to  
have a chance to do as they pleased.

The first thing that struck his eye as  
he walked up towards the ballot dis-  
tributers was a line of boys, marching  
down toward him, each one wearing  
around his neck a placard. Presently  
the line stopped and presented front  
face. Mr. Camden looked, and there  
was his own boy, a manly little fellow, in  
the lead.

"What's that you have on?" he said.  
"Read, it, please, papa," answered  
Jack.

And the man read:

"VOTE FOR ME"

In an instant the picture seemed to  
rise before him of his dear little boy  
grown to manhood. He saw him walk-  
ing down the street, with a proud manly  
step. He saw him passing one of the  
places which he was about to vote to  
license. Other young men gathered  
around him and enticed him to go within.  
It was late at night when he came out  
again. His clothing was disordered, his  
collar was burst open in front, his hat  
was missing, his hair was disheveled, his  
face was flushed and his step so unsteady  
that he had to be supported upon either  
side by his comrades. "They're going  
to take him home to his mother," he  
thought to himself, "in that beastly con-  
dition. It will send a death-bolt to her  
heart." He covered his face with his  
hands to shut out the picture. He  
opened his eyes and looked again. His  
boy stood there in all his boyish beauty,  
pleading with him to do as the placard  
asked.

"Yes, Jack," he said, dashing a tear  
from his eye, "that's just what I'm going  
to do. They may argue and coax all  
they please, I'm going to vote for you,  
and that's what every man in the crowd  
who is a man and a father will do, too."

And the placard turned the day, and  
Rushton was saved from the saloon,  
because the fathers who voted, voted for  
their boys, realizing perhaps, for the first  
time in their lives, their whole duty to  
them.—Union Signal.

## ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS IN DISEASE.

Aside from the scientific reasons which  
cause institutions to discontinue the ex-  
tensive use of alcohol as a medicine,  
there are many incidents connected with  
its use which should teach us that  
wherever possible it should be avoided  
in the sick room. That it is not a ben-  
eficial medicine, I am convinced from my  
personal observations of the treatment  
of disease in the Red Cross Hospital as  
well as from reading the reports of other  
institutions, in which alcohol is not given  
as a medicine or food.

While the scientific proofs of the ill  
effects of whisky, brandy, wine, etc., are  
convincing, there was a time when I had  
enough confidence in the efficacy of  
these stimulants to urge the patient to  
take it; and had it not been for my  
experience in this regard, I might never  
have urged the investigation which led  
to the abolishing of alcohol from the list  
of medicines used in the Red Cross  
Hospital.

The following story, distressing as it is,  
deserves that it should be made known  
as it occurred:

With the desire of establishing a  
hospital and training school for Red  
Cross sisters, I entered one of New York's  
foremost hospitals and training schools  
for nurses. In the last six months of  
my studies, while having charge of the  
children's ward, one of my patients, a  
boy of twelve years, had pneumonia.  
Among the medicines he received, was  
also an order for one-half ounce of  
whisky three times a day. Whisky or  
brandy, in larger or smaller doses, were  
the principal stimulants used then. It  
was not usual for a patient to refuse, but  
this boy decidedly objected to taking

alcoholic drinks. He did not like the  
odor, nor did he like the taste, and it  
was quite evident that he had never  
tasted whisky or brandy before. How-  
ever, after some urging he was persuaded  
to take it.

For several days in succession I had  
the same difficulty whenever the dose  
was due, until he finally became, as I  
then thought, a very good boy, and took  
the brandy as readily as he did the  
other medicines. His illness was of a  
rather long duration and the medicine  
was given for about three or four weeks.  
About the middle of the second week,  
the order was changed from whisky  
three times a day to twice a day, which  
was to be given mornings and evenings.  
When noon came and he did not get his  
dose as usual, he reminded me that I  
had forgotten his medicine. When told  
he was to have it only twice a day, I  
could see that he was disappointed.

Next day at noon he pretended to be  
very weak, with the expectation of  
getting the third dose, but it had not  
been ordered and of course he did not  
get it. It was evident the little man  
had learned to like his bad medicine  
very much. This continued for four  
weeks, during which time the dose of  
whisky was gradually decreased, and he  
was discharged as cured.

A few months after he had left the  
hospital, I met his mother, and naturally  
inquired about her boy. With tears in  
her eyes she told me how he made her  
buy brandy and whisky on the plea that  
he needed it to regain his strength.  
After a while he dropped the excuse of  
ill-health and simply demanded the  
money for drink.

If only all physicians could have seen  
that poor mother's careworn and tear-  
stained face! The memory of it was  
with me for days and weeks until finally  
the strong desire took possession of me  
to do away with alcohol in sickness if  
possible. I did not know whether it  
could be done, but I was determined to  
find out. I talked it over with the  
physicians with whom I was acquainted,  
but found very little sympathy or en-  
couragement for my cause. The one  
who was most positive that alcohol  
could not be dispensed with was Dr.  
Lesser. He had the better of the argu-  
ment, as I was not a physician, but I  
succeeded in interesting him sufficiently  
that he desired to prove to me that I  
was wrong.

I was ready to be convinced only by a  
fair test, and was willing to defray all  
expenses necessary to make the experi-  
ments and proper investigation. My  
greatest victory was when the investi-  
gators, all of whom were physicians,  
including Dr. Lesser, were obliged to  
acknowledge that they erred. Their  
energetic desire to prove to me that  
alcohol was beneficial and necessary in  
disease could not be verified by honest  
experiment. The deeper they went  
into the investigation, the greater was  
their scientific proof that alcohol was  
not only useless, but that it was even  
harmful in disease.

To describe the experiments would  
make far too lengthy an article. Suffice  
it to say that we then and there decided  
to unite our efforts in this work, and  
bring it before the medical profession  
and the public. The most effectual way  
of doing this was to establish a hospital  
which would be open to the medical  
profession as well as to the public. With  
our proofs we visited a number of  
physicians, who promised to join us, and  
together with a few friends we procured  
the necessary sum of money to establish  
ourselves in 1894, Mr. Wm. T. Wardwell  
having been the strongest supporter of  
the hospital.

The number of patients treated in  
this hospital since it was organized, up  
to last October, has been about twelve  
hundred. They have been of all classes  
and have suffered from all kinds of  
disease. Our mortality has never  
averaged higher than one per cent., and  
those were diseases for which science as  
yet knows no cure.

Before and during the recent Spanish-  
American war, we attended thousands of  
patients in Havana, and eight hundred  
and three patients during the Santiago  
campaign. Our results, even under the  
most unfavorable circumstances in the  
latter instance, were always the same as  
those in our hospital in this city.

Does it not appeal to every person  
interested in humanity that this method  
and the institution advocating it should  
exist?—B. S. Lesser, of Red Cross Hos-  
pital, New York, in Union Signal.