



Temperance Lessons from Life

Under the above caption the Pittsburgh 'Despatch' presents its readers with the following from Dr. Felix L. Oswald, author of 'Physical Education,' 'Remedies of Nature,' etc. It contains valuable hints for mothers, as to practicable methods of temperance teaching for their children, almost from their very infancy:

A grammar school prize winner, reeking with beer, has lost more than he has won. During the first five years of a child's intellectual existence temperance lessons could be inculcated in an absolutely indelible manner. Every mother of open-eyed boys could score that triumph of preparatory education. Begin early. Procure the requisites of an object lesson before tempters get a ghost of a chance to pervert the sanitary instincts of your child.

Place a slice of watermelon and 'Indian turnip' side by side. Bid the youngster nibble a piece of each.

'Now, which tastes best?'

'Oh, this melon. The other thing would burn the skin of my tongue before I could eat half of it.'

'Yes; and you know the reason? The one is wholesome, the other isn't. It would make you deadly sick to eat it, so nature wants to warn you in time. Could a warning in words be any plainer?'

'No, indeed; a fellow might be deaf and dumb and still tell that difference by the taste.'

'Good. Now look at these two little glasses. There's lemonade in the one and whiskey in the other; which do you think is the best?'

'I'm not sure.'

'Then let's make sure and find out what nature says about it. Try this lemonade. Good, is it? Don't be afraid, then; drink the whole of it, if you like. Now try the other—just one drop.'

'Oh, my tongue! Why, that's as bad as that turnip.'

'Yes, and do you know what that means? It's just as unhealthy. Your tongue just knows what it is about. It has been made to warn you in a way you cannot understand. Now do you what would happen if you drink whiskey?'

'It would make me sick.'

'Yes, indeed. It would sicken both your mind and your body. People call that "getting drunk," and if you were foolish enough to try it you would at last lose the ability to tell right from wrong, and begin to like the taste for whiskey. And I want you to keep your eyes open and watch how people act when they get drunk and see how they look after they have sickened themselves in that way often. If you see all that with your own eyes you will feel like thanking heaven on your knees every night that you have been warned in time and not lost your health. Now shall we promise each other to watch for such people?'

'Yes; please do.'

And keep that promise. Go blocks out of your way to get glimpses of drunken brawls. Don't be afraid to approach a gutter where a drunkard rolls helpless—kicked and jeered by a swarm of young hoodlums.

'Do you see that poor little boy crying? What can be the trouble, you wonder. Now listen. Do you hear the noise in that house? They are fighting. That's his father—got drunk and came home to smash the furniture and beat his poor little ones. There, what did I tell you. There comes the boy's sister, running for her life. Look at her poor face, beaten out of shape, and her little jacket torn into shreds. Maybe that's all she had to keep herself warm

this winter. Poor little things—tried to help their mother. Their drunken father is beating her because she won't let him take the children's shoes to sell them for liquor.'

Sights of that kind will cling to the memory for life and rise in fury at the mere whisper of temptation. No temperance treatises with reams of chemical demonstrations can match the stern realism of eyesight evidences.

In Herbert Spencer's list of useful sciences household hygiene ranks first, and its principles could be inculcated before the era of the 'three R's.'

A Reasonable Little Fellow

(Mrs. Frances A. De Graff, in the 'National Advocate.')

The following little story may help to answer the question rarely but sometimes asked: 'Does the teaching concerning the nature and effects of alcohol in connection with physiology and hygiene in our public schools lead the boys to become temperate men?'

In the year 1901 a boy in Montgomery County, about ten years of age, was riding with a gentleman who lives in the country near his home. After riding in silence a few moments, the gentleman said: 'I hear your uncle has gone into the saloon business in Amsterdam. Do you visit him and help him as you did when he lived out here on the farm?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, 'I don't go there at all.'

'Why, how is that? Does your father object to your going?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, 'my father does not object to my going. He goes and drinks now when he wants to.'

'Oh, I see,' said the gentleman, 'your mother does not want you to go.'

'You are mistaken; my mother does not prevent my going. She goes with my father and drinks sometimes.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, 'what is your reason for not going?'

'It is what I learned at school, sir. I learned there what alcohol is and how it injures the body, and I have made up my mind not to touch it, and I shall not go into a place where it is sold.'

How can we but exclaim all honor to the manly boy and all honor to the State that maintains and supports a law whereby scientific temperance instruction may be given in the public schools?

The Cigarette and the Coming Business Man

(Chas. H. Stowell, M.D., in the 'Epworth Herald.')

I give the following reasons for opposing the smoking of cigarettes by boys:

1. It lessens the natural appetite for food and injures digestion. The boy who smokes has a bad digestion and a poor appetite. Because of this interference with appetite and digestion, the food is not properly digested and assimilated, cellular activity is checked, and the growth and development of the body seriously interfered with by this early poisoning.

2. It seriously affects the nervous system. We often hear about the 'tobacco heart' of the adult. If tobacco is strong enough to affect the beating of the adult heart, how much stronger must be its effect on the heart of a young person, long before tissues have become fixed? The rush of blood to the head, the dizziness, the unsteady beating of the heart, the distressing dreams—all show how seriously is the nervous system affected. This effect on the nervous system is sufficient to produce the most marked changes in the mental activity. Recent statements from Yale College, Union College, and scores of other institutions, and hundreds of the most eminent teachers of the country, all testify to the fact that cigarette smoking interferes with scholarship. If it interferes with the scholarship of young men over twenty-one years of age, how much more

seriously must it interfere with the mental activities of those under this age!

3. It lowers the moral tone. Boys who would not tell a lie on any other matter, not for a fortune, our best and noble boys, do not seem to hesitate a moment to tell any kind of falsehood in order to keep from their parents the fact that they are smoking cigarettes. They hide the cigarettes. They smoke them away from home, they try in every way to conceal the truth. Indeed, they will do all manner of things in order to deceive those who are nearest and dearest to them.

4. It creates a craving for strong drink. The hot smoke from the cigarette tends to make the mouth and throat dry, and creates a peculiar sinking sensation in the stomach. Water may temporarily relieve this dryness, and may temporarily check the sinking sensation. But with the moral tone lowered and the mental power all weakened, the desire to yield to the first temptation is strengthened, because of the flimsy excuse that the boy must have something to wet his throat. And so it goes on, from bad to worse. In other words, the boy who smokes more easily accepts an invitation to a treat than one who does not smoke.

5. It is a filthy and offensive habit. No matter how stealthily the boy may do his work, sooner or later his clothing becomes saturated with the odor of tobacco. One of the most inexplicable things in this world is that a well-dressed, highly accomplished young lady will sit by the side of a young man in a carriage or street-car, or will walk by his side in the street, and submit to inhaling this most offensive odor—bad at all times, but of course increased a thousandfold when the smoking machine is in full operation.

A Philanthropic Firm

A glucose factory at Shady Side, N.J., has been trying to promote temperance among its employees by the canteen method. 'Our men,' argued the factory owners, 'must and will have strong drink. As it is, they go to the vicious saloons near the factory. There they waste time and their money. How much better it would be if we furnished them with pure liquors, at a low price, right on our premises.'

They tried it. They gave two glasses of beer for five cents, and a glass of whiskey for seven cents, with a sandwich thrown in for three cents.

The factory canteen did a rushing business. It is said that no bar in the history of New York City ever did such a business. The men spent all the money in their pockets, and then mortgaged their wages. They drank more at the canteen than they ever thought of drinking at the saloons. They spent so much time there that the foremen had to keep running to the canteen to get men enough to man the departments. After a week, the owners of the establishment decided that it must be either the factory or the canteen; it could not be both. That was the end of that experiment.—'C. E. World.'

The reformation of inebriates is very difficult and very rare. There is just one time to stop drinking intoxicants, and that is to stop before you begin. This is what I call the home side of the temperance question—the side to be taught at every table and at every fireside. The bottle lies deeper than the saloon. The home underlies church, commonwealth and society. The drink-demon never will be driven out by the policeman while parents give it house-room and pulpits keep silence.—Dr. Ingles.

Where, in any community, will you find the roughest specimens of humanity? In the saloon. There is where they most naturally congregate, so that the chances are nine out of ten, that, if you want to find any disreputable man, you will find him in the rum-shop. The saloon is not the place where you will look for the best, but for the worst, men in the village.—'Sunday School Times.'