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TEMPERANCE TALES

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Loyal Temperance Legion

CHRISTINE I. TINLING

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National Woman's Christian Temperance Union

Evanston, Illinois

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INTRODUCTION

Plato says, "We ought to esteem it of the greatest importance that the fictions which children first hear should be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue."

The ten stories gathered here, partly from history and partly from fiction, will be found to contain ten distinct lessons along temperance lines. The teacher will be able to bring out each lesson far better than can be done by the printed page, provided she has clearly in mind the one particular truth she wants to emphasize. All details should be made subservient to this. In every case the kernel thought is briefly suggested in a foot note.

It has been said that the child's mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain." If these ten truths are taught him from the beginning, in an attractive way, they will surely prove a safeguard in the times of temptation that are sure to come later.

CHRISTINE I. TINLING

PREFACE

That Miss Christine I. Tinling is an entertaining and profitable story-teller to children is at once apparent to the reader of these charming Temperance Tales.

Miss Tinling is one of the lecturers of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools and Colleges. Loyal Temperance Legion leaders to whom these delightful lesson stories are given by Miss Tinling will welcome them as a most important addition to the literature of this vital Branch of the National W. C. T. U.

ANNA A. GORDON.

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Illinois.

January 15, 1913.

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I

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL*

Once upon a time, according to an old tale, there was a boy named Balder. He lived far away across the sea and his father was the great god Odin. Balder was a very noble looking boy, more beautiful than anyone in all that country, and he was just as good as he was beautiful. Everybody loved him but, of course, his mother loved him best. Her name was Frygga, and she was often worried for fear something might happen to him. She felt if any harm came to Balder it would surely break her heart. One day a sudden thought entered her head and she resolved to travel all through the world and ask everybody and everything to be good and kind to her boy. So away she went. She visited all the gods and spoke to them about him and they each promised never to do him any harm.

She spoke also to every man and woman she met and they were all glad to promise too, for who could help loving Balder? When she came to a river she said, "O water, please promise you will never drown my boy!" and the water promised. Later on she saw a fire burning and she cried, "O fire, promise me you will never burn my boy!" and the fire promised too.

She talked to the trees of the forest and they were all kind to her, and even such things as gold and silver and iron were ready to promise, and the cruel diseases that kill so many people said they would certainly never attack the beautiful Balder. So Frygga went home feeling very happy and she told Odin, her husband, what she had done.

Odin was delighted and he said they must have a splendid festival on the plain to rejoice because their dear Balder was

* This lesson aims to show that there are many dangers round about us, and that some which we are apt to overlook, such as a cigaret or a glass of cider, may be the most serious of them all. Responsibility for others, too, may be dwelt upon, for Balder was killed through his brother's mistake.

now so safe. The gods came together and had a glorious time and many a game did they play that day. There was one game that was truly funny. They put Balder in the middle of a circle and then threw golden balls at him. But the gold had promised never to hurt him so the balls stopped short at his feet. Then the gods, just for fun, shot arrows at him, but they were made from the boughs of the oak tree and the oaks had promised too, so the arrows flew over his head and did not touch him. The gods had a great deal of fun that day and made plenty of noise.

Frygga was busy at home and she heard the sound and wondered what it was. Just then an old beggar woman came to her door and Frygga asked her if she knew what all the noise was about. The old woman told her, and then Frygga laughed because she understood perfectly well the reason why nothing would touch Balder. She said, "It is because I went through all the world and got everybody and everything to promise never to hurt my boy." "Everything? Are you quite sure?" asked the old beggar woman. "Yes, everything," Frygga answered. "Well," she added, "there was one thing I didn't ask, but it was so small it didn't matter." "What was that?" inquired the old woman. "It was only the mistletoe that grows in the oak by the gate of Valhalla," she said.

Now the old beggar woman was really a wicked witch and as soon as she left Frygga she scurried away to do all the mischief she could. There was a very naughty fellow called Loki in those parts. He was always doing harm to somebody, and he hated Balder. The beggar woman told Loki about the mistletoe and how it alone had not made the promise. Then Loki climbed up into the oak near the gate of Valhalla and gathered the mistletoe. He uttered some magic words and a strange thing happened. The crooked stalk of the mistletoe shot out into a long straight stick and Loki quickly made an arrow from it.

Then he hurried off to the place where the gods were playing their games. One was standing apart from the rest and taking no share in the merriment. It was Balder's twin brother, Hoder, and he was blind. Loki went to him and asked, "Why don't you join in the game?" and he answered, "Because I cannot see, and besides I have no weapon to play with." "I will lend you my

arrow," said Loki, "and will guide your hand so that you may shoot like the rest."

So Hoder took the arrow and Loki aimed it straight at Balder's heart. Whizz! Away it went through the air and its cruel point struck the beautiful boy and he fell dead. All the joy was turned into sorrow and all the laughter to tears. The mistletoe was the only thing that had not made the promise. It was so small and insignificant that Frygga had not thought it was worth while to bother about it. But it killed Balder.

That is, as I said before, a very old story, and people have loved to listen to it for hundreds of years, but of course you know it isn't all true. If we fall in the water we shall very likely be drowned; if we touch fire we shall be burned, and these things never make any promises not to hurt people. When there is scarlet fever about, or diphtheria in our town, we keep out of their way as best we can. There are many dangers that threaten us and we are careful to avoid them. Sometimes, though, we get into trouble because we just forget, or because we think there isn't much danger after all.

Frygga thought the mistletoe was too little to matter, but it killed Balder. He wasn't killed by a cruel beast or by a dreadful disease. He was killed by a plant.

There is a plant now-a-days that kills boys, but it isn't the mistletoe.

It is a tall plant; sometimes it grows as high as a man. It has long, handsome leaves and pretty pink flowers, but in the leaves there are tiny little sacks or bags which contain a poison. Strange to say, men cultivate this dangerous plant on purpose. They dry the leaves and roll them up carefully, and people put them in their mouths and some of the poison gets out of the tiny sacks into their bodies.

But because it only hurts them a little at a time, and because they grow more and more fond of this weed, they don't think much about the harm. It hurts boys more quickly and more seriously than it hurts men, because they are not so strong.

We are very careful to keep out of the way of fire. But this plant kills more boys than fire ever burns.

Mother doesn't let you go into dangerous places in the river

for fear you might get drowned. But this plant kills more boys than water ever drowns.

If there were small-pox in a house you certainly would not go inside the door for fear of catching it. But this plant kills far more boys in a year than small-pox.

I think you know that the name of the plant is Tobacco, and its poison is called Nicotine.

There is another plant which is very different from tobacco but is also a deadly enemy of man. It is so small that you can't see it unless you have a microscope. It is called the yeast plant and it floats about in the air. We cannot talk much about it now, but you have heard of it before. You remember that it grows very fast in sugary liquids like apple juice and grape juice and that it makes a poison which we call alcohol.

There is a great doctor in England named Professor Sims Woodhead. He teaches other doctors, so of course he is exceedingly learned. He says that if we could do away with alcohol, this poison that is made by the yeast plant, we should be able to shut up two hospitals out of every three. So many people are ill who might be quite well if only they did not use alcohol.

Let us then beware of these two plants, Tobacco and the Yeast Plant, and of their two poisons, Nicotine and Alcohol.

Who killed Balder? Why it was his own twin brother who shot the arrow that went to his heart. How dreadful that was! I am sure you would never want to hurt your brother or anybody else, and you would be shocked and grieved if you were to do so by mistake.

Remember that if you ever give another boy a cigaret you may be doing that very thing. Perhaps he may grow to like smoking and in the end it may hurt him or even kill him. Then it will be your fault and you will be like Hoder, who killed his brother by mistake.

Very often men give their friends a glass of whisky or beer. They think it is sociable and generous to "treat." It is really very unkind. Sometimes a man tries to keep away from strong drink, but when his chum begs him to have some, he does not like to refuse. Then it may kill him, and indeed a great many men are killed in just that way. Whose fault is it when this

happens? It is largely the friend's fault and he is doing just as bad a thing as Hoder did, although he means no harm at all.

Hoder never intended to do that dreadful deed. He was blind, you know; he could not see what he was doing. We have eyes in our minds as well as in our heads. When teacher explains something and we understand it, we say "I see."

We don't see it with the brown eyes or the blue eyes that look at the things around us. We see it with the other kind which we call the eyes of our mind.

I wonder whether the eyes of your mind are all right. Can you "see" the harm there is in strong drink and tobacco? If so, you will never touch either of them or offer them to anybody else. Instead of hurting other people as poor Hoder did by that sad mistake, you will help them in every way you can.

II

THE TWO B'S*

Once upon a time, in a country far away from here, a priest was walking along a lonely road and leading a pretty white lamb. Close by, in the shadow of the trees, three robbers were hiding, and they saw the lamb and thought they would like to have it for dinner. But they were afraid to rob a priest; they feared something dreadful might happen to them if they did. So they made a plan. They decided they would not rob him, they would only cheat him. One said to the others, "I will slip out and tell him his lamb is a dog, and you two do the same thing, one at a time, farther down the road."

I must tell you, children, that in that country the dogs are not like our dogs here in America. I love dogs, don't you? Have you one at home? They will love us back if we are kind to them, and they have so much sense it seems almost a pity they can't talk. But in that far-away country I am telling you about,

* This is a lesson on the nature of intoxicating drink, showing how good food may be changed into a poison. A knowledge of the nature of drink prepares for an understanding of its effects.

the dogs are different from ours; they are wild animals something like wolves. People don't like them at all, and a priest would not touch one if he could help it.

Well, the first robber jumped out from among the trees, and as he came up with the priest he said, "Good morning, father, why, what are you doing with a dog?" The priest was very much surprised and said, "Where are your eyes, man? Can't you see it is a lamb?" And he walked on. Presently robber number two came along, and said, "Fine day, father. Well, I never, if that isn't a dog you've got there!" The priest began to think he had lost his wits, and he rubbed his eyes and wondered if the man was right. But he walked on. Soon robber number three joined him, and said respectfully, "Your blessing, father. But dear me, I never did see a priest with a dog before." When the poor priest heard this the third time, he was quite sure he had lost his senses, and he ran home in a dreadful fright, and left the lamb in the road. The robbers soon killed it and ate it up. You see he lost his lamb because he was so foolish as to believe everything he was told, without trying to find out whether it was true.

It isn't safe to believe everything. I don't believe nearly all the things I hear and read. We ought to try and find things out for ourselves, and when we cannot do that we should ask somebody who knows. Here is something I read in the paper not long ago: "Beer makes brain and brawn." We all want brains, don't we? People can't get on in the world without brains, and if there is any food or drink that will make brains it must be a good thing to have, and we ought to get some. Lessons would come easier than they do to some of us if only we could find something that would make brains.

And then brawn—do you know what that is? It is muscle, good firm flesh. We need that both for work and play, don't we?

Many people believe that beer helps to make those two things, and so they drink it every day. But we are too sensible to believe it right away, just because some folks say so. We will find out for ourselves. First of all, who can tell me what beer is made of? You don't know? It is made from a grain that grows in the fields. Give me the names of some of the grains. Yes, wheat, and corn,

and oats, and barley, and rye, and more besides. Now which of these do they make beer from? They make it from the one that begins with the same letter as beer. What letter is that? B. Which grain begins with B? Barley; that's it. Beer is made from barley.

Another day I will tell you how they do it, but we haven't time now. Barley makes one very nice drink. It is called barley-water, and it is often given to sick people. Have you ever seen pearl barley—little round grains white and shiny? It is used in making soup.

In the old times they made barley-puddings. Did you ever hear about King Arthur and his barley-meal?

“When good King Arthur ruled the land
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag pudding.
A bag pudding the queen did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside,
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.”

I don't think he can have been very good, if he stole that barley-meal, do you? But perhaps they did not know any better in those days. Anyway they enjoyed the barley-pudding, and ate it up every bit.

Barley is very good for people. There is something in it that we all need. You will never guess what it is, so I must tell you. It is called starch. Yes, I know you are surprised. You did not think we ate starch, did you? When you feel very hungry you never run into the kitchen and say, “Oh, mother, give me some starch.” You say, “Mother, may I have a piece of pie”—or an apple, or some bread and preserves. But all the same we do eat a great deal of starch. There is starch in our

bread, and starch in our potatoes, and starch in rice, and in ever so many more things. And the starch in barley is what makes it a useful food.

I said just now that we ought to try and find things out for ourselves. We can't always do that, but it is nice to do it when we can. Here I have some things that you all know very well, but we are going to try and find out something more about them. What are they? Some bread, and a potato, and here in this little flask of water are some barley grains that I crushed to let the starch get out.

But what have I got here in this glass? It looks like red ink, doesn't it? But it isn't that. No, nor wine either. No, nor physic. It is something I got from the druggist's, and I have a very queer thing to tell you about it. If I were to dip my handkerchief in red ink, what color would it be? Red, of course. And if I spilled some red fruit juice on the table cloth, what color would the cloth be? Why, red, too. But here is the funny thing about this stuff. If I put into it any of these things that have starch in them they will turn not red, but blue. Now isn't that queer?

I want you to know exactly what I meant just now by finding out things for ourselves. If I dip something in this red fluid, and it turns blue, what shall I say? I shall say, "It contains starch." I shall have found that out for myself. And if it does not turn blue, what shall I say? I shall say, "It does not contain starch." That is what we call doing an experiment; it is finding something out for ourselves.

Now let us begin. Here is our slice of bread. We will dip it in the red stuff. One, two, three, and away! Why, dear me, in a second, before you could say Jack Robinson, it has turned such a dark, dark blue that it is nearly black. What shall we say about it? "It has a great deal of starch in it, good nourishing starch that our bodies need." Let us say it all together—"Bread contains starch."

Now for our potato. I will cut a thin slice of it. It won't soak so quickly as the bread, for it is not so soft and spongy. We will leave it in the glass a minute or two. Now we can

see it turning blue, slowly getting darker and darker. What shall we say about it? "The potato contains starch."

Next we come to our barley-water. I will pour a little of my red stuff into it. Why, the very minute it touches it, the barley-water gets blue. Such a pretty blue, too! I will swing the little flask round in the light and you can all see how pretty it is. Now once more, what shall we say? "Barley contains starch." That's right; and we found it out for ourselves. Wasn't that fine?

Well now, the brewer takes barley and makes beer with it. A great many people think that because the barley is good and nourishing, the beer made out of it is bound to be good and nourishing also. But that is where they make a mistake.

Let us test some beer just as we tested the bread and the potato and the barley. Here is some in this little glass. I will pour some of my red stuff into it. Here goes one spoonful. Is it turning blue? No. Another spoonful. Still no blue? No. Now, beer, you are on your trial; if you are good and nourishing like the barley you are made of, you ought to be turning blue. Still it doesn't turn, and, children, I might pour every drop of my stuff in, and it would never turn blue. Now what shall we say about it? "The beer does not contain starch."

The fact is, a great change happened to the barley when it was made into beer. The barley was good and wholesome for men and beasts, but the beer is not. Instead of the good starch there is a poison in beer, which I must tell you about another day. The brewer took the nourishment out of the barley and put poison there instead. Let us say that all together.

There is a little sugar in beer, and sugar is a good food. But it is spoiled by being mixed with the poison. When anybody buys a barrel of beer he buys a great deal of water, a little bit of sugar and some poison. He pays about twenty-five dollars for that. Yet he could get water out of the faucet for nothing, and sugar is very cheap, and it is foolish to buy poison anyway. Just think what heaps and heaps of things we could buy with twenty-five dollars. Doesn't it seem a pity to waste it like that?

[NOTE. *The teacher will require a piece of bread, a potato,*

some grains of barley crushed and boiled in a little water to dissolve the starch in them, a small quantity of iodine solution, prepared by adding a few fragments of iodine to some water in which potassium iodide has been dissolved. If she cannot procure beer, or prefers not to take it into the school room, she can explain in words that part of the experiment.]

III

ALCOHOL'S DRESSES*

One evening I drove up to a farm house where I was going to spend the night. The lady of the house came out to the buggy to meet me. She had on a calico dress, and her kind face peeped out of a big sunbonnet. She said I must sit down and eat some supper at once and then start off to a meeting in the church. As she was not ready she would come later on.

Well, we had the meeting, and as I looked over the congregation I saw a face that I thought I knew. It belonged to a lady who was dressed in black. I could not remember where I had seen her before, but I thought it was someone I had met long ago. I did not like to tell her that I had forgotten her name, so I just walked over to where she sat, and shook hands with her and said, "How do you do, I am glad to see you again."

Then she burst out laughing! And well she might, for she was the lady of the sunbonnet, whom I had left only a little while before. She looked such a different person in her Sunday-go-to-meeting dress and hat that I did not know her again. I felt very foolish when I learned my mistake, but she thought it was great fun.

Clothes are very deceiving things anyway. Thieves and burglars dress up in all sorts of clothes when they are trying to keep away from the police. They look like different people at different times, and so it is often hard to catch them. Indeed,

* "Alcohol's Dresses" is designed to put children on their guard concerning the various forms of intoxicating drink, and to show that though alcohol may appear in many guises it is always the same evil thing.

they don't only change their clothes, but frequently their hair, too; they will have a curly wig one day, and straight hair the next, a moustache today, and a beard tomorrow. They do all this so that people may not know them.

Once a certain Japanese man wanted to find out all about the American army. He was rich and powerful, but he could not learn all he wished to know. So he dressed up like a poor man and pretended to be a peddler, and he carried around a tray of notions and sold them to the soldiers. For a good while no one found out what he really was, and he was able to do his bad work as a spy unhindered. People were deceived by his poor clothes, and thought he wasn't a person of any consequence.

A great Englishman named Thomas Carlyle once wrote a book all about clothes, to teach people how foolish it is to look only at the outside of things. We must learn to think about what is inside. There may be very nice, good people inside of shabby clothes, and very ugly, bad people inside fine clothes.

We have learned a good many things lately about our enemy, Alcohol. One thing that you specially need to know and remember is that it has a great many different dresses. It does not look the same every time you see it. Some people can recognize it easily in some of its dresses, and know it is their foe, but when they see it in another dress they do not know it again, and think it is a friend. Of course, this brings them into trouble.

"Good Queen Bess," whom we read about in English history, had an immense number of fine gowns. When she died they found a thousand in her wardrobes. I can't think how she ever had time to wear them.

They say that Alcohol has as many dresses as Queen Bess had, and even more, but I don't know them nearly all. I know it has several red ones and yellow ones, and some brown ones, and at least one that is nearly black. Some are a common every-day kind and others are very expensive.

Whisky is Alcohol in a reddish-brown dress.

Sherry is Alcohol in a yellow dress.

Claret is Alcohol in a bright red dress.

Porter is Alcohol in a black dress.

Cider is Alcohol in a brown dress.

Champagne is Alcohol in an expensive party dress.

Beer is Alcohol in a cheap, every-day dress.

These things don't look at all alike, but they are all Alcohol dressed up in different ways.

There is a very good and wise man in New York called Dr. Josiah Strong. He told me once that when his mother was a little girl she dearly loved pretty clothes. I expect whenever she had a new dress she liked to look at herself in the mirror and see how fine she was. Generally she was a good little girl, but sometimes she was naughty as we all are now and then. Once when her mother had made her a nice new dress she said to her, "Don't forget there is still the same naughty little girl in the pretty new clothes."

Some of the dresses that Alcohol wears are quite pretty, especially the red ones. People like to have it at parties because it looks so bright and sparkling when it is poured out in elegant wine-glasses. But there is always the same bad, poisonous Alcohol there, however pretty the dress may be. The Bible says: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." So we must beware of it every time, and not only leave whisky alone, but be just as careful never to touch wine or beer or cider.

There is one other way in which Alcohol dresses up that we must not forget. Sometimes it pretends to be very good and helpful and calls itself Medicine. It says, "My name is Jamaica Ginger and I will cure your pain," or perhaps, "My name is Peruna and I make people well of all kinds of diseases." But it is really the same old rogue Alcohol again. When a person who is bad pretends to be extra good he is called a hypocrite. That is what Alcohol is, a great hypocrite. But it won't be able to deceive us because we have studied about it, and we know it doesn't matter what dress it may have on, it is always our deadly enemy.

IV

THE GOLDEN APPLES*

Long ago the children of the Greeks used to love to hear the tale that I am going to tell you now.

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful girl whose name was Atalanta. She was strong and agile as well as beautiful, and she could run faster than any of her girl friends and could even beat the boys. When she grew up she had many admirers among the young men and they all wanted to marry her. But Atalanta did not care to marry any of them; she thought she would much rather be a bachelor girl. Her suitors worried her so that she did not know what to do. At last she hit on a plan for getting rid of them.

She offered to run a race with each one, and promised to marry the first who should surpass her. She even gave the young men a start of several yards, for she was so sure that she could run faster than any of them.

Though she was beautiful and strong I must confess she was also rather cruel. She carried a dart in her hand and when she had won the race she killed the suitor every time. Yet still they came, for each one thought there was at least a chance of winning the lovely Atalanta. Many died by her dart, until at last appeared a young man named Hippomenes.

He realized the danger and went to the goddess Venus to ask for her help. She gave him three golden apples from the Garden of the Gods, and told him to drop them one by one as he ran.

The race began and Hippomenes was allowed a start like the rest. Soon, however, he heard Atalanta's swift footstep close behind him. He dropped one of the golden apples and sped forward as fast as his feet would carry him. Atalanta felt so sure of winning that she stooped down and picked up the apple. She lost ground but it was not very long before she had made

* The idea of this lesson is that even those who never go to "excess" are injured by the use of alcohol and tobacco. The race is lost by a very little. So it often is with the race of life. We can hardly insist too much on the fact that the smallest quantity of alcohol unfits for whatever we have to do.

it up again and Hippomenes saw she was gaining fast upon him. He dropped the second apple and Atalanta picked that up, too, saying to herself that she would make a spurt and soon catch up again. They were not very far from the goal when Hippomenes let the last precious apple fall. Atalanta knew this time that it would be risky to stop for it, but she could not bear to leave it there on the ground, that wonderful apple that came from the Garden of the Gods. So she took the risk, stooped and seized it, and then ran on faster than she had ever run in her life before.

But she failed. Hippomenes got there first. Atalanta was defeated and she had to marry him, according to her promise.

You see it was all her own fault that she lost the race. No accident happened to her; there was no bad luck about it. She failed because she let herself be hindered, just a little bit, by something that looked nice and tempting. It seemed such a little thing to stoop and pick up those apples. It was only a few seconds that she lost every time, only a few yards that she fell behind. But it meant losing the whole race.

Do you know that every one of us is in for a race? I don't mean a hundred yards race, or a mile race, but a much longer one than these. It lasts for years and years; in fact, all one's life. Grown-up people sometimes have to run very hard to win. Your father is in for this race, and so is the doctor, and the man who keeps the dry goods store, and everybody that you see day by day. Some people call it "the race of life," and some call it "competition." You will all have to run this race sooner or later, so I know you will want to learn in time how to win.

First, let me tell you what competition means. I expect there is some boy here who wants to be a doctor when he grows up. That is a very noble profession. Now it takes a great deal of hard work to prepare to be a doctor. Besides having your head full of learning, you need to have a very skillful hand and steady nerves. You need to be at your very best both in your body and your mind.

Even in a small town there are generally a good many physicians, and people can take their pick of them. If you were ill, or if someone you loved was ill, you would want the very best

doctor you could get, wouldn't you? The best doctor gets the most patients. They would all like to have a great many patients, but they don't all get them. Some succeed and others fail. Don't you see now that this is very much like a race, and if you want to win you must try hard?

It is just the same with the man who keeps a store. He wants to get all the customers he can, but then the man next door is trying to get customers, too. This is what we mean by competition.

Whatever you intend to be when you grow up, whether a "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor" or a "butcher, baker or candlestick maker," you will have to do your best or you will not get on in the world.

If you desire to win, remember this—"*Every bad habit is a hindrance in the race of life.*" There are two bad habits which cause thousands and thousands of people to fail, so if you wish to succeed you must be sure and keep clear of them. They are the habits of drinking and smoking.

Many boys fail in life from the very start because they smoke cigarets. Do you wonder how this can be, how such little things as cigarets can prevent a boy from getting on? It is true one cigaret won't kill you, and ten won't kill you, and you may even smoke many boxes of them and hardly know the difference. But every one hurts you a little, because it contains the poison nicotine, which attacks your nerves and your heart. When after a while you have made the habit of smoking it will seriously injure both your body and mind and will very likely cause you to lose the race. Remember Atalanta thought it was only a very little ground that she lost each time, but that little was enough to cause her defeat. The little cigaret causes many boys to fail every day.

There is a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo., who has charge of the street cars and he employs all the men and boys who work on them. He said a short time ago that he would never hire anyone who smoked cigarets because he was not fit to be a motorman. A motorman has to have all his wits about him; his brain must be alert and his nerves steady. If he is stupid or nervous some accident may happen, and the passengers may be hurt or even killed. So the superintendent would not hire cigaret

smokers because he felt it was not safe. All the cigaret smokers who came to his office door looking for a job had to go away again. Now, do you see how smoking makes people lose in the race of life?

The other habit that causes men to fail is the habit of using strong drink. The drinkers are not wanted because they cannot work so well as others, and they are more often sick and have to stay at home, and besides they cannot be trusted. There is a great big store in Chicago where five thousand people work, but no one can get a job there who drinks whisky or beer. They are shut out.

Did you ever count up to a million? I used to try after I was in bed at night, but I always got sleepy and stopped, and I never met anybody who had counted as high as that. But what do you think? There are two million positions in our country which the drinker can not get. Even if he is very clever and knows all about the work, he can't have one of those two million places. Why? Because the men who hire others and pay them wages want the best they can get, and they don't care to have those whose brains are poisoned by alcohol.

By using strong drink a smart man or boy often lets a slow one get ahead of him. The Bible says, "The race is not to the swift." That means that the quickest runners don't always win. I am sure you have heard of the hare and the tortoise, and how the slow tortoise won the race. Atalanta ought easily to have beaten Hippomenes, but she stopped for the apples while he kept on running. So a quick and clever boy who is handicapped by a bad habit often gets left behind by a slow and steady boy who leaves poisonous things alone.

Some people think there is no harm in one little glass of beer now and then. Just like Atalanta again, you see. But we have learned that little things matter a great deal, and we will not let ourselves be hindered by "just one glass."

The golden apples looked so tempting. No doubt that was why Atalanta risked everything to pick them up. We have to learn to say "No" to tempting things when we know that they are bad for us. To some boys the box of cigarets looks so nice, and to others a glass of cider seems very good. But we must

bravely say "No" every time if we wish to win the race of life. It may be hard at first but it will get easy after a while.

V

THE SOLDIER'S RESOLVE*

A few years ago there was a great war between Russia and Japan. Many brave men were killed and wounded. Two young officers in the Japanese army lay side by side in a hospital. One was wounded in one lung and the other in both lungs.

Each had the same kind care from doctors and nurses. They supposed that the one who was only slightly hurt would soon be well and his friend would have to stay much longer in the hospital. But a strange thing happened. The fellow who had two injuries got well first and went back to the army, and his chum was very slow in recovering. In fact, he was a whole month behind. He couldn't make it out at all so one day he asked the doctor about it. "Why am I still lying here in bed," he enquired, "when my friend is well and strong again? He was twice as badly hurt as I was."

"My dear boy," the doctor said, "he got well quickly because his blood was pure. When people have pure blood their wounds heal without delay. Your blood is not pure, for you have poisoned it with sake and tobacco." (Sake is the name of a strong drink which the Japanese use a great deal.)

When the officer heard this it set him thinking. He had nothing to do but think, lying there in bed all day, and I believe he did more thinking than he had ever done before. He wanted to have a good strong body that would be able to resist disease and recover quickly from all kinds of hurts. He had not known before that strong drink and tobacco are harmful to our blood. This was worth thinking about.

Japanese boys love their country very much. They try to

* We are now ready to show in a very elementary way how narcotics affect the human body. This is a lesson on the blood and teaches that the presence of alcohol and tobacco makes it easier to contract disease and harder to recover from it.

serve her faithfully and they are willing even to suffer and die for her if that is necessary. In other words, they are very patriotic. They think more of their country than of themselves. This young officer saw very well, after what the doctor said, that he could serve his country better if he would leave alone drink and tobacco, because then he would have a stronger and healthier body to offer to her. So as he lay there in bed he made up his mind that no more sake, and no more cigarets should ever pass between his lips.

He did get well and strong at last, and went back to his place in the army. His soldiers were glad to see their officer once more. He told them all about his stay in the hospital and what he had learned from the doctor, and all the men in his company decided that if sake and tobacco were bad for him they were just as bad for them. So they one and all gave up those two things because they wanted to have strong bodies.

There are many ways of serving our country much better than by fighting, and whatever kind of work we do we need strong bodies in order to do it well.

Our blood is very wonderful and the more we study it the more wonderful it seems. If we take one little drop of blood and look at it under a microscope we see strange sights. We find countless numbers of tiny things that look something like boats or saucers. They seem to be pale yellow when we see them one by one, but there are millions of them in a single drop of blood and when they are crowded together they look red.

The blood is really a stream of water with these little red boats floating down it. In some places the stream is very narrow and the little boats have to go one by one, but in other places it is quite broad and many of them can sail side by side. They are most useful boats for they carry to the different parts of the body something they all need. This something is called oxygen. It is the most important part of the air we breathe. No one can live without oxygen. Once in a city in India some cruel men shut up a hundred and forty-six people in a little room all night. They could not get enough air to breathe. In the morning all but twenty-three of them were dead. They were not killed with swords or guns. They just died for want of the precious oxygen

that none of us can do without. Ever since then that dreadful little room has been called "The Black Hole of Calcutta."

We must always take care to get plenty of good pure air, because if we don't have enough oxygen we shall not be well and strong. Many people are half sick all the time and don't enjoy work or play because there is not enough oxygen in their blood.

When men drink beer or wine or whisky, or the sake which that Japanese officer used to like, they are drinking alcohol prepared in different ways. The alcohol very quickly finds its way into the blood. When it gets there it immediately begins to hurt these little boats. Some of them are broken up and are no good any more and others are shrivelled and grow smaller so that they can't carry as much oxygen as they did before. The Japanese officer who had those two bad wounds did not take very long to get well for this reason—his little red boats were in very good shape and they hurried to and fro picking up a fresh load of life-giving oxygen all the time.

The young man who drank sake had hurt the red boats so that they did not do their work properly. These boats have a special name of their own. They are called red corpuscles.

If we look at a drop of blood very carefully under the microscope we may see among a great many red corpuscles one or two little white things. These white corpuscles, as we call them, are rather bigger than the red ones and they are very queer and interesting, for they change their shape every little while. The red ones go where the blood carries them, they float down the stream; but the white ones seem to have a will of their own. They go up and down, back and forth and even in and out of the river of blood. They have a special work to do.

You have heard of germs. You know that very often when people get ill it is because some tiny little enemies called germs or microbes have found a way into their bodies. Diphtheria and typhoid fever and pneumonia are all caused by these little enemies, and many other diseases besides are due to them. The white corpuscles are our little soldiers that fight against these foes. They hurry to the germs when these get into our bodies and they gobble them up as fast as they can. When our white

corpuscles are strong we are not likely to "catch" disease, but when they are weak and tired the germs get the better of them and make us sick. Alcohol sends these little white soldiers to sleep and then of course they cannot do their duty, and before we know it our foes have found their way in. Sometimes the white corpuscles are only half asleep but that is bad enough. They go to the place where they are needed but they are too stupid and tired to fight much and the germs conquer them. If we want to have a really strong army of white corpuscles to guard us against sickness we must never take any kind of intoxicating drink.

Tobacco is hurtful to the blood as well as alcohol. You know that the blood is pumped by the heart. Every trip it takes around the body, it is made fresh and pure as it passes through the lungs. If it were not kept pure we should die. Tobacco hurts the heart so that it does not pump properly and then the blood does not have a chance to be as pure as it ought.

When the doctor explained all this to the young officer he saw what a mistake he had made in using strong drink and tobacco. Nobody had told him about it when he was a little boy. What a good thing it is for you that you know all these things in time. You have far too much sense to use either of them now that you understand what they do to the blood.

I am sure you want to have healthy bodies, ready for work and play, and you mean to grow up to be strong men and women so that some day you may serve your country in some useful way.

VI

HIAWATHA*

Do you ever play, I wonder, at being Indians? Perhaps you have an Indian suit of your very own, and a feather headdress and a wampum belt and a pair of moccasins. It is fine fun to make believe you are a real Indian, and to go out hunting and follow the trail.

The red men can do some things better than white men. They can hear better. Their ears are made keen by listening in the forest for signs that wild beasts or deadly enemies are near.

They can see better. They will notice things that you and I would never see at all. They know the track each animal makes in the snow and they follow these tracks when they go hunting.

They can run faster. They live out of doors and find their food in the forest, so their feet are swift like those of the deer. It would be a grand thing to be like an Indian in all these ways.

How many of you, I wonder, have heard the story of the little Indian boy, Hiawatha. I expect you all know something about him and how he lived with his grandmother, Nokomis, by the shore of the Big-Sea-Water. Their wigwam was on the edge of the forest and the dark pines were behind it and the sunny water before. Hiawatha loved to sit in the door of the wigwam on summer evenings and look up at the beautiful stars, and listen to the whispering of the pine trees and the lapping of the waves. He grew up to be a strong, noble Indian boy, skilled

“In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all many arts and labors.”

A pastime is just another name for a game or amusement; it is something that helps you to pass time happily. As Hiawatha

* Hiawatha holds up the ideal of a boy strong for work and play, firm of muscle and steady of nerve. It shows that we must leave harmful drugs alone if we, too, would have perfect nerves and muscles.

lived in the forest he had many delightful sports and pastimes that city boys cannot have.

“Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels had their acorns,
 How the rein-deer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them
 Called them 'Hiawatha's brothers.' ”

And so running and jumping and climbing and swimming, as if he had been a rabbit or a squirrel or a beaver himself, he became very strong and nimble.

But he was too noble a boy to want to do nothing but play. “Youthful sports and pastimes” were fine, but he longed to be skillful also “in all manly arts and labors.” He wanted to work like a man and earn his own living. The chief “manly art” of the Indians was hunting. The great warrior Iagoo made him a bow from the branch of the ash, and arrows of oak, and the arrows were winged with feathers and tipped with flint that they found on the shore of the Big-Sea-Water.

Then Hiawatha went hunting all by himself, and he killed the great deer and all the village feasted on its flesh and Nokomis made her boy a cloak of the skin. And everybody called Hiawatha Strongheart because he was such a brave hunter.

Now, you can't, of course, do the same things as Hiawatha did, because you do not live in the forest, but all the same you can be brave and strong like him and skillful.

“In all youthful sports and pastimes,
 In all manly arts and labors”—

or if not in all, at least in some of these things.

Which of the sports and pastimes do you love the best, I wonder. Baseball, very likely. That is one grand pastime that American boys have, which I don't believe the Indians ever knew

about. Then, of course, you like to skate in the winter, and to swim in summer if there is any water near your home, and these things will help to make you strong and healthy as Hiawatha was.

Then you are proud to work like a man sometimes, too, perhaps to bring in wood or water, to save your mother, or to do a bit of mending with hammer and nails, just as your father would do it. And perhaps you have already begun to think what you will be when you are grown-up. I know one little boy who is determined to be a motorman and run an electric car. Perhaps you would rather be a doctor or a merchant or a railroad man or a sea captain. There are very many "manly arts and labors" for you to choose among. But whichever you choose, you will need to have a strong body, and especially you will need firm muscles and steady nerves.

Hiawatha had both. When he went hunting his arrow flew straight to the heart of the deer, for he took such steady aim. You can't take steady aim unless your nerves are all right. The nerves control the muscles and tell them just when and how to act. They are the telegraph wires of the body and messages come along them from the brain. Hiawatha's nerves controlled his body so perfectly that he could move through the forest without making a sound. Hardly a twig stirred as he rose on one knee and aimed at the red deer.

Hiawatha had splendid muscles, too. Perhaps you have heard how he wrestled with the beautiful young man in the green and yellow cloak and overcame him, and then laid him in the soft earth as he had been told to do, and how the corn grew up in that spot to be the food of the Indians.

Do you want to know how you, too, may have strong muscles and steady nerves? I can tell you very easily.

Work and play with all your might.

Eat good food and drink plenty of water.

Stay out of doors as much as you can.

Never touch any poison that would hurt the nerves and muscles. Cigarets will hurt them. A boy who has steady nerves can carry a glass full of water across the room without spilling

a drop of it. A boy who is a slave to cigarets cannot do this; his hand shakes too much.

A gentleman who is at the head of a large business college and has trained fifty thousand young people to earn their living, says, "Cigarets bring shattered nerves." Very likely you don't see any great harm in cigarets now. They do their damage so slowly you don't notice it. But if you keep on smoking some day you may find your nerves are badly injured and you are not fit for work. Then how sorry you will be when it is too late.

Another thing that hurts the nerves is strong drink. It sends them to sleep so that they cannot do their work. Their particular work is to give directions to the muscles. You can see from this that if the nerves are out of order the muscles will be out of order too. The nerves and muscles act together. Alcohol and nicotine will hurt them both. So leave these two poisons quite alone if you want to be strong

"For all youthful sports and pastimes
And all manly arts and labors."

Hiawatha had one special reason for wishing to be strong. It was not only because it was such fun to be able to do things; it was not only because he loved to be praised by the old warriors and to be called Strongheart by everybody—he had a better

"How he lived and toiled and suffered
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people."

He worked hard and so grew strong because he wanted to help others; he longed to be useful to his tribe. I am sure you American boys and girls love your country too, and want to be good citizens. Then do all you can to have strong bodies so that you may be able for many brave and useful deeds when you grow up. You can begin even now, though, to help your people. Whenever we stand bravely by what is right we are helping "to advance our people." This is the meaning of that big word "patriotism" which I am sure you have heard.

Some don't know the harm there is in alcohol and nicotine.

If we always refuse to touch these things, and tell what we have learned about them, we shall be helping to advance our people in a very real way.

Once Hiawatha's father said something to him that the boy never forgot. It was this:

“Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth of all that harms it.”

Every brave boy and girl, too, should help to “cleanse the earth of all that harms it.” Nothing is doing more harm in our world than those two poisons, alcohol and nicotine, so let us try and get rid of them.

Every time you tread on a cigar stub so that no one can pick it up, you are helping to cleanse the earth of that which harms it.

So work and play with all your might, and grow strong in muscle and steady in nerve, and try and make the world a little cleaner every day.

VII

THE CONQUERER CONQUERED*

Once upon a time there was a young prince named Alexander. He was a very good-looking boy, and his nice polite manners made everybody like him. He was strong and active and very fond of games, and could do all sorts of athletic feats. He also loved study. As he was a king's son, he had tutors all to himself. The greatest of them was Aristotle. He was a very wise man. Although it is more than two thousand years since he taught Alexander, people often speak about him still. Aristotle gave the boy very hard lessons, but he enjoyed them. He liked hard things because they gave him something to conquer.

Alexander's father was called Philip. He was the king of a

* This is a lesson on the brain. By virtue of brain power Alexander conquered the wild horse, the savages, and the mighty Persians, and became king of the world. Because he took a brain poison, he fell,

little country named Macedon. It was about twice as big as Massachusetts. He made his dominions larger by conquering his neighbors.

One day a present was brought to Philip. It was a splendid war horse, strong and graceful and spirited. They took him into the park and Philip went out to try him. But the horse pranced about so that neither the king nor anyone else could get on his back. He was so wild and furious that he frightened even the soldiers. Philip was angry with the people who had given him such a useless present and said the horse must be sent back where he came from. Then young Alexander stepped forward and asked leave to try and mount him. He patted the horse on the neck and talked to him, and showed him that he was not at all afraid, and then he leapt into the saddle and let him fly round the park and across the plain till he was ready to come quietly home. The young boy thus conquered the horse that no man was able to control. When people saw this they thought he was surely fit to be a king.

He began to reign much sooner than he expected, for his father was killed when he was about nineteen.

Two thousand years ago people used to think that the greatest man was the one who could kill the largest number of his enemies and seize their lands and goods. Jesus had not yet come into the world to teach men to love one another. He came about three hundred years after Alexander's time. Nowadays we know more than it was possible for Alexander to know. You have all heard of King Edward of England who died a short while ago. He was truly great, and everyone was sorry when he died. The armies of China and Japan actually went into mourning for him. But he did not try to conquer other kings and seize their kingdoms. Instead of that he always did his best to be friendly with every country. They call him Edward the Peacemaker, and that is the noblest title any king could wish for.

As Alexander lived so long ago, he did not think about things the way we think about them. He thought the finest thing in the world was to be a fighter. He did the best he knew. He fought bravely and feared nothing. He went into wild new lands, full

of danger, and conquered them and the savage tribes who lived there.

He also had some particularly powerful enemies of a very different kind, called the Persians. I could not begin to tell you how great and terrible they were. They had immense armies, grandly dressed out in purple and gold and splendid armor, horses and chariots and great big elephants that trampled on all who came in their way. Alexander went against the Persians and conquered them, as he had conquered all his other enemies. In fact, he conquered the whole world. Just think of that! Of course the world was not so big as it is now; I mean there were not so many people in it, and many countries had never been discovered. For one thing, no one had ever heard of America. But Alexander subdued all the lands he knew about, and they say he cried when at last there were no more left to conquer.

But in the end Alexander was defeated. I know you all want to hear who it was or what it was that could overcome such a strong man as he. The wild horse could not overcome him; the Barbarians could not overcome him; the Persians could not overcome him, but *wine* did.

Alexander became fond of wine and it changed his character so that he lost his power. His soldiers would not follow him as they did at first, his friends stopped loving him, his people stopped trusting him, and he died miserably while he was yet a young man.

I dare say it seems very strange to you that a little thing like a glass of wine should be able to conquer the man who conquered the world. What can there be in it, you wonder, that makes it so dangerous.

Let me tell you. Next time you have some grapes look at them carefully and you will see something on the skins that appears like dust. That dust is alive. When we were talking about beer I told you that the brewer uses yeast, and that yeast is made up of a great many tiny little live plants that grow very fast. Well, the dust on the grapes is really a little ferment. You know the yeast plants live on sugar, and the more they get the faster they grow. There is a great deal of

sugar in grapes, but the ferments can't get at it because the grapes are covered well up in thick skins, as long as they stay on the vine. When people make wine this is how they do it. They gather ever so many grapes and put them all together in a big tank. Then they crush them. Generally they have machinery to do this, but sometimes men tread on the grapes with their bare feet, and that is a very dirty way. Even if I liked wine, I am sure I should not want to drink it when it had been made that way.

When the grapes are crushed the little ferments easily find their way in and eat the sugar. Then a queer thing happens. Something comes there which was not there before. You know its name—*Alcohol*. It is the same thing that comes when the brewer makes beer. You remember about that don't you? When the yeast plants eat up the sugar in the sweet water, two new things come there. One is carbon dioxide, which is a gas and makes bubbles, and the other is alcohol, which is a poison.

Just the same thing takes place when wine is made out of grapes. The little ferments eat the sugar in the grapes, and when they do it, there come these two things, carbon dioxide and alcohol. Alcohol is the same poison whether you find it in beer or wine or whisky. It was this poison that destroyed Alexander. It first changed his character so that he killed one of his dearest friends, a man who had saved his life in battle. Alexander was dreadfully sorry for it afterwards, but that didn't do any good. He had never meant to do it. The alcohol injured his brain so that he did not know what he was about.

He did not stop taking this poison, so at last it killed him too. We should be sorry for him, for he did not know the things we learn in school about what strong drink will do to our bodies; besides he never saw a Bible or read the wise man's warning—“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”

VIII

THE GREEN SPECTACLES*

About a hundred and fifty years ago, that is, before America became a nation, there lived over in England a man named Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote stories and people have loved to read them ever since. One of his books is called "The Vicar of Wakefield." It tells about a minister called Dr. Primrose and his good wife and the six little Primroses who grew up in their home. There were four boys and two girls, but today I am only going to tell you about Moses, who was the second boy. He was a nice good-natured young fellow, but sometimes he did very foolish things.

Dr. Primrose had a colt, but Mrs. Primrose was not pleased with it. She wanted a horse so that she and her husband could both ride on its back at once, he in front and she behind, and go visiting in fine style. So they made up their minds to sell the colt, and they sent Moses to the fair to get as much money for it as he could. His mother was sure he would make a good bargain. "Our son Moses," said she, "is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage."

Moses felt quite important that morning as he started out. His two sisters made a great fuss over him. They brushed his hair and plaited it in a pig-tail and tied it with a broad black ribbon. They polished his shoe-buckles till they flashed in the sun, and they set his hat jauntily on his head and pinned it there as women and girls pin their hats on nowadays. He wore a coat made of a cloth called "thunder and lightning," but I'm not sure what that was like. I only know it was too short for him. He had grown out of it, but it was far too good to throw away. He had a bright green waistcoat which made him look very gay. His father and mother and three brothers and two sisters all followed him some distance from the house crying out after

* This deals with the problem of dollars and cents and is intended to illustrate the waste involved in the alcohol and tobacco habits.

him, "Good luck! Good luck!" and thus he started off to sell the family colt. He carried a deal box in front of him to bring the groceries home in.

The day passed and at last it began to grow dark and Moses had not returned. The Vicar became uneasy. "Don't fret about our son," said Mrs. Primrose; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one." Just as she was speaking they spied Moses in the distance, tramping wearily along with the deal box on his shoulders, and looking like a peddler.

"Welcome, Moses," cried his mother, "What have you brought us from the fair?" "I've brought myself," answered Moses, slyly. "What about the colt?" she asked. "I sold it for three pounds, five shillings and two pence." (That is about sixteen dollars. Everything was cheaper in those old days than it is now.)

"Well done, my good boy," his mother replied; "that is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

The sisters and brothers had all come in by this time, and Moses had a little audience round him who were every one anxious to hear about what he had done at the fair. He looked very pleased with himself, and seemed to have something most important to tell. Out it came, bit by bit. "I haven't brought back any money at all," he said. "When I had sold the colt I laid out all the money on a wonderful bargain." His father and mother and three brothers and two sisters were all very eager to know what this wonderful bargain could be, but not one of them could guess. I am sure you could not guess either, but you may try if you like.

There was a parcel peeping out from under Moses' thunder-and-lightning coat, and very slowly and carefully he drew it forth and unwrapped it.

"Here they are," he cried, proudly, "a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "And you have parted with the colt and brought nothing home but a gross of green spectacles?" exclaimed his mother angrily. "I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them," said Moses.

Everyone was dreadfully upset and very sorry that they had

sent Moses to the fair at all, but there was nothing to be done. So the Primrose family had green spectacles instead of the horse they wanted, and they had to walk every time.

I know very well what his father and his mother and his three brothers and his two sisters thought of Moses and his day's work at the fair, but what I want to know is—What do you think? That he was the most silly boy you ever heard of?

Wait a bit. I have seen many people, old and young, who were a good deal more silly than Moses Primrose. Moses wasted his money on a gross of green spectacles. That was certainly a great loss. The green spectacles were no good at all to any of them, and they could not sell them, for in the little village where they lived they would not have found two people who wanted a pair. It would have been just as sensible if Moses had thrown the money down the well. The hundred and forty-four pairs of green spectacles were of no use at all. Still, of course, they couldn't do anybody any harm. They just stayed in the drawer where they were put.

Now there are some people who spend their money on things which not only are no use, but which also do real harm. That is worse, isn't it?

Alcoholic drinks cost a great deal of money. They don't do any good, and the money is wasted. But that isn't all. They do a vast deal of harm. You all remember that alcohol is a poison. Some time ago I told you about the great doctors in America and England who had found this out. You remember how alcohol killed the cress that one of these doctors planted, and how it killed the tiny jelly-fish that were swimming about in their jar of water, and how it hurt the puppies and kittens when it was put into their food. And you know it is just as bad for people as it is for plants and jelly-fish and puppies. Yet many persons buy it and pay a great deal for it. Now, are they not more foolish than Moses Primrose? Moses spent his money on green spectacles that didn't hurt anyone, and these folks spend their money on a poison that kills men and women and boys and girls.

The people of this country spend more on strong drink than on almost anything else. I dare say you have sometimes heard

mother say how much it costs to keep you in boots and shoes. Shoes are something everybody has to have, and they are wearing out all the time. When boys and girls run and jump and play, the shoe-leather soon gets worn, and it isn't many days before a brand new pair of shoes begins to look scarred, and the toes are shabby with the restless little feet kicking against this and that. Shoes cost a deal of money. A tiny pair is often a dollar, and bigger pairs cost two and three and four and more dollars. Just think of all the money that is spent on shoes in this great nation—men's shoes and ladies' shoes, and school shoes for the boys and girls, and pretty wee shoes for the babies, and soft slippers for the bed-room, and dainty ones for parties, and long heavy boots for the farmer, and many more besides.

Yet our people spend four times as much money on strong drink as on all the boots and shoes in the country. I think that is doing worse than Moses Primrose, don't you?

Of course, you young folks have never spent any money on strong drink and I hope you never will. It would be far better to throw it in the sea, or to go and buy green spectacles with it.

But there is another thing besides alcohol that it is worse than waste to spend money on. That is tobacco. A boy who buys cigarets is a far more foolish fellow than Moses Primrose. He thinks it is very fine to get ten cigarets for a nickel, and to walk around in grown-up style puffing at them. But cigarets are poisonous. You all know they contain nicotine, which is one of the most deadly poisons in the world. The first box of cigarets will not kill you, it is true, nor the next, nor the next, but if you get into the way of smoking, the poison will make you weak and sick. It will injure your heart; it will hurt your lungs and perhaps in time it will kill you. Anyway you will never be the boy or the man that you might have been. The only safe way is never to smoke at all.

A great doctor says: "Tobacco injures men and kills children." Some of you boys have seen men smoking and they seem none the worse for it, so you think you may smoke, too. But the fact is that tobacco will do you far more harm than it will do to a man. Grown-up men have strong bodies to fight against

the poison. Your bodies are not so strong and the poison will get the better of you. Leave it alone, at any rate, until you are grown up. If you are wise you will leave it alone always, for you will want to have a strong, clean, healthy body for the work that you have to do.

A young Chinese boy once learned to smoke and it made him ill. Someone asked him why he ever began. "Didn't have no sense," he said. You see he was not perfect in his English grammar, but he had learned something more important. He knew that a boy who smokes is lacking in sense and does not know how to take care of himself.

Now, is Moses Primrose really the most silly boy you ever heard of, or are there some here in this school who are even more foolish than he?

IX

THE WHITE SHIP*

We are going to have a story today about something that happened nearly eight hundred years ago.

In that far away time there lived a King of England whose name was Henry I. He was a great warrior and his enemies generally had the worst of it in battle. But he was still greater as a ruler and he made the people of England keep the laws. When they disobeyed he punished them severely.

A certain scholar wrote down the story of his reign and we have it still. He said Henry "was a good man and great was the awe of him." That is, the people rather feared him because he was so strict. He said too that while Henry was king no one dared "ill-do to man or beast."

King Henry was sometimes called the Lion of Justice because he was so great and powerful and all wrongdoers were afraid of him.

He had another nickname too. They called him Fine Scholar

* This story illustrates the very practical question of accidents due to drink and shows how many people suffer for one person's folly.

because he could read and write. Very few persons in those old days could do these things. The clergy were almost the only ones who went to school and learned how.

We who live now-a-days should be very glad and thankful that we have good schools and kind teachers and lesson books that are full of interesting things.

King Henry had one son whom he loved very much indeed. His name was William. He was a fine boy and the people of England were very fond of him. They expected that some day when his father died William would be king in his turn. Indeed they had already promised Henry that, whenever that happened, they would be faithful and true to his son.

Not very far from England is the country called France. A narrow sea separates the two. The English call it the Channel and the French call it the Sleeve, perhaps because it is something like a sleeve in shape.

Henry was very often over in France because he had some possessions there. His father had come from France and conquered England, so he had land on both sides of this narrow sea. Though it is narrow it is very rough and sailors have to be very careful in crossing it.

One time Henry and his son had been over in France doing some fighting. They overcame their enemies and made ready to set sail for England. They were about to start when a captain came up to the king and begged him to sail in his ship. He was very anxious to have the honor of carrying him across the Channel. He had carried over the King's father, William the Conqueror, when he went to invade England. He said that he had a beautiful new boat called the White Ship. There were fifty strong men to do the rowing and they had sails besides. Of course there were no steamboats in those old times.

Now King Henry had already made his arrangements and he did not like to change them. But to please the captain he said he would send his treasure in the new ship, the precious things he had taken in war and was carrying home to England. More than that, he said he would let the captain take charge of the greatest treasure he had in the world, his only son, who was then seventeen years old. So William sailed with Captain Fitz-Stephen.

The king was in a hurry to get home and he started as soon as the tide would let him.

In the White Ship with Prince William a great many knights and nobles sailed. Some of his own relatives were there and many boys and girls belonging to the chief families of England. They wanted to have a good time so they had a grand feast on board ship before they started on the voyage. They shouted and danced on the deck and I am sorry to say they drank a great deal of wine. They did one thing that was specially foolish. They made the sailors drink too. They opened three barrels of wine and divided it among them. They ought to have known that the sailors would need steady hands to take the ship across that dangerous sea. But they did not think. It grew later and later and darker and darker and there was no moon that night. Some people began to be afraid to trust themselves in that ship and they got off and waited till morning for another one. Most of them, however, were feeling too merry and jolly to be afraid of anything and away they sailed. The rowers pulled with all their might and the helmsman steered for England.

A man who has been using strong drink, though, is not fit to steer a ship or anything else. It has been found out that after even a very little wine or beer one cannot guide so well, or do anything else properly that needs a clear brain and steady nerves.

Alcohol makes people stupid. We all know that if they drink a good deal of it, it takes their senses altogether away, so that they don't know anything and can't do anything. So, if they drink a little of it, it takes their senses partly away and they are not so bright as they should be. They do not see danger when it comes and then accidents happen.

The helmsman of the White Ship was made stupid by the wine and he was not able to do his work. They had not gone very far before he steered the ship on a rock. There was a terrible crash and a terrible cry and the water began to rush in through the hole which had been made.

Quickly a boat was lowered and Prince William was hurried into it, and the rowers rowed away with him. But he heard a voice calling for help and knew it was his sister's, so he made the sailors turn back to save her. When they did so ever so many

people jumped in and the little boat could not hold them. They all went to the bottom.

No one escaped from that dreadful shipwreck except one man who held on to the top of the mast till help came next day. When at last he reached land he told how the young prince and his sister had been drowned and also a hundred and forty noble youths and girls, and the Captain, and the fifty rowers, and everyone else on board except himself—all because of wine.

What a dangerous drink this alcohol is and how many accidents it has caused! It sends the brain to sleep so that it cannot do its work and when that is the case we never know what dreadful thing may happen next.

When anything puts the brain to sleep we call it a narcotic. Alcohol is a narcotic poison. No one should ever use it who wants to pilot a ship or steer an automobile or drive a train or shoot a gun or run a machine in a factory.

King Henry was a busy man and he went home as quickly as he could and attended to his work. He was very much surprised that William and the others did not come and he kept wondering where they could be.

When the sad news reached the palace no man dared go in and tell the king. At last they sent a little boy into his room, a page who waited on the ladies and gentlemen, and he fell at the King's feet, crying, "O King . . . Prince William . . . the White Ship."

When poor King Henry understood what had happened he fell down in a faint. They say that all the rest of his life he was very sad. No one ever saw him smile again. One thing we must never forget about strong drink is this: It does not only bring trouble to the people who use it but to many others besides. King Henry had nothing to do with the drinking on board the White Ship. He was not even there and he did not know about it. But it caused him to lose his boy and girl both in one night.

In our days too it makes more trouble than anyone can possibly imagine. Although the wreck of the White Ship happened nearly eight hundred years ago it was not by any means the first accident brought on by alcohol. Drink has always done these things. It has always made men's heads dull and their hands

unsteady. It has caused them to be hurt and so lose their lives. The strange thing is that although everyone knows it does this, so many people venture to use it. We should all do well to remember the proverb, "Where there's drink there's danger."

"Write it o'er the railroad wreck,
Write it on the sinking deck,
Write upon our hearts the truth,
Let us learn it in our youth—
Where there's drink there's danger."

X

CLOVIS, THE BOY KING*

Long, long ago on the banks of the Rhine there lived a brave and war-like tribe called Franks. Their name means "Freemen." I always think Frank is a very nice name for a boy or girl to have. It is so grand to be really and truly free.

These Franks had for their leader a king, and at the time I am going to tell you about, their king was a boy. His name was Clovis and he was only sixteen years old. You would hardly think that a boy could rule those fierce warriors, but he was such a brave and fearless boy, and had such a good sensible head that they were glad to follow him. He was never afraid of anything even when he was a little fellow, and he could tame and ride the wildest horse as well as the best man among them.

One day a great idea came into the heads of the Frankish warriors. They thought they would leave their old homes on the bank of the Rhine and go and settle in a new country, called Gaul. It would have been easy enough perhaps if there had been nobody there but the natives and the wild beasts, but that was not the case.

The Romans were there. I am sure you have heard of the Romans and how very strong and war-like they were. Their

* This story brings the whole matter to its natural conclusion. If alcohol and tobacco are so harmful we must fight against them. Boys and girls are quite capable of taking a share in this battle.

soldiers conquered the world and were very seldom beaten. They had an army in this country of Gaul.

Clovis was not afraid of the Romans, however, and he marched against them. The two armies stood facing each other and the two leaders came out to speak together in an open space between the camps.

The Roman general was very big and grand and he had Roman soldiers on each side of him in splendid uniform. Clovis was accompanied by some of his brave followers. When the Roman leader saw Clovis he burst out laughing and cried, "Why, he's a boy. A BOY has come to fight against the Romans." He thought it was so funny that a boy of sixteen should dare to fight against him that he couldn't do anything but laugh. Clovis did not like this at all, and he shouted back, "Yes, but the boy will conquer you."

Then came the battle, and the Roman general found it wasn't so funny after all. For the boy did conquer him and he ran away. Afterwards the Franks gained the country for themselves and called it after their own name, France.

I believe in boys. I think they can do almost anything. I believe in girls too, just as much. The girls did not fight in this battle I have been telling you about, but there is another and better kind of battle in which boys and girls fight side by side

The old kind of battle in which men were killed and little children lost their dear fathers was very bad and very sad at the best. In the new kind of battle people don't kill each other, and yet they fight very hard against their enemies and have to be very brave.

Let me tell you about a few of these battles. One that is going on now is called the Battle against Disease. Very likely you have heard the grown folks talking about consumption and saying that it is one of the worst enemies of our American people and kills thousands and thousands every year. Men and women and boys and girls are joining together to fight against consumption and make an end to it, and a big fight it is. Then again, in the struggle with yellow fever some of our noble American heroes willingly laid down their lives.

Another great battle is against Dirt. Dirt causes people to

get sick and die and since we have known this we have been fighting hard against it. The boys and girls have helped a great deal in this battle. I know a school which was built in a low and ugly part of a certain city. The boys and girls made up their minds that they would have nice clean streets and yards all round their school, and they went to work and changed things. When other people saw what they had done they followed their example, and so the children won a great victory over dirt.

One of the finest fights to be in is the battle against tobacco. What do you think? Could the boys and girls defeat the use of tobacco and drive it out of the country if they tried hard enough? I really believe they could.

You children are growing up so fast that it won't be long before you are men and women, and then you will be able to make a law that no tobacco shall be sold at all to young people.

But perhaps you have not all made up your minds that it would be a good thing to fight tobacco. Let us think of some of the reasons why we should fight it.

Reason Number One is because the tobacco habit is a dirty habit. Are the lips of the smoking boy nice and clean for mother to kiss? What about his hands? Isn't he ashamed of that yellow stain that won't come off? How much cleaner the streets and cars and railway stations would be if nobody used tobacco!

Reason Number Two is because tobacco injures a boy's body. It hurts his heart, causing it to beat too fast for a little while and afterwards making it weak and tired. It hurts his lungs, for when he draws the smoke in he carries the poisonous nicotine to the tender and delicate air-cells. We must talk more about that another time. It hurts his stomach and gives him indigestion, and no one knows how bad that is until he has had it for himself.

Reason Number Three is because tobacco harms a boy's mind. It poisons his brain, and, of course, he can't study so well and is very likely to fail in school or in college. Boys who don't smoke make better grades than those who do. Some college boys found this out for themselves a while ago. Don't you forget it.

Reason Number Four is because it is a dangerous habit. I often cross the ocean and I am not afraid when the storms come

and the waves tower up high and break against the ship. But there is one thing that makes me quite uneasy, and that is to see men smoking on the deck after dark, and letting the sparks fly here and there wherever the wind may carry them. Once a man in a hotel in New York lit a cigaret and threw the match away. He meant it to go through the window but it fell into the lace curtain, and the hotel was burnt down, all because of his carelessness. The insurance men whose business it is to find out what causes the fires say that cigaret smokers are often to blame.

Reason Number Five is because smoking is an expensive habit. How many of you have too much money? None, you say. That's queer. If you have not too much why do you burn any up? Suppose a man were to take a dollar bill and roll it up tight and small and set a light to one end, what would you think of him? You would think he had more money than he wanted, or, as we sometimes say, "money to burn."

If you spend nickles on cigarets a dollar is soon gone. You don't exactly burn the dollar bill, but you spend the bill and buy cigarets and burn *them*. Isn't that just the same as burning the bill after all? If a boy spend a nickel a day on cigarets, how much will he lose in a week? Thirty cents in six week days. In four weeks what will he have spent? A dollar and twenty cents. A month is a little over four weeks, so we will add an extra nickel to find what he spends a month. A dollar and a quarter. How much will this come to in twelve months? Is that too hard for you I wonder? Fifteen dollars. Dear me, how quickly money runs away! Surely no one ought to smoke cigarets unless he has more money than he knows what to do with.

Reason Number Six is because smoking is an enslaving habit. By that I mean it makes boys into slaves. They cannot do what they want to do, and what they know it is right to do. They are not their own masters any more. They are the poor miserable slaves of a master only three inches long. We said just now that it is grand to be free. If you want to be always free and strong you must leave tobacco alone.

So here are six reasons why we should fight against it. Let us see how many of them you can remember.

I hope that all you boys and girls will be as brave as Clovis, and now you see how much harm tobacco and alcohol are doing to our people you will get ready for the fight and will say, "Yes, you are strong and terrible foes, but the boys and girls will conquer you."

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