

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and his daughter, Gloria, is the daughter of his real character, Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Wright, Kerr's adviser for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Gloria asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing her to Belmont society, and promises to help him, but through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts, having met previously on a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the reforming of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper. The Belmont News, through its henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria takes up the settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. Ella is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's body. The girl is rescued by Dr. Hayes and his wife. Wright decides to sell his paper and leave Belmont. Gloria calls on him to ask his forgiveness for her harsh words.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Patty, tired of listening to a conversation she could not understand, and remembering the visitor, asked: "What shall I tell him?"

"Wait a minute, Patty," Wright motioned the child to the door. Then he turned to Gloria. "You can leave by this side entrance. No one will be the wiser for this visit. The minute the door closes behind you, Patty—and I will have forgotten that you called. But I will not have forgotten your kindness and consideration. Before you leave I want you to know that I can't value too highly the help that prompted your call. To the end I'll treasure it as a memory hal- lowed by the parting from the only woman I—Good-by."

He felt he could not complete what he wished to say without a show of emotion to which it would not do to give way. The only thing he could do was to hold out his hand and say, "Good-by."

Gloria put both her hands behind her back, and shook her head. "No, I refuse to go."

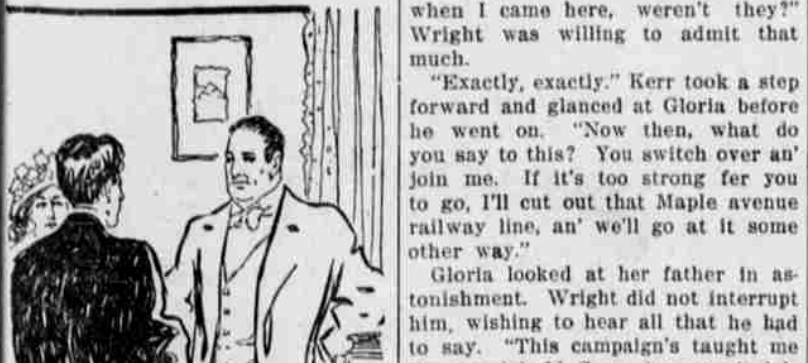
"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I intend to stay here and meet my father and hear what he has to say to you."

Wright gazed at her intently, but she did not quiver under his scrutiny. "It shall be as you say," he assented. "Go, Patty, tell him to come in."

After Patty closed the door there was an awkward silence which he broke by saying, "I must say that this meeting is ill-advised."

She sighed and shook her head. "Oh, ill-advised or not, my mind is made up. Things cannot go on as



"You Kin Come Over to My Way of Thinkin'?"

they are. If henceforth I am to direct my own affairs, why shouldn't I begin now?"

"But how explain your being here?"

"If he can't believe what I have to say he isn't worth the slight esteem which I still regard him."

"Here he comes."

"Let him see you first." She retreated to a corner of the room where her father's first glance as he entered would not discover her. Patty opened the door and David Kerr walked into the room.

The two men looked at each other without any attempt at a feigned cordiality.

"Mr. Wright," began the boss, and at mention of his name the newspaper man bowed slightly in recognition of the greeting. "I met Dr. Hayes this afternoon. He spoke of you, and what he told me has led me to break a custom of years; I've come to see you. In this town it's always been the other way." He spoke with all his accustomed force, and seemed even more confident than usual as he added, "The old way will continue, sir, but owing to what you might call the relationship that once—"

"Sir!" thundered Wright in aston-

ishment. Covertly he looked at Gloria, to find his own amazement mirrored on her face.

"Bound up, I thought I'd come to see you," the boss continued, not heeding Wright's exclamation.

"One minute, sir." Wright was not willing for him to proceed without his knowing that his daughter was in the room with them. "Before you speak further you must know that we're not alone in this room."

"We're not?" He looked about him, and at the sound of a familiar voice turned sharply to confront his daughter.

"No, father; I'm here." She advanced coolly to the center of the room, and waited for him to speak.

"Gloria! My daughter here!" He managed to gasp. Wright, determined not to have his hand forced, waited to see what card the daughter would play.

"Wait a minute, please," she remarked quietly, the most self-possessed of the three. "Are you so blind you can't see you find me here because I wish it so? My visit to Mr. Wright surprised him just as much as did yours. When you were announced, I told him I would stay."

"So that's it, is it?" her father raged. "Have you turned against me, too? Why didn't I raise you like you ought to 'a' been?" It was with an evident effort that he was restraining himself even as much as he was.

"Would to heaven you had!" Gloria exclaimed in a low tone. "You gave me only the roses of life, and now the thorns—all that life offers me—seem sharper than I can bear."

Wright had thought his heart had been so wrung that nothing could hurt him worse, but this confession of unhappiness to her father made his own unhappiness greater than he had believed it could be.

"Gloria, this is distressingly painful. Please don't," he begged. Then he turned to her father. "Why have you come here?"

"Why is she here?"

"Father," now she spoke timidly, a maiden telling of a dear, dead love. "For a little while Mr. Wright and I were engaged—to be married. I don't think you know what that means to a girl, what it meant to me. But you do know how it ended. Yet we're still such good friends that I felt I could come this afternoon to—"

As she spoke, a great light began to dawn upon her father. At the words "good friends" he saw his whole plan successful, although worked out along lines a trifle different than what had been in his mind when he had determined to call upon the editor. Your successful general is a great opportunist, and David Kerr was quick to seize this opportunity.

"Good friends!" he echoed, interrupting her. "Then I'm glad I found you here. Just listen to me a minute. I ain't got much to say, Mr. Wright, but we understand each other pretty well. Now then—you gave us a pretty hard bump, an' I admire you fer it. Of course, you're new to Belmont an' it looks all right from yer pint o' view." His tone was now suave and conciliatory. "But you're too good a man to be blockin' the wheels o' progress in this town."

"Things were running pretty smooth when I came here, weren't they?" Wright was willing to admit that much.

"Exactly, exactly." Kerr took a step forward and glanced at Gloria before he went on. "Now then, what do you say to this? You switch over an' join me. If it's too strong fer you to go, I'll cut out that Maple avenue railway line, an' we'll go at it some other way."

Gloria looked at her father in astonishment. Wright did not interrupt him, wishing to hear all that he had to say. "This campaign's taught me I'm growin' old. Some day somebody's got to take my place. There ain't a man in the party with your sense. I need you, an'—what's more—you'll profit by bein' with me."

"Mr. Kerr, it won't take me many words to give you your answer."

Reading disapproval in the remark, David Kerr craftily replied with his kindest manner. "Take yer time, take yer time. The more you think it over, the more you'll like it. Besides, I'm thinkin' of Gloria. You two talk it over. She's—"

"Father!" The girl was perfectly horrified and her sense of the fitness of things outraged by having her name dragged into the discussion. "Would you dare connect my name with such an affair?"

To the coarse nature all things are coarse, and her father seemed surprised that she should resent the manner in which he had connected her with the offer. "An' why not?" he asked. "I've been thinkin' the matter over, an' you an' him would make a pretty good team."

"Oh!" Gloria's disgust was unexpressed. Mere rage was useless to express her feelings.

Kerr turned to Wright, since Gloria appeared to have no inclination to listen. "So I argues, why not fix it up between us?" Then he spoke to his daughter in explanation. "Not knowin' you'd be here. But it's just as well. Now, Mr. Wright, what I say is this: This town wants somebody to run it. Belmont can't git along without somebody to keep the wheels greased. I'll put the paper on its feet fer you, an' gradually—as gradually as you like—you kin come over to my way of thinkin'. Then what'd be more natural than fer you to take over the runnin' o' things—especially as you'd be my son-in-law?"

Wright was about to make reply, but Gloria was too quick for him.

"Oh, this is more than I can bear! Am I a dog, a horse, a pig, that I can be traded in a dirty deal with not so much as 'by your leave' I'll not stand it for another instant. One humiliation after another has been my lot, but this is the last. I'm through with you. What has passed has taught you nothing; you're the bargaining, trading, scheming politician still, so low that you'd make your own daughter, your own flesh and blood, the bait to lure a good man from his purpose. But you can't do it," she cried, a note of triumph creeping into her denunciation; "he's not your kind. And do you believe that I'd submit to such a thing? What can you think of me? You put me on a plane with those vile creatures who pay you for protection."

"Gloria, please stop!" Wright pleaded. Her father could only look at her in wonder as she poured out the pent-up passion of her inmost soul.

"No, I'll not stop—there's more to say. Here, within this hour, Mr. Wright asked me again to be his wife, and I refused—refused because of you. I came here to warn him against you, to tell him the truth, because once we loved each other. No one can blame me for wishing him well. I came to tell him because I can't be here after this to save him as once I did. Over my body I dared your hirelings to take him, and not one moved. Now I'm going away forever and I want him to have what protection the truth will give. But my warning would be useless; what you offered to do just now is warning enough in itself. The man who would sell his own daughter is capable of anything."

"Please, Gloria, stop," Wright entreated. "I'm not accustomed to have any one else fight my battles for me. I can take care of myself."

"May be you can," sneered the boss, "but ever since you've been here you've been hidin' behind my daughter. It's because o' her I didn't go after you hot an' heavy long ago. An' then when they did come near gittin' you the other day, she stopped 'em."

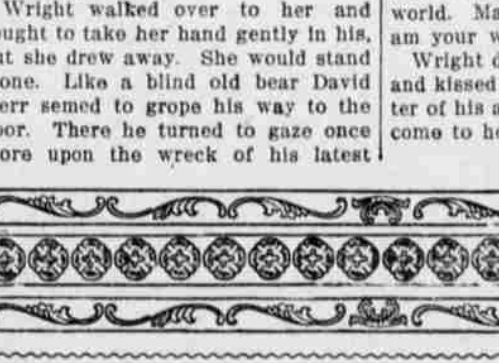
"You, Gloria!" Wright could not understand. She only bowed her head.

"But now, by God! that's all past." Kerr brought his fist down on the table with a bang. His breath came in appoplectic gasps and his face was livid with rage. "She's out of it as far as I'm concerned. I did everything in the world fer her, an' it wasn't no use." He turned to his daughter as he hurled out his anger and disappointment between his gasps for breath. "I was ready to stan' by you to the end, an' what do I git fer all my schemin' an' plannin' fer you? Nothin' but gum looks an' harsh words. If yer goin' away, go. I disown you. I cast you off."

The girl did not quail beneath his bitter words. They only inflamed her to announce the decision she had already made. Her lip curled with scorn, her eyes snapped, and she looked at her father.

"You disown me! You cast me off!" All the contempt she could muster she threw into her voice. "What right have you, you would barter me away as you would a horse or dog? No, it's I disown you!"

Wright walked over to her and sought to take her hand gently in his, but she drew away. She would stand alone. Like a blind old bear David Kerr seemed to grope his way to the door. There he turned to gaze once more upon the wreck of his latest



SEEK BRIGHTNESS OF LIFE

Excellent Idea Is That Recently Put Forth by an Eminent English College Professor.

A professor in one of our famous universities has suggested a chair of smiling and a course in good-fellowship.

We have courses in decorum and courses in composition, and courses in the direction of energy. Then what reason is there against inaugurating a course in optimism? Why should our young people be taught to think along the path of sunshine, to look for the brightness in life in a scientific, methodical way?

Too much of the present-day learning is inclined to make gloomy people of us. Smiling, which is a sort of banner of optimism, has too long been the uncertain matter of temperament instead of a reliable habit of life.

As a rule, the majority of persons are attracted to others who smile easily. These smilers succeed in business, so that success is often said to be the cause of their smiling when perhaps it is the opposite which is true.

They seem to radiate happiness and opulence, and we say their paths lie in pleasant places.

But maybe they light the paths with their own smiles.

There must be a way in which thought can be brushed up with light touches. Athletics teach the man to control his temper; the gymnasium braces up his muscles; a course in ethics sets his face toward the moral standard. There surely is a place for a course in smiling.

And there is no reason why it

schemes. His rage was still hot upon him.

"I found you in this—this adventurer's room. I leave you here. Look to yourself, you are no child o' mine."

The door banged behind him and Gloria Kerr knew that they had met for the last time. The girl, feeling so miserably alone in the world, turned to find bent upon her the tender gaze of the man whom she had once sworn to follow to the end of the world. For them love was dead, she knew, and now life would be for her only a succession of weary days.

"I thought all but my body died that day we spoke of love to find it but a dream," she acknowledged sadly, "yet there was one cup still more bitter I had to drain—and this was that cup's dregs."

"Oh, Gloria, believe me, out of unhappiness happiness comes. Your place is with me now. I hadn't told you, but I, too, am going away forever. And what is more, I'm going to take you with me."

She looked at him in wonder, then slowly shook her head.

"No, you can't leave Belmont, Joe. You're not a coward. I'm going, but your place is here."

"Do you think I shall let you go alone? Never. The one reason I am going east is to sell the Belmont News. I'm through with it. Then I shall follow you over the world until I make you mine—because I love you."

The girl looked at him with the faintest of smiles battling with her settled melancholy. He was bordering on melodrama, and she was regarding him with the same gentleness a loving mother exhibits toward an unreasoning little child.

"How selfish you are, Joe. All your fine sermons are going for naught. You've preached of your duty, and yet at the chance to show your devotion to that duty you're wanting to give up the fight. I'm not worth it, Joe, really I'm not. Think of Belmont. A general doesn't desert his soldiers after a victory, just because he knows the enemy has sent for reinforcements. That would be cowardly, and it isn't like you, Joe. The brave general doesn't give ground, he advances. Don't follow me; I would hate you. I know how Belmont needs you."

"But I need you, Gloria. And what is more, you need me and I can't let you go alone. There is a world elsewhere, even other Belmonts where we can live and labor and love. I didn't know till your father referred to it that you were at Noonan's that day. Can't you see how I need you for my guardian angel? How did you happen to be there?"

Briefly she detailed the visit, minimizing her part in saving him. None the less he was able to see that it was to her he owed perhaps his life itself. He listened in silence, letting her tell her story in her own way.

"Gloria, I've come to a decision." She looked at him questioningly. "I'm going to do what you've ordered. I'm going to stay here and fight for Belmont."

"Joe, you mean it!" Her face lit up with pleasure and she held out both her hands to him. He took them both, and to her surprise, and despite her resistance, drew her to him.

"But I'm not going to stay alone. If I'm to fight the good fight, I'm not going to fight alone. You called me a coward for wanting to go; would you reward me for deciding to stay? And out of unhappiness happiness will come. You must stay, Gloria; our place is here."

"Our place!" she echoed, and then was silent for a little time, her head upon his shoulder. He held her tightly, she could not escape. The feeble efforts she had made to break from him were now abandoned as she thought more and more upon his words. At last she looked up at him and smiled. "Yes, Joe, our place is here, and our happiness. Right in this room all my old pride died. But there has been born a new pride, a pride in you and in me, and in what it has given us to do." The tears came into her eyes as she thought of what they were to each other. "You are all I have in the world, dear; you are my world. Make me always proud that I am your wife."

Wright drew her closer to his heart and kissed her. And there in the shelter of his arms she rested. Peace had come to her.

How to "Eat" the Word of God

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."—Jeremiah 15:16.

There is a great difference between "finding" the word of God and "eating" it, and it is the man who eats it that gets the benefit out of it. Eating makes digestion and assimilation possible, and when these functions are normal in their working, the result is health, and strength, and all the usefulness and joy of living.

But eating comes first, and the eating that counts is that which has taken plenty of time for mastication. You must retain the food in your mouth, and get the full taste of it, and let it mingle well with the saliva, and chew, and chew, and chew, until the least possible amount is left to swallow. The man who does this has learned one of the great secrets of his physical being. He has learned how to keep well, and how to eat almost anything he likes without ill results. Keeping the food in the mouth is the key to it all.

Something like this is true in the higher realm. Usefulness and joy in the spiritual life depend on spiritual health and strength. But these in turn depend on the spiritual nourishment one takes—its kind, its quantity, its condition. The only nourishment that man takes—the word of God—"Desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby," is the inspired exhortation (1 Peter 2:3), and the more you get of it the better, always provided that you can digest and assimilate it.

Here comes the thought of eating again. Holding the word in your mind is like holding the food in your mouth. That is how to get the full taste of it. Prayer does in the one case what the saliva does in the other. Turning it round and round, thinking of it from this point of view and that, asking questions about it, taking it to your parents, your Sunday school teacher, your pastor, searching its meaning in a commentary, all these things correspond to the chewing that makes good digestion and assimilation.

Now, the only way to hold the word in your mind is to memorize it. It is not hard to do this, and when you begin to see the benefit of it becomes a real pleasure. Make the task as easy as possible by taking a small portion at a time.

Don't "bolt" your food. In other words, while you are a beginner let the passage of scripture be so small that it may be readily recalled several times during the busy day. And see that you do recall it, that is the point. Master your will in the matter until it obeys you almost automatically and you are able to recall the scripture without effort. You will be surprised how soon you will be able to do this, and it will mean so much to you.

What I Got One Day.

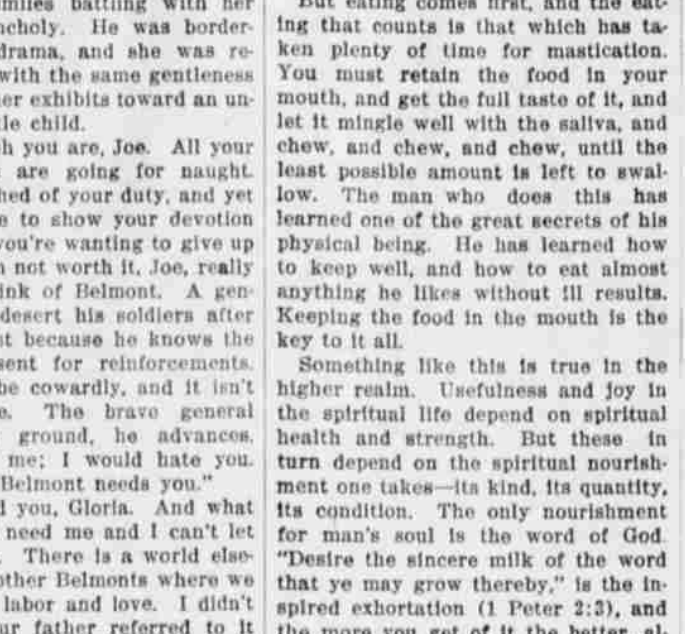
The other morning at family prayers I read this verse in Proverbs 18:10. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." I at once fastened it correctly in my mind, and as I walked down-town to my office, I kept "eating" it, turning it over and over, and getting such a sweet taste out of it and such a sense of strength and spiritual satisfaction.

"The name of the Lord," said I, "why that means the Lord himself! He is a strong tower." And the "strong tower" in olden time that was a place of defense and protection like our forts today. "The righteous runneth into it." Who can the righteous be, save those who are made righteous through receiving Christ by faith as their righteousness? "Runneth," there is the thought of haste because of pursuit by an enemy, and Paul's word came into my mind. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." "Runneth into it and is safe." O, the security and peace of the believer who puts his trust in God!

But that was not all. Before the day was over I needed all the strength I got out of it. There were trials that day, the enemy was on my heels, and how glad I was to run, and to know the place to run to and be safe!

I think this is what the prophet meant when he said: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." And this is why I urge every Christian to memorize a portion of the word of God every day. It gives his soul something to feed upon, and the more he feeds upon, the greater is his spiritual strength, and joy, and power, and usefulness in the Lord.

Let me illustrate this. The next day after my experience with Proverbs 18:10 I was at a prayer meeting, and being suddenly called upon to give a word of exhortation, I had an opportunity to pass on that verse to three or four hundred other people. And to how many more will they pass it on! They were all bible students preparing for Christian work in the uttermost part of the earth. Can you compute the number of souls to whom they will pass it on in a lifetime, and who, in turn, may pass it on, and on, and on, while the age lasts! And all because of that one little bit of truth I got that morning, and because I held it long enough to chew it well! Memorize the bible if you want to be blessed and become a blessing.



INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR FEBRUARY 8.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 11:14-26, 33-36.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be not darkness."—Luke 11:35.

I. The Accusation (vv. 14-16). The fact of demonology as revealed in the New Testament records is here strongly emphasized. Their existence, their malignity, their evil powers, their relation to the devil, and all their subjection to our Lord, is all clearly set before us. The devil had not taken possession of this man that he could not speak, yet a word from Jesus, and the dumb spake. That he should have such power caused the people to "wonder" (v. 14). His miracles were for one principal reason (John 5:36). Matthew tells us (12:23) that in this case they asked the question: "Is this the Son of David," e. g., the promised Messiah? The record does not, however, indicate that they believed on him—were converted. They knew what had been prophesied about the Coming One (Isa. 29:18, 22:3, 4), yet they hesitated to come out on his side. Into the midst of their controversy (v. 15, Matt. 12:24; Mark 3:22) the Scribes and Pharisees projected themselves. They had come down from Jerusalem seeking, "that they might accuse him" (John 19:33, 36). It is ever thus that the devil seeks to divert.

Convincing Logic.

II. The Defense (vv. 17-20). "But he, knowing their thoughts." Evidently they dared not openly to make their accusations. They would not accept the natural and true explanation. Jesus endured this contradiction and these charges for us (Isa. 53:3, 4), and must not his disciples expect a like treatment? (Matt. 10:25). With convincing logic Jesus reveals their motive (v. 16) and demonstrates the untenable position and conclusion which resulted from their own charge. Satan is not fighting himself. A king never sends an army against his own soldiers, but against those of his enemy. Therefore, out of their own acknowledgment that the devils were cast out, he proves that the kingdom of God has come upon them. Such an accusation (v. 15) was to Jesus an evidence of the depravity of their hearts. There is keen sarcasm in the answer he demanded from them (v. 19). Evidently they, too, had had power over demons, and it is easy to see the dilemma into which he led them. This is not the only time that Jesus convicted men out of their own testimony (Matt. 21:25).

III. The Application (vv. 21-26). With a true teacher's skill Jesus drives home the truth brought out in the preceding paragraph. Satan is a "strong man," but he, Jesus, is stronger. He has power to overcome and to take from the strong man his armor (defense), and his spoil, and to bind him fast (v. 22; Mark 3:27; Rev. 20:2). Those bound by chains of sin are the spoil of Satan, and Jesus is the only one powerful enough to—

—break the power of canceled sin and set the prisoner free.

Cleanse the "Palace."

With Christ there must be entire possession; there can be no neutrality (v. 23). We cannot belong to Christ and be a slave to Satan, to mammon, to self, or even to others whom we may love. The persistence of evil is here indicated. Unclean spirits are ever seeking a habitation. Therefore it is not enough for a man to be cleansed, his dwelling must be occupied, and if the Holy Spirit does not take possession, the evil one will. The parable that follows (vv. 24-26) teaches this truth negatively. In one case Satan is dislodged by Christ, he finds the "palace" (v. 22) (man) to be pre-occupied. In this case the palace is empty (Matt. 12:44). The absence of a positive attachment, too, or possession by Jesus Christ, involves hostility to him. This picture is that of the reformed man, not of the regenerated man. This latter has his place pre-occupied, and the returning spirit can find no place of abode. Unless, however, such be the case, the latter end of that man is far worse than his first state; witness the gold-cured intemperate men who return to their cups (2 Pet. 2:22); they return because they have no strong defender to drive off the returning enemy. This application and principle here propounded may, and does, account for most of the back-sliding after many of the so-called conversions, viz., that the germ of character has not been generated (John 3:7).

IV. The Illustration (vv. 23-36). In his teaching, Jesus constantly used familiar objects as illustrations. The incongruity of placing a candle under a bushel measure rather than in its rightful place that it may conspicuously perform its proper function is at once apparent. Jesus is the Light (John 7:17; 8:12), so also is the Christian. They are to be so set before men that, seeing Christ reflected in them, they will glorify the Father who sent him. This is that which is used by God in redeeming, transforming and ennobling earth's sinful children, by showing to them the path of a like transformation and redemption. Hence the warning Jesus sounds in verse 35. Verse 36 is particularly vivid, for it suggests the beauty to be seen through the medium of a charitable eye. What the eye is to the body so is the will to the soul if the will be set upon pleasing God then the whole character will be surrendered to him, and there is therefore no danger such as is suggested in verse 26. This also suggested that many may be deceived by the "strong delusions" of the devil. That we be fully surrendered to God is therefore a matter of vast importance, and not to be thus surrendered is fraught with a darkness, a final estate, that is awful to contemplate.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WANTED, BOYS!

Walking down the streets of our cities and towns and viewing the extensive window fixtures of the saloons, I can see as plain as the sign over the door, the word, "WANTED."

Yes, wanted \$1,000,000, the saloon-keeper says. It makes no difference how I get it, but I must have it. I pay a big revenue to our grand old government to be protected and it must protect me. I pay a big license to the city, and in return it must furnish me material for my business. It must and will furnish boys. I can no more run my business without boys than a saw-mill can run without logs.

Wanted, \$1,000,000, and to get this amount of money 100,000 boys must be sacrificed. What kind of boys are wanted? The boys who have made a failure at everything they have undertaken? No, the boys of worth and of high birth and good parentage. Most desired is the boy whose parents have faced the financial difficulties of life and started the boy out well equipped. It makes no difference how his mother worked and contrived; it makes no difference how his father toiled in both heat and cold, and the liquor trade wants to get the boy started down the toboggan slide of life and strip him of money, honor and virtue before he realizes his true condition.—Mrs. Cora Wright in Union Signal.

RED RUM—MURDER.

A barrel of whisky contains something more than an ordinary barrel of the same size; for, in addition to the regulation forty-two gallons, it contains:

- A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
- A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
- A barrel of tears of a world-weary wife;
- A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
- A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
- A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
- A barrel of hunger, of poison, of pain;
- A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
- A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
- A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
- A barrel of terror that grows with the night;
- A barrel of crimes and a barrel of groans;
- A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
- A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass.

From the head of the liquor that glows in the glass.

Beware, all men of the glass!

A FAILURE—IF.

A judge of Knoxville, Tenn., when asked if prohibition had failed in that city, answered: "If larger and more regular attendance at Sunday school, preaching and other services in our churches; if a larger and more regular attendance at schools, by better-achod, better-clad children; if \$40,000 more for increased room, better equipment and better-paid teachers; if sixty per cent. decrease in arrests for drunkenness and kindred crimes, if a decrease even greater in the percentage of murder and all grades of crime; if \$1,000,000 spent for necessary is less helpful than the same amount spent for liquor—if these things indicate failure, then prohibition has failed in Knoxville."

OUR VITAL ASSETS.

Taking the estimate of the money value to society of the average human life as \$2,900, Dr. David Starr Jordan reckons our "vital assets" at approximately two hundred and fifty billion dollars (\$250,000,000,000). The physical wealth of the United States he places at one hundred and ten billion dollars (\$110,000,000,000). Speaking of the attention given to the preservation of this physical wealth, he insists that "even the most ardent materialist must admit that the conservation of forests or the eradication of disease among cattle and hogs is not to be compared in importance with the conservation of human life."

SALOON A MURDER MILL.

In 1903, Jefferson county, Alabama, in which is located the city of Birmingham, was without saloons. That year the county had 130 murders. In 1910 city and county were still under prohibition and the number of murders was 138. In 1911 the city and county were without saloons for nine months, and the number of murders for the year was eighty-eight. In 1912, the first full year with reopened saloons, the number of murders in Birmingham and Jefferson county was 304.

LIVE ISSUE.

The temperance question is fast becoming a live issue in our national legislative halls. The time has come when the temperance people all over this nation are going to demand candidates for Congress that they unequivocally declare their position on the temperance issues likely to come before the House and Senate.—Congressman Sam R. Sells.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer Lytton.