

SAVED BY THE
BLOOD FROM A
DRUNKARDS

HELL

Guyder



Give, and it shall be given unto
you; good measure, pressed down,
and shaken together, and running
over, shall men give into your bosom.
For with the same measure that ye
mete withal it shall be measured to
you again—Luke 6-38.

Every man according as he pur-
poseth in his heart, so let him give;
not grudgingly, or of necessity, for
God loveth a cheerful giver.—II Cor.
9:7.



*Sincerely yours,
Glaude A. Stuber*

Dedication

To my mother who taught my infant feet to walk, who directed my hisping accents aright, who carefully guarded me through helplessness until I reached the age of accountability, and who has ever since been my best companion and counsellor, whose earnest prayers and tender encouragement nerved me for this effort, this book is affectionately dedicated.

AUTHOR.

Life of

Claude A. Gunder

Marion, Ind., Aug. 19, 1909.

To Whom it May Concern:

With pleasure I bear witness to the marvelous transformation wrought in the life of Claude A. Gunder. I have known him all his life—been intimately associated with his mother in temperance work, while he was in the deepest depths. I can testify to the truthfulness of his life story, as so thrillingly portrayed in his book and lectures. I unhesitatingly commend him to all W. C. T. U. workers and other lovers of truth.

Sincerely,

JULIA OVERMAN,

President of Marion, Central W. C. T. U.
and Superintendent of Medal Contest
Work for Indiana W. C. T. U.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD
FROM A DRUNKARD'S HELL

Now in Taylor University, Upland, Ind.,
Preparing for Temperance
Lecture Work

CLAUDE A. GUNDER

1910

Published and For Sale by the Author
Marion, Indiana

Here Are Proofs of My Sincerity That You Can Not Question

My home is in Marion, Ind., and I think the strongest endorsement I can give is to state that the twelve business men's names that appear below furnish me the capital to assist me in this publication. They are all first-class Christian men, and their business as shown explains their standing in the community. Any one of them will answer any doubt that is in your mind by return mail. You know, dear reader, I would not dare to use these names in this bold way were I not honest, sincere and deserving in my work.

CHAS. E. COPPIN, Marion State Bank.
G. A. OSBORN, Osborn Paper Co.
E. HULLER, Supt. City Water Works.
L. C. BESHORS, Retired Merchant.
REV. S. LIGHT, Pastor First M. E. Church.
W. L. LENTREY, Real Estate.
M. L. LEWIS, Marion Hardware Co.
ARTHUR JAY, Osborn Paper Co.
I. W. LINDER, Poultry and Egg Packer.
PERE GARDNER, Mail Service.
JOHN M. WIRRE, Real Estate.
L. M. KEESB, Grocer.

Upland, Ind., Aug. 21, 1909.
This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. Claude A. Gunder, is a student in Taylor University, regularly enrolled.
As such he has our confidence and is heartily recommended to all with whom he may have business. The business of authorship and publication, in which he is engaged, has for its object the furnishing of means for the payment of the expenses of his course in this institution. Any help afforded him will be a favor to the undersigned.
MONROE VAYNINGER, President Taylor University.

Marion, Ind., March 30, 1909.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Claude A. Gunder, at the present time a student in Taylor University, and can heartily recommend him as a young gentleman of high ideals and in every way worthy of the confidence of the people everywhere. I join with his many friends in wishing him success in his very laudable efforts to secure a college education and other special training for the life work to which God has evidently called him.

Very truly,
S. LIGHT, Pastor First M. E. Church.

PREFACE

This book is intended for the betterment of humanity, and to open the eyes of the people. To make them fully realize the greatness of the snares and temptations that are set before the young men and women of this great country. To make all of us more fully realize how near they are placed to our homes, where we are endeavoring to raise our bright minded children to the good of this life, and the life to come. The snares are set almost in front of our doors, ready to draw them in the minute they set their feet out into the world. When our beloved ones are at home with us we always think it will be none of ours, for we are raising them in the way they should go.

But brother, sister, listen! I had a Christian mother, and a better mother never lived. She prayed, she worked, she would have died for me, yet after I entered this wicked world for myself, I went down this wide road to ruin as fast as possible for any young man to go. My mother, no doubt, always thought, "Well, it will be none of mine," until it was brought home to her in reality. Yes, it was hers at last. It may be yours next. Who knows?

The following pages will disclose the life of a fallen man that every effort in the world had been made to save; his helplessness to control himself after trying every means to relieve himself of this accursed appetite for drink; his gambling career, which should give every man, young or old, eyes to see how easy it is for him to lose his hard earned money, and what such will lead him to.
Oh brother, oh sister, help me, join me in

this blessed work that I may be able to put this book into every home in this land. It may be the means of saving many souls from this horrible life and from a drunkard's hell. Pray for me that I may have the power through our Lord Jesus Christ to go forth in evangelistic temperance work, and be the means of rescuing my fallen brothers, for I have found but one sure cure, and that is through the blood of our Great Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Read this book carefully, think it over seriously, and use every power and means within you in helping to down the greatest curse of our land.

It also contains advice to boys, girls, fathers and mothers; statistics as to what the rum traffic is doing to our land; how many are falling into drunkard's graves yearly; the widows, orphans, and crime, it is making and the jails, prisons, asylums and poor houses that it is filling.

Oh, dear reader, get into the battle against it. The fight is on, my Christian soldiers, and we are going to have to answer to our God on the judgment day. Have we done what we could for humanity?

I do not claim all the latter pages in this book to be my own writing. However, the majority is, with the exception of several gem thoughts which I have gathered by reading and have used in this publication. Those, you will notice, bear quotation marks. I want to be fair with God and man and gain honor only where honor is due.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Dunkirk, Ind., November 26, 1873, and resided there about three years, after which time we moved to Powers Station, and remained there only about six months, then moved to Marion, Ind., and lived there about three years. The next move was to Redkey, Ind. We had a farm there that joined the town on the north. It was a magnificent place, a beautiful maple grove upon a hill where the house stood. We did not live in the country, neither did we live in town, or at least it seemed that way, as a part of the farm was inside the corporation and a part outside. The corporation line ran directly through this beautiful grove, within six feet of our house. It was in this place that I lived when I arrived at the age of eight years, and was commencing to realize that there was a lot of fun in this world, but of course had no idea of the wickedness that also existed in it. I had many playmates and did not have to leave home to have them, for I had the nicest playgrounds in that entire country. We had a large wooden swing, a barn, with always lots of hay in the mow, horses and ponies to ride; in fact almost everything that would be considered a luxury to boys that had lived in town all their lives. I had a good Christian mother, who saw that I was well cared for, and that I had a good time. But I always had to go to church with her on Sunday morning, and prayer meeting on Thursday night, and she would have thought it the most awful thing

in the world if I had missed Sunday school. In fact I never did, for she was always on hand to see that I went. I was taught to pray and respect the Sabbath, and was influenced toward all that was good in every way. I remember one time when I was about eight years of age, that my mother overheard me say a bad word in my play with some other boys, and she was so shocked over it she did not know what to think or do; but she felt that she had to cleanse me some way, so she took me into the house and scoured my mouth with a tooth brush and soap, and then talked to me about my soul, and how awful it was to say such things. I went to town school, and was acquainted with every boy good and bad in the entire community, and I was just at the age that the bad and daring boys seemed a little more attractive to me than the pious ones. I was of the disposition that I really enjoyed battle and was usually ready to accommodate any of my playmates in a fist fight at any time; and being a strong, active boy it was seldom that I was not victorious. This made me one of the king bees until I became so daring that I would take the risk of doing almost anything, regardless of danger. So we boys got to jumping on trains. This is the place where I came very near meeting my doom when but nine years of age. One evening I accompanied my mother down town to spend an evening with a friend of hers; after seeing her there I went on down street to play with some boys. There are two railroads in Redkey and the stations are near the center of town; so we boys went over there and had hung on and taken a ride on one train, and the second one had come in and was running

rapidly past the depot, when one of my boy friends, somewhat larger than myself, was running to get on it, and ran against me, knocking me backwards against the train. I fell down and rolled under the wheels, but in some way I got myself out so quickly that my life was spared, but my right foot was caught under the wheels and crushed, which resulted in amputation. This started me out at the age of nine years a cripple for life. This of course was an awful blow to me, and my mother was almost a nervous wreck from the shock for several years; but it was only a couple of months until I was out walking upon crutches, and being young and healthy my limb soon became hardened and tough, then I had a round shoe made that fit neatly around the end of my stump, having a thick heel to make it the proper length. I soon learned to get around in this way about as well as the other boys. I could run and jump, play baseball and all these things. I even learned to skate upon ice skates by having a skate made to fit this round shoe that would clamp fast to the thick heel. Every one had some comment as to how well I could get around. In fact, there were but few things I could not do about as well as the other boys that had two feet.

I attended the Redkey schools until I had completed the common branches, then, there being no high school there, my mother sent me to the "Northern Indiana Normal" at Valparaiso, Ind. I was at this time fifteen years of age, and it was in the year 1888. I pursued such studies as would be most essential for me in life, and of course I learned quite a little the two terms I was there; but I was

out from under that dear mother's influence. I could do about as I pleased, and I was at the age that I had no judgment whatever as to what was best for me, consequently I was soon possessed with the idea that the teachings of my mother were old foggy. I always thought that she meant well, but that she did not know much about what it took to make a good time for boys. There was a host of boys there that were exactly like me; we were there spending our parents' money, having a good time, and all we were learning was what the faculty there pounded into us at class. Of course we had to study some, but the average boy will never break himself down with over study when it is left to him alone. It was here that I first commenced to get out from under my parents' control, and took my first taste of real evil. We would slip around, get into pool rooms and play, and occasionally take a few social drinks, and did many things that meant ruin in the end for us all, but no one could have convinced us of the fact at that particular time. I have thought thousands of times when I was suffering from the dissipation of drink, and wondering what ever became of the rest of the boys that were my school-mates, and who sowed their first seeds of evil with me there. I hope to God that they have not all traveled the road that I have. I was never able to keep track of but one of them, and I positively know that he traveled the downward road almost to a drunkard's grave, and nearly killed his parents. They at last got him to consent to take the gold cure, and after taking that treatment he straightened up and took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar and is making a success of life; but

in addition to the cure he was surrounded by Christian friends, and in course of time was induced to come into the church life, and by so doing he stood firm and is now a man the whole community is proud of. I pray that you will not take for granted, by my writing, of my school life in Valparaiso, that I mean to convey the idea to you that it is an unfit place to go to school, or to send any of your children. They have an elegant school there in every particular, and it is managed as well as any school could be. These conditions exist more or less in all schools, and my advice is, do not send any fifteen-year-old boys there. If you have a girl or boy of that age that you wish to send to school, place him in a private school somewhere. I really think that you would be conferring a favor upon the heads of the larger schools by so doing. I returned home in the spring of 1889. I had arrived at the age that I wanted to begin to make some money for myself, for I was getting to be quite foolish about the girls, and I wanted money to spend in entertaining them. I had an uncle by marriage that owned a manufacturing establishment there, so he furnished me employment at reasonably fair wages considering my worth; so I went to work, and all my earnings were spent for clothes and a good time. Later in the summer I commenced to realize how much better time I could have if I had a horse and buggy of my own, so I could hitch up and go whenever I cared to. I talked to that good mother of mine about it, and I really convinced her that it would be nice for me to have it. She told me to go down to a buggy establishment that was there and pick out a brand new buggy and harness, just the ones I wanted.

Then I selected a horse that a butcher in town owned, and she bought the whole outfit and turned it over to me; then I was happy indeed. A rig to go with and money to spend. Thereafter I was on the go most of the time. Of course I would spend the day at the factory, then rush home in the evening, dress, hitch up my new rig, and be off in some direction. I would usually get some boy friend and drive to Dunkirk, which was only four miles away, and was a little larger than Redkey, for I was a man in Dunkirk and could go into any of the saloons there and play pool and other games that are very attractive to young men, and drink right over the bar as often as I desired. Oh, I will never forget how manly it made me feel, for I thought nearly every man did it, little realizing what the future held in store for me, and that I would ever be a slave to strong drink. I at this time always stayed within bounds of decency and could enter the best homes in that country, and call upon any parents' daughter, for they did not know what I was secretly doing, and they all rather enjoyed my company because I was full of life, and was in for anything and everything pertaining to worldly enjoyment. I would first go with one and then another, but finally I met one that suited me pretty well, and I made her my solid girl, and thereafter paid little attention to anyone else. By this time the question began to confront me as to what I was going to make of myself, and at that time it seemed that my greatest aspirations were to be a physician. The arrangements were made with a physician for me to take up the study of medicine with him. I spent several months in his office, and then was sent

away to medical school for a term. It developed that my most interesting studies were materia medica and chemistry and I commenced to think greatly of the drug business.

All this time I had not ceased to pay close attention to the young lady last spoken of, and I, in fact, had fallen deeply in love with her and she with me. We were both in our seventeenth year and of course could not marry without our parents' consent, both of us as ignorant as could be as to the duties of life, but we were smart enough to win our parents' consent, which saved us the trouble of running off; consequently we were married April 2, 1890.

CHAPTER II.

April 3, 1890.—Now I was a married man. Had taken one term in a medical school and had a fair knowledge of drugs. I was now very desirous of going to housekeeping so that I could have my wife with me. The thought entered my mind to go into the drug business, thereby make a living and at the same time continue my studies toward the medical profession. I talked this matter over with my parents, and my wife's parents; then they finally decided that was the thing for me to do. The oil excitement was just opening in Indiana, and many of you will remember "Pennville," or the old town of "Camden," was the center of the excitement, and I had my eye upon a drug store there. Finding that it could be bought, I talked the matter over with my mother and my wife's people, so that they went my security, and I bought this store.

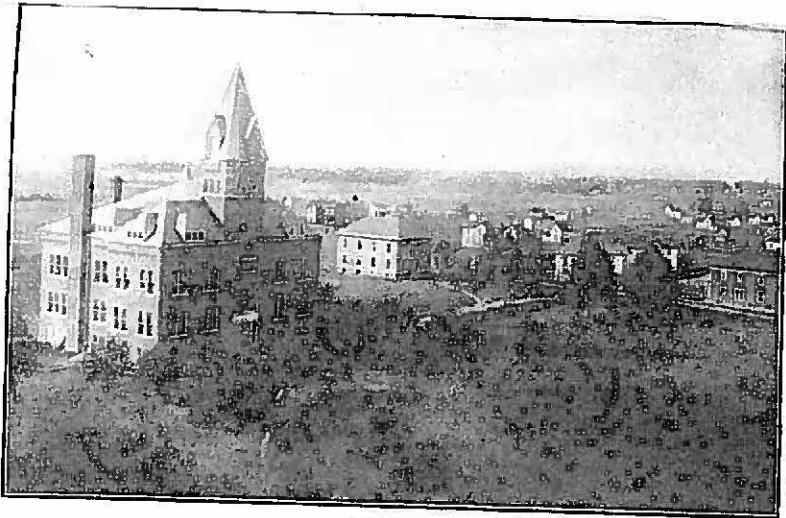
As near as I can remember, I purchased this store in August and I was not eighteen years of age until November, but there are few young men at the age of twenty-five that understood the ways of the world better than I did at eighteen. This oil boom became greater and greater all the time, and I went headlong after the business in my line, and I got it. Pennville was a prohibition town, and there had not been a saloon there in years. The nearest place that had a saloon was Redkey, and it was ten miles away. This being the condition, I had constant calls for liquor, and it was so evident the money I could make if I would sell it, that I was not there long until I purchased a barrel and commenced selling it to a select class around there, barring all drunken element; and what a business I did do. My store was headquarters for nearly all the oil people. I associated with them, spent lots of time and money with them, drinking, gambling, being one of them in every way to win their friendship and patronage, for I was making money by so doing. At this time I little realized that drink would ever entirely unhit me for business. I would drink more or less every day. Seldom would I feel it to any great extent, consequently was always able to attend to my business, and no one had any idea that I drank to any excess at all. I was just like the men you no doubt have heard say, "It will never get the best of me, I can drink and drink so much, then I don't care for any more, or I can leave it alone entirely, it doesn't bother me." But brother or sister, if you will closely watch that brother you will find that he seldom leaves it alone. Why, it is seldom that a drunkard will ever

openly acknowledge that it has absolutely got the best of him. It seems that they will never admit their weakness, for it seems unmanly to them. I know, for I have gone through with it all. I made money so rapidly in this business, that I entirely gave up the idea of becoming a practicing physician, therefore discontinued my studies altogether. I had been drinking more or less every day since I had purchased this drug store. I knew that liquor had its poisoned fangs fastened upon me, and my good wife and mother were alarmed over my reckless living, and about this time a beautiful daughter came to our home, and I at once commenced to realize that I must quit drinking; so I tried, and tried, but failed in every attempt, until I at last became so desperately determined, that I concluded to go unbeknown to the community, and take the gold cure, which I did. I came back really a better man than I was, but continued in the same business handling it every day. I never took a single drink, but there were times it seemed impossible for me to resist it, but I did until the World's Fair opened in Chicago. I went there to attend the fair, and made my headquarters, when not at the fair grounds, at the Palmer House. I made the acquaintance of business men that were there from different parts of the United States and it seemed that they were all having such an elegant time, I joined their crowd. They all drank, and seeing them enjoy their beer when it was so hot at the fair grounds, made the temptation too great for me to withstand; so I compromised with my conscience by agreeing with myself that I would drink nothing but beer, and that when

I got ready to start home I would quit square off, and not drink another drop after I returned home, and no one would be any the wiser for my indulgence.

But alas! My will power was weakened, the appetite for drink rekindled greater than ever. I tried my best to quit upon my return home, but I was too weak within myself to do it. It was but a short time until I was drinking harder than I ever had drunk. Finally, wanting to get possession of myself so badly, I went and took the gold cure again. After coming back, I continued to run the drug store for six or seven months without falling from grace, but I met with many temptations. I had an elegant trade and buyers were offering a premium for my place, so I decided to quit the drug business and take up some other line, all on account of my appetite for drink. The party I sold to paid me a fancy price for my store and I agreed not to enter the drug business in the town again as a competitor.

The next thing was, what line of business could I engage in to make some money? I thought of this and that business, and there had been another poor unfortunate man right in my own town, Redkey, that was engaged in the grocery business, who had a large stock of goods, but drink had gotten complete possession of him, and through this dissipation he was unfit to attend to his business properly, and had failed. This stock was for sale, and could be bought for about fifty cents on the dollar. I bought it and opened it up for business. The business being new to me I decided to take in a partner that knew the business, and so I did. We enjoyed a nice



Taylor University—Grounds, Dining Hall, Dormitories and Cottages

trade, but we did quite an extensive credit business. Things went along very nicely for a while, but the partnership was rather unsatisfactory to me, so I bought my partner's interests. This was the beginning of the panic of 1894. Redkey was a gas town, and had three glass factories, besides other smaller industries, and they all closed down, leaving the larger portion of my patrons out of work. I endeavored to carry the best of them for a while, until I saw that it was impossible for me to credit them until the factories resumed operation, and of course no one would want to buy a business under such circumstances so I closed out what I could at retail, conducted a series of auction sales, crying my own sales. In this way I reduced the stock, relieved it of all perishable goods then packed and stored the rest. This venture caused me to lose the greater portion of my earnings made while in the drug business in Pennington. I was unsettled for a while, but I had gained some confidence in myself as a public speaker by conducting my own sales. The country being in such a critical financial condition, there was no business that looked very inviting to a man of the limited capital I had. I finally dropped on to an idea of going on the road and selling a product of my own I had in mind for cleaning clothes, old hats, etc., thinking it would be in demand owing to the times. I had a nice horse and wagon suitable for the occasion, so I secured myself a black-faced minstrel man, who was a good singer, and could play the banjo, and we went out under the head of the "Siberian Clothing Renovating Company," using a gift enterprise scheme as an inducement to buy our goods.

and while on the road with this proposition, I drove through a beautiful little town by the name of Wheeling, and in some way I fell in love with its surroundings. The country was good around it, it was a very good trading point. I had this stock of groceries stored in Redkey, and the place seemed to be in need of a good store. I spent quite a little time there, and investigated things thoroughly. There was but one room in the town that could possibly be had, and it was in bad condition, as it had been used for years for a carpenter shop. The owner of this owned a saw mill there, so I went to see him, and we made a contract. By my paying him six months' rent in advance, he overhauled it, put in a new floor, and show windows. At this I quit the road, as I did not like it, for it seemed too much like a faker's business to suit me. I came home, and as soon as my room was ready in Wheeling, I moved my stock of goods and family there and soon had everything fixed up and was ready for business. Things went along fairly well. By practicing economy I was making a living, but that did not satisfy me. I was dollar crazy after losing so much money in Redkey. There was no drug store in Wheeling except a small stock a practicing physician had there. I knew what the drug business was, and the profit there was in the business, and I was determined to get to making more money some way. There was a young man that lived a couple of miles west of town, that had just returned from college, and was desirous of getting into business. We finally made a deal and I sold him a half interest in my store, then we purchased a new stock of drugs and placed them

in connection with our grocery store. There was but one saloon in Wheeling, and it being a small town, the better class would not patronize it, and, as I said before, I was determined to make some money some way, at the time entirely forgetting my weakness. We took out a government license, and bought a stock of drinking liquors of different kinds. Things went along very well for a while, until one day I unthoughtedly sampled some whiskey by tasting it, and before I knew it I had taken a swallow. The appetite came upon me like a flash. I fully realized what I had done, but it seemed from that time on I was perfectly helpless. I went to drinking harder and harder all the time, until a greater portion of the time I was scarcely fit for business and my partner saw that something must be done, so we closed a deal and he bought me out. My poor wife and I got ready and moved directly back to Redkey. I had no idea what on earth I was going to do. I had lost faith in any cures as I had been through the gold cure twice, and it seemed to do me but little good. I had lost confidence in myself and became despondent, therefore I would while away my time gambling and drinking, day in and day out. My friends would talk to me, my poor wife and mother were broken hearted, and would do everything in their power trying to rescue me. Finally I awakened to the fact that my means were about exhausted. I exerted every power within me to straighten up, and partly succeeded, but it was compulsory circumstances that gave me the strength to do so. Then I commenced to look for something to do. I succeeded in just a little while in securing a traveling position from the

Dayton Wholesale Grocery Company, Dayton, Ohio. I went out and met with good success, but I would fall in my own strength in spite of myself, my appetite would completely overpower me. I held the position for quite a while; my manager was patient with me, but at last he gave me up. It was useless for him longer to endure my failing. I still held my residence in Redkey and I continued to sink lower and lower in dissipation. I would scheme every way possible to get the quantity of drink my accursed appetite called for, and there was nothing I could work at that would pay me the salary necessary that I might be able to have what I desired to drink. By loafing around the saloon I would gamble, and finally became pretty clever at this profession. Then it was nothing else but gamble and drink all the time. I at first was sneaking about it on account of my pride, but it soon became generally known, and my heart became harder, until I accepted a position as a bartender in the "Old Kentucky Saloon" there. Then I could have all I wanted to drink; oh! if you could have seen my poor mother; she was killed. Actually she came near losing her mind over it. But all this had little or no effect upon me. I continued my work just the same. I worked there several months, and finally got to drinking so hard that the proprietor could not put up with it, consequently let me go. Now I had reached the point where I had become so dissipated that I did not even make a good bartender. Seemingly I was as helpless as a child; my appetite had complete possession of me. Oh! may God pity every man that is in such a condition! I now had sold every conceivable

thing in my possession except my household furniture and had lived up and squandered the money. I realized I had to get to doing something. The Redkey glass works were going to put on some apprentices and teach them to blow glass, so I applied, and fortunately got a place and went to work learning the trade. I learned very rapidly and was soon earning from four to six dollars per day. This was a class of work in which I could engage and drink quite heavily, and yet be able to do the work. It is generally known that glass blowers are the hardest drinkers known among any class of mechanics; of course there are some exceptions, some do not drink to excess but the majority drink more or less. It was awful how I would do. I would spend the greater portion of my wages over the bars of the saloons, and get so drunk time and again that I could scarcely get home, and sometimes I didn't get home. I had a true and devoted wife that always stood by me. She was just as patient with me as could be. She worshipped me and I did her. She was a good, broad-minded woman and looked upon me more as an object of pity, for she so well understood my condition. I was never abusive to her no matter how badly under the influence of liquor I was, and she seldom scolded me. Many is the night that poor soul has tramped the streets from place to place, hunting me for fear I was unable to get home, and when she found me I would always go home with her without saying a word. There is no doubt that she saved my life several times, once in particular. I had come home about midnight and being in a drunken stupor I sat down upon the edge of the veranda then

fell back upon the floor and went to sleep. It was one of the coldest nights in the winter. I don't know how long I lay there, but my wife had become so worried about me that she got up and dressed to go out and hunt me, and when she opened the door, there I lay almost frozen to death. She got me into the house some way, and commenced to work with me, and succeeded after a time in bringing me to. Shortly after this the factory shut down; then I was out of work and I had spent every dollar that I had made while I was at work. What to do I didn't know. There were factories running at other places, but I had no money to travel on, so I went to traveling like other hobos, riding in box cars, sleeping in factories or any place I could get to sleep, looking for work. I remember one night I was in Elwood, Ind.; it was cold and I had no place to sleep. There was another person with me, and he suggested we see the police and get permission to sleep in the jail, and there is where we slept that night. This was all on account of drink.

Brother and sister, stop and think of what this curse is doing for the mothers' sons of this country. My God! what can we do to stop this curse, and save the young men from going the road I have gone, for they are going down it by the thousands! Here I was out of work, tramping about in search of employment at my trade, with an appetite for drink that I would spend my last cent to satisfy, in preference to buying something to eat. I finally secured work in Windfall, Ind., thereby received means for the support of my family, which by this time had increased by the addition of another daughter, so I now had a

sweet, devoted wife and two beautiful daughters, and this dear wife was an excellent manager; she could make every dollar reach its full buying capacity, was a good seamstress and always kept herself and children looking well, and if there were any hardships in our home, she was brave and proud and no one ever knew them except her and me. Oh, what that dear woman had to endure, and she bore it so patiently, it is no wonder that God took her home to live with Him a few years later. I continued to work in Windfall until time came for the factory in Redkey to resume operation, but all the time I was away, I continued my hard drinking and dissipation. When I went to work again at home I was making more money than I had ever made, and it seemed that my drinking habit became worse all the time. I would take liquor to the factory with me every day, and keep myself completely filled with it. I had gotten so that I had to in order to be able to work at all, and after a time I commenced going down until I became a complete wreck and it was at this point that something definite had to be done, for I was unable to work at my trade any longer. The firm I worked for had known me for several years, and I had always given them good service, and everybody seemed deeply interested in me, but I had no money left to do anything with. They fully knew the conditions, so some good citizens there took the matter up with the company I worked for, and raised the means to send me to the Keeley cure, also gave my wife plenty to live upon while I was gone. One of them went with me to see positively that I got there all right, which I

did. They succeeded in getting drink away from me in about a week. I was there four weeks, and of course their constitutional treatment built me up quite a little in that time, and I was in a much better condition upon my return home. Everybody met me with outstretched hands, and the firm I worked for had held my place for me, and I could go to work any time I desired. I was firm and determined in my resolve never to drink again. Oh! I had suffered a thousand deaths from it, and always wanted so much to be a man. I fully realized how this demon run had so badly wrecked my life and my home. In just a few days I went to work again. I broke entirely away from all my old associates, and I was either at work or at home with my dear family. We were so happy now and we saved money all the time, for I always made good wages. I was with this firm for about a year after I had taken the Keeley cure, and at this time a strike occurred which threw us all out of work, but I was industrious and was endeavoring to save money enough to get into business for myself again, so I went to Greenfield, Ind., secured a very good place, and moved my family there into a beautiful brick house, and we fixed up to live a life worth living. We had a fine driving horse and buggy and all the comforts of life about us that one could ask for, and I had not drunk one drop. My wife would have been the happiest woman in the country, had not her father, who had spent his life as an industrious farmer, and was a successful business man in his line, become so addicted to drink that he was now a perfect wreck, and her mother was in very poor health and something had to be

done at once. They still lived in Dunkirk where they had a nice house in town, and they owned a good farm just a mile northeast of that city, that made them an independent living. Poor woman, to be afflicted as she was, and her husband afflicted with this accursed appetite for drink. He would come home drunk nearly every day, consequently her grief and sickness together were killing her, and she was failing rapidly. I went to Dunkirk, made arrangements to have them come to live with us. They stored their goods and both came to Greenfield. We did all in our power for them. I worked all plans in the world I could think of trying to keep the father away from drink and the mother seemed to improve slowly; but she had a very bad heart, and would often have spells when we would think she would surely die. There had been several days that she had seemed much better, and we were all rejoicing over her wonderful improvement. She was up and around and ate her meals in the dining room. One evening she was working some button-holes in a garment my wife was making for my youngest daughter. This we shall never forget, as my little one was very stingy with her kisses, and she would pay her dear grandma one kiss for each button-hole she worked, and the dear soul enjoyed it so much. This was the last thing she ever talked about. That evening she retired about her usual time. She had been in bed only a few minutes when we heard her groaning. My wife and I both went to her bedside at once, and we saw that she was going to have one of her bad spells with her heart. We called a doctor, but it was too late. She died in a few minutes, before

the physician could possibly get there. We wired at once for their other daughter to come, then made arrangements for the funeral. We took her to Wilmington, Ohio, for burial, as that is the place where she was brought up, and all of her people are buried there. Now there were many things to think of. What was going to become of that father that was a perfect wreck from drink? We all talked it over, and finally decided that my wife and I should move to Dunkirk into the old home and keep the father with us. There was a glass factory in Dunkirk where I could work at my trade, therefore I consented to this after a time.

CHAPTER III.

We were now living in Dunkirk and everything moving off fine. I was making and saving more money than I ever had. My wife's father continued his dissipation, and like every one who drinks, got worse until finally he became so bad that he had delirium tremens for several days, but he regained his reason again, and I influenced him to let me take him to the Keeley cure and after that he was sober for a period of about two years. I will tell you of his fall later in this book. Now everything was prosperous with us and we had accumulated a good bank account. I had never been wholly free from the appetite for drink, and there would spells seize me when I would almost become frantic. I had been for a time strong enough to master the appetite, but I had been working very hard and steadily and was worked down until I was in poor physical condition, and one of these

accursed spells came upon me, until I certainly lost my mind for an instant; I yielded, and I never drew a sober breath for about four weeks, after which time I commenced to realize what I had done, and how awful it was. I got ready at once and took the cure again, came back and went to work. I was then promoted to what is known as the "big shop." It is the shop where the largest wares in the factory are made. One of the firm had always worked this place, but he had taken the management of the factory and I was chosen to succeed him. This was a place that one could make as much as seven and eight dollars a day. I worked every day, and we lived more economically than ever, and every cent went into the bank that could possibly be put there. My wife had inherited some money through her mother's death, and that, with what we had saved, placed us in good circumstances again.

I was now twenty-eight years of age and a year previous to this time a son had been given to us, and I was very proud of this boy. It was the spring of 1901. I had labored very hard as it was my intention to quit the glass business that spring. I was very poor and weak physically, but I had a set time that I desired to work to, which I should not have done, for it was beyond my strength. I became weak and fatigued, and one of these spells seized me, and I fell again, but I had not much more than fallen this time until I came to my reasoning, rushed to my old refuge of safety, and took the cure again. I resigned my position with the company and decided to go into business again for myself, but not the drug business, dear friend; oh no!

I was as much afraid of that business as you would be of the most deadly serpent in the world, and I had fallen in the glass business so many times I could not think of continuing in that. Now the question was with me, what business could I pursue that I would meet with the least temptation? I wanted to live a sober life. I always wanted to be a respected gentleman; my children were getting old enough to know about things; and that grieved me. Just to think of my darling children ever seeing their father a drunkard almost killed me, and I was so weak that I was fearful of myself, and in fact I had disappointed my own self so often that I had learned I could not trust myself. I talked things all over with that dear wife, and we decided upon the dry goods and notion business. In the meantime I had learned of an elegant location for such a store, in a good county seat, namely, Bloomfield, Greene County, Ind. I rented a large brick business room there, one of the best locations in town; neither was there a better building. My wife and I went to Chicago, and I spent a week purchasing my stock. We moved to Bloomfield at once, and my opening day, June 1, 1901, was great. We were unable to take care of the trade, and it continued to come. I was having a splendid fall business, and I was in position so that I knew I could swing the principal part of the holiday trade my way. This venture was successful beyond all expectations. It was now time to buy my holiday goods before the markets were picked over, and my business was solicited so hard by Indianapolis wholesalers that I decided to visit that city, look over their stocks, and buy

what they had that I wanted, then go to Chicago. It was street carnival week in Indianapolis; all railroads were giving excursion rates, so I took advantage of this and went. I had no more idea of anything happening to me than you have this minute to you. I arrived in the city in the evening, and there was nothing I could do in a business way until the next morning, so I decided to take in the sights of the carnival that evening. In all this gaiety that same old devil spirit seized me, and led me as straight up to a bar as I could walk, and before I could free myself from him the work was done. I had taken another step in that downward road. My life there for two days and nights was hideous; I then, to free myself, boarded a train for home. I wanted to get to my wife as soon as possible. I had not done one thing that I went to Indianapolis to do. I did not even look at the holiday stocks. When I got home I stayed right by my wife's side and in this way I mastered myself, and no one was any the wiser for my misdemeanor. I would not trust myself to go anywhere to buy my holiday goods, so I bought my entire stock from Chicago markets from catalogue, except my Haviland china stock, which I purchased from a traveling salesman from Indianapolis. My goods came in and everything opened up nicely, in fact I had an elegant line of goods. I enjoyed a big holiday trade. But on Christmas Eve, when I realized my big day was drawing to a close, and my great responsibilities commenced to cease, I was completely fatigued, then the appetite seized me again. I fell, and oh! I fell hard; it seemed that nothing was going to stop me. My poor wife

had reached the point that she was desperate, wondering what could be done for me, until finally she decided there was but one way left, and that was to have me locked up where I could not possibly get it. She made arrangements and had me taken to the jail. This almost killed me, but the sheriff seemed to understand the conditions. He did not ask me to eat with the prisoners. At meal time he would let me out and I would eat at their own family table with them. I remained there for some time. I do not remember just how long, but there were no fines or anything like that against me, and I paid my board just the same as if I had been stopping at a hotel. This was in January, 1902. My wife never was a strong woman and she had contracted a severe cold accompanied with a hard cough that seemed to get worse all the time. She would cough until she would almost strangle, which resulted in hemorrhage of the lungs. She went down very rapidly at first, then she seemed to rebuild again to some extent during the spring, but she coughed more or less all the time. But I am getting a little ahead of my story; while I was boarding at the jail a deep conviction seemed to seize me; the spirit told me there was but one way for me to free myself from this awful curse, and that was to be a Christian. Something told me continuously it was the only road left for me to travel, and I could not relieve myself of this feeling. However, this was not the first time that I had felt this way; I had felt so time and again. There was always a peculiar feeling accompanying these convictions, and that was, if I lived a Christian life I would have to give up the business world entirely, and preach the

gospel, and to this I never would consent. When I was but seventeen years old this same thing came to me, and it had haunted me all my life, especially at the times I was under such deep conviction. This last conviction spoken of hung on to me, and it seemed that my wife's afflictions made it worse, and we had never connected ourselves with any church on my account. There were revival meetings going on at the Christian Church, and the people in general seemed to realize my condition, and they made many personal calls to get us out to church, and my wife and I went. She did not tarry long, but she joined the church and started the Christian life. That was very effective with me, and later, before the meeting closed, I gave way to the spirit. I convinced myself that it was the devil that put the idea into my head, "that I would have to preach," in order to keep me from going. We were immersed together and taken into the church. But there was something stood in front of me all the time; I never felt free. I had told Jesus I would not do this and that for Him, and the result was I starved the spirit in a very short time. The devil seized me seemingly stronger than ever. My appetite for drink came upon me again, until I lost complete control of myself, and I fell from grace in the following July. I thought to myself, my God what shall I do? I rushed like a madman unbeknown to anybody, back to the jail crying out, "I have fallen again; lock me up and don't let me out no matter how much I plead and beg," and this kind sheriff was only glad to do so. I was there under their kind treatment for about a week, then paid my board as before and went home,

My children did not know where I had been, and as I was one of the best advertisers the two newspapers had, they would never publish any bad news concerning me at any time. In this way I got possession of myself again. My wife's health was no better; she coughed all the time, yet she was up and around every day. There was no question about her disease; she had consumption. In September she wanted to make a visit to her sister, so all arrangements were made and she and the children went. I of course had to remain at home and attend to my business. She had been gone about a week, and I became so lonely and despondent thinking of her diseased condition, and when I permitted myself to think of the death which I knew would be the ultimate result, I became perfectly distracted, and I went to drinking to drown my trouble. I drank for about two weeks staying right in my room nearly all the time. If I went out at all, it was early in the morning, or late at night to replenish my bottle. I simply left my entire business with my clerks. By this time I realized that my wife would soon be ready to return home, and I could not think of her ever seeing me in this condition, for I knew it would trouble her. I thought of how much suffering my cursed habit had caused her, and I resolved I would quit or die in the attempt, and that she should never see me when I was under the influence of liquor again, neither did she. I straightened up completely before she returned home and never touched another drop during her life, but instead gave her all my time and undivided attention. I did everything within my power to rescue her from the dreadful disease, by

trying all the noted cures in the country. I did everything to make her happy. We had our own horse which afforded her the open air during the day, and we slept the same as out of doors at night, but with everything that could be done she continued to fail gradually. I could not give my retail business the time I should, and it was losing me money every day, so I packed the entire stock and stored it for the time being, for I had entirely too much business upon my hands with the sickness of my wife. I had developed, in the meantime, a good paying mail order business, that was paying me much better than my retail store and it did not require my time as the store did. I had also become deeply interested in coin operating machines. You would probably call them slot machines, but the proper name for those I was interested in was "Vending Machines," that for instance you drop a penny in, and receive a cake of gum for the penny. I had some decided improvements in mind for this sort of a machine, consequently I was endeavoring to develop my ideas, and had put in a complete experimental shop or factory for the purpose, expecting to manufacture them. This took lots of thought and time, but I could do the principal part of my drafting, figuring and thinking at my desk at home, and be right by my wife's side, for I had an exceedingly good man at the head of my shop, also a good broad-minded woman at the head of my mail order business, therefore a few hours of the day was all that was required of me at either place, in order to keep things going properly, which was not so of my retail store. In this way I went along taking care of my beloved wife, until March,

1904, when God thought best to take her home. This nearly killed me, yet it is the most pleasant thought of my life when I think of how sweetly she gave up this life. She would smile and talk of the life to come; she was perfectly willing to die, the only thing that she regretted was to leave me and her darling children. Just two days before she passed away, she called me to her side and told me of a beautiful vision she had had. It seemed to her that she was surrounded by angels, ready to carry her to heaven. I never shall forget that sweet, peaceful look that was on her face when she told me. Oh! It is really beautiful to see those die, no matter how dearly you may love them, when you know that they are prepared; for we know God has prepared a heaven for them where peace and happiness reign for evermore. Mrs. Gunder was a member of the Christian Church, and also of different church societies, that made a beautiful demonstration of their love for her during her illness and death.

Oh! father and mother, live Christian lives, for this life is short at the best, and it should be our greatest thought as to where we expect to spend eternity. You would be surprised to know the effect this has had upon the lives of our dear children. They know beyond all "shadow of a doubt", that their mother is in heaven today, and they are living as close to the Christian life as possible, with the object in view of seeing her smiling face again and spending eternity with her there. I thank God that today I am traveling the same road, and by His help I ever expect to be found faithful, doing His work and thereby be the

instrument in His hands of leading many others into the kingdom.

After my wife was laid away there I was left with three motherless children, three, seven and eleven years of age. I was so completely broken up I did not know what to do. As usual my dear mother came to the rescue; she was my adviser so she took all three of them home with her until I could get things straightened out, and we could decide what to do definitely. However, we had decided previous to her leaving that it would be impossible for me to try to continue keeping house with the children, as I needed my time exclusively for the promotion of my business, which was looking very bright for future developments, especially my vending machine business. My parents through mismanagement had lost about all the property they had and were now in meager circumstances, so my mother had decided to keep my children, I paying their board. In this way I could enable them to get along, and I was very glad to do so for there were no hands in the world that I could place my dear ones in that would do for them what she would do. In this way I gave up my home entirely, and went to the hotel to live. I nearly died of loneliness, but by keeping myself wholly absorbed in my business I overcame a portion of this feeling. Now I felt my responsibilities more than ever, and was determined I would never drink again.

I will stop telling of my own career for a while and finish telling you about my wife's father. Poor man, after standing for two long years without falling, all at once the demon rum broke in upon him and he was

worse than he ever was. He had gotten so bad that I had to send him to his sister's, who owns and lives upon a beautiful farm between Xenia and Wilmington, Ohio, near a village known as Lumberton. I hoped that getting him in the country would help him, but he had gone from bad to worse until he had squandered every cent he had in the world. At the time my wife died, they gave him money to come to the funeral and he came to my house under the influence of liquor. I talked with him regarding his future and he would cry like a child. He knew that drink had full possession of him, and he seemed to be anxious to get back to his sister's again, so I gave him the means and he went back. He finally got so dissipated he wandered away no one knowing where he was for a long time, but one day he came walking up to his other daughter's home, who still lives in Dunkirk, looking like a regular tramp. They took him in and cleaned him up and assisted him in securing work, and he could have had a good home there the remainder of his life, but after he got some little money ahead, he went to drinking again, until through shame he went away and is roaming this world today, staying entirely away from all loved ones, and God is the only one who knows where he is. Just think, dear friends, what this man once was and what he is today. Once a prosperous farmer, he had made and accumulated enough money so that he and his wife were living, comparatively speaking, a retired life. He had a lovely home in town and money on interest, and lands enough to keep them with all the comforts of life, but is today penniless and a complete wreck, all on account of drink.

This is only one, dear friends; there are tens of thousands just like him. Isn't it due time we were rising in arms against this evil, for more and more are going this road each year? Only those that have gone the road know or can realize or sympathize. These men receive but little sympathy, and are almost invariably censured, scorned and scoffed at, when, if their true principles were known, and if they could be what they, right in their hearts desired to be, there are, I think, at least three-fourths of them who would make the best citizens in the country. The majority of them have or have had very brilliant minds. Do you realize that this country is being run largely upon blood money? Money made by licensing the saloon and taxes upon liquors at the cost of the lives of the mothers' sons of this great country?

CHAPTER IV.

I was all alone in the world; my wife now dead and buried; my children, through necessity, torn from me; my home I loved so well, gone forever. This was a terrible grief to me, but I was forced to master it. I went to work as best I could, turning every effort for the almighty dollar. I sold my stock of merchandise to a company store at Park, Ind., as I had now completed my experimental work, and my vending machine was pronounced a decided success. I realized the magnitude of the business, and the great profits there would be in it, if there was enough capital and push placed behind it. I realized I did not have sufficient capital, so I set out to interest capitalists in my proposition. This I was quite successful in doing, as I had a very

meritorious proposition. I first interested one of the head men of the Kiss-Me Guin Company of Louisville, Ky., then we interested others, and we organized a company known as the "American Vending Machine Company," at the same time deciding to locate our factory, for the purpose of manufacturing my machine, in Jeffersonville, Ind., which is located just across the Ohio River, on the Indiana side, from Louisville. In the meantime I sold my mail order business, relieving myself from all other business interests, then went to Jeffersonville to devote my undivided time to the vending machine business. This was January 3, 1905. I immediately went to work installing machinery in a large brick building we had leased, which was soon accomplished, and I had a force of men at work turning out machines, and we were placing them in operation about the surrounding country. I was drawing a good salary as vice-president and general manager, besides I owned half the stock in the company. Everything was prosperous for me, but yet I think I was the most discontented man in the world. I was despondent spiritually all the time. I missed the love and affection of my home to such an extent that I was in constant grief. The world looked cold and black to me as it never had before. Although I had a good start in life, and money to buy a good time with, if money could buy it, I found out to my satisfaction that money is not all in this life. So many of us think, if I had money I would not care for anything; "I would have a good time, all right." You were never more mistaken. I have come to the conclusion by experience, "that money buys more misery in this life

than it does pleasure." No doubt this is a subject on which the greater portion of the world would be against me in a debate, but I honestly believe I could win my point in the end. One with plenty of money, seeking after nothing but worldly pleasure, is miserable. He may be happy for a time, but things become common and the clash comes sooner or later.

I have stated before that my parents had lost nearly all the property they had, which included that beautiful home at the north edge of Redkey, where I spent many of my boyhood days; consequently they had moved to Marion, Ind., and it was here that they lived when my mother took my children. They got along very nicely in every particular, considering everything. But it was very wearing and trying upon my mother, as she had a good sized family, there being two sisters and two brothers at home, besides my children; and worst of all, some of them were about the same age as my children. This responsibility was telling quite rapidly upon my mother, and I could see that I would have to make a change some way. My girls were taking music, and their teacher seemed much interested in their welfare, and she was a sweet, refined widow with one son, highly educated and polished in every particular and I came from an aristocratic family. She and I made acquaintance, of course, and we from the start were much pleased with each other, the friendship finally resulted in an engagement and marriage. I at once commenced looking forward to the happy home I would soon have, and I would plan in every way to make it as beautiful as possible. I secured

one of the most desirable residences, considering location, that there was in Jeffersonville. It was a beautiful home of nine rooms, with every modern convenience. Then I furnished it completely new, with the very best of furniture. I did all this before I was married. Our courtship continued until in May, 1905, at which time we were married. After our wedding trip we returned to Marion, got my children and her son, and went to our new home in Jeffersonville. We arrived there at the noon hour and we went directly to our new home for our first meal, as I had a house-keeper there in charge of the house which I had prepared ready to receive us. They were all much pleased and we spent the remainder of the day and evening enjoying it. They were greatly interested in their new piano, therefore we had much music and gaiety. I was the happiest man in the world for a time. I loved every one in it so well. I was the father in this beautiful home, and I had a sweet, affectionate wife, and we had four bright faced, intelligent children to live for. I really had a love for my wife's son, the same as I had for my own children, and we worked together hand in hand. During his school vacations he would accompany me to the factory and I had given him light work to do and placed his name upon the pay roll. In this way he was earning money for himself, and the best of all, he was a good, honest, saving boy. That naturally would make any one love him, and become interested in him. This boy and myself never had a word in the world. I loved him and do to this day pray for him and wish him everything that is good. I loved the mother of this boy as my wife, almost

to distraction, and I believe that she loved me fully as well, but in spite of all this there was a decided unhappiness existing between us. She was good to my children and they loved her as a mother, but there were things in her life that were unpleasant to me, and there were things in my life that were quite displeasing to her. This condition existed and it seemed that there was no remedy for it in the world. God knows I tried every way in the world to bring matters about right between us, but it continued to grow worse all the time. This condition grew day by day until it seemed that the last thread of happiness was broken for me, and I believe these same words will imply the exact feeling she had. I believe that each of us tried our best to adjust matters between ourselves, but seemingly we both made them worse all the time. This continued to grow, until it seemed there was an unavoidable clash to come, and that there was no remedy that could be used to avoid it. Yet through it all we both acknowledged our intense love for each other, neither did we at any time become estranged. We always parted and met with an affectionate kiss. God knows I wish her all that is good, and that He may come as close to her in her life as He has now come into mine.

This home condition had now reached the point that it was almost killing me. I could not come into the house but some unpleasant things were at once said. If not that, there was an unpleasant air there that spoke really louder than words. Do not understand me that I wish to lay all the blame on my wife for the devil was a dominating character in both of us, and it was he who did the work.

My business responsibilities had become much greater than ever, and they alone were enough to worry me to death, for the venture was new and the company fully depended upon me for every detail, from the buying of the raw material until the machines were hung upon the wall and we had the money for them. It had come to the point where our output of machines was greater than the selling forces that I had and good salesmen were exceedingly hard to get. I had now placed a foreman over my workmen in the factory, as it seemed necessary for me to be on the road a portion of the time in order to dispose of our output of machines. I would travel out in different directions, but was never away more than a week at a time, but the burden I carried at heart with me all the time was terrible. I would think at times that I would certainly die. This home trouble stayed with me all the time. When I was on the road I was homesick, and when I was at home I was unhappy. It seemed that there was no peace or happiness for me anywhere, and I wanted to be everywhere but where I was. I kept this grief and worry with me so constantly that, in fact, I was unfit for business, but conditions made it compulsory. This mental condition caused me to have stomach trouble, and at times I would have very serious attacks of indigestion. I was in Columbus, Ind., installing machines there, when one of these miserable attacks came upon me, and it seemed that nothing brought relief to me. I was confined to my room at the hotel and after trying many things some one suggested burnt brandy as a remedy. I was in so much misery that at the time I never realized

what drink had done for me in previous years, and I was now far along in my third year since I had tasted a single drop. The burnt brandy was fixed for me and I took it, and by the time I had taken several doses of it I was able to get out and around at my business, and every time I would feel a little bad I would stop in some nearby saloon and take a little more brandy. But oh, I soon realized what I had done. That accursed appetite had me again in its clutches, and it seemed that I was powerless. I finished my business in Columbus as soon as possible, boarded the train and went home as quickly as I could go, and never left the house for about a week. I placed myself under a physician's care, trying to get myself straightened out, and did in a sense get possession of myself and my wife and family apparently were none the wiser for my downfall. However, home conditions were not improved any and my business made me get busy again at once. To the best of my recollection it was in October that I was in Columbus, and I traveled more or less the remainder of the year. Here I was traveling about, worried with business cares, home troubles enough to drive a man insane, and an accursed appetite to fight that no one on earth has any idea of only those who have had it. It was in December of 1905 that I went into Frankfort, Ky., weighted completely down with my burdens of life. I was in a state of despondency such as has caused many a man to take his own life. It was a cold, dismal December night, the kind that makes one feel his cares to the utmost. I walked the floor back and forth in the lobby of the hotel, then I would walk down the street,

What to do I didn't know, until after a time I said to myself, I will settle it all. I went straight back to the hotel, walked into the bar room and ordered a drink. I took one after another until I was under the influence of it to the extent that I was positive I could sleep, then I retired. Being in a drunken stupor, of course I soon fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning all my troubles were in front of me just the same as ever, so I immediately got up and dressed, went down to the bar room and commenced to apply the same remedy, which gave me the same results as it had the night before. I stayed right in this hotel and kept this up night and day for about two weeks, not allowing myself to get sober enough to realize the greatness of my trouble. But I succeeded in closing a deal in Frankfort for my machines, and as Christmas was at hand I was compelled to return home and help prepare Christmas for the children. I boarded the train for Louisville in the afternoon, and I was fairly well under the influence of liquor, and I had purchased a flash to take along with me thinking I would need it to brace me up on my trip home. I arrived in Louisville about eight o'clock in the evening. Oh! but I did feel badly. I was now right at the point that I didn't care for anything. Just as soon as I got off the train I went to the first saloon I could get to and commenced to drink. I drank until I realized I had about all I could get home with, then I went down and crossed the river on the ferry boat to Jeffersonville. I got a colored man to carry my traveling bag

for me to my home, which was about five squares from the boat landing. It was the first time my wife ever saw me when I was drinking, although she knew all about my past career before she married me. She took it very calmly and I soon retired. The next morning I arose and went out for my morning drink, returned and had breakfast with the family, later went to my office at the factory and by steadying myself with an occasional drink got affairs straightened out. I now wanted to quit, and put up a desperate fight and did break away from it by staying right in the house or the factory, but it was after the holidays before I succeeded in breaking entirely away from it. During this time, to help my troubles along, there were some unpleasant things developed in my company that did not suit me altogether, not on account of my drinking, for my company knew nothing of it at this time, but there had been things developed for a time that meant much to me, and I had been scheming how to break away, and I at last reached a definite conclusion as to how to handle the affair. The first of the year of 1906 I put my plans into action and successfully got them through, resulting in my selling my entire interests in the American company. I had much greater things in view than it was possible for that company to reach under the existing conditions, which you will learn of later in the world book. Now everything I had in the world was in cash deposited in the bank. My home life was no happier, if any difference not quite so happy, for I was now loose from the business world and we had more time to argue and talk things over until one day I became so

thoroughly disgusted and tired of such conditions that I felt that I just had to get away from them. I felt exactly as I described my feelings when in Frankfort. I left the house, walked down town, and commenced drinking. I could not bear the thought of returning home again, so I went over to Louisville, got me a room, went to bed and never left that room to my recollection for three days and nights. I had my drinks carried to the room and would lie in bed and drink enough to put me to sleep again every time I would awaken. On the morning of the fourth day I awoke quite early and seemingly was quite sober. Thoughts began to come to me as to what I was doing. Thinking of my home and children, I dressed myself, went down the street, took a car and went home. But now things were worse than ever. I was accused of everything under the sun and I, of course, knew that I had done a great wrong, but all my wife could say to me did not affect me much. There was no rest for me at home nor anywhere else, so now I simply drank day and night to drown my troubles. I would go down the street, fill up and come home until finally my wife commenced to realize what she had done; then she would plead with me to quit, and I believe exercised every effort in her power to persuade me to do so, but it was too late. I had taken a step too far. I had not eaten anything for days and strong drink was burning me up; my brain was on fire. It had come to the point that something had to be done. I was threatened with delirium tremens. After spending one night fighting imaginary things off my bed I said to my wife in the morning, "Send for the doctor." I

remember her asking me whom I would rather have, and I studied the matter over and made my choice, which was Drs. Peyton and Varble, two of the most noted physicians in Southern Indiana. They came at once. They had no trouble in seeing that I was in a critical condition. They ordered a nurse for me to give my medicine regularly, and watch every move I made, giving me an allowance of liquor to drink, etc. That nurse was by my side night and day. I continued to get worse all the time, until I would fight for whisky. I got so bad that they were compelled to get the largest, strongest man they could find as an assistant to help manage me. However, my regular nurse was a strong man, but it took two. I now had delirium tremens until I was fighting all the most deadly serpents and animals in the world. I was in a terrible condition and grew more desperate and violent every day. I did not know one of my family, neither did I know what I was doing. After about two weeks they saw that it was impossible for them to give me the care and attention at home I should have, and the strain was too great upon my family. I had become so bad that they really thought there was little or no hope for me, and, as a last resort, I was taken to the Beechhurst Sanitarium in Louisville, under a special attendant. In order to keep me from hurting myself or anybody else, they locked me in what is known as an iron safety bed. It is a bed made especially for such cases, with an iron net work covering hinged on one side of the bed, so that it can be raised up, and when it is let down, it is locked on the other. In this way one is in a good bed but there is this netting over it making it impossi-

ble for one to get up. There I lay for seven long weeks, locked in this bed, suffering all the tortures of hell itself. There were all kinds of animals trying to get me. There were two things that tortured me most. One was that there seemed to me to be holes at different places about the bottom of the base-board around the room, something like rat holes that had been gnawed through by some hideous looking species of animals that I or no one else ever saw anything like in reality. They had hair all over their bodies about one and a half inches long, that stood straight up and was stiff as a pin. They would come out of these holes by the dozen; their glassy eyes would shine; they had a poisonous looking mouth, and were raving to devour me, but they couldn't get to me in this cage bed I was in, and it would make them so mad that they would then shake themselves and growl and rush about the room like mad dogs. But oh, when they would shake themselves their stiff hair would fly out of them and stick into me like pins; they kept me covered and filled with these hairs. I would put my head under the covers to keep these horrible creatures from throwing their hair in my face, and when I would do this there seemed to be some monster reptile that would gain entrance at the foot of my bed and would start at my feet to swallow me alive. I could feel its warm breath and it would get my limbs into its mouth in spite of me. I could feel myself gradually going down its huge throat inch by inch, and felt that I would soon be gone. It did not bite me, or hurt me, but it was swallowing me alive. It would swallow me up to my very arms or shoulders,

then I would battle with it until I was completely exhausted, then I would faint away or fall asleep, I don't know which. I know that I lost consciousness in some way, then when I would come to it would be the same ordeal over and over again. The first thing I would do after I awakened was to rise up and look at those imaginary holes around the base-board of the room and those hideous animals would commence coming out at once. My tongue was swollen until my mouth was filled, and it protruded at least two inches out of my mouth. It had been so completely cooked with strong liquors and was so parched and cracked that I could neither eat, nor take any nourishment of any kind. I was getting lower and lower every day. Physicians would hold consultations over me at different times, and they gave my wife and family and every one that was interested in me no hopes whatever of my recovery. They all thought I was lost, doomed to fill a drunkard's grave, and spend my eternity in hell. My wife at once broke up housekeeping, sold some of the things and placed the remainder in storage and sent my children home with my mother. In the meantime she had had herself appointed as my guardian by bonding herself in a bonding company. In this way she had access to and possession of every dollar I had in the world. She was making arrangements to leave with her son for California, but she was taken sick and for the time being was unable to make the trip, so she and her son were boarding. Behold, one morning I awoke and things seemed natural to me. I spoke good morning to my nurse and he looked at me in amazement, and when he saw the expression upon

my face, and talked with me a little while he was more greatly surprised that positively I was rational. He told me many times (and he was a man about forty-five years of age and had been a nurse the greater portion of his life), that this was the most surprising thing that ever happened in his experience. It certainly was another one of God's miracles. I commenced to improve and got up about as fast as I went down. I was a living skeleton and my nurse had to teach me to walk again. Oh! but they were proud of me. They felt that their good care had raised a man from the dead. I would mention every day about how anxious I was to go home. I was so homesick, it seemed to me that it had been ages since I had been home. I had no idea but that my home was just as I left it. The doctors would refuse me going from time to time, for they knew the conditions and steps my wife had taken, and feared the shock would be too great for me. They held me as long as they possibly could. I had now gained strength enough to walk alone and I was going home regardless of what they said; so Dr. Eager (who is a good Christian man and was then the head of the institution), called me into his private office and gently broke the bad news to me that my home was gone, children gone, and my wife would have been had she not taken sick, etc. He expressed his sympathy and warned me against all worry, what it would mean to me; that I was unable to stand it. I took the sad news calmly and after studying the matter all over and getting thoroughly composed, I telephoned for a cab and went to the place where my wife was boarding. I went directly to her apartments

where I found her dressed in a lounging robe, lying upon a couch. My reception was quite cool. The air in the room seemed to say, "I don't see why you couldn't have died"; but I took things coolly, thought much and said little. It was not long until night, and I noticed there were some strange movements, my wife being very secretly concerned with the lady of the house, and a few months later I found out what it was. She did not want them to let me stay there, so the lady went to her husband about it, and he gave her to understand that I could have a room at his house as long as he had a roof over his head. He happened to be a personal friend of mine and understood things. Had I known of this objection I should not have stayed for a minute, but as it was I accepted a room for the night. I was so nearly exhausted I retired early, and the next day commenced sifting things and found that she could not get away with anything but what I could hold the bonding company for, and realized I was so weak that the worry there was too much for me. I had promised the old doctor I would come back and stay with him at least a week or ten days longer, so I returned to the sanitarium to keep my promise. During my stay I weighed things up well, and had access to the telephone to talk to friends, and legal advisers and the judge of the court, who was a particular friend of mine, and I had things arranged to undo everything in about an hour's time upon my return. I stayed away for one week, then I returned and had a talk with my wife. She refused to be released as my guardian unless I gave her a set sum of money. So I went to my physician and he

accompanied me to the court house and had it all straightened out. The judge dismissed her guardianship in chambers without any trial at all, and demanded of her a settlement to the court, which of course she was compelled to give. This quickly foiled her plans and she now had to settle with me. After she had done this, she demanded of me so much money and intended to go to California. I, after some consideration and legal advice, laid a contract before her whereby, upon the payment of the sum of money agreed upon, she relieved me of all further liabilities, alimonies, etc., granting me a divorce at the expiration of time given by the State. Now the deal was closed, and the excitement and strain was almost too great for her; subsequently she had a relapse, and it was several weeks before she recuperated enough for her journey. During this time we boarded at the same place. I paid all her bills, and did everything for her in preparing for her trip, and when the morning came for them to start, I came as far as Indianapolis with them, kissed them good-by and we waved each other a good-by as long as the train was in sight, never to see each other again. I then took the train for Marion once more to see my own darling children and take a much needed rest. I was very poor and weak physically and I thought I certainly could rest at my mother's home with my own children with me, but I was very much discontented. I felt that I had to be doing something to make money. In fact, I never was contented in my life unless I was busy. For me to sit down and take life easy, and visit with any one, no matter how dearly I loved them, was

always a matter of impossibility. I was never idle in my life. The ordeal that I had just gone through had been quite expensive to me, in fact it had taken a small fortune. This caused me to be overly anxious to get my plans for manufacturing a new machine I had into operation as soon as possible. As weak as I was and as badly as I needed rest and quiet, one week was as long as I could stand to remain at my mother's. I took my two daughters and returned to Jeffersonville. I had arranged with the lady where my wife and I had stayed to keep my girls. She and her husband were loyal friends to me; truer hearts never were placed in human breasts than are in Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Millieur's, 501 East Chestnut Street, Jeffersonville, Ind. They took my two daughters and treated them as well as they did their own little girl. Of course I paid their board, but the price was such that it was not for financial gain that they did this, it was wholly "true blue" friendship, and may God bless them for it.

After I returned and had my girls settled in their new home, I commenced to arrange to manufacture my own machine and I decided to have this work done at Charlestown, Ind., owing to the fact that one of my oldest and best workmen had moved there, and by so doing I would have the advantage of his knowledge of the business. I later turned the manufacturing end of the business over to him and he made them for me, wholly at contract, at so much per machine. Now this was the summer of 1906. I was on the road a part of the time, and I had greater things in my mind than simply manufacturing this machine and selling it as I now was doing.

I was in search all the time for the proper parties with capital to associate myself with in a gigantic deal I had all ready to put out. I looked the ground over thoroughly. There were several parties I could get to take hold of my proposition, but I wanted the right parties with lots of vim and energy, that were not afraid of the dollar when they saw a good thing. I at last found just the fellows I was looking for. After a time we got everything settled between us, and we had articles of incorporation organizing the Gunder Vending Machine Company. I was to be the president and general manager of the entire business. During this long line of promoting and organizing this company, and just recuperating from my severe spell of sickness, my nerves were in a bad condition. I had had them strung up to such a high tension so long, that after I had accomplished my purpose I felt that I would almost collapse. The parties I had interested in my company were just like the majority of business men of this world, they would drink their social glass. This is an awful thing to be compelled to say of the men that are running this universe, but nevertheless it is true. I know, for I have been associated with them all my life. God help this government to see what the licensing of the saloon in this world means to the intelligent minded men of this country. Now these men with whom I associated myself knew nothing of my weakness and they endeavored to show me an elegant time. One evening after we had completed our business they decided to congregate with a host of friends and entertain me as royally as they could, so all arrangements were completed

and we assembled for the evening's enjoyment. Everything went off very smoothly, the waiter had taken drink orders several times, but I had refused every luxury in that line. But, as I said before, I felt so badly. I realized I was no company for anybody and I was perfectly miserable. It was only a few minutes until the drinks were in order again, and knowing how much better a few drinks would make me feel increased my accursed appetite, until the temptation was too great for me. Alas! I ordered a drink with the rest of my associates, and I drank it. The deed was done and it could not be recalled. I drank pretty heavily the remainder of the evening. I was to leave the next morning to go to Marion to spend a couple of days with my mother and my friends. Then I was to meet my company in Chicago where we were going to rent our offices in the central part of the city and furnish them in an elaborate manner, and proceed with our business as rapidly as possible. The next morning after our banquet I left for Marion, but I had taken several drinks before leaving. It was in Port Wayne, Ind., where all this took place, and when I left there I came to Marion by the way of Wabash over an interurban railroad. I made the acquaintance of another traveling man on the car going to Wabash, and as soon as we got off the car we stepped over to a nearby saloon in the opera house block and had a social drink together, and in there we met several "hale fellows well met," and we all had to have a few drinks for old friendship's sake. I found myself in a crowd of jolly good fellows and we continued to drink. I went out with a friend to supper, then we

attended the theatre, after which we had several drinks together, then I took the car for Marion. It was after midnight when I arrived there and I knew that if I went to my mother's home she would notice the smell of liquor on me, and I was under the influence of it some, so I went into the Burrier Hotel and engaged a room. I then went into the bar room and there I met some old acquaintances of mine, and we had to have a few drinks for old friendship's sake. I was pretty well intoxicated when I retired to my room for the night. The next morning I awoke and felt very badly over my downfall, but oh, my! how I wanted a drink. I touched the electric button and a porter responded and I ordered some whisky. I drank that and finally got up courage enough to dress. I then went down and took a few more drinks that my appetite compelled me to take, then went down the street and stepped into another place where I thought I would see a few of my old friends, and sure enough they were there, and we started to drinking, and then it was all over. I forgot all about home, mother and everything else. I stayed in Marion at this hotel two days and nights and never went near my mother's. But it seemed that I never lost sight of the fact that I had to be in Chicago upon a certain date. I boarded a train that morning for Chicago. I had tried awfully hard to straighten up, but I had had several drinks. I went into a chair car when I got on the train and was fully determined not to drink any more. There I sat in all the agonies and tortures of hell itself, my appetite calling for drink, until finally I got up and made a rush for the dining car, sat down to a

table and ordered a drink. I sat there all the way into Chicago drinking one drink after another, and when I arrived in the city I was drunk. I was a man though, that could always take care of myself fairly well even though I was intoxicated. I at once took a cab for my hotel and there I met my men waiting for me. They saw at once my condition, but said nothing. Just think, beloved, of an appetite having such a hold upon a man that he loses complete control of himself. He is perfectly helpless when liquor gets its hold upon him. There are so many people that think if this fellow was a man he would quit drinking. I tell you, dear reader, when that demon rum gets hold of a man I do not care how manly he is, he is as helpless as a mouse would be in the presence of a lion. The average person is entirely too quick to judge and censure the drinking man. Dearly beloved, when you see a drunken man, do not look upon him with scorn, but think seriously what should be done with the liquor traffic of this nation that is dragging millions into a drunkard's hell. This is the greatest and most serious problem the world has before it today. These hell holes are set right under our children's noses with every inducement to draw them in, and drag them down to ruin. The young man is first started through society and the ball room, or by taking a trip somewhere with a crowd of other young fellows, and they want to do something a little out of the ordinary to be sociable, and have a good time, and the result is they taste of this evil; they consider it fun at first, and on they go until at last they are total wrecks.

Now here I was in Chicago, my vice-presi-

dent and assistant manager and secretary there to assist me in making and completing our company's arrangements to locate permanently our business in that great city, and I was drunk to the extent that I was unfit for business. I realized my condition only too well, and I took them up to my room and told them that I was a slave to drink and that I thought it was useless for us to try to do any business there just then, for I could not control myself, and that the best thing I could do would be to take the train for Louisville, Ky., and go out to Beechurst Sanitarium, that they understood me and my case better than anywhere else, and I thought I would be over this debauch in about a week or two and then we would try to get to business. The next evening they accompanied me to the station, and I took a sleeper for Louisville. This was an all night run and I didn't take anything to drink with me on the train at all. I soon went to my berth and I dropped off into a drunken sleep in just a little while, and I slept for three or four hours. When all at once I awoke, I discovered that the train was stopping. Just then a porter passed my berth. I stopped him and asked him where we were. He told me, and I asked him if there was any liquor on the train, and as there was no diner on, there was nothing to drink. I at once asked him how long we stopped there, and if it would be possible for him to get me some whisky. He said he thought he could, so I gave him the money and he hurried out of the car. It was not long until he came back with a big bottle of that deadly poison, and my! how glad I was to get it, for I felt that I could never live until I reached Louisville had

I not have gotten that whisky. I filled myself with it, then I was able to go to sleep again, and when I awoke I was at the Union Station in Louisville. I at once took a cab for the sanitarium. This is the same place where I came so near dying with delirium tremens. I felt that this was the place for me, as they had saved my life before, and they understood my case better than anywhere else I could go, but it had changed hands, and the old Doctor Eager I thought so much of had retired on account of a cancer, which caused him to have such ill health that he had given up his position, and I have learned since he died from it. Some of the old nurses were there, but in some way the place did not seem the same, consequently I did not like it. I remained about two weeks, but I seemed to grow worse if anything. I could not give up drink. I would plead and beg for it, I would work all the schemes imaginable to get it, and I was usually successful. At the expiration of two weeks I decided to make a change, but just what to do I didn't know, but I made up my mind I would not stay there, so I went down to the city of Louisville, and I drank quite freely during the evening and was pretty well intoxicated when I took a car and crossed the Ohio River to Jeffersonville. I soon met some of my old friends over there, but I was feeling very badly and decided to go to my room at the hotel. George B. Parks, who is at the present time county auditor of Clark County, was a neighbor and friend to me, and he knew just what drink meant to me, and he went to my room and stayed all night with me. The next morning he got up and went out unknown to me, and when I awoke there was

Dr. Varble, my physician that took care of me before, and Joe Warder, the city clerk. They commenced to talk and reason with me, for they knew I would never stop until death stopped me, if there was not something done. So the doctor telephoned to the Deaconess Hospital and they arranged to give me a nice front room where I would have a nice river view, and he took me in his buggy and I went to the Deaconess Hospital. There they kept me for nearly four weeks, and they made every effort in the world to get drink away from me, but it seemed that I could not give it up. Only my God will ever know what I suffered; I wanted to give it up so badly, yet I couldn't. Those dear sisters there did everything in the world to comfort me and encourage me to straighten up. I can scarcely bear to think back over my stay at that hospital for shame. They pleaded with me, when I was nervous and couldn't rest they would give me hot baths and rub me with alcohol. They would read to me, sit in my room and talk to me by the hour to keep me contented in mind. They gave me privileges that they never gave to any patients before in the history of the hospital, yet all that did me no good. I appreciated it, but oh! that drink was ahead of everything else. The doctor always allowed me a reasonable amount, but that did not satisfy me. I wanted more and more I got. I would get it some way. It seemed that there was no way under the sun to prevent me. Finally, at the end of the fourth week, they concluded that there was no way for them to ever stop me and keep me there, and they had but one way in mind that it could ever be done, and that was to lock me

up. The doctor and superintendent of the hospital talked it over between them, and they decided to send me to jail where there would be no mercy shown me whatever, as it was the last and only way to get me away from drink. They had the chief of police to come down on Sunday evening after dark and take me up a back way and lock me in the county jail. There they kept me, and I did not get anything to drink while I was there. If ever any one could possibly suffer the tortures of hell upon this earth, I think I suffered them there. I can hear those iron doors shut with a clash and prison sound yet. When I think of it, oh! I just try to huddle up closer to God. This is such a good way and I am so happy now. God has freed me of that accursed appetite and, dear reader, do you think it is any wonder that I feel that I should spend the rest of my days in His service? But, thank God, it is no burden. I never want to do anything else. Praise His holy name.

It was in this jail that I again felt conviction for my sins, and that the only road out for me was to be a Christian; that I was doomed to a drunkard's hell if I did not surrender my all to Christ. I had done everything that was possible to do to free myself of my appetite for drink, but to no avail. There was a man in the jail at the same time I was, on a charge of bigamy, that is now serving a five-year sentence in the Michigan City penitentiary, that did me a world of good. I always thought he was unjustly dealt with, and always will. He was a good hearted soul and was trying to serve his God while confined there as near as he could. He had been a traveling salesman

most of his life, and that made him an interesting conversationalist. I told him of my convictions and he gave me great encouragement, and did everything he could to comfort me while I was there. Even though he is a convict today he has my regards, and I ask the blessings of God to ever rest upon him. I remained there about one week, at which time I thought I had determination and stamina enough to stand. I was filled with as good resolves as any man ever made in the world. Now how long, dear reader, do you think I refrained from drink? It was just about twenty-four hours until I fell from grace and went from bad to worse for about a week. Then a friend of mine, that runs a grocery in the city, talked and reasoned with me and induced me to go to the Mercy's Hospital. He had arranged that I be locked up and receive nerve treatment and good diet was taken out there and confined in that hospital about two weeks, but the sisters were too liberal with me and gave me more whisky than I ought to have. Of course I would beg for it and they would give it to me. There was no use in my staying there, and they realized it as well as I did. So I left and went down town to the Riley Hotel. Mr. Riley took me in charge and he really did me more good than all the rest combined. I got fairly well straightened up there in about two weeks, and was now getting ready to meet my company in Fort Wayne again. I had decided to go to them at once. I took a train out of Jeffersonville in the evening, over the Pennsylvania line for Logansport, where I would make connection with the Big Four into Fort Wayne.

I took a sleeper and in some way our train was delayed and we ran into Logansport three or four hours late, therefore I missed my connection and was compelled to wait there about four hours. I felt so badly and didn't know what on earth to do with myself. I was under such deep conviction for sin that I was almost crazy, I could not refrain from taking a drink to save my life, and I took several, trying to overcome this awful feeling, but it was no use; it got worse and worse all the time. Finally the train for Fort Wayne came in and I reached that city at last. I was fairly well under the influence of liquor, but there was something else the matter with me. I never felt that way before. A sudden thought struck me that I must go home to my mother. I telephoned to my company to come to the station, that I wanted to see them, and they came down right away. They saw I was feeling quite badly, and they asked me what I thought best for me to do, and I told them to help get my trunks over to the interurban station and I would go home. They did, and I arrived in Marion about eight o'clock in the evening. Oh! how I did dread to go home and face that dear mother of mine. I stopped on the corner of the public square and meditated for a while, then went over to a saloon, went in and sat down and commenced studying, thinking, my God, what will I do? Then I would take a drink, then I would study and wonder again for a time, then take another drink, and so on until eleven o'clock, at which time all saloons close in Indiana. I took my grip and started for home. I felt that I had to go, that there was no way for me to avoid it. Some unknown

power seemed to have possession of me and was leading me right along. When I reached the house they were all in bed. I knocked and my mother came to the door, and behold, her prayers had been answered. Here is one of the miraculous answers to prayer and it is true to the letter. My mother had been praying for me for weeks, yes, years for that matter, and quite a time had elapsed since she had received a letter from me, and she was nearly distracted on account of not hearing from me; and, do you know, a deep conviction came upon me that I must write to my mother, and I did; although owing to my nervous condition it was a difficult task for me to do so, but I wrote her, just the same. Then she began praying, Oh Lord, send him home; and at a prayer meeting on Tuesday night she asked them all to pray that I might be cared for and be sent home. Prayers were going up in earnest from all directions and, bless you, dear reader, I walked into my mother's house on Saturday night, and I had not been in the house ten minutes until I commenced telling my mother of my terrible conviction, and that I had come home to give my heart to God. My darling boy lay in bed in one corner of the room; I rushed to the bed, grabbed him in my arms, feeling the responsibility of being his father. I thought of his mother in heaven and then and there made a resolve, God being my helper, I would never drink again. Praise His holy name! He has raised me out of that horrible pit and placed my feet upon the solid rock. Is it any wonder, dear reader, that I love Him and want to spend the remainder of my days in His service? This is an example of

what earnest prayer will do. Oh! mothers and fathers, if you have loved ones out in the world away from Christ, pray, pray earnestly and continue to pray. Never become discouraged even if years pass, for God does answer prayer. He has answered many prayers for me since I gave my heart to Him. As I stated before, I arrived home on Saturday night, burdened down with conviction, yet I don't know why, but I couldn't pray. I think one reason was, I never had. But God stayed right by me and I have never touched one drink from the night I entered my mother's house up to the present time, and, thank God, I do not want to. I am as free from it as if I had never drunk a drop in my life. I did not get any definite experience for several days after I came home, but it seemed that everybody was interested in me and was praying for me. They had prayer meeting at our house, and my mother and I went to other places to meetings, but God did not speak peace to my soul until Thursday afternoon following the Saturday of my arrival home. That day will always be remembered by me and three others. It was shortly after dinner, and it was an awfully cold, blustery day, almost too bad for any one to be out; but all at once a carriage drove up in front of our house and two ladies got out and came in. They had come purposely to talk to me about my soul and pray with me. I was determined to be saved. I intended to get right with my God if it took me a month, but as I had never made any attempt of this kind before, it seemed that I could not have sufficient faith to believe my Heavenly Father's promises. The ladies had not been

there but a few minutes until we were in earnest prayer, and God saved me right there in a few minutes. Oh, it is a blessed experience, when you surrender all to Him and you can feel His cleansing power in your soul. All I grieve about now is what I missed by not always being a Christian. It is the only life there is any happiness in. I can't understand now why I did not give my life to Him when I was a boy, and save myself the suffering and misery that sin has caused me. I felt the call to work for Him at once. I did not want ever to have another thing to do with the world, in any business way. It was now a question what move I was going to make, and how I was going to make it. Every dollar I had in the world was lost if I did not continue as I had started with my new company. After a few weeks I went to Fort Wayne and had a meeting with my men, and I came out plainly and told them all that had happened, and that I felt I could not go ahead with the company and live a Christian life, and that God demanded of me to go into the temperance work and that I intended to do it regardless of cost. They were gentlemen of honor and principle, and instead of becoming angry with me they were pleased by my good intentions and have done everything to encourage me in my new efforts. My action was expensive to them as well as myself, and it cost me every dollar I had in the world. They gladly sacrificed like men and wished me every good possible, and are my truest and warmest friends today, and would do anything within their power to assist me in my efforts for the Lord. What on earth I was going to do for a living I did not know,

but I looked to God in faith believing that He would furnish me the way and direct me in what to do. He tested my faith in many ways, and at times the way looked very dark, but I remained in constant prayer over the matter. I looked to God for it all. There was a revival meeting in progress at the First M. E. Church and we were having a glorious time, so many precious souls being saved. This was very beneficial to me and it gave me a wonderful growth in grace, as I took hold and was one of the workers. Upon one Friday night during the meetings I went home, and after reading several chapters in the Bible, I went to my room and knelt at the side of my bed and went into earnest prayer, asking God to show me a way that I could enter school, and yet make a living for myself and my children. After praying for quite a while, all at once I felt as composed as could be. I was in perfect peace; God would take care of me and open a way for me. I then went to bed. I felt that I was in heaven, and all at once something seemed to say to me: "You write a book of your life and sell it to the Christian people of this land by mail; you understand the mail order business." I am sure it was God's spirit that spoke this to me. When I arose the next morning I came down stairs and told my mother the first thing, and I have never stopped in my work from that day to this. I started to write my book at once, regardless of the fact that I did not have the capital to have it printed or to even get letters printed. I knew God gave me the idea and that he would arrange for the rest. Bless your life, beloved, He did; God caused people to be even so anxious to help

me get started that one in particular called up by 'phone and said he wanted to help me, and others as soon as they heard of it were just as anxious as he was. I had the money before I realized it. Bless God, He did it all. Oh! it pays to trust in Jesus, He will take care of us if we just serve Him, and entrust ourselves to His care, "Praise His holy name." I am for Him and His work forever and ever. I shall spend the remainder of my days in His service, doing what I can for the betterment of humanity, and I think there are more workers needed to fight the tremendous evil of intemperance than any other curse that exists in our land today. Oh! dear reader, it is wrecking the lives of millions, dragging them into a drunkard's hell, and if we, as Christians, are not up and working against it every moment of our lives, I think we shall have to answer for it in the judgment day. After I write a couple more chapters of advice to boys and girls, I shall endeavor to lay before you, in my concluding chapter, the awfulness and absolute facts concerning the liquor question, and I want you to read every word of it, weigh it up carefully, and then above all, act as you know God would have you act upon such a curse. This will now conclude the sketch of my life, battling with an uncontrollable appetite for drink, and I assure you that it is not a pleasant task for me to place it before the world to read, but I am doing it for the purpose of showing the people that chance to read it, what drink is when it once gets its poisoned fangs clutched into one's soul; of making each and every one of you stop and think. Think to the extent that you will act at once, and emphatically

say, "By the grace of God I will never be connected with such an evil by keeping silent, and not fighting against it." Pray to God to strengthen you and direct you in your work, and then work. It is a sin for you to let one single opportunity pass when you can strike this demon a blow.

RUSSELL.

After seven weeks' illness with typhoid fever and pneumonia, the little son of Claude A. Gunder was taken to the heavenly fold from Taylor University, Upland, Ind., December 21, 1908; age eight years nine months.

It is in great grief that I am compelled to insert this page. Since the writing of this book God has seen fit to take unto Himself my only darling boy, who was the joy and comfort of my life.

My reformation was greatly due to the beautiful and loving character of this child. It was with him in my arms that I looked God in the face and promised by His help to live a better life. I wanted to be an example to him and a father he could be proud of, thus it was that I was encouraged for the effort. God has torn him from me but I am reconciled that "God's will, not mine, be done." This grief has brought heaven nearer and I am rejoicing in the blessed promise of our Savior: "I can go to him." This gives me a greater determination to stand firmer in the faith than ever before. Asking an interest in your prayers, I am, Yours in Christian love,
 CLAUDE A. GUNDER.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

Girls, to start with, you know that you have a wonderful influence over the boys. The better, and more refined you are, the greater will be the refinement of the boys. The boys naturally like the girls, and in fact they each and every one are determined to have a girl, and the majority of them a wife some day. The boys will do anything you demand of them in order to have your society, consequently it depends upon you, to a certain degree, to make the young men of this country what they should be. Put your foot right down on the subject of intemperance, and above all things never permit yourself to become infatuated with a young man that touches drink in any form. Your whole future life and happiness fully depends upon the morals of the man you marry, and if any young man does not love you to the extent that he is willing to be a total abstainer, give him up and do it quickly. Never marry a man and then try to reform him, expecting to make an ideal husband of him. If you do, it will be the mistake of your life. There is a grand and noble work for you girls to do in this temperance movement, helping to down this curse that is causing the women of this country more misery than all else combined. There are thousands of poor women in this land laboring to support their children, all on account of drunken husbands. There are 100,000 drunkards falling into graves of despair every year, and the saloons are making that many more each year to fill their places. This means to the women of the universe that there are 200,000 widows and orphans made

yearly from this curse. Now be careful that you are not enlisted in this number. The women and children are the greatest sufferers from the influence of the saloon, so commence now and be in the fight against your worst enemy. In your own community there is no doubt temperance work being done. You join every movement possible and offer a helping hand. You may think you can not do much, but you can; every one has an influence much greater than he realizes. There is much good being done in temperance contest work, where young folks assemble and recite temperance readings for medals, etc. Never fail to attend them and be ever willing to assist in any way you can, for you girls and women are a power for good.

"There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, a death, or birth,
That has a feather weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

Make your aim at the highest type of womanhood, pure, graceful, tender, brilliant and sympathetic.

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that moves the world."

Always be in the fight against the red-tongued demon of alcohol, for it is the traffic of death. It has no care for honor, hears no cries of misery, and answers no call for mercy. It defiles legislatures, bribes juries, breaks through the flimsy cobwebs of municipal laws, tramps under its cloven hoofs the holy Sabbath and the law of God, grows rich on the

hard earned wages of poverty, fattens on the murdered souls of men, and sits in its stately palace or lounges in its filthy dens, laughs at the broken home, gloats over the fallen girls, sneers at the widow's tears, mocks the orphan's cry for bread, and chuckles as it dims the luster of ambition in the eye of youth, or shears with foul disgrace the hoary locks of old age.

"It damns the father with its bite,
And chokes the child within its coils,
Whatever touches it, it soils,
Whoever clutches it, it spoils,
Its trail is marked with sickening blight."

God bless the girls and women in their mighty struggles in reform movements; may He hasten the day when the rights of franchise be placed in their hands as the rights of prayer. Then will every distillery and saloon be swept from our midst, taxes will be reduced, poor farms, asylums and prisons will be greatly depleted, and the tone of American politics and morals will be the crowning achievement of the twentieth century. O my dear sisters, God has given you the rare gift of graces, the emotional affectionate fervour, the warm sympathy and heroic sacrifice. Band yourselves together to carry out the reformatory, benevolent and beneficent efforts that will have to be made to down this curse. March forward to conquer. There are so many fallen girls to uplift; more intemperate women to reform; more Christ life to put into the lives of others. In the name of the triune God, jump to the oars of the life boat. Pull over the boiling waves of rum, whose white caps are the tears wrung from bleeding hearts, whose dregs are abandoned, despoiled men

and women, to save them from perishing. For God, and home, and native land, pull, my sisters, pull!"

A WORD TO THE BOYS, YOUNG MEN AND MEN,

How easy it is for us gradually to get farther away from the teachings of God, and that dear mother, who has so carefully reared us and tried to set our feet aright in the way we should go, and get deeper in sin step by step. The devil is very cunning in his work, he is always convincing us that this and that sin does not amount to much for us to do. At the same time we can look about us and see men by the score, that he has dragged down to ruin, that have gone so far they are beyond recall, but never do we think of how he led them to this debauchery step by step; that they were once free from these diseases that have fastened upon them through dissipation. The whole trouble with us is, we have too much confidence in ourselves. We think we can do most anything we wish in safety. That we can smoke, chew, or take a social glass upon special occasions, as we like, and that there will never anything happen to us, that these curses will never fasten themselves upon our lives and souls, until we can never free ourselves from them. But now, dear brother, would you stop and listen to, and take advice from a brother that has traveled the road almost to its end. I went so far that I stood upon the very brink of hell, and gazed into the fiery furnace. I was raised by a good Christian mother and had excellent advantages in every way, yet in spite of it,

after I commenced to associate myself with society (so called, but I have another name for it now), I commenced to partake of the evils of this life and have been saved from a drunkard's grave only through the miraculous grace of God. The pool room, card games and the dance hall are the first steps to ruin. Had I never associated myself with these things, I am positive I could have gone through this life free from the poisoned stings of the wine glass. Neither would I ever have had confidence enough in my ability with cards to become a gambler. The gambler never learned to play cards at a gambling table. He first starts in some quiet game for fun, usually in some one's parlor.

Now I want to endeavor to open your eyes regarding the gambling habit. I think this habit is next to the drink habit, and there is no question but that it becomes a mania with most men, "young or old," that gamble. This mania causes the last dollar to be lost, the home to be mortgaged, and at last sold, which deprives thousands of their homes, causes murders and suicides by despondency over heavy losings, and causes thousands to become drunkards.

I am well acquainted with the little quiet poker game about town that most of you know about, and what it is doing, especially to the young man, for there is where he starts. The love of that chance for gain, fastens itself upon him until he will neglect everything in order that he may satisfy his longings for the excitement of that game. This rule will apply to all games, cards, pool, billiards, etc., and worst of all there is always some person that is more skilled than yourself

ready to lead you and beat you out or your hard earned money. I am here to tell you, brother, there is not a gambling man in this country that has ever played fairly; if they appear so to you, I will inform you that you are not wise to the inside and real skill of the game. They always have the advantage in some way. All these things are debasing, and if one partakes of these evils he is bound to degenerate to a certain degree. Above all things have a determination to be a manly man. There is nothing in this world half so manly as living a true Christian life. O, brother, my heart is burdened with the souls of men that are away from Christ, they are in danger of these awful death traps of hell. I want to save them from what I personally have suffered through doing what I am now trying to warn you against. My heart is so burdened for those that have fallen that I expect to spend the remainder of my life rescuing as many as I can, by leading them to Christ. I am now in school preparing myself that I may go forth and save others from this awful way of ruin. You, certainly, should appreciate my advice, and endeavor to lay it before them that you think might need it, for it comes from one that has traveled the road. The best time to fight for a man is when he is a boy. Get into the fight beloved. Every honest man and every honest boy is of inestimable value to the community. He may not know it, but it goes without saying, the community is no better than the individuals composing it. The fight ahead of us is the individual—or the man—and the best time to fight for a man is when he is a boy. There are

more than 100,000 boys brought to the jails and courts of this country every year, largely because they started handicapped in the race for life. I have for such boys great sympathy, and expect to do everything within my power to help to rescue them; but it seems to me the only way to go about this thing properly is to manage some way to remove the cause. Sympathy from us does not mean justification for wrong doing. I ask a word of comfort for the tens of thousands of poor, struggling mothers in the republic, whose homes have been blighted by death, by divorce, by desertion and the awful evils that come from drink. We should love the children of such homes. They should have our sympathy, our constant thought, for where they are helpless without fault they should have our assistance. The greatest handicap these 100,000 boys had who went to jail last year was the wide open saloon. It is almost invariably the cause either directly or indirectly. There are 240,000 saloons running in this country, protected by law, dragging our boys to destruction. Wake up, brother! Study it over, think seriously about what is best to do. Strike this curse a blow in every way that presents itself and hit it hard. We want to clear our skirts of the saloon business some way, and if we are not careful we shall have to answer some very serious questions in the judgment day. The liquor question is an awful problem, and every clear headed person in the world should be giving it serious thought. Since it is right under our noses and seemingly no way to abolish it at once, I want to say that the only safe way of drinking is to leave off before you get in. Here is what the business concerns

are demanding of the young men today, and this is the way their advertisements read:

WANTED—By bankers, merchants and business concerns—Young men with clear, level heads, and brains that are not deadened with liquor. None other need apply.

WANTED—By ninety-nine per cent. of the railroads, men of clear brains and steady hands to handle the throttle and the switch. No drinking. No smoking while on duty.

Ex-Lieutenant-General Miles gave this reason not long ago for becoming a total abstainer: "I was not always so, but I have a grown-up son *and he will drink if I do.*"

"I'm coming, papa," said a little child, stepping in his father's footprints, "I'm walking right in your footsteps."

One time when I was eating dinner at my mother's, and the question was asked my little seven-year-old son what he was going to be when he was a man, he raised his head with a dignified air and said, "I am going to be what my papa is." Oh! how that impressed me as to how I must live. Fathers, think of this, for your sons will follow in your footsteps, sure. I will copy a little piece here that has appealed to me and is worthy of note.

"I say, John, they tell me that you have joined the total abstinence pledge."

"Yes, Harry, I have signed the pledge and joined the Senior Temperance Legion."

"What put that into your head?" asked Harry.

"Oh, I think it will help me to overcome any temptation to drink or use tobacco, and I notice that the best people are abstainers."

The two boys were seated in a railway

station and did not notice that across the room sat a minister listening to their conversation. A policeman also stood near with a prisoner in handcuffs. The minister turned to the policeman and said: "Pray, sir, what have you to say about temperance?"

"Well," replied the policeman, "all I have to say is that I never took a total abstainer to prison in my life, nor to the house of correction." The policeman's reply speaks for itself. Now boys, take the pledge and keep it.

WHAT LIQUOR DOES.

"Tonight it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheeks, and tomorrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress."

"Today it strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage humble enough to escape; no place strong enough to shut it out."

"It comes to ruin, and shall profit mainly by your sons and mine."

"It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels."

"It comes to bring gray-headed mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves."

"It comes to change the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame."

"It comes to snuff the laughter on the lips of children and stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation."

"It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and

certainly with which it wrecks the world."

Now, my dear reader, these facts you cannot deny and for the sake of God and humanity get into the fight. Be ever ready and up in arms at all times. May God bless you and keep you from all evil.

"Which has done the most harm in your country during the past year, anarchists or saloon-keepers? Which has created the most sorrow within your general observation, murderers or saloon-keepers? Which has destroyed more homes and taken the natural joy from more hearts, the gambling or saloon trade?"

"These are questions that are being asked all over this land, and three-fourths of those who have answered these questions honestly, have replied that the saloons have done more harm in their country than anarchists, more harm than murderers, more than gamblers;—yes, the most of you are ready to declare—"

"The saloon business according to my own observation has done more harm than the anarchist, the murderer and the gambler combined." In fact, were it not for the instigation and influence of the saloon, the amount of injury by the other three would be lessened by half."

"Now let us be courteous, and honorable, and not impugn the motives of any man; we all desire to do what is best from our standpoint. But let me ask you another question. Would you license or sell any man the protection of the law to be an anarchist, a murderer or a gambler? Then why the saloon-keeper? I should like to hear your personal answer to this question and know the remedy you would suggest."

"When our grandfathers first opened their

eyes upon the stage of existence, they found intoxicating liquor recognized by everybody and repudiated by nobody. It commonly entered into the first draught of the infant and the last draught of the dying man. From the sideboard of the parson down to the ragged pocket of the homeless loafer, it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it for this, that and the other disease. Government provided it for soldiers and sailors; and to have a rolling or a raising, a husking or hoe-down, anywhere without it was positively insufferable. It is not now an open question. It has brought too many thousands to death and despair, and those that have suffered by intemperance, personally, and have reformed, are the most powerful and efficient instruments to push the reform to ultimate success. It does not follow that those who have not suffered have no part to perform. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confers the affirmative now with their tongues and I believe all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts. Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands?"

There is one thing that seems to us quite strange and that is that this monstrous demon always seems to take the best. There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and the warm blooded to fall into this vice. The demon of intemperance, ever seems to have delight in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some dear relative more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a

sacrifice to his rapacity. He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death commissioned to slay, if not first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career?

LINCOLN AND MERWIN.

During the winter of 1854-55, Richard Yates (afterwards the War Governor) arranged a series of meetings for Abraham Lincoln and J. B. Merwin to speak on the Prohibition amendment then before the Illinois legislature. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Merwin ever afterwards remained strong friends. The latter was commissioned by President Lincoln to do temperance work in the Union Army of the Civil War, and was often sent to do special government service for the President. Col. Merwin is still living at St. Louis, Mo., where for many years he served as editor of an educational journal. He is a highly esteemed and reliable citizen, who furnishes the quotations from Lincoln as follows:

"Law is not for the protection of evil. Law is for the protection, conservation and extension of right things; of right conduct, not for the protection of evil and wrong doing. *Never attempt to license the evil.*"

"The State must, in its legislative action, recognize in the law enacted this principle—it must make sure and secure these endeavors to establish, protect and extend right conditions, right conduct, righteousness! These conditions will be secured and preserved; not by indifference, not by tolerations of evil, not by attempting to throw around any evil the

shield and protection of law, never by any attempt to license the evil." "This saves a whole, and not a part with a high, true conservatism through the united action of all, by all, for all. The prohibiting of the liquor traffic, except for medical and mechanical purposes—thus becomes the new evangel for the safety and redemption of the people, from the social, political and moral curse of the saloon and its inevitable evil consequences of drunkenness." Lincoln said often in 1854-55: "The saloon and the liquor traffic have defenders—but no defense!"

LINCOLN'S LAST WORDS ON THE SUBJECT.

Mr. Merwin was sent by President Lincoln the day before his assassination to New York to consult Horace Greeley about using the freedmen in digging the Panama Canal, and that morning Abraham Lincoln uttered these remarkable words to Mr. Merwin: "After reconstruction, the next great question is to overthrow the liquor traffic."

The tide is rising against the traffic. Will you join us in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln and exert every effort in your power to help bring this traffic to destruction?

MORAL AND LEGAL FORCE.

The criminality and destructiveness of drunkenness I have endeavored to show you in the preceding chapters. Now I shall endeavor to write a conclusive chapter upon the subject of

MORAL SUASION FOR PROMOTING TEMPERANCE—LEGAL FORCE FOR SUPPRESSING IT.

The form of the thesis is very suggestive. It has very much the appearance of an equation in algebra, where the same result will be obtained by transposing the quantities from either member to the other, if only the plus and minus signs be changed. This question is like the balance beam in the scales of justice. We have moral suasion to send one scale up, and legal force to send the other down. But no matter which does the work, so the beam tips toward righteousness, as it is especially sure to do if both work together. In this statement of the question the cause of temperance is like a dray horse, with two powerful motives to make him pull, namely, a peck of oats just ahead of his nose, and a cat-o-nine tails behind him. No matter which motive does the work, so it is done and the load moves on. But with both motives it is doubly likely to move on. So the chariot of human progress needs, and has ever needed, both rewards and punishments—all the motives that can be brought to bear upon human character, to secure the advancement of the human race. And the temperance cause forms no exception to this general law of all human improvement. In the limited space which I am compelled to use in order not to make my book too costly and expensive to mail yet accomplish the purpose for which I intended it I shall endeavor to bring things to the point in as short a way as possible. I shall first call attention to the uses and successes of moral suasion in the promotion of temperance.

The use of moral suasion in any cause is first to produce conviction, and then, through conviction, to secure action. Conviction without action is inconsistent, cowardly, and barren of all good results. Action without conviction is feeble, hypocritical, and transitory. The first and fundamental work of moral suasion is to produce conviction, but its work is very lame and imperfect if it cannot see conviction developed and hardened into action, into living and positive facts.

In this view of the uses of moral suasion, let us see how it has been applied, and what is still its proper field in the temperance cause. Its first work was to create in the minds of individuals and of society at large a conviction of the evils, the damage, the peril and destruction arising from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Are we aware how great was this task when the modern temperance reform began? Are we aware what an unheard-of fanaticism was John Wesley's rule against "buying, selling, or drinking, except in cases of extreme necessity," in 1743? Are we aware that it is not yet much more than a hundred years since the first effective modern temperance document, "A medical inquiry into the effects of ardent spirits upon the body and mind," was published by Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1794; and only ninety-four years since the first permanent temperance society was founded in Saratoga County, N. Y., and only sixty-five years since the first great temperance movement—the Washingtonian movement—in 1841-42? We must be aware of the history of the movement before we can tell whether it is making progress or not, and how much. What has moral suasion done

since then? What has been its success? Why, it is not too much to say that a moral revolution, one of the sublimest in history, has been wrought on this subject during the last half century. The pure Christian philanthropy, which moved Wesley to legislate, and Rush to write, and others to organize, has spread like a mighty leaven, until today it is one of the best organized and most powerful moral sentiments in all Christendom. Volumes are necessary to name the heroic men and women who have labored, the societies that have been organized, the literature that has been printed, the victims that have been rescued, the abuses that have been corrected, the battles that have been fought, the victories that have been won, in this great campaign. The revolution that has been wrought, though by no means complete, is literally stupendous. There will always be a field and demand for moral suasion, in the form of information and exhortation, in every good work in the world, and in few works more than the temperance work. Society must be enlightened by it, conscience stimulated, good men aroused to action, evil men warned, the inebriate rescued, the rising generation instructed, the gospel of temperance preached, by pulpit and pew and press, and temperance literature produced and circulated, the great work organized for action in the church, the temperance societies kept moving on. All this is moral suasion, and it requires patience, perseverance, study, preaching and prayer. It must go on forever, like the warfare against other sin. It is the primal and fundamental force in the work—one form of preaching salvation to a lost world, and as much belongs

to the pulpit as any other form. Never let the most radical and earnest temperance reformers be misunderstood on that point. No wise temperance man will be in any danger of being honestly misunderstood here. Moral suasion will never be absolute. But when we have said all that can be said for moral suasion, and for its eternal necessity in any and every good cause, still we have only said a small part of what ought to be said. The very office and function of moral suasion itself still points infallibly onward through conviction in the mind to visible outward action. *Action* is the only true end of thought, the designed incarnation of opinion. And so we pass, by irresistible logic, from the use of moral suasion for the promotion of temperance to consider secondly, the employment of legal force for the suppression of intemperance.

There is a very striking propriety in the expression, "Legal force," in the statement of this question. It stands out in strong antithesis to the empty simulacrum "Legal form." We have had an immeasurable flood of the "skimble skamble legal form," which never had any legal force about it, and by many, at least, of its unwilling creators, was never intended to have any force of any sort. Legal force, if I know what that word means, signifies the force of human society, working in and through the forms of law. It means here just what it means everywhere else. It means law enacted, and law executed against the violators of law. It means the clear, sharp, statute and then the sheriff, the court, the trial, the verdict, the penalty. It means the law-breaker grabbed and shaken by the strong hand and power of the State, and made to

suffer the just and certain consequences of his misdeeds, and it means the highest and best moral and patriotic sentiment of the people, thus formulated into the kind of law needed, and then honored as law in its unshrinking execution. That is force, the force of the whole commonwealth, first organized and uttered as law, and then made majestic and terrible in its sentence against evil-doers. This is what we understand by "legal force," as applied to the suppression of intemperance. It means just what it would mean against horse-stealing, or counterfeiting, or arson, or murder. It implies that intemperance is to be made what it really is, a crime, as well as a misfortune and promotion of intemperance. And this criminal aspect of intemperance is one of its most undeniable and appalling features. *Intemperance is a crime against property.* It has no right to be classed as an industry, or a form of production of what is useful to the world. As well call counterfeiting or stealing industries, because too many people make, or at any rate get a livelihood by them, and because, in some forms and stages of human society they have acquired the moral respectability of so-called legal sanction. No, the liquor manufacture and traffic, so far as it relates to our theme, is no more entitled to be called an industry than body snatching is, because some men have made a business of it and found a market for their ghoulish wares. The liquor business is a crime against property, and that on the most colossal scale that was ever seen under the sun. It is the most awful burden of the civilized world. It seems almost a hopeless task to make the unthinking mass of mankind

give any heed whatever to the tremendous statistics of intemperance. But, "after us the Deluge" is the cry of knaves and fools. We must as wise men look these facts in the face. The most unquestionable census reports make the annual retail liquor bill of the United States about \$1,410,236,702 or \$3,863,662 per day. A sum that would buy fifteen barrels of flour per head for every man, woman and child in the nation, and deliver it, freight prepaid, at every door! On the most moderate estimates ever made we pay for the mere actual drink every year nearly a billion dollars more than the public debt of the United States. We drink up the whole United States, all the land and all the improvements, the cities, the farms, factories, railroads, ships, forests, mines, and every dollar in money or money's worth, the entire wealth, of this vast nation engulfed and out of sight, every twenty-five years! Every twenty-five years the whole product of man and nature in this nation is annihilated by rum bills alone, and we have to begin over again, not owning even the clothes on our backs, nor the ground we stand on!

Stop our national liquor bill, and, with no gain but that one saving, the wealth of this nation will double in twenty-five years! Can any human mind comprehend such a waste as that? But this is only the direct retail cost of the liquor; nothing counted in for all the valuable products destroyed in making the liquor, nothing for all the vast indirect costs of the consequences of drinking it. As I figure it this annual outgo for drink forms a gulf that swallows up every dollar of wealth, the land, and all that stands upon it

every six and a half years! Where are the idiots who call it fanatical to call attention to such a gulf as this in our path? The question is too vast for any trivial mind to comprehend. I have given some little and imperfect attention to political economy, and I hesitate not to declare that all other questions affecting the wealth of the nations and the material advancements of mankind in civilization and prosperity dwindle into insignificance compared with this colossal problem of the financial waste and ruin of alcoholic drink.

The price of liquor alone, during the late awful Civil War, was greater than the entire cost of the war to the North and South combined. The world will never know what true material progress is till this waste is saved and put on interest to the credit of human progress. The amazing, bewildering speed of the train of development in America is a snail's pace compared with what would be its sure, safe and lightning like velocity, were this awful friction off the wheels. As a crime against prosperity the liquor is the vastest on the globe. All the robberies and piracies, all the ship wrecks and burnings, all the spoiliations of war and the extravagance of peace, are but a drop in the bucket compared with the destruction of the fruits of human brains and hands. And yet the magnitude of the crime of intemperance against man's work is nothing compared with the havoc as *intemperance is crime against humanity itself.* In our own happy America alone we have an awful standing army of 1,000,000 habitual drunkards with a militia of two and a half millions of moderate drinkers to recruit their ranks. The average life of a confirmed

drunkard does not exceed ten years hence we have 100,000 drunkards dropping into graves of infamy and despair every year, but the militia comes forth and joins the regulars and the ghastly ranks are kept full. And another sadder army are the 200,000 widows and orphans of drunkards that file past these 10,000 graves as an army of ghosts to follow the ghosts departed. Rum kills more, all told, every year, than any year of the Civil War killed. But there is no arithmetic for the computation of the tears, shames, heart-breaks, infamy, despair and damnation! We can not tabulate these, but there is one book in which they are all written down; and that account must one day be faced by those that are responsible for it.

As a cause and foundation of crime intemperance is the monster of monsters. That illustrious pillar and ornament of English law, Sir Milton Hale, England's great chief justice, to whom good law the world over owes so much, will not be suspected of being a modern "temperance fanatic." And yet, on this very subject, he declared two hundred years ago: "The places of judicature I have long held in this kingdom have given an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years, and by due observation I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries, fornications, rapes, and other enormities that have happened in that time were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issue and product of excessive drink—of tavern and ale-house drinking."

What would he have said, after an experience in a modern police court, under the modern saloon system? A late inspector of English prisons gives the liquor crimes four-fifths of the whole. The Massachusetts Board of Charities report says four-fifths. The Canadian House of Commons committee's report says three-fourths. The chaplain of the Preston (England) House of Correction said: "Nine-tenths of the English crime requiring to be dealt with by law arises from the English sin (of intemperance), which the law scarcely discourages."

Dr. Harris, the eminent prison authority said fourteen out of seventeen murder cases which he examined were due to intoxicating drink! So it is in all sorts of crime. And what is far more terrible, intemperance is the main factor in producing, under the laws of heredity, those horrible monstrosities of humanity, families and clans of hereditary criminals. Thus does this frightful hydra of intemperance coil itself around the human race, crushing fathers and children together. It is the waster of the fruits of human toil, the devourer of the bread of the hungry and the clothes of the naked, the desolator of home, the murderer of happiness, the debaser of character, the bereaver of widows, the orphaner of children, the poisoner of health, the outrager of virtue, the profaner of religion, the hater of holiness, the blasphemer of God, the destroyer of both soul and body in hell. If the civil States that legalize this Gorgon had souls to be damned, there would not be a civilized government on earth out of hell. If there is any one crime of crimes for whose aiders and abettors, rather than for the devil

and his angels, "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone was," perhaps it was for the men who fatten on the blood and soul of the victims of rum!

And who, and where, it may well be asked, in the light of this Christian land, are the inhuman wretches who are ready to say: "It's none of my business. Men may drink or leave it alone. I don't make them buy it or sell it." This is the hellish answer of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Alas, who was the keeper of over six hundred Aleuts killed outright some years ago on the Alaskan Island of St. Lawrence, by white traders who went there from Honolulu, as alleged, and sold them whisky, and kept them drunk all the sealing season, and then left them to starve and freeze to death in the long arctic winter? Two hundred and fifty women and children in stark frozen, in heaps, as shown by the ghastly photographs taken by the revenue cutter Corwin. Such is the protection the American eagle is giving to her poor pagan children in Alaska! Russia kept the ruffian fiend from them; America lets him loose! None of my business away off there among those dirty Indians! Whose business is it then? A rich man in St. Louis scornfully refused financial aid to a temperance mass meeting recently. "Gentlemen its none of my business!" A few days later, in his splendid automobile, he is driven to the railway station to meet his wife and two beautiful grown daughters coming home on the Mississippi lightning express. There is a buzz at the station of an accident—Twenty-five railroads converge here—thinks he, not likely to be the

Mississippi train! But he is troubled—he inquires—"Oh! it is the Mississippi lightning express—twenty-five miles down the road. Telegraph! Here! Wire the superintendent—I'll give \$500 for an extra engine! Lightning flashes back, "No!" Again—He must have it—\$1,000 for an engine!" "Can't—last one gone with doctors and nurses to the wreck!" Ah—it's his "business" now! What are banks and stocks now? A white-faced, ghastly man walks the platform for one eternal hour. The wreck train rumbles slowly to the platform. He looks. There come the mangled remains of wife and one daughter—dead—and other daughter dying! A childless widower in one minute. Why? One quart of whisky drunk by a train hand fifty miles away! This is the awful result. Whose business is the temperance cause now? And whose business is it when 100,000 men die drunkards, leaving 200,000 widows and orphans every year? Oh! dear reader, can't you see where we are with this curse. It is only a miracle that I am left from being one of this number that have gone to their graves by it. "Praise God for His redeeming power." Now the next thing to do is to master it, and if every one in this world was as ready to do his part as I am mine, it would soon be over but, since they are not, we shall be compelled to labor diligently with moral suasion until we can convince the majority, manifestly by the continual co-operation of moral suasion and legal force, or by the continual transmutation of moral suasion into legal force. The attempt to divorce these two things is their mutual annihilation. To cry up moral suasion, and at the same time cry down legal force, is to

cry up sowing, but cry down reaping; to cry up fire and powder but cry down explosion. In fact, who ever knew an objector to legislation, to be a zealous missionary of moral suasion. On the contrary, who ever knew a true and zealous moral suasionist who did not confess the need of something more. Rather Matthews, the most eloquent more successful apostle of moral suasion, felt constrained to write: "*The principle of prohibition seems to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance.*" And so Cardinal Manning declares: "It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral or religious means, when the legislature facilitates the privileges of intemperance on every side."

"Laws to protect society against intoxication inevitably grow out of moral suasion, if there is enough of it to arouse the general conscience against losses and wrongs inflicted by alcohol upon society at large. Thus it is that the call for more moral suasion, and less law is a contradiction of terms. These forces are in harmony, like a father and son in a partnership; the Law steps in and enlarges and perpetuates the business which moral suasion has established after years of indefatigable industry upon the platform, through the press, and by private solicitation and appeal. And for any person to cry out upon a law against the use of intoxicating liquors in society, which could never have been enacted at all, but in consequence of moral suasion, and say that it injures the cause because you cannot compel men to do right against their will, is to say that all crime, and every public evil, shall go free of the law (because perfect

obedience is not secured); not only that, but that society shall abandon all conservative and preventive means for the protection of those who come after us; that not only shall the law abandon the present, but the rising generation, and, in fact, consistency will require that in the end moral suasion must be abandoned, since its inevitable result is a formal embodiment of its teachings in general law, as soon as it has produced a strong public sentiment upon which law can rest—and which will enforce the law. The unrestricted use and effect of distilled spirits constitute public evils of such a nature as not only to justify but compel the interposition of the law."

The absolute necessity of prohibition has been demonstrated in every civilized country. It is too late to deny the power, the right, and the absolute necessity of such legislation.

And now, dear reader, I must leave this argument with you, for whatever you may think it is worth. In concluding, let me repeat, and let us never forget, that *the ultimate end of moral suasion is to bring about action*; to create, and organize, and carry through, and complete, the sublime moral and material revolution already begun in this matter. Its end is not merely to save the victims like myself, but to stop the making of the victims. God will honor and bless the ambulance corps that follows the gory trail of this monster with lint and bandage, to bind up his torn and mangled victims, and save all that can be saved. The rescuing temperance societies have a blessed and worthy work. Wounded men, mangled men, are worth saving. But so much the more are whole and

sound men, as yet untorn and unshamed by this fiend, worth saving.

And so I bid you God speed with the ambulance corps, but I want to fight! I want to sound the bugle! I want a park of legislative artillery to thunder out, and wheel into line, and unlimber for action. I want to mount a Krupp hundred-pounder and let the horses fly! I want to overtake this devastating monster, and put a hundred-pounder dynamite shell of "legal force" through his vitals, and scatter him to the winds; or leave his skeleton to bleach on the sands of time. Does some one say: "We shall never live to see this." That may be. Probably some of us are not worth living to see it, have never earned the sight. But as sure as Jehovah "sitteth upon the circle of the earth," that victory shall come. It must come. The world is lost without it. It is absolutely necessary to the advancement of man, and the *necessary is always possible.* The *necessary is always certain.* The battle will be that of Gog and Magog, long and sore. But the child is now born who will see the victory. But for us, win or lose, there is but one thing to do, and that is to stand in our places, and fight on, while we live to fight. And when, at last, we fall, as fall we all must, let it be with our full armor on, sword in hand, a length toward the foe, and God will give us our reward in glory.

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