

LIVING WATER

omission of those elements which the Scriptures teach as essential to it turns the "balm of Gilead" to the blistering fires of hell.

In conclusion let the reader ask himself, if what he hears from Sunday to Sunday is the gospel of Jesus Christ—the real gospel of the real Christ. To hear anything else is to give aid and encouragement to the most destructive spiritual agency in the world, and to expose the soul to influences and a contagion

which have in them the needs of eternal death.

To preach anything else is to commit high treason against the kingdom of God, whose ambassador the preacher professes to be, and to murder the soul Jesus died to save, and that under the guise of saving them. The "pure gospel!" It is a glorious privilege to preach and to hear it; it is a serious matter to preach or hear anything below that standard.—*Selected.*

dreds have been blessed by his helpful practical ministry. To him the Christian missionary college could truthfully have said: "Silver and gold have we none," etc.

TAKING A STAND.

A young sailor, recently converted, wanted the missionary at the Bethel to write some words on a card for him. "You can write plainer than I can," he said.

"What shall I write?" was asked.

"Write, 'I love Jesus, do you?'"

"What are you going to do with this card?" the missionary inquired.

"I am going to sea tomorrow," said the young Christian, "and I am afraid, if I don't take a stand at once, I may begin to be ashamed of my religion. So I am going to nail this card on my bunk, and that will let every one know at once that I am a Christian."

That is the way all Christian boys and girls should do—boldly confess Christ, and nail up their colors at once wherever they go.

A QUIVER OF ARROWS

Illustrations for Christian Workers

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Moody tells the following: "Someone has said that a little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as an elephant. It was not the elephant's size and strength that made him safe. It was the ark that saved both elephant and fly. It is not your righteousness, your good works, your forms and ceremonies that will save you. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, you can be saved only by the blood of Christ."

A HELPFUL PRIDE.

We should be very glad that we are Christ's disciples. When students of music or of art spend a time with some great composer or master in Europe they are very proud when they come home to announce themselves as his pupils. They put it on their advertisements and announcements and on their professional cards. We should regard it as a high honor to tell people that we are pupils of Christ's; that we have learned of him how to live.—*J. R. Miller, in S. S. Journal.*

HELPING GOD.

It was the strange fancy of a little child, writes George Macdonald, as the child stood on a summer's evening looking intently and thoughtfully at the great banks of clouds piled like mountains of glory about the setting sun: "Mother, I wish I could be a painter." "Why, my child?" "For then I would help God paint the clouds and the sunsets." Dorcas helped God by bringing brightness into the lives of some of his unfortunate children.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE ALLCONQUERING GRASP.

Amid the stress of a great battle the Duke of Wellington ordered a young officer to charge and take a most destructive battery crowning a hill. The difficulty of the undertaking was appalling. The officer looked toward the spot where the order would take him, then, turning to the duke, said: "I can go, sir, if you will give me one grasp of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given, and the officer sped to his duty, just so the Christian will face his duty, no matter how appalling it appears.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

PURIFIED BY FAITH.

The English think much of the Thames; the inhabitants of Egypt of the Nile; the Hindu of the Ganges; the German of the

Rhine; the American of the Saint Lawrence. But go down to the ocean. Ask it, "Where are these rivers?" And could it answer it would say: "I know no Thames, I know no Rhine, I know no Nile, they are all lost in the ocean." So the difference between Jew and Gentile in the thought of God was lost in the great broad ocean of gospel faith. They were all to be purified by faith.—*Selected.*

INSEPARABLE.

When the Roman emperor threatened Saint Chrysostom with banishment if he continued a Christian, he said: "You cannot banish me, for the world is my Father's house, and you cannot banish me from that." "I will slay you," said the emperor. "That you cannot do, for my life is hid with Christ in God." "I will take away your treasures." "That is impossible, for my treasure is in heaven." "I will drive you away from men, and you shall have no friend left." "Nay, you cannot, for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom you cannot possibly separate me."—*Our Own Magazine.*

COMFORT IN CLOUDS.

Heavy troubles were sent to a poor woman, but she always seemed cheerful. "Why," said a visitor to her, "Mary, you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there is comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of these precious words, 'A cloud received him out of their sight'; and I look up and see the cloud, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides him; and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

BETTER THAN SILVER AND GOLD.

A young man came to a Christian college on the frontier with no apparent motive higher than to increase his capacity for gain. In a few months there came to him a view of the larger world of thought and culture and he determined to secure a classical education. A little later, in a college prayer meeting, he definitely gave his life to the Master. After ten years of unusual hardships he graduated from a theological seminary and has now been preaching in and near Chicago for sixteen years. He was the means of bringing members of his father's family to Christ, and hun-

WHERE DO THEY BELONG?

During the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, there was to be seen apparently floating in the lake a full-sized model of the battleship Illinois. If, however, one examined it carefully, it was found to be a structure of brick and mortar—a sham ship. At one of our navy yards can be found a vessel of similar outward appearance, but essentially different—a real ship—and yet of little use in its present condition simply because there is neither coal nor ammunition enough aboard to make her of service. Contrast these with one of Admiral Evans' Atlantic fleet: bunkers full of coal and magazines well supplied with ammunition. We have these three classes in our churches: sham Christians, real Christians (perhaps) of little power, and real Christians filled with the power of the Spirit. To which class do you belong?—*Sel.*

GOD OVERRULES SECOND CAUSES.

God is the pilot as well as the Constructor. He holds every second cause and every instrument in subordination to His intelligent will. An infidel was sailing upon a river; a storm arose, the man was drifted out to sea, clinging to the oars; finally he was picked up by a vessel, itself swept from its moorings, with broken cable, and in danger of wreck: thus was Vanderkemp converted. A minister made an open-air appointment for a preaching service; some young men and boys undertook to disturb the meeting; one of the most nimble broke his ankle in trying to kick a football into the good man's face; that laid the boy on his bed and brought the preacher to see him: thus Morgan Howell was converted. President Edwards turned from church one Lord's Day intending to spend the time in sleep and seclusion; taking from the library at random an old book, without any name on the back, it proved to be a Bible, and he opened it to find 1 Ti. 1:17, the instrument of his conversion.—*S. S. Illustrator.*

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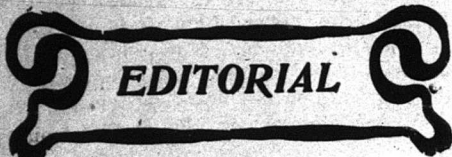
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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"Challenge the darkness, who'er it be—
Sorrow's thick darkness, or strange mystery
Of prayer or providence! Persist intent,
And thou shalt find Love's veiled sacrament:
Some secret revelation, sweetness, light,
Waits to waylay the wrestler of the night,
In the thick darkness, at its very heart,
Christ meets, transfigured, souls He calls apart."

THE PENTECOSTAL MISSION.

We are requested by a minister in Mississippi to explain the plan on which the Pentecostal Mission is conducted.

1. The organization is non-sectarian, its purpose being to get just as many missionaries to the field as possible. None are desired for this service except those who wish only to walk in the Spirit. They must be vessels sanctified and meet for the Master's use. They should be fully tested at home before being sent abroad. A failure in the home land would most likely be a failure anywhere else. Missionaries are expected to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They are not guaranteed any salary, but promised a requisite amount for their support, provided the funds are in the treasury. The work is maintained on an economical basis, very economical we might say, for the amount allotted for a missionary's support in the various fields averages about \$25.00 a month. These funds are contributed by people all over the country who believe in this kind of missionary work. So far, with a few exceptions on the part of missionaries whose support does not come directly through the headquarters in Nashville, they have had their regular allowances.

By working thus the Pentecostal Mission has been enabled to send forth laborers into these fields so ripe unto the harvest those who could not otherwise have gone; and to develop a missionary interest at home that could not otherwise have been built up. The mission stresses holiness—deep spirituality as being most essential for the most efficient service.

We are in sympathy with all gospel missions; pray for every good man and woman out in the front of the battle where the line

is so thin. May the Lord mightily stir His church until there shall be such a going forth to the ends of the earth as the past generations have never witnessed.

A TAME MINISTRY.

Far be it from us to bring any railing accusation against our brethren. For those holy men who are standing like rocks in mid-ocean against the awful tide of sin that is sweeping over the land we should be devoutly thankful, but alas, we have reason to fear that they are in the minority. The chilling breath of the world has iced the pulpit. Social conventionalities foreign to the spirit of Christianity have spread through the Church as Pharaoh's frogs did through Egypt. Men are given prominent positions in ecclesiastical counsels on account of social or financial standing. Doctrinal integrity and the spirit to endure hardness is on the decline, and heresy and the love of ease are on the incline.

The preachers seem to have so little power to withstand this world-spirit, and in many instances they have retreated before it as travelers along the shore give way to the advancing tide. There are many communities where the young generation has never witnessed a great revival. What feelings of sadness sweep o'er our spirit as we are brought face to face with so many who have little knowledge of spiritual things. They have only a shallow conception of Christianity; their religious environment has been formal so that they have had no deep rootage; concerned chiefly with the externals of religion they know little or nothing of the real work of God within. The Church and the home have both alike failed to thoroughly arouse and quicken their moral natures.

Brethren, God forbid that we should be dumb dogs in our own pulpits, unable to give the alarm. We must be intense, fervent in spirit, faithful in sounding the alarm, tender in entreaty, self-denying, and abundant in labor. An ease-loving, slothful, cowardly spirit has silenced many of the batteries in ecclesiastical forts. Too much fattening and grooming spoils us. It takes a lean dog for the chase. Fidelity to Christ guarantees success.

"Follow me," said Christ, "and I will make you fishers of men."

"Launch out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyses for aye—for aye.

But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.

His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal word,
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!"

There are many hard working preachers who are starved out by their people. They get only a meager support, saying nothing of luxuries; but even these need to watch lest a spirit of give-up-and-let-go unnerves them for the conflict. It matters not what position we occupy, a hidden foe lurks near by ready to destroy our efficiency. We verily believe that the world has crept in upon us until many have been so paralyzed by its deadly touch that they are incapable of anything like a vigorous attack on the devil. If we who bear the vessels of the Lord, if we who stand on the watch towers of Zion, if we who are called of God to lead in the fight would humble ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, confessing and forsaking our sins, tarrying for a mighty filling of the Spirit until we hear from heaven then we would go forth as flames of fire amid the dry stubble; as an all-conquering army that knows no defeat, or as the Scriptures put it, "as fair as the sun, as clear as the moon, and as terrible as an army with banners."

Brethren, are we making such full proof of our ministry as in the end to receive the commendation, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Men of heroic fiber are needed. Men who know the depths of innermost crucifixions. Men whose ministerial pathway can be traced by their own life's blood.

A captain wanted a flag planted on a certain fort. To do so meant probable death. He would detail no one, but called for volunteers. "Gentlemen," said he, facing his company, "who will plant this flag on yonder fortress?" "I will try," said one, as he stepped forward and lifted his cap. "I will do my best," said another. "Stand aside," replied the captain. Finally there stepped from the ranks another, still another. "Will you plant this flag on yonder fort?" said the captain. "I will," said the soldier, and if I die in the undertaking I will report to my God." Men like this are needed for the arduous struggle now on. No tame ministry can meet the demands, but men who have gone down into the depths and met God. Men who will go forward in the face of any foe, but backward for none. Men whose hearts have been broken over the wreckage of their fellowmen, and in whose ears the wail of a lost world is continually heard. Men of large vision and heavenly-mindedness. Men who love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves. Men of this kind in the pulpit will succeed anywhere. Such can exclaim at the end of life's battle with the great apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing."

"Is thy cruse of comfort falling?
Rise, and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill the storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew.
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two."

Editorial Comment

ZEAL.

Whole-hearted devotion to Christ by those professing loyalty to Him would speedily evangelize the world. As Robert E. Spger says:

"What but the Spirit of God can kindle in our hearts a love for the souls of men, such as filled the heart of St. Paul when he was willing for his brethren's sake to be accursed from Christ?"

'O to save these; to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!'

Why should we not be offered for them all? Men are offered for other things. Is it to be expected as the natural thing in the building of railways in Africa human lives should be laid down in sacrifice without reserve, but be denied to Jesus Christ? The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of holiness, of wholeness of devotion. When He controls the wills of those whose life comes wholly from Himself, they will be ready to yield themselves, with content for the cost, to His ministry of world redemption. And they will not do it until then. The missionary enterprise waits for the day when the Holy Spirit shall pervade and dominate the Church of Christ, and the Holy Spirit waits for the day when the Church shall be willing."

PRAYER.

F. W. Robinson, speaking on prayer, says:

"Go not, my friend, into the dangerous world without prayer. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids; a hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer, and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done or are done in irregular haste. And watching unto prayerful wakefulness is once more omitted; and now is that repairable? We solemnly believe not. There has been that done which cannot be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not ready to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from God. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer be a day in which you shrink from duty. Moments of prayer intruded on by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience but we cannot get back the rich freshness and strength which were wrapped up in those moments."

There are times when exhaustion is so great that we should rest quietly in the arms of God; but to leave off praying because of ordinary physical fatigue, or the usual clamor for fleshly indulgence is a serious mistake. He who prays well is apt to work well. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." "I would therefore that men pray always."

IN THE DEPTHS.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee,"

said the Psalmist. This is an age of lightness. Literature, commerce, politics and religion are all affected by it. The shallow and superficial abound, while the serious and more profound are neglected.

There is a revival of "sitting down to eat and arising up to play." The excitement runs so high at a football contest that people almost lose control of themselves. So-called parks are being opened near our cities ostensibly for recreation, but oftentimes the attractions are of an immoral character. Parks properly kept are a real boon to the poor who live in overcrowded districts, but when theaters and other questionable amusements are their chief attractions, they do more harm than good. The church recognizing this cry for fun has in many places gone into the entertainment business, under the specious plea of winning the young people, and a spirit of lightness too often pervades even the places of worship. Amusement halls are strangely out of place in the church of God.

Helen Hunt Jackson, in her poem, "Pilgrim Fathers," says, "alas, the age has lighter grown," and this is vividly manifested in the decay of reverence. It seems to us that the wicked people were more reverent in the past generation than many of those to-day who profess to be moral. The blighting touch of an irreverent hand rests upon the home, state, and church. Holy things are handled lightly. Only a few "stand in awe and sin not." Comparatively speaking only a few beat their breasts and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The cry from the depths is a reverent one. It's an age of lightness in reading. We judge that at least three-fourths if not five-sixths of the books taken from public libraries are fiction. This, of course, is not all bad, but it shows a preference for shallow thinking, and too much reading of this kind destroys the appetite for something better, and debases the highest and noblest ideals. What we read has far more to do with what we are than many have realized. If people were as faithful to their Bibles as they are to their newspapers what changes would be wrought. The demoralizing effect of light-chaffy stories is seldom overrated. It is out of the depths of profound convictions that people think and write best. This impetuous age is doing business at white-heat, but no master of the subject would say that the commercial life is on a good basis. Gigantic corporations are swallowing up smaller competitors. There is a fierceness about competition that keeps men in a strain. More and more are the masses being put at the mercy of the few. Frenzied finance is not favorable to commercial prosperity. If men realized their responsibility for their fellowmen, the big fish would no longer swallow the little ones. Grip and gouge has no place in the life of one who dwells in the depths with God. Those

who see life in its proper relations; those who recognize their responsibilities to others; those who deport themselves as stewards of the Almighty, no shallow thoughtless souls are they. Life to them is a glad but serious responsibility, and out of the depths of intense convictions they formulate and transact their business affairs.

In the political world things are done too much at haphazard. Things political are not supposed to adhere closely to the decalogue. Partisan prejudice is often more effective than principle as a vote getter.

If people would only think deeply and apply themselves assiduously in the discharge of their duties as citizens, what a change would be wrought. Instead of much of our political history being a mere farce, it would be really a government by the people, of the people and for the people. True patriotism has deep rootage, and those who possess it are the ones who keep the ship of state from foundering on the rocks. Students of history can recall various crises in the lives of nations, when the people were deeply stirred and awakened to the glorious possibilities of citizenship, pushed to the front and saved the nation.

Superficiality in matters pertaining to religion is most assuredly a characteristic of to-day. Shallowness of conviction with regard to sin, and almost total disregard for the obligations of stewardship, is everywhere prevalent. The form is substituted for the power of Godliness; reformation often takes the place of regeneration, and marked expressions of religious joy are regarded as evidences of fanaticism.

DWELL DEEP IN GOD.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
A quiet place that I find;
Beneath the shadow of His wing,
Thy heart from morn till night will sing,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
Deep down in arms of love,
Thy peace will as a river flow,
The world you'll find, will be aglow,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
When problems e'er perplex.
In tend'rest accents hear Him say:
"I am the Truth, the Life, the Way!"
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
And rest now in thy Lord;
Thine aching, throbbing head He'll still,
Thy yearning, longing heart He'll fill,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
And rest in Him alway;
E'en midst the noonday glare and heat,
In Him thou'lt find a cool retreat,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
Such springs of joy'll be thine;
And love and peace, yes, glory, too;
If but this one thing thou wilt do,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

Dwell deep, my soul, in God,
The Master calleth thee;
O, let Him dwell and walk in you,
And mighty works He'll do through you,
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

OUR
Young People

"Those that seek me early shall find me."
—Prov. 8:17.

Address all communications for this
Department to Mrs. John T. Benson,
Eastland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

LETTERS WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED UNLESS
WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET ONLY

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when
it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself
aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and
stingeth like an adder."

A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I'll paint it with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended in each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him,
"Quick, pledge me just this one,"
And he lifts the glass and drains it
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard;
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side;
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and woe,
That is born there in your workshop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE STORY OF AN ALCOHOL SLAVE

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

(This article in full appears in the August number of McClure's Magazine. The editor of McClure's, speaking of the reliability of the testimony of the author, has the following to say: "Evidence gathered in a careful investigation of the career of the author of this article shows that he has been just what he says he has been. It is obviously impossible to corroborate his testimony as to the money he has spent for drink, but we can say in his behalf that in the course of inquiry none of his acquaintances has charged him with untruthfulness. If one credits the story of his career, his figures do not seem at all improbable. Out of respect for his family the author asks that his name be withheld.")

At fourteen years of age I developed a love of statistics, accounts, and bookkeeping. Since I was fifteen, I have kept an accurate account of my expenditures in saloons, covering a period from January, 1, 1878, to April 27, 1908. The total debit balance of my personal "saloon account" for thirty years is \$17,364.60.

My records show that the total time spent in buying drinks in eighteen hundred and sixty saloons in fifty-eight cities of nineteen states was 32,874 hours—1,369 days—nearly four years.

My experience and observation for a period of twenty-nine years in the United States leads me to believe that saloon drinkers over forty years of age are five per cent of the total number; that drinkers between thirty and forty years of age are ten per cent of the total number; that drinkers between twenty-one and thirty years of age are thirty-five per cent of the total number; and that FIFTY PER CENT OF THE TOTAL NUMBER OF DRINKERS IN SALOONS ARE MINORS.

I believe the so-called "best" people of our saloon-licensing states are not aware of the

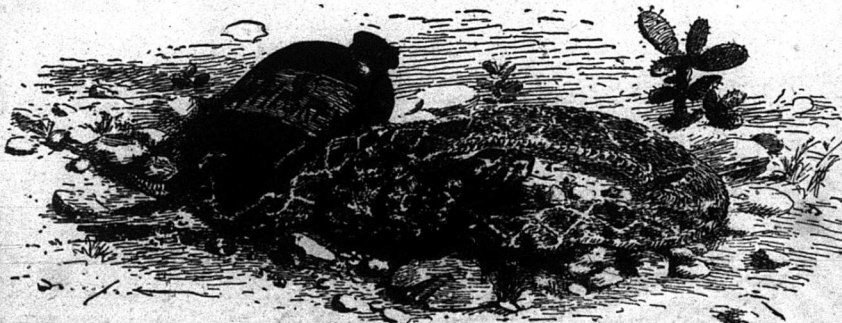
fact that drinkers and drunkards are **ORIGINALLY** made by illegal liquor-selling to minors. I know the perpetuation of the saloon business is based on minors forming the habit of liquor drinking at the earliest possible age. I know that certain saloonkeepers and bartenders sell intoxicating liquors over their bars to minors at the earliest moment they can do so without risking legal prosecution.

I wish to emphasize the fact that I have had the inclination, money, time and opportunity to observe saloon patronage from outside the bar for thirty years. Ordinary saloonkeepers and bartenders consider that

way. Seeing me hot and perspiring one summer afternoon, a saloonkeeper offered me a glass of bottled beer, saying, "You're big enough to drink beer now." I then comprehended that my school, home and church teaching of the evils of drinking were inconsistent with licensed liquor saloons. I figured that it was all right for me to drink a glass of beer, if I drank like a gentleman, as I saw sober and sedate business men doing. I was big physically, and saloonkeepers and bartenders would grin amiably at my beer-drinking, as I came around to their business places on my paper route.

In my sixteenth year I entered a corporation office as an office boy. The back doors of this office and those of a saloon were only a few feet apart, and certain officers and clerks, including myself, drank in the saloon while on duty. At this time I came to the conclusion that becoming a drunkard lay entirely with the individual, and that there was no chance of ultimate personal harm in my taking a drink of ale or beer. I knew that no

one could make me drink unless I wanted to drink. I knew that no one could make me drink against my will. I was cocksure of my strength of muscle and mind. I became a pool and billiard player, and enjoyed evening saloon life as a patron. The human animation and life in a saloon gave me great pleasure. There was always a delightful uncertainty as to whether it would be fight or frolic from one moment to another in a crowded barroom. In my seventeenth year I began railroading, and in a few years drew a man's salary every month from the pay car. During the next three years I was a favorite



THE RATTLER IS THE LESS DANGEROUS; HE AT LEAST GIVES WARNING.

a person who pays an average of forty cents a day across the bar is a "good customer." Consequently I have been much praised many times, for many years, by my masters. "There's a boy that always buys when he has the price with him;" "Jack's a live wire;" "You're a jim-dandy drinker, and always with the coin;" "I wish I had a hundred like you"—these were some of the commendatory expressions that they used concerning me.

MY FIRST GLASS OF BEER.

At fourteen years of age I drank my first glass of beer in a saloon in the most natural