

# THE ANTI-TOBACCO GEM



OUR STANDARD BEARERS.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain, exalt the voice unto them, shake the hand, that they may go into the gates of the nobles."

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### The Anti-Tobacco Gem.

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### Tobacco Items.

**C**HILDREN who work in tobacco shops become sickly and feeble by inhaling the poisonous fumes.

When the glass of liquor is in the right hand, the pipe or cigar is almost sure to be in the left.

The fumes of whiskey and the smoke of tobacco go well together.

The mouth, heated by the cigar or pipe, is naturally thirsty.

Cigars and liquor are sold at the same bar.

Nature seems to say: "Don't smoke, don't chew." Because, when people begin to do these things, they are apt to become quite sick and dizzy. This is a hint not to touch, taste or handle the article.

### Boys!

SMOKING is a bad habit, and will you not, my boys, break it off; or, if you have not formed the habit as yet, will you not set yourselves as flint against it? I think, as a rule, boys wish to do what is right. That at least, is my experience, and I hope the GEM will be one means of proving that tobacco is not the thing for boys or men to use.  
Mrs. F. H. BAILEY.

### True To His Pledge.

**T**HIS little boy has signed the pledge that he would not taste or touch tobacco. His grandmother was a smoker, as you will notice in the picture. He loved his grandmother, and wanted to do all she asked him to. One day she left her tobacco in her room and asked Willie if he would not bring it to her. Willie, as he started to obey, did not know how he could do it and not break his pledge. He wanted to please his grandma, and he meant to be true to his

pledge. Then a happy thought struck him, and he bounded away to the woodshed and got two small sticks, then to his grandma's room, and with them took up the tobacco and brought it to her without touching it himself. His grandma's questions revealed to her his determination to be a clean, temperance boy, and she began to think it best for her to abandon the



habit, and did, the Lord helping her, and now she is one of Willie's best helpers in this grand cause.

No. 3. Where is No. 4?

Exeter, N. H., March 1, 1893.

C. H. SHEPHERD,

Dear Sir:—I find in your January number of the ANTI-TOBACCO GEM, some information wanted on the refusal of storekeepers to sell tobacco on principle. And I think, with you, that it would be a sad reflection on the state, if only two such storekeepers could be found in it. But I am in hopes you may hear from many more, on this line. I wish to inform you of one store in this town that refuses to sell from principle. The writer of this article started the store twenty years ago, and started on the basis of no tobacco; but some of my best customers said it was all nonsense, they must have their tobacco, and I must supply it, or they must trade somewhere else. But after I had done all that I thought I could do to put them off, I finally yielded and sold it for two years, but with clearly defined convictions that I was doing wrong. But, at last, I made a desperate effort, and said I will stop if I have to close the store, and for the following eight years I had a clean store. At that time, I sold out to the present owners, who have run it, now, six years on the same principle. Their names are John R. & W. B. Button. Perhaps the most strange thing about this article is that the writer is an *Irishman*, and his name is

HENRY LITTLE.

Vile Photographs.

C. H. S.

IT IS lamentable that such a beautiful art as photography should be put to vile uses, but the devil has no scruples for anything which he can bring into use to carry out his diabolical work. When he can use the best methods in art, and then get professing Christians to carry out his schemes, then all pandemonium is jubilant, and hell shakes with applause.

A letter comes to us from a Pennsylvania lady—a mother, perhaps—asking us to say something in the GEM against the indecent photos that are put up in some packages of tobacco. She says: "I know men, some of them professing Christians, who buy this kind, and hand over these vile pictures to our boys, some of whom have been raised in pure christian homes. Our storekeepers profess to be Christians, some of them elders in the church, and yet they handle this vile stuff, knowing that these impure pictures will fall into the hands of innocent children. Even the peanut boxes are filled with Satan's devices for leading the children astray. I find it very hard, sometimes, to convince boys that tobacco is not a good thing for them. They point to our elders in the church, and sometimes to the minister, and say, 'They use tobacco, and they claim to be Christians.' Some of these same Christians pollute the house of God with their foul breath, and clothing so saturated with cigar smoke that it is anything but agreeable to be near them."

There is some satisfaction to know, that while Judas Iscariot, who betrayed our Lord claimed to be an apostle he was really a devil from the beginning, a wolf in sheep's clothing; and the modern Christians, who will knowingly and persistently scatter these vile pictures, helping to ruin innocent children, although professing to be Christians, can scarcely be less than Judas; devils, wolves in sheepskins. It seems to us that every decent man, who has not lost every spark of manhood, should

show his manhood by boldly facing the enemy in this, his vile and demoniacal work.

There are some who say: "I will not try and do any more. It is no use. We will stop taking the papers which advocate against these evils." Do such consider that the devil keeps right on all the same, and that he is busy day and night, scattering his literature, and your boys are getting it, and you have stopped giving them anything purer? Dime novels, and the devil go together, and by and by, perhaps, you may wish you had scattered the good seed less sparingly.

I Know A Thing Or Two.

"MY DEAR boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theaters. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go, and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, who had grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury who had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said among other things, "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

Selected.

Not Fit To Be Kissed.

"What ails papa, mother?" said a sweet little girl, Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl; I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee, But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

"But, mama."—her eyes opened wide as she spoke— "Do you like those kisses of 'bacca and smoke? They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean? With kisses like yours, mama—that's what I mean; I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacca and spit; And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit;"

And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust. As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean. For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss, From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

Selected.

## OUR LIFE.

*I am the way, the truth and the life."—Jesus. "In His name," We work.*

### Nothing To Fear.

**D**URING the late Franco-German war, just after the fall of the city of Metz, when the victorious armies of Prince Frederick Charles were sweeping on to the next great battle which decided the fate of France, the French commander found it necessary immediately to send dispatches to a neighboring city where a portion of the army was encamped, and upon which the Germans were marching. It was indispensable that the message should be carried in the next hour, before the enemy would have time to tear up the railroad track and delay communications.

And so a car was secured and a skillful engineer engaged, and officer put on board with the dispatches, and a war correspondent of one of the papers succeeded in getting on board. And then, with the swiftness of lightning, the engine and car swept on with orders to travel that space of eighty miles in about an hour. It was an awful journey, and the correspondent described how the one or two passengers were terrified as that engine shot almost like a thing of life along that track, leaping again and again from the track, as if it would leap into space, careening from side to side, threatening eye sent to go over the embankments, while engine snorted and screamed along like a monster, and the track was cleared of everything that could delay.

The wife and child of the engineer were on board. The poor woman swooned and cried aloud at times, with terror; but the little child of the engineer, a girl of about nine, was the only happy one on board. She seemed delighted with the strange scene. Every time the car jumped she laughed for merriment, held on to the seat and looked at the faces of the others as she cried in wonder, "Why, don't you know papa is driving?" After a while, the engineer burst in at the door, knowing what they were suffering, he kissed his pale wife, assuring her all was safe, and then he took the little girl in his arms. She hugged and hugged him, wild with delight, until the tears ran down his black face, and made furrows in the soot and grime that besmeared him. And as he kissed her and let her down and went back to his post, she laughed joyfully, and said, "There is nothing to fear. Don't you know my papa is driving?"

Oh, beloved, let us take up her little refrain and sing it over and over again, amid the perils and terrors of our way. As the wheels of time sweep on, and the train sometimes seems on the verge of wreck, let us remember that He who loved us well enough to die for us, and whose mighty arm upholds both earth and sky, is directing all things, Our Father is driving, and we know that all things

work together for good to them that love God; to them that are called according to his purpose."

### HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD.

#### A New Phase Of The Temperance Question.

H. L. HASTINGS.

**I**N THE afternoon, we found our way back to the Mission, looked in upon the Bible class, and saw one poor fellow who described himself as a drunkard, a bum, penniless, helpless, friendless, homeless, without food or shelter; though the son of well-to-do parents, well educated, a telegraphic operator, short-hand reporter, who could be earning liberal wages, but was ruined by drink. He had been in the Mission before, had wept, and struggled, and tried and fallen. Seated by his side, we drew out the story of his helplessness, and then proceeded to explain to him some of the causes of his failure. He was on the verge of delirium tremens. A mental, moral and physical wreck.

We spoke to him of tobacco, which, by its narcotic power, subdues, benumbs and stupefies the senses, until a demand arises for a stimulant. This demand is met by intoxicating drink, the excitement caused by which, calls for some sedative, and then tobacco comes in play again; so with alcohol to excite and elevate, and tobacco to depress and narcotize, the man is between the upper and the nether millstones, and gets pretty thoroughly ground up. We also pointed out the fact that nearly all lovers of strong drink use large quantities of stimulants and condiments in connection with their food. The drunkard, sitting at the table, reaches for the salt-cellar, the pepper-box and the pepper-sauce bottle, and covers his food with a compound, which, if applied to the outside of the stomach, would probably draw a blister in less than twenty-four hours. When he has scorched and burned and tormented and drugged his tongue, throat and stomach with these unhealthy condiments, and articles of food and drink, everything else becomes insipid and tasteless, and he is under the necessity of having something hot, burning, stinging, and so he flies to drink.

We pointed out to the man, that if he wished to escape from the curse of strong drink he should entirely let alone all stimulants, condiments and poisons of every kind. That he should drink pure water or milk, live on fruits, vegetables and food prepared without these things which cause so much thirst; and if he would take these proper and easy precautions, he might soon recover his normal tone, and be able to resist the appetite for strong drink.

He listened with the deepest interest, it was the first time he had ever had the matter explained to him. He had been lectured at and preached to



and scolded. He had been discharged or had left places again and again, on account of intemperance—eleven times from one place. He had been exhorted and warned, but had never been told just how to get out of the slough of despond into which he had fallen. The whole line of thought was new to him, and he seemed to gain hope from the considerations presented; but he was hungry, faint and sick, and had nowhere to lay his head. It did not take long to furnish him with some simple, healthful nourishment; arrangements were made by which he could find shelter and food, and so we gave him words of cheer, and bade him do his part and look to God for help.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later we called at the mission. We

### Nicotine.

CONDENSED FROM A PAPER BY DELLA W. MAGOON,  
LAKE CITY, MICH.

ONE of the important issues of the day is the labor question; the struggle between capital and labor is kept constantly before our eyes. We hear a man rant and rave about monopoly with a ten or fifteen-cent cigar in his mouth, sending away in smoke the money that would help to place him beside the capitalist, using up the nerve power that might make him the peer of any man; but puff, puff, goes the cigar, while he grieves over the fact that wages are so low, and this country, "going to the dogs," not only destroying his own health, but injuring the wife and child who are compelled to breathe the same atmosphere. Let him throw away the tobacco, clear his system of the poison he has forced into it, and his brain will be clearer, his nerves stronger, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing he has not wasted his life in an endeavor to enrich tobacco factories.

If an angel of hope and prosperity shall ever descend on the homes of the poor, one of the first things she will drive out will be tobacco, which deadens all incentives of life, and consumes its rescourses in utter waste.

We American women have quietly slumbered, and let this sin grow in strength and greatness until, like a monster, he is monarch of all he surveys. The tobacco habit antagonizes all that woman holds most dear and should be regarded as an enemy to her peace and happiness. There is much to be done before our homes will be free from this accursed stuff, and there is much we women must do before our hopes are realized. It has been my earnest desire in preparing this paper that I might make it so practical as to convince each one in my presence that there is an individual work to be done. How far I have been successful, it is not for me to say.

Let me advise you not to leap in the dark. To be able to do efficient work, one must be informed of the evils resulting from narcotics; hence the first step is self-education. Read, observe and decide for yourself what is harmful. Be ready at all times to give reasons why you do not want to breathe the same cigar smoke that some man has blown from his nostrils. And why it is that when a man makes a tobacco box of himself he is outside a nuisance to everybody around him, on account of the vile stuff coming out through his breath and through the pores of his skin, saturating his clothes

found our telegraphic friend with whom we talked the Sunday before, "a door keeper in the house of the Lord." He had been sober for a week! His clothes had got out of the pawn-shop and on to their owner's back. His face was radiant, and his hand-clasp seemed like the old-fashioned free and accepted Christian grip.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time; so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.  
Leave to his sovereign sway,  
To choose and to command,  
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,  
How wise, how strong His hand.

till you can smell him as far to the windward as you can some four-footed animals that might be mentioned, to say nothing of the copious excretion which makes it next to impossible for any one to approach within several feet, without being soiled with the vile juice. It has been stated that when one sees a plug of nasty, coarse, liver-colored tobacco, he pities the mouth it is destined to enter, but when he sees the mouth, he pities the tobacco.

Resolve now that the next money you spend will be for literature, and then send twenty-five cents to Mrs. Ingalls, National Superintendent of this department, for a sample package of leaflets.

### Cigarettes and Other Narcotics.

DURING the fiscal year ending July 1st, 1892, there were 44 cigarettes manufactured in this country for each man, woman and child in the United States. The total according to the internal revenue statement just published, was nearly 3,000,000,000. The tremendous rate at which the consumption of tobacco in this form is growing, is seen from the fact that in 1884-85 the number of cigarettes produced did not much exceed 1,000,000,000. In other words nearly three cigarettes are smoked in the United States to-day where one was consumed seven years ago.

Many people are going insane from the use of cocaine. The peculiarity of the cocaine habit when once it is firmly seated, is that it creates an ungovernable appetite for all kinds of stimulants. Under the combined effects of which the victim sinks to ruin.

Mrs. Fannie Adams, widow, died at the St. Louis City Hospital, Mar. 14th, from the use of opium. She had for two months laid in a miserable room in the rear of a comfortless, dilapidated house, crying for morphine, and having it administered to her by her friend and room-mate, Annie Hamilton. The sick woman had grown too weak to inject the drug into her own flesh, and her sallow companion, herself a fiend, performed the deadly work.—MRS. E. B. INGALL, 4119 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

### Columbian Number.

WE PURPOSE to issue the May GEM as a Columbian World's Fair number. You will want it. Order quantities, so as to circulate among your people. Price for free distribution: Fifty copies, 40 cents. One hundred and forty copies, \$1.00. Secure them before the issue is exhausted.