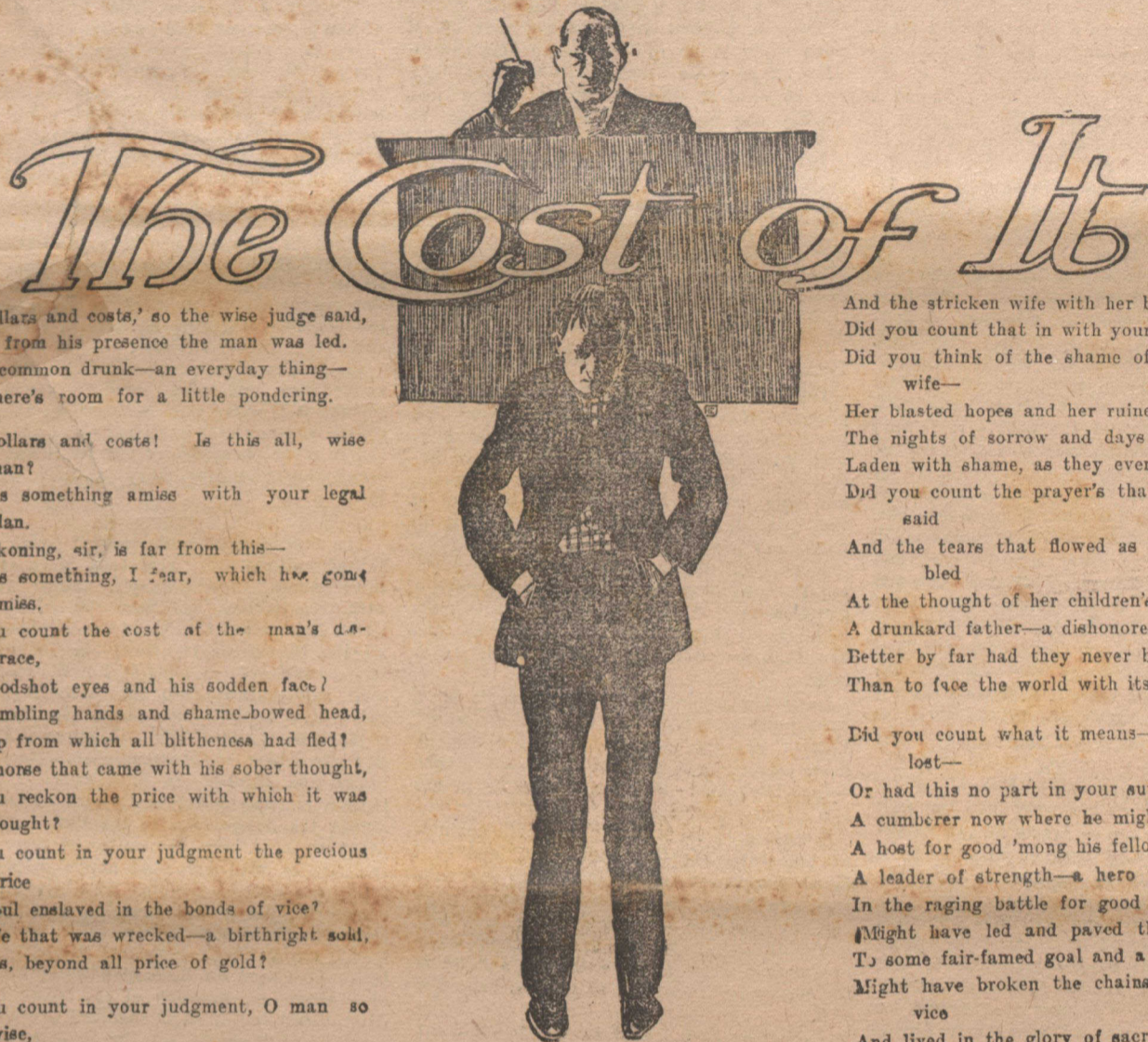


W. M. Poyer 30831207



'Ten dollars and costs,' so the wise judge said,  
As out from his presence the man was led.  
Just a common drunk—an everyday thing—  
Still, there's room for a little pondering.

Ten dollars and costs! Is this all, wise man?

There is something amiss with your legal plan.

My reckoning, sir, is far from this—  
There is something, I fear, which has gone

amiss.

Did you count the cost of the man's disgrace,

His bloodshot eyes and his sodden face?

His trembling hands and shame-bowed head,

His step from which all blitheness had fled?

The remorse that came with his sober thought,

Did you reckon the price with which it was

bought?

Did you count in your judgment the precious

price

Of a soul enslaved in the bonds of vice?

Of a life that was wrecked—a birthright sold,

Priceless, beyond all price of gold?

Did you count in your judgment, O man so

wise,

The mother's tears in her brimming eyes?

Did you note the grief in her careworn face,

And the furrows made by a child's disgrace?

Did you count the prayers she has faltering

said

That her child from sinful ways be led?

O judge, did you count all these, I say,  
When you balanced accounts on that judgment day?

And the stricken wife with her broken heart—  
Did you count that in with your cost as part?  
Did you think of the shame of a drunkard's  
wife—

Her blasted hopes and her ruined life?  
The nights of sorrow and days of woe  
Laden with shame, as they ever go;  
Did you count the prayers that her lips had  
said

And the tears that flowed as her sad heart  
bled

At the thought of her children's cruel shame?  
A drunkard father—a dishonored name!  
Better by far had they never been born  
Than to face the world with its pitiless scorn.

Did you count what it means—a strong man  
lost—

Or had this no part in your summed up cost?  
A cumberer now where he might have been  
A host for good 'mong his fellowmen—  
A leader of strength—a hero to fight—  
In the raging battle for good and right;  
Might have led and paved the way  
To some fair-famed goal and a better day;  
Might have broken the chains of drink and  
vice

And lived in the glory of sacrifice!

Just a common drunk—no more—no less—  
A spicy joke for the yellow press.

Just a common drunk—an everyday thing.  
Yet there's room for a little pondering.

—'Home Herald.'

## Alcohol, a Food or a Poison.

By Sir Frederick Treves, England's Greatest Surgeon.

The millions of beer, wine, whiskey, and brandy drinkers here and in England have recently had a bomb thrown in their midst by the most famous English surgeon of the day. Sir Frederick Treves, who was created a baronet in recognition of his distinguished ability, recently declared in a public speech that alcohol was purely a poison, and should be treated just like any other poison, such as strychnine. His words of warning have been given prominence by the London press, and have created wide-spread interest. A prominent journal declares that his address on alcohol was 'one of the most trenchant exposures that has ever been uttered by a distinguished medical man of the absolutely false claims made for alcohol.'

Sir Frederick Treves is almost revered by

the English people. As the King's physician it was he who 'saved the King's life' in 1902 by operating upon him for appendicitis.

Sir Frederick is still a comparatively young man, being in the early fifties.

He is said to retire nightly at 9.30, and to rise at 5 or 5.30 a.m. He is deeply interested in the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, having helped to build the first hospital ship, and has even acted for a few days as ship-surgeon, giving his services freely to the poor disabled fishermen.

Sir Frederick spoke as follows:

I do not propose to trouble you with any detailed accounts of the effects of excessive drinking, and the lamentable diseases that follow from it. The train of physical wreckage that lies in the wake of drunkenness is,

unfortunately, a matter of only too common knowledge. I should like, rather, to occupy your time for ten minutes in dealing with the effect of alcohol on the body generally.

The point with regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is a poison, and it is a poison which, like other poisons, has certain uses, but the limitations in the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations in the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison, in that it produces effects which have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphia, or opium. Unfortunately, the term poison is by no means an exaggerated one, when it is realized that with alcohol, as drunk by many of the poorer classes, there is apt to be mixed a very