

Temperance

right Japan.

The late Mrs. Bishop, the celebrated lady traveller, thus rendered a gem of Japanese philosophy:—

At the punch bowl's brink,
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan;
First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man!

The Saloon Convicted; The Boys Hanged.

In pronouncing the death sentence on two boy murderers at Owatonna, Minn., Judge Buckman pronounced this philippic against the saloon:

'Every community can well ask if it is not equally guilty with its sister city in not making a vigorous effort to remove the snares which lie in waiting for the young in almost every town in the Union. These boys cannot have been brought to perpetrate such a crime through the influence of heredity. There is nothing to show it. It must be charged, if it be true that they are guilty, to their environment. Without any ill feeling toward the people of this community, I must say that they are particeps criminis in this tragedy, if the boys are guilty. The people have allowed the conditions which have brought these boys to such a pass. It is because the boys could procure of newsdealers such literature as debased their moral natures; because the police, knowing of the conditions existing in the rooms of these, permitted them to go on; because the saloon-keepers of the city were allowed to place on the lips of the young that which fires the brain and sears the soul. By imposing the death sentence, the court will be striking at the effect, not the cause, and if the cause remains undisturbed the result will be another such case as a righteous retribution upon those responsible.'—*Morning Star.*

The Sobering of Jim Russell.

(By Charles Herbert, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Good night, mannikin,' exclaimed Sarah Russell, to her two year old boy, when after the regular evening romp he lay back breathless, but with his whole attitude and sparkling eyes daring her to come on again. 'Good night. Mamma going down stairs now.'

'Dada?' he interrogated, sharply.

'Yes, to see dada, when he comes home.' This with a sigh.

'Daddy walky straight, eh? Funny daddy! No! Tiss adain,' pleadingly, as his mother, wisely ignoring the last remark, made to leave the room. 'Only once more, mannikin,' but the once mounted to half a dozen ere her own motherly heart was satisfied, then she departed, leaving him alone.

Mrs. Russell was a woman of about 42 years of age, and at least 21 had gone by since she married her present husband. He was a man of great power of work, and had managed by his energy and acuteness not only to start in business for himself, but to make it pay splendidly. And now he had three shops in the town, and many men at work for him. The lines might have lain in pleasant places for the Russells, but in the days of his prosperity James Russell had developed a taste for haunting one of the best inns in the town, and for years he had scarcely ever come home at night quite sober. His wife clung fondly to the recollection of what he had been in former days, and hoped against many disappointments that his long lane of drunkenness would find a turning out of it at last. Oh, how she had prayed! Wrestling with God to grant her this boon, before her only son grew up to realise and perhaps imitate his father's degradation. For

the first 20 years of her married life only two children had been given her, one a boy, now her elder son, a sturdy manly fellow, 19 years of age, and the other a little girl, who had lingered just long enough to win their hearts by her prattle and rattle, and then been quiet at last, for ever.

Two years ago, however, another little stranger came to their home, and in the baby somehow the soreness of the mother's heart, which still yearned for her lost darling, found relief. She was happier now, too, for the little fellow filled up the time she used to spend in brooding about her husband.

So the years had gone, and were going, but the prayer of her heart was still unanswered, and her elder son Willie had grown up to know and to feel the shame of his father's vice.

Ah, how the knowledge cut her heart, that he, the man who should have stood by her in training his own children, should make the burden heavier by his manner of life.

'Poor little mannikin!' she murmured to herself, as she descended the stairs, with the little chap's words ringing in her ears, with their undertone of shameful fact. 'Dada walky straight, eh? Funny daddy!' No, it wasn't likely that he would come home walking straight, he very seldom did now, and her heart grew leaden within her at the thought. She sat down in the dining room, and began to mend some of little Jim's things, and all unbidden the smiles came back, as she contemplated a wee, scrappy pair of knickerbockers she had made for her tiny son.

'They do look absurdly small,' she said merrily, 'and to think he'll one day perhaps be as big as his father!' 'And,' whispered an inward voice, 'one day perhaps as bad!' 'God forbid!' she ejaculated, fervently; 'he had better die!'

The resentful flush which accompanied these words were still in evidence when the maid came in later to lay supper, for there was a surging of inward excitement at the thought that 21 years of married life had at last come to this, and that she should wish her little chap dead sooner than he should be as his father was. Oh, how rebellious she felt at it all, how the wonder filled her, whether it was any use to go on praying; how she recalled the times when she had hoped for a little, then been disappointed for long; and leaving the supper untasted she sat back listlessly, as she often did, awaiting her elder son. Ten o'clock came; half-past ten, then she heard the sound of a key in the latch, followed after some fumbling by heavy footsteps in the passage.

'It is Jim!' she thought. 'Strange he should be home before George.'

And she prepared herself for a take-no-notice attitude, which experience had taught her was the best to assume towards her husband at such a time. But she sprang to her feet with an exceeding bitter cry as the door opened, and she saw it was not her husband, but the pride of her life, her own boy, her elder son, staggering uncertainly to a chair, heavy with drink. A moment she gazed at him, then with a choking sob rushed out of the room, while he called after her.

'Here, I shay, mother; let's have something t'eat. Whersh dad?' Silence reigned, and looking stupidly round he said, 'He's drinking again, p'raps. Bad thing—ugh, dad that drinks.' And in much self pity he wept copiously maudlin tears, while upstairs his mother in dumb tearless agony had cast herself on the bed.

Presently she heard the street door open again, and another staggerer reeled up the passage. A sudden fear possessed her. What if Jim should see George in that state, and in drunken fury strike him?

She sprang from the bed, and rushed down into the room, and there she saw her husband scarcely able to stand, with one hand on the table, while he tried to steadily gaze at her son, who with hands in his pockets, was half sitting on his chair, a true picture of drunken sullenness.

'What are you looking at?' George murmured, resentfully, at last, to his father; but James Russell never answered a word, only looked.

'Tell you, I won't have it,' pursued George. 'You've no right to grumble at me. Seen you worse yourself. You're drunk now, s'pose.'

But still his father only looked, and his son at last, in shamefaced fashion, exclaimed, 'Oh, get out!' and closing his eyes prepared to sleep.

At last his father found his tongue, and turning to his wife, who stood trembling in the doorway, he lifted a shaking hand towards George, and cried—

'My God, do you see that?'

Then with a glimmering hope that he was mistaken, he said, 'What's the matter with him?'

For the life of her the mother could not keep the bitter irony out of her voice as she said, 'Oh, nothing; he's only drunk!'

'Only drunk!' he said, with his voice quivering, though he was thoroughly sober now. The sight of his son had brought him round with a shock. 'Only drunk,' and advancing to George he said, 'Here, lad, rouse up, and come to bed. I'll help you up!' And the drowsy, drink-fuddled son let himself be alternately pushed and pulled into his own room.

In the morning he emerged from it thoroughly ashamed of himself, but before he went out his father called him into his own little office, and with a voice husky with emotion said, pushing a paper over to him—'George, sign that!'

'That' was a total abstinence pledge.

A moment George hesitated, thinking of the fellows and their jeers, then he said, firmly, 'I will, if you will.'

'I've signed it already,' said his father, gravely. 'Look,' and he pointed to his own name at the bottom of the very paper. Then George signed.

'Now,' said the elder man, 'let the past be forgotten; but in future let's see who will keep this the longest, tapping the paper.'

They are still trying their best at the competition to this day, though that paper was signed years ago, and ever since Jim's father has walked straight.

No Saloon Grass—in the Streets.

The claim is often made that the adoption of prohibition by a town will cause the grass to grow on the streets. And this prophecy has been fulfilled at Winters, Cal., after a trial of only nine months. Less than one year ago there were six saloons running in that place and making things lively in such ways as only saloons can. In a fateful hour they were voted out and the threatened result has daily become more apparent. Grass growing in the street? Yes, and a photograph of the scene is published right on the first page of a recent California paper. There it is, all so plain as to prevent denial by any person. Grass growing two feet high right in front of the door of the lock-up, which looks as though it had not been opened for months! The picture tells its own story, but an accompanying account proceeds to tell of the benefit which the absence of the saloon has been to all other business in the place, which never was so prosperous or growing more substantially than now.—*National Advocate.*

Penn's Advice to a Toper.

William Penn was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. 'Can you tell me how to do it?' said the slave of the appetite. 'Yes,' answered Penn; 'it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend.' 'Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you tell me.' 'Why, my friend,' said the great Quaker, 'when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again.' The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.—*Short Stories.*

Don't worry over the criticism of brainless people. Braying, whether by biped or quadruped, is only noise.