

PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

The Editor's Views and Other News on This Great Movement

The Uncheered Hero

Tim Brooks he studies awful hard
And faithful all the year,
But goes out in the schoolhouse yard
And never gets a cheer;
And Billy Gibbs, he shirks and frets—
He hates to work at all—
At you should hear the cheer he gets
Because he hits the ball.

Tim Brooks he always leads his class
And gets his lessons done;
But Billy Gibbs lets hours pass
Just thinking up some fun;
But no one cheers and throws his hat
And says "Hurrah for Tim!"
But when Bill Gibbs goes up to bat
The boys all cheer for him.

Bill Gibbs he suffers awful pain
When he comes to recite;
He cannot do his sums again
Or get his grammar right;
Then teacher calls on Tommy Brooks
And points to him with pride,
But when we play a game she looks
And cheers for Bill outside.

Sometimes Tim Brooks he sees the game
And watches Bill at bat,
He gets excited just the same
And cheers and throws his hat;
But when he has sums in school
And Bill is watching him,
Bill quite forgets the Golden Rule
And never cheers for Tim.

I guess I'd rather be like Tim
Than Billy Gibbs, but when
The boys outside are cheering him
It sounds quite pleasant then;
And it must sometimes seem quite hard
To study all the year
And go out in the school house yard
But never get a cheer—J. W. Foley
in New York Times.

An Admiral's Testimony

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., writing to General Barron, says:

"I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has, or ever will, do anyone any good. I am now sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well; always cheery; laugh at the 'downs' of life equally with the 'ups'; and always feel fit and in condition.

"If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months, I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again. Get some of your splendid young men to try it, and 'report proceedings' after the three months."—Christian Guardian.

Why Not?

From American Prohibition Press Assoc.

Detroit brewers are willing to decrease the number of saloons in that city by 200, in order to head off the prohibition wave which threatens the existence of all saloons. If the brewers really appreciated the sentiment against saloons in this country, they would understand that their Detroit proposition really strengthens the argument of the Prohibitionists.

If the closing of 200 saloons is a good thing for society, wouldn't the closing of all the saloons in Detroit be much better?

If a saloon is a helpful factor in a community, why not increase the number by 200 rather than rob Detroit of the beneficial influence of that number?—Kansas City Star.

Keep Sweet

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't just come your way—Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "now I won't play!" Just go grinning on and bear it: If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—Have you heartache? Millions share it; keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow men—If you whine around they try to keep from meeting you again—Don't declare the world's "agin' you Don't let pessimism win you, Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view, Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Tho they're false, yet I'll be true." Never let your heart grow bitter; With your ear to Hope's transmitter Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter, keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one and will always help a man. Hate, misanthropy and malice have no place in Nature's plan. Help your brother there who's sighing. Keep his flag of courage flying. Help him try 'twill keep you trying—keep sweet.

Baltimore American

Adam Smith on Strong Drink

Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," whose principles are still regarded as the standard basis of real political economy, lived over a hundred years ago.

It was Adam Smith who wrote "All labor expended in producing strong drink is utterly unproductive; it adds nothing to the wealth of the community."

More than two-thirds of the drunkards apprehended in London last year were women. An investigation of twenty-one public-houses in the same city showed that in four days they were entered by nearly 40,000 women, who had over 10,000 children with them. The man who says that times are not ripe for temperance reform in England does not know.—Dominion Presbyterian.

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HUMORISMS

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments of the Week End

"It takes a baby mos' two years to learn to talk," said Uncle Eben, "an' den it takes de res' of its lifetime to learn to keep 'em talkin' too much."

"Have you given the goldfish any fresh water this morning, Mary?" "No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday yet."

A recent novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the buffeting waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

"I was going to give Jinks a little friendly advice this morning." "And didn't you?" "No; he started to tell me how to run my affairs, and that's something I tolerate from no man."

Mother—"What! Fighting again? Such a black eye! If you'd only follow the lead of the minister's little boy—" Tommy—"Aw, I did try ter follow his lead, but he led agin wid his left an' dat's where he biffed me."

The tides run swiftly out in the Bay of Fundy.

A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Ma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean."

"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker. "Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

"I hope you came out of that horse trade with a clear conscience." "Yes," answered Si, smiling; "but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so onusally clear that I can't help feelin' I must o' got the wust o' the trade"

Two diners at a hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?" "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hextra!" he replied.

The thin, pale man in the large bathing suit, standing knee-deep in the water, sighed.

"Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?" "Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife." The friend's lips curled superciliously. "But you are married again," he murmured.

"Yes," said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

The old English mercantile houses retain the names not infrequently of the founders of the firm who may have been dead a hundred years. The following is amusing:

A solicitor of subscriptions calling at the store inquired, "Is Mr. Smith in?" "No, sir," said the gentlemen who received him. "Will he be in before long?" "I don't think he will." "How long has he been out?" "About a hundred years."

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar.

"But, mama," said the little one, "I can't say that word!" "But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the jug, and, as she reached the counter of the store, she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk:

"There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"

"Do I get less keen on temperance work as I go on?" asked the Bishop of London at a meeting in support of the Licensing Bill. "No," he added, "we are at grips with one of the worst enemies of the human race."—Presbyterian Record.

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Thoughtful Pointers

The rule of self obedience to the right will bring all things into order.—Gladstone.

Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well what ever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Every sin thou slayest, the spirit of that sin passes into thee, transformed into strength; every passion subdued by a higher impulse is so much character.—F. W. Robinson.

It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money won't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

The all were Fables

The all great-deeds were proved but fables fine;

The earth's old story could be told anew;

Tho the sweet fashions loved of them that sue

Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine;

The God did never man in words benign

With sense of His great fatherhood endure;

The life immortal were a dream untrue.

And he that promised it was not divine;

The soul, the spirit, were not and all hope

Reaching beyond the bourne melted away

Tho virtue had no goal and good no scope.

But both were doomed to end with this our clay;

The all were not, to the disgraced heir

Would this remain—to live as tho they were.

—Jean Ingelow.

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