

Temperance Talk

A Terrible Question

The outlook is dreary and certainly queer,
And in terror the problem we face—
If people decide to abolish the Beer,
What, then, will they put in its place?

For many a year it has ever been near,
A blessing and boon to the race;
So if men are determined to sweep away
Beer,
Ah! what will they put in its place?

Like beef and plum pudding, 'tis old Eng-
land's pride,
Her strength in the field and the chase;
Oh, what will men do with this pleasure
denied,
And what can be put in its place?

No wonder we drinkers look gloomy and
glum,
Too often the Beer brings disgrace;
We know it develops both sorrow and plum
But what shall we put in its place?

And still more we swallow, and seldom we
think
Of its power to degrade and debase;
But where shall we find such a "glorious"
drink,
And what can be put in its place?

Czar to mitigate the miseries of his fellow-countrymen. He has also been called the modern Buddha because of his abstemious life and his renunciation of sensual pleasures.

One morning at his far-famed home Yasnaya Polyana, he summoned to the house all of his hundreds of serfs. They met under a wide-spreading tree, where Tolstoy always held conference with his people. It reminds us of Buddha's broad Banyan under which he found the essentials of wisdom.

Tolstoy had set out a table and a bench and then he took a roll of paper out of his pocket and a pen and bottle of ink and put them on the table. Everybody was curious to know what was going to happen. Then Tolstoy talked to them in plain, simple, peasant language on the evils and dangers of drunkenness. He related examples from real life which had happened among the serfs themselves, and by homely anecdotes convinced the simple people of the terrors of the cup of vodka.

Then he picked up the paper from the table and read this pledge:
"Realizing the great evil and sin of drunkenness, I, the undersigned, decide never to drink any alcohol, vodka, wine, or beer; not to buy or offer it to others; with all my strength I will convince others,

And from that time on Tolstoy raised his voice time and again against drunkenness in Russia. The celebration of the anniversary of the University of Moscow generally ended in much drunkenness and debauchery, and Tolstoy reprimanded the authorities so severely that protest was heard all over the empire.—American Issue.

She's No Good

There was a crash and a splash on the sanded floor of the saloon. Then a distraught woman exclaimed, "I can't stand any more of it; I'm one of the devil's own!"

"Take no notice of her, guv'nor," said another woman addressing an elderly and earnest-faced man in semi-clerical attire, "she's no good—she's on the streets."

Overwhelmed with shame, the first poor creature passed out without a word. Meantime the city missionary, pity in eye and voice, reminded all and sundry that there was once a Mary Magdalene who, having sinned grievously, fell at the Saviour's feet, and afterwards became a saintly woman; what about our own faults?

More than a week later the missionary was in another district, and noticed a woman cleaning the steps of a large house. As she looked up, there was a half smile of recognition, and when he momentarily paused, she rose from her knees and rushed to the gate. "Oh, sir, can you wait five minutes?" she asked in a beseeching tone; "I should so like to speak to you."

A Spacious Platform

This is a question above party lines. This is a question aside from the matter of a man's personal habit as to drink. This is a matter above religious differences, one on which people of all faiths and of none have already united. This question is vital in every department of civic life.

Drinkers can consistently unite in the movement because it is simply against the open saloon as an institution.

Temperance workers and total abstinents can consistently unite because the banishment of the saloon means much less drinking.

Citizens, interested in civic welfare, can unite because no-license means a safer, cleaner, a more moral city.

Employers can unite, for it means larger dividends for legitimate business, more trustworthy employees.

Professional men can unite, for no-license helps to realize higher ideals.

Philanthropists can unite, for it means less debauched manhood, degraded womanhood and defrauded children.

Rich men can unite, for it means safer investments.

Poor men can unite for it means more money in the pockets of their class.

Religious men can unite, because it means less sin in the city.

Working men can unite, for it means a great help to their fellows and larger chances for success.

Republicans can unite, because it is in accord with those ideas of liberty for which Republicanism stands.

Prohibitionists can unite, for it means the sale of liquor prohibited from a larger part of the country.

Socialists can unite, because it offers the best working solution for one of the most serious social problems.

Nonpartisans can unite, because the movement is itself nonpartisan.

Making Good

Alice Eames walked into the library, an open letter in her hand.

"Tom has written to ask me to go to the Junior Prom at Hillsover, mother," she said, and there was a queer little catch in her voice.

Mrs. Eames looked up from her book. "How delightful, my dear!" she cried, enthusiastically. "You've looked forward so much to going, I know, and now you shall have the prettiest gown we can plan together."

"But I'm not going," answered the girl, and the little catch had turned into a genuine sob.

"Not going!" exclaimed Mrs. Eames, in astonishment. "Why, what is the matter? Tell me! I thought you and Tom were such good friends."

"We were, mother!" cried Alice. "And it was something more, for at Christmas Tom told me he cared for me, and I promised—" her voice broke again. "But he's in with the swiftest set in college, Ted Lanham and Joe Grover and all those rich boys that were in prep school with him. I told him that he would have to break with them if he wanted me."

"Don't you think that you're a little hard on Tom, girlie?" asked Mrs. Eames, wistfully. "Aren't you going to give him another chance?"

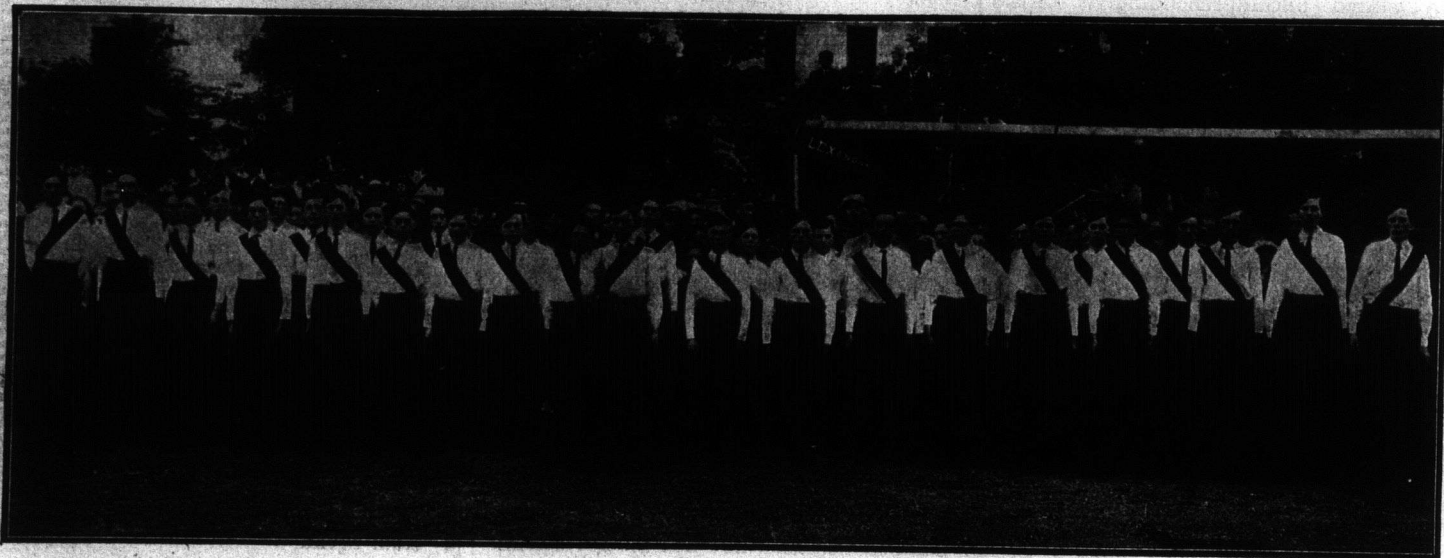
"Yes, mother," replied Alice, firmly, "but not the chance of the girl who sells her forgiveness just for the sake of a good time. He'd despise me if I was like that, and I'd despise myself, too. I'm going upstairs to write him that I can't go!" And she walked out of the room, her head still nobly erect.

"When do you expect Miss Eames?" Professor Lee inquired, pleasantly.

For answer Tom held out the letter in silence; then, when his uncle had finished reading it, he said:

"It's all that fool Lebanon parade. No glad rags for mine this prom! Alice is great, I know, but she's the sort of girl that's dreadfully hard on a fellow."

"But that's just the kind of a woman a man wants," answered his uncle. "It's the woman who sets standards almost out of our reach who makes us grow." The professor's eyes softened as he looked across his study to the picture of a woman who had at once made life hard and very, very beautiful for him. "If Helen of Troy set the world at war, she made men heroes," he quoted, slowly. Then he added, with a quizzical glance at his nephew, "Tom, it's up to you!"



A Cadet Company from Alexandra School, Winnipeg.

Come, cheer up! ye drinkers, 'tis not as
ye say,
Teetotallers now set the pace—
Good houses for hovels and night turned
to day,
This and more may be put in its place.

Bright laughter for curses, glad sunshine
for tears,
'Tis coming, 'tis coming apace;
The end of the toil and the struggle of
years,
The joy we will put in its place.

This is a Fair Sample

A certain man was in a bar-room, complaining loudly of the high cost of living. Among other things he mentioned milk. "Just think of it," he said, "milk costs nine cents a quart! How is the poor man to buy milk for a family at such a price as that?" And yet shortly after he began to inquire of the bartender the price of different grades of whisky. Well, the best grade was \$1.50 a quart, another grade could be got for \$1.25, while a cheaper one was only \$1.00 a quart. The customer thought a few minutes, and finally settled on that at \$1.25. Milk nine cents a quart, whisky \$1.25 a quart. No doubt the milk is high, and wages are low enough, but we venture to say that the man who pays \$1.25 for a quart of whisky, when his children could get fourteen quarts of milk for the same money, is a poor father.—Dundas Star.

Tolstoy and Temperance

Count Leo Tolstoy has been called the modern Isaiah because he stood as a prophet in Russia and called upon the

especially young people and children, of the evils of drunkenness, and the advantages of a sober life; and I will gain members for our society. We beg all agreeing with us to keep this form, to write down on it the names of new members, and to communicate with us. If any intend to give up this pledge we beg him to communicate with us."

Tolstoy himself was the first to put down his name. And then he asked those who would agree to drink no more to sign the pledge. And then the peasant women began to urge their husbands to sign it. "Do you consent?" cried Tolstoy.

Then an old peasant stepped forward and said:

"I want to speak a word about temperance. I want to call your attention to the fact that at weddings, births and baptisms, it is impossible to get along without vodka. It is necessary, it is indispensable. Our fathers always drank it; we must do the same."

And Tolstoy replied, "You can substitute sugared rose water. In the south rose water is always served with sherbets thick as honey."

"Doesn't that make men drunk?" asked the peasants.

"No."

Then the other peasants shouted to the old man who had come forward, to put his fist in his mouth and keep still and sign it.

And the Count said, "Do you then agree?"

"Yes, yes," cried they lustily.

Then the muzhiks, the peasants, crowded up to the table. The women and wives were jubilant. The spirit of the occasion even took hold of the little children and they remembered that great day and spoke of it for many years. During the first year a thousand peasants signed Tolstoy's pledge.

A few minutes later, the steps finished, the woman was pouring out her story. "That night," she said, "I heard through the half-closed door what you said about Mary Magdalene, and it gave me a bit of heart, and I determined that instant that if I could earn a crust of bread in any other way I would change my mode of life. On the following Monday morning I was walking down a street, thinking what I should do, and where I could go to get work, when a respectable person came out of a house with a pail and flannel and commenced cleaning the steps. Something prompted me to offer my services, and they were accepted, the woman being just then without a servant. Afterwards she asked if I could wash plain things, and in this way I earned a good dinner and half-a-crown. The lady also recommended me to two other places, and I felt this was a better life than the one I had been living. Now, mister," she added earnestly, "will you let me know a bit more about Mary Magdalene?"

The whole beautiful story was again told, and a little New Testament presented to Mary's twentieth century sister. Up to that time she had had no home, except the lodging-house or the cold street; now her ambition was to earn a little shelter of her own where, away from drink and vice, she could redeem her soul from death and her life from shame.

It is a noble crusade in which over practically the wide area of the Metropolis some twenty-three faithful London City missionaries are all the time engaged; a crusade against alcoholism and vice conducted in the very strongholds of "the Trade." And from the latest records of truly wonderful results is extracted the above touching story.