

Temperance

Before the Cadi.

(G. Gale Thomas, in the 'Christian World.')

Aside from the hurly-burly of the glaring street, we step into the subdued light of the small, square police-court, with its sober furnishings of plain oak. The sound of a single voice alone breaks the silence. It comes from the witness-box away on the left, where a policeman is standing, looking strange without his helmet.

'The prisoner kicked me. I took him into custody. He struggled and fought violently,' and so on.

Standing at the back, some two-score rough men and women are crowded where they have just come in from the street, to look on at the procession of offenders.

The railed island of the dock, raised up in the centre of the court, holds the prisoner, standing with his cap meekly held before him, while the gaoler is on guard just below. The clerk of the court looks up now and again to ask a question, and then writes rapidly on the depositions. On a broad dais above all sits a little man, middle-aged, keen and alert, listening quietly to the proceedings. It is the stipendiary magistrate—the Cadi of modern London.

The clerk looks up again. 'Have you any questions to ask the witness?'

'No, sir,' says the prisoner, 'I had a few glasses, and didn't know anything about it.'

'Twenty shillings, or fourteen days,' says the Cadi quietly, and the prisoner is hurried down, and disappears through a door at the back.

Another door opens to admit the next case, and discloses a long line of men and women awaiting their turn to come on.

It is Monday morning, and the charge list is heavy. Always the same tale—'Had a drop to drink!' Sixty-one cases of drunk and disorderly to be disposed of before the ordinary criminal list is taken. Drink! Drink! Drink! This is the contribution of the public-house in a poverty-stricken neighborhood to the nation's civilisation.

No one can look on at the procession of miserable victims without indignation at the social apathy which permits this scourge to riot in our midst, draining the life-blood from a wretched and ignorant population, and casting up the dregs to fill the national prisons. The monotony is hardly varied as the cases are quickly disposed of. Here is one fully reported:

Clerk: 'Drunk?'

Prisoner: 'Yes.'

Clerk: 'Anything known of him?'

Police: 'No, sir.'

Magistrate: 'Half-a-crown.'

Exit prisoner. Time, thirty seconds.

And the Cadi sits there immovable—the representation of justice to the little world of slum-life!

And what of the prisoners? They are a rough lot, the real submerged. Many of them have never had a chance, dragged up under conditions that could never make citizens. The one bright spot in their wretched lives is the brilliantly-lighted gin-palace, with its social life. What can we expect?

So day by day, with monotonous repetition, the procession passes through some twenty courts in the metropolis alone. Some of the prisoners are women, bold-faced, brutalised. They defy the Court. They have lost all sense of shame.

As the police tell their tale of hooligan attacks, savage strugglings and drunken obscenities, we see the picture of Saturday night's orgy in poorer London. But this is Monday morning, and the prisoner is sober now. As he stands there meekly, with a kerchief roughly knotted round his rough throat, we cannot realise that he was the drink-maddened ruffian of Saturday night.

Sometimes there is a touch of humor to lighten the gloom. A fair-haired, innocent-looking lad of seventeen is charged with assaulting the police.

'There was a row,' he says apologetically to the Court, 'and they was frightened of the big 'uns. So they took the little 'uns and collared me.'

'Anything known of him?' asks the Cadi.

'He was charged with murder, Your Worship,' is the unexpected reply.

A brutal-looking prisoner is next charged with knocking down a constable and kicking him, with the help of a ruffianly crowd. The constable was rescued by two civilians who came to his aid and now appear as witnesses. 'I think it right to say,' remarks the magistrate, 'that the police and public are much indebted to the private witnesses who have come forward in this case.'

Next, 'Robert —', accused of brutally assaulting his wife. The sequel is all too frequent. The police report that the woman, afraid of future retribution, refuses all information. So the ruffian escapes with merely being bound over.

At length the 'drunks' and assaults come to an end and the hearing of other cases begins. A middle-aged carman appears charged with embezzling £7 received for his employer. He took the money on Saturday and gave himself up on Monday. He has been sixteen years working honestly in the same employ, and this is the end. Had he been spending it in drink?

'No,' says the officer; 'he has paid it away, we can't find where.'

'After sixteen years' good conduct! What a pity!' says the magistrate. 'What have you to say?'

(To be continued.)

In a news dispatch from Washington, D.C., drunkenness of officers is given as the reason for many naval accidents, by F. W. Jones, second officer of the U. S. army transport Sherman.

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



2315.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist.—Seven sizes—32 to 44 bust. For 36 bust, the waist requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 20 inches wide, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 42 inches wide.

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Work and Worry.

There are scores of excellent people in this world who have never yet learned the difference between work and worry. If they have anything to do they seem to think that the only way of accomplishing it thoroughly is by means of incessant worry—worry about the time, the method, the necessity of their task, until they have driven easy-going and more tranquil souls nearly frantic. To some people worry is the only recognised motive power, and they use it unsparingly on occasion. Who has not seen or known such a one about to start on a journey? The train leaves at ten, we will say; the distance, less than half a mile to the starting-place, can be easily traversed in ten minutes, consequently a prudent traveller would leave twenty minutes beforehand, to ensure ample time. But our worrying friend insists upon starting at a few minutes after nine, alleging that the clock may be wrong. When finally convinced that the clock is right, he sits down uneasily

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