PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

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

PROHIBITION OF MANUFACTURE

Eugene W. Chafin is running for President on the Prohibition ticket in the United States. This to many people seems to be a foolish proceeding. Many temperance people believe in local option, but do not believe that the question of prohibition is of a sufficiently important character to make it a national issue.

There are many men, however, both in Canada and the United States who believe that prohibition should be made national. There are many persons who drink and would drink whether there is local option or not as long as they can get whisky. These persons, in the great majority of cases, would be glad to see a national law on the statute books by which the manufacture and importation of alcoholic beverages would be prohibited. They drink and would like to stop drinking, but mere habit and the fear of ridicule holds them in the toils of the saloon.

We firmly believe that the demand for nation wide prohibition will be realized in a decade or two and that E. W. Chafin is the man who is shaping the present unformed national desire to the hoped-for end. Even if he is defeated he will know that he has gone down to defeat in a good cause.

Liquor Drinkers and Life Insurance

Life insurance companies are adopting stronger measures for the examination of moderate drinkers. One of the largest companies now declares that no saloon-keeper or brewer is rich enough to get a policy with them, while even those who drink with moderation are considered poor risks. What is true of this company is considered true of all others. Some now require an agreement that if death results from drink their policy becomes void. In this connection it will be remembered that Sir Thomas Whittaker, who is a examiner for a life insurance company that has separate classes for abstainers and so-called moderate drinkers, says statistics compiled for many years pass show that teetotalers live from 25 to 30 per cent. longer than drinkers.—The Pioneer.

Poured Liquor Down Sewer

Upwards of two hundred bottles of liquor as well as a cask of ale were poured into the city sewers on Saturday afternoon.

The liquor was what was seized from a hotel a couple of weeks ago by the police and others and it had been stored in a cell at the police station until the case against the party from whom the seizure was made had been completed. On Saturday morning this case was ended when a fine of $50 and costs was imposed, the offence having been reduced from a third offence to a first offence under the Scott Act.

Saturday afternoon was set as the time for the destruction of the liquor and the 234 bottles of whiskey, brandy, gin, ale, porter, etc., was poured down the sink at the police station. Then the 26 gallon cask of ale was emptied down the drain alongside the police station cells, there being quite a lively splash of beer about the place when the bung was opened.

The empty bottles were placed back in barrels and hauled to the dump, followed by a sad looking crowd of citizens. The bottles were chucked over the dump and broken up.

There are two more casks of beer at the police station. One of these contains Pilsner, which is claimed to be non-intoxicating and it is being analyzed, it is said; the other contains another kind of beer and the case against the hotel from which it was seized is being contested.—Fredericton Gleaner, Oct. 19th.

Sir Victor Horsley on Moderate Drinking

Speaking at the autumnal meetings of the Norfolk United Council, held at Swuffham recently, Sir Victor Horsley asked weather moderate drinkers were justified in calling them selves moderate. As a medical practitioner, he suggested they were not. The smallest quantity of alcohol had an adverse effect upon the body. That fact had been clearly established from the days of the first experiments as to the delay in thinking of a thing, which the smallest quantity of alcohol caused, to the very lattest researches of Prof. McDougall, who had shown that the simplest acts of attention slowed down by the very smallest quantity of alcohol, such as a man might take with his dinner. The so-called moderate person was intemperate then, because he was taking something which was lowering the efficiency of his body. Looking at the question from the nation's point of view, Sir. Victor asked, did it profit a nation to take a sleeping draught every night? The moderate drinker was a drug-taker for alcohol was a naroctic, and the man who consumed it was really taking a sleeping draught. How was this unfortunate country to take the Prince of Wales' advice to "Wake up," when it spent from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty millions of money annually on sleeping draughts?—British Weekly.

Pregnant Pointers Tinged Kindly

Alcoholism is the ally of tuberculosis.

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The liquor traffic is an appalling burden for this country to carry.

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The liquor traffic is built on the barroom. By banishing the barroom you destroy the traffic.

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A thorough organization is being made in Peterboro, Ont., to oust the bars in that city.

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The Temperance Federation of Hamilton, Ont., is out for a reduction in the number of licenses.

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The question, "What does the liquor business cost this country," can be answered in two words, "Our Children."

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In France the regions where tuberculosis is most prominent corresponds with those in which the consumption of alcohol is greatest.

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The barroom has proved itself a parasite on the producing class of the world. Its high time the parasite was squashed out of existence.

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It is an established fact that the general mortality from diseases of the liver, kidney, heart, blood vessels, and nervous system is much higher in those following occupations which expose them to the temptation of drinking than in others.

—o—

There is a movement on foot among leading brewers and distillers to put the traffic on a respectable basis, eliminating the drunkard and other incidentals of their product. It shows that these robbers see the hand writing on the wall. The sting of public sentiment has made itself felt; that sentiment which is steadily, ceaselessly forming against the traffic.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

CONTINUED

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick. When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills—winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over at a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job, in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless, he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got word in a glass factory. The pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skilful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands. Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This meant that he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills, where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times. But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant futures wherein he performed prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon it as other men and women look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling futures his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth stream.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his adolesence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner, doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had been when his mother bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been events. He remembered them kindly. And at that time his mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he would sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sideswalk. That, also, was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this case was obvious; but he never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times, and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlastingly by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster

When he was fourteen he went to work on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or, "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and later, three and four.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Joe Chamberlain Speaks

Joseph Chamberlain recently had this to say on intemperance in England: "Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortune, injures the health. It destroys the lives of one out of twenty of the population. If we could destroy the taste for strong drink our taxes would be reduced by one million pounds, our jails and work-houses would be practically empty, and more lives would be saved in a year than are consumed in a century of warfare."

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