



SATURDAY JUNE 4, 1904

TEMPERANCE NOTES

KATHLEEN'S PROBLEM.

How a Little Girl Gave Her Life in Solving It and Saving Her Drinking Brother.

Kathleen Donahoe was 12 years old. Judging by her height, you would have thought her to be not more than ten, but after a glimpse of her face, with its look of care and anxiety, you would have said that she was already a woman; for even a little girl becomes a woman when she is set to solving a hard life-problem.

Kathleen's brother James was her problem. She had been his housekeeper for the past year, ever since their mother died. The neighbors said that James ought to put the little girl in some home, where she could be properly cared for. She ought not to work so hard, they said, and that James was too fond of liquor, sometimes coming home in a dreadful condition. Kathleen told her brother the neighbors' talk.

"Shall you do it, Jimmie?" she asked, watching hold of his arm in her anxiety. For answer he took her on his knee. "You do work too hard, Kathleen," he said, tenderly.

"No, I don't, Jimmie. I love to work. All the forenoon I'm thinking how nice it'll be when you come home to dinner, and in the afternoon I have lots of time to rest. The evenings are the hardest, brother," she half sobbed, as she timidly patted his cheek.

"Yes, you're too much alone, Kathleen, but you know evening is the only time I have to get a bit of enjoyment with my friends."

"I know, Jimmie, but it isn't being alone, it's the fear—"

"The fear that I'll come home drunk. I know, Kathleen. The neighbors are right. I'm a brute, and not fit to take care of you. You must grow up a good girl, for mother's sake."

The tears filled her eyes. "I'm crying, Jimmie, but don't you think you ought to be a good man for mother's sake? You are good, Jimmie—all but the drink," she added, nestling against him, "and I don't want to leave you. You won't bind me out, will you, dear Jimmie?" she piteously begged.

"No," he answered, strong with a new resolve. "Kathleen, I'm going to try to be a good brother to you—and let run alone. It'll be a tough fight, but you must help me, little sister."

"I will! I will!" she promised, eagerly; "and I'll ask God to help you, too, Jimmie."

She fulfilled her promise. For two or three days James remained contentedly at home in the evening, and seemed to enjoy himself with reading and games, then he became restless, and Kathleen tried in every way to interest him and keep him from the saloon. She invited young people to play games, and she gave them lemonade or some other refreshment. Occasionally she went with him to a neighbor's to spend the evening, still he grew more and more gloomy, and finally he took to walling nervously about the room after supper. Poor Kathleen! How she prayed, talking to God as she would talk to her mother, and begging Him to tell her how she could save her brother.

Two weeks went by, and the time came when the drink craze was at its maddening height. James had eaten no supper. His eyes were glittering, and his hands shook from the strain of the battle. He snatched up his hat. "I'm going out for a minute," he said, hoarsely, moving toward the door.

Kathleen hurriedly brought him a cupful of strong coffee from the table. "Drink this first, Jimmie, dear," she pleaded.

With a shamed face he gulped it down, and sank into a chair, where he sat for some minutes with his face in his hands. Kathleen crept up to him, and putting one arm round his neck, began to stroke his hair. For a half hour he was quiet, then he suddenly jumped to his feet, and without waiting for his hat darted out of the door.

With a low cry Kathleen ran after him. She must save him! She must! The good God would let her save him somehow. James was running straight for the one saloon which the place held. Could she catch him? She must—she must! Panting for breath, sobbing and praying, on she ran. She heard not the shouts in the street—her eyes were on her brother, getting nearer and nearer that awful saloon. He was too frenzied

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to heed the shouts, but a girl's piercing cry of agony and despair made him halt and turn about. The next moment he was beside the unconscious form of little Kathleen, who had been knocked down by a runaway horse.

Back to their home he bore her, and laid her on her own little bed; nor would he let anyone touch her except the surgeon, although many sympathetic neighbors came to help.

"How is it, doctor?" asked James, huskily. There was no reply for a moment, while the surgeon took up his medicine case and opened it.

"The head escaped miraculously, and no bones are broken, except the leg. We might manage that, if it were not for these wounds and the shock. A collapse is probable, but I cannot positively tell until she recovers consciousness."

When the eyelids at last unclosed and she saw James bending over her, she smiled, though shaken with pain.

"Did you go into the saloon, Jimmie?" she whispered.

"Oh, Kathleen! Kathleen!" he groaned.

"Did you, Jimmie?" she persisted, in a weaker whisper.

"No, little sister," he answered, and saw a heavenly smile light up the pinched face at his reassuring words.

"God did let me—save you, dear Jimmie," she murmured, with prophetic joy. Then she drew his hand to her lips and kissed it.

A few minutes later the tearful watchers heard her faintly ask, as her eyes again opened:

"What shall I tell—mother, Jimmie?" "Tell her," he said, choking back the sobs, "that with God's help, I'll never touch another drop of liquor."

Those who heard him, and knew his after life, believe that in that supreme moment a new manhood was born within James Donahoe.

"With—God's—help," the smiling lips tried to repeat. A joy not of earth transfigured her face, and little Kathleen had gone to her new home.—Evelyn M. Wood Lovejoy, in Union Signal.

A WARNING.

And How It Led a Traveling Man to Total Abstinence and Prosperity.

Recently a traveling man entered one of the leading dry goods stores of Toledo and approached one of the proprietors, introducing himself in this wise:

"Mr. —, some six years ago I came into your store one day and tried to sell you a bill of goods. I was slightly intoxicated at the time and you turned me down, refusing to look at my samples or buy any goods from me. I knew it was on account of the condition I was in. I went back to my room at the Boody house and had sense enough left to think the matter over and talk it over with myself. I said: 'Now here is Mr. —, one of the best merchants in Toledo and a man to whom I have always sold goods, will not buy because of my habit,' and then there made a vow that I would not touch another drop of liquor, and during all this time I have kept that vow. Shortly after this I went out into the best residence section of my home town, Detroit, and purchased a good building lot. The restrictions would not permit the building of a house for less than \$4,000 cost and I put up a four apartment building costing nearly \$10,000, which is all paid for and I owe my improved condition in every way to you."

Here is a business man whose everyday principles are opposed to the use of intoxicating liquors, and by the consistent exercise of this principle he has undoubtedly accomplished the reform of one man. What a wonderful reward this one trophy is for so small an effort.—Brooks Lawrence, in American Issue.

TEMPERANCE BREVITIES.

The man who is always ready to taper off always wears a ruddy tapper on his nose.—Ram's Horn.

Judge John C. Crabtree, of Dixon, Ill., says: "One-half of the divorce suits are traceable to the liquor habit."

The Hepburn Interstate Liquor bill aims to make it impossible for liquor dealers to override the expressed will of the people of the different states in favor of temperance.

The Danish government, in filling positions on the state railways, will henceforth prefer men who can prove by documentary evidence that they have been total abstainers for at least one year past.

Despite the recent decision of the courts of Florida, which declare the new state Sunday law unconstitutional, County Solicitor Bryan, of Jacksonville, asserts he will enforce Sunday prohibition as ordered in local ordinances, and believes public sentiment supports him.

At a recent meeting of the grand lodge of masons of Tennessee, an action was taken which requires charges to be preferred against "all affiliate and non-affiliate master masons engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage after January 1, 1904."

The resolutions adopted by the Ohio Anti-Saloon league commended congress for refusing to repeal the anti-liquor law, and asked further to appropriate for post exchanges and furnish suitable places of amusement and recreation for the soldiers. The resolutions expressed joy that the saloon had been driven from the United States capitol, commended Secretary Moody for his action in regard to the betterment of the morals in the navy yards at Bremerton, Washington, and urged the prohibition of the sale of liquors within two miles of army and navy posts.

Farmers Work Against Saloons. The Farmers' clubs of Michigan are taking an active interest in anti-saloon work, being represented on the board of trustees. At the annual meeting of the Van Buren County Institute, January 19, resolutions were adopted expressing admiration for the determination of Judge Carr in making an example of those who defy the local option law.

Never Recovered. "Mrs. Naggem lost her temper, didn't she?" "She lost it years ago."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fun For Fun Lovers.

Said an indignant mother to her young son, "Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?"

Dick, indignant in turn, exclaimed, "What did she want to cheat for, then?"

"How did she cheat?" asked mamma.

"Why," exclaimed Dick, "we were playing Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself."—New World.

He Was a Fisherman. Bore some (hot on inventions)—An inventor, my dear sir, is a person to be honored.

Juggins—Oh, inventors are common enough nowadays. You can meet them every day. Look at Smith, there. I should say that man is about the most prolific inventor that ever lived.

Bore some—You don't say so! And what does he invent?

Juggins (with a chuckle)—Lies.—Tit-Bits.

Going It Blind. Parke—Poor old Jenkins! No wonder he failed—put all his money into a thing that he was entirely ignorant about.

Lane—Well, maybe it wasn't his fault. I've done the same thing.

"How's that?"

"Well, I've often put all my money into my wife's clothes."—Brooklyn Life.

A Drop of Ink. "A drop of ink may make a million think," quoted M'Swilliger.

"So I have heard," added Squidrig. "It may provoke language, too. A few drops of ink that I inadvertently dropped on my wife's new carpet brought forth about a million words, and all energetic words, too."—Tit-Bits.

Down to Zero. He—I can't express my love for you in words.

She—Can't you? I can express mine for you.

He—Then you do love me! How can you express it?

She—In cipher.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Poor Things. Foreign Guest—The young girls of this country are charming; but why have the married women such a dragged-out look?

Host—Well, you see, some of them are worried to death because they have no servants, and the rest of them are worried to death because they have.—N. Y. Weekly.

All She Needed. Paying Teller—I can't cash this check, madam, until you are identified.

Mrs. Bright—You mean I have to identify myself?

Payink Teller—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Bright—How simple! Have you a looking glass?—Philadelphia Press.

The Day of Remorse. "If you could live your life over again, I suppose you would do a great many things you haven't done."

"Well, I'm not quite clear about that, but you can bet I wouldn't do a great many things I have done."—Chicago Post.

Bad Start. His wedding trip was sudden. He was thinking of the halter, and stepped upon her bridal train while coming from the altar. —Chicago Daily News.

THE REASON. "Why don't we celebrate Martha Washington's birthday?"

"Because no woman ever lets us know the date of her birth."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cruel Girl. The love-lorn youth heaved a sigh. As the maid of his choice passed by. For she had a new beau, and he hadn't a shrew. For even one glance from her eighth. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

How It Happened. Judge—And you say you went through Columbia college. What brought you to this?

In a Double Sense. "If I get my divorce and my alimony," said the fair caller, "I can pay you of course."

"But haven't you any property in your own name?" asked the cautious lawyer.

"I have a building lot in Outsom hurt."

"Just so. Well, my advice, madam, is that you drop the suit."

"Why so?"

"Insufficient grounds."—Chicago Tribune.

Edged Tools. First Sweet Young Thing—Oh, I had a most trying time, dear, when he proposed.

Second Sweet Young Thing—How was that?

First Sweet Young Thing—Why, of course I said "no" at first, and he thought I was in earnest, and was going away, and I had such trouble to make him understand that I didn't really mean it.—Aly Sloper.

Noising It Abroad. Gasaway—He's actually engaged to Miss Roxley, but he wants to keep it secret.

Harkaway—I should think if he were really engaged to her he'd want everybody to know it right away. How do you know he wants to keep it secret?

Gasaway—He told me.

Harkaway—Ah! that explains it. He's pretty foxy.—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Even. Patience—You say they quarreled?

Patience—Yes, and she returned all his gifts. And what do you suppose he did?

"Can't guess."

"Sent her half a dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that he thought he had taken at least that much home on his coat since he knew her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Presence of Mind. "I'm ready," shouted a pompous orator the other night, "to meet calmly any emergency that may arise."

At this moment the platform collapsed and the speaker exhibited great perturbation.

"How about that one?" they asked him later.

"That one did not arise."—New Yorker.

The Money Went. Uncle Wayback—I jus' tell you, th' city is an awful place. Skin yeh alive there.

Farmer Meadow (gloomily)—That's so.

"Eh? Did yeh meet some green-goods men while you was in th' city?"

"No, but my wife met some dry-goods men."—N. Y. Weekly.

Why He Wanted Her. "No," said the haughty maid with the refrigerator heart, "your pleadings are useless; I don't even care to talk to you."

"I know you don't," answered the rejected suitor with a sigh long drawn out. "That was my principal reason for wanting to marry you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Monologue. Tess—I jus' met Miss Gabbie down the street.

Jess—Oh, you poor thing!

Tess—She was telling me she had a long talk with you this morning.

Jess—That's not correct. What she had was a long talk "to" me.—Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Indecision. "Which side do you favor?" asked Mr. Quizz, as he laid down the paper and lit a cigar.

"I don't know," replied his better half "How's that?"

"Well, I like the Japanese kimono and the Russian blouse."—Portland Telegram.

Wagsby—Yes, that's the point where we all got stuck.—Baltimore American.

Misery Loves Company. The poor, benighted heathen has no bills to fret his life.

He never has to purchase gowns or bonnets for his wife.

He never has to fuss and fume and struggle constantly.

To have cash for the packages that come in C. O. D.

Contribute liberally for the sullen heathen, then.

And let us put him in the plight of all the other men.

Where he, no longer ignorant, unthinking, and despised.

May know just what it means to be completely civilized.

—Chicago Tribune.

ONE THING MORE. She (after a little tilt)—I'll promise, hubby, to be real nice to you after this more I certainly can't do.

He—Yes, you can keep the promise.

—Flegende Blaetter.

Two Views. "No matter how I plot and scheme and plan,

My trade's going to the dogs—a sad decline."

"That's funny," said the merry sage man.

"Why, as for trade, the dogs all go to mine."

—Judge.

More Reliable. Mrs. Nurich—I can't see how a doctor can tell how sick a patient is by merely feeling his pulse.

Mr. Nurich—Nor I. He could determine much quicker by feeling the patient's purse.—Judge.

The Usual Thing. Askitt—I asked Col. Chinnaway, the politician, about it, the other day, and he said: "I am not a candidate for congress, but—"

Punnitt—That means he's going to butt in, as usual.—Town Topics.

The Proper Person. Junior Partner—I suppose we had better say in our "ad" that we want a man of experience.

Senior Partner—No; advertise for a man without experience; then we can teach him something.—Puck.

Business in Sight. Clarence—Half my pay has been cut off.

Clara—Well, kick.

Clarence—Oh! You want to see me lose the other half, do you?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Not Circulated Fast Enough. "She's not to be trusted," said the gossip.

"Why not?"

"I told her all about the scandal, and she promised not to mention it, and she didn't."—Chicago Post.

EASY JOB. He (continuing the narrative)—It took me but a moment to collect my scattered wits.

She—I shouldn't imagine it would take you long.—N. Y. Daily News.

Stopping Wheels of Progress. It's well to "take your time," but I'm afraid the less will swell.

For most of us who take our time. Take advice, time as well. —Philadelphia Press.



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