

Farewell Tour of Joseph Malins

Birmingham, England, May.—Joseph Malins, Worcestershire alderman and magistrate, the man who planted Good Templary in England in 1868 and who formed the grand lodge in this country in 1870, is making a farewell tour of 3,300 miles in England, traveling in a motor car. The start was made from the headquarters of the order in Edmund street, this city, April 5. Mr. Malins will visit every district in each county, addressing mid-day and evening assemblies enroute, prior to his retirement soon, from the position of Grand Templar, an office which he has filled continuously for forty-four years. At each annual session he has been unanimously re-elected.

Mr. Malins will be seventy years old October 14, 1914, and it is his desire to retire from office because of advancing age. Since his youth he has been interested in temperance, and much of his inclination along this line came from his mother, Mrs. Jane Malins, a woman prominent in temperance activities.

The Independent Order of Good Templars was organized by printers in Utica, N. Y., in 1851. Mr. Malins joined it while staying in Philadelphia in 1867, and, on his return to England, planted it in this country.

In addition to holding the chief chair in England, Mr. Malins was elected International Chief Templar at the triennial international sessions in



JOSEPH MALINS.

Switzerland, Canada and Sweden. He also is associated with other leading temperance bodies. In 1884 he originated the National Temperance Federation, and served as honorable secretary for twenty-four years. He is now chairman of the organization, Sir Victor Horsley being president. Mr. Malins has traveled all the divisions of the globe, and has crossed the Atlantic nearly forty times, mainly on temperance business. He probably has covered seven hundred thousand miles in the past half century.

BRISTOL, VA., STAYS WET

Bristol, Tenn., May 10.—The revenue argument prevailed, and Virginia Bristol will continue to supply a wide area of country, including portions of several Southern States.

This was the verdict at the polls Friday as the result of the most stubbornly-fought contest in the history of the city. Of 727 qualified voters, 681 went to the polls. The wets had a majority of 72. Both sides worked strenuously from sunrise to sunset.

More than 100 prominent temperance men, including ministers, remained at the polls all day, and automobiles were used to bring the voters in. In the churches in the heart of the city the women were assembled, offering prayers that the city might be freed from the liquor traffic. The scene was as dramatic as it was solemn. The wets made a still hunt, but lost no game. Men favoring that cause were brought here from a distance for their first vote in Bristol in two or three years. This demonstrated to the citizens generally that the court's decision, "once a citizen, always a citizen," unless exercising the franchise right elsewhere, may be made a dangerous conclusion, for, under this decision, fifty years away and no property or other interests in the community, would not deprive one of the right to vote in Virginia Bristol.

MOONSHINING IN LICENSED NEW YORK

New York, May 12.—Through the arrest today of Morris Katz, a milk dealer, on a charge of violating the internal revenue laws, it became known that the United States revenue agents are endeavoring to break up a gang engaged in selling moonshine whisky made in Brooklyn and distributed on the east side of Manhattan by push cart peddlers. Katz is charged with selling whisky without first having paid the internal revenue tax. He was held in \$2,500 bail.

According to government detectives the scheme has netted the promoters a small fortune. They say the whisky has been brought into New York in milk cans, and as much of the milk sold on the East Side is peddled from push carts, the gang easily disposed of its product without exciting suspicion.

New York is having all sorts of trouble with speakeasies and moonshiners which thrive under the Raines high license law.

Casey: 'Tis hard luck about Kearney. Oi hear he hod t' hov his leg cut off bechune th' ankle an' th' knee.

Cassidy: Ay! th' docthers decided thot to save th' whole leg they'd hov t' cut off part av it.—Life.

RANGE LIGHTS

[John G. Woolley, in New Republic.]

The Christian man must make good. It is the first, and last, rebuke of Jesus Christ to lackadaisical disciples—"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and DO not the THINGS that I say?"

There is no valid criticism of emotional discipleship (assuming it is honest). All new converts have it. All new reforms show it. We all have it, each after his temperamental kind. Christian experience knows no limitations. It is what it IS. That is all.

The Prohibition movement is Christianity. But Christianity is progress. If it is not, it is fits.

Emotion is action opening the throttle. The "E" is noise. The rest is "motion."

To "make good" is to DO the much, or the little, one can do, and "much" is simply many littles.

We call Jesus, "Lord." We call this "God's Country." We acknowledge ourselves to be our brothers' keepers. We are in a majority. This is a democracy. We must make good.

WEBB LAW BITES IN MAINE

Bangor, May 11.—Maine liquor dealers have been notified by the railroad companies that no more liquor intended for sale will be brought into the state by rail, the transportation companies desiring to obey the provisions of the Webb law. The steamship companies have not yet declared an embargo, but such action is expected. This would do more toward making Maine dry than could be accomplished by all the sheriffs and police in the state, and the liquor dealers are plainly worried, although some of them long ago laid in large stocks of whisky in anticipation of such a move.

It is altogether likely that the liquor men will now turn to the coasting schooners to save the day, and there is no doubt that many of the "coaster" captains would jump at the chance to make an extra dollar, as in the "ramrod" days of 1877.

In that year Sheriff Jerrard and his deputies had the time of their lives chasing the "rum boats" on the Penobscot. Schooners carrying liquor would come up to within a few miles of the city and anchor, and at night the consignees of the liquor would send boat crews down to get the goods under cover of darkness and smuggle them ashore.

They say that chess is the oldest game," remarked the Old Fogey.

"Poker is older than chess," said the Wise Guy.

"How do you know?" asked the Old Fogey.

"Didn't Noah draw two pairs on the Ark and get a full house?" replied the Wise Guy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.