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DAILY HERALD.

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AMERICA'S GREATEST MENACE

"The drink habit among women is the greatest evil that menaces America," is the statement of Rev. Madison C. Peters, pastor of the Baptist Church of the Epiphany of New York, and the distinguished divine gives his reasons for his belief.

"One thing I would like to emphasize in my appeal to the women of New York—in my appeal to the women of the United States, says Mr. Peters—is that the whole world has taken women as its standard of all that is good, of all that is pure, and of all that is beautiful. The faults of the men, the vices of the men, are glaring. How accentuated, then, are faults and vices if committed by women.

I do not believe that taking a glass of wine per se is a sin. I do not believe that by drinking in moderation at home one commits an unpardonable offense, although we all know that in total abstinence lies the only safety. But in all these matters where the question of moral is raised all recognize that woman is the law giver. Man never quite comes up to the standard that woman sets. She is the determining factor of his morals, of all his destiny. Emerson says that the best test of civilization is not the cities that we build, not the crops that we raise, but the kind of men that we turn out. And he might have added that behind the men are the women. We may talk about society as much as we please, but so long as women mix the drinks men will take the drinks, and so long as women give the toasts so long will men respond to them. My appeal to the women of America, then, is that they exert the influence that it is in their power to exert."

"It begins, this drink habit, with the so called upper classes. Our papers are filled with accounts of the smart set of New York in the cafes and restaurants and hotels at night, drinking until all hours in the morning. New York is looked upon as the metropolis of the country. Paris is France, London is England, and New York is the United States. Thus New York leads in fashion, in the display of wealth, in society—and in drinking. It sets the example. What the swagger set does here the swagger set of the smaller places do. New York women drink. Therefore, to be in the swim, it is proper for the women of the smaller cities and of the towns to drink also. So the drink habit among the women has been rapidly extending throughout the country during the last few years. When I came to New York from Philadelphia, seventeen years ago, there was very little drinking done in public by the women of this city, and practically none in Philadelphia. Now one needs but to look around for himself any night of the week in any of the hotels and restaurants—from the most fashionable to those that are not so fashionable—to see hundreds of women, old women and young women, and tender girls in their teens. There they are; and they are drinking as hard as any of the men; and many of them can drink a hard man drinker under the table. And Philadelphia? Why, Philadelphia women are drinking today almost as hard as New York women, but not quite so hard. So it is all over the country."

"Then was Henry Waterrson right when he wrote his criticism of hard drinking New York women?"

"Absolutely right. I have gone to these places often, I have seen these things myself, and I am not talking from second hand evidence. I have seen young girls, not yet of age, sitting at tables and drinking with men twice their age—men old enough to be their fathers. I have talked with the police, and they have told me that these women, that these girls, come home in carriages, under the influence of drink, at one o'clock, at two o'clock, and even later hours in the morning. And that condition is repeated night after night. But understand me; this state of affairs does not exist in the upper tondom alone. It has extended to the great middle class of women and young girls. Many of these young girls are employed by the men who escort them to the drinking places at night. They are clerks and stenographers and private secretaries. They see the fashionable women so conducting themselves, and they regard such actions as the insignia of high life. In this way, you see, the example is set by the women who are in that class that we are pleased to call the better quality, and the example is followed by the women of that class which we all know to be the sinew and the backbone of the American republic."

WHER? ONEL SAM?

In the midst of the cataclysmal political events in Great Britain, says The Toronto Globe, the question very naturally arises, where is Sam Hughes? It is interesting, of course, to hear of the fate of Mr. Donald McMaster, and of how he was defeated and rewarded at the hands, or the lips, of fair or unfair women, although reflection on the fate of Hobson may well make Mr. McMaster pause. To that hero the kisses of his countrywomen were more deadly than the Spanish guns. Let us hope that Mr. McMaster will not encounter the same charmingly fatal end.

These, however, are merely side issues. The urgent, clamorous question is, where is Sam Hughes? If that gentleman himself cannot be produced to tell how it happened, is there is no human document which will be the next best thing? The great letter writer must have written a letter to some one describing his adventures in Britain, and that someone is evidently suppressing it, while the great, gaping public longs for the explanations which it would be sure to supply. The sort of information needed is as to what constituencies Sam spoke in, and how it was that he was able to cover that ground. Of course we can see by the results that he must have spoke in Birmingham, East Worcestershire, Gravesend, etc. These, however, are but cold, logical deductions from facts. What we want is the glowing details of what "me and Turpin" have been doing—for, of course, there must be a Turpin or something just as good—while this upstart, C-B, has been sweeping the country from John O'Groats to Land's End. We should like one on the model of that undying epistle where the capture of the Boer commando, with General Villiers at its head, and whose numbers have never been clearly ascertained, who so graphically described. It certainly must have been a vast body of men because Colonel Hughes started the letter with the sentence that sent a thrill over the empire—"Well, the show is over." He could not believe that the discomfited enemy could continue to fight after the infliction of the crushing blow that he and his seventeen heroes delivered, and but for the fact that it was still in progress two years afterwards the rest of the world would not have believed it either. The explanation may be found in that never-to-be-forgotten postscript—"I forgot to say that General de Villiers backed out from surrendering and escaped." It is notorious that the postscript is generally the most important part of a lady's letter. Warriors seem to have a like weakness, and through all time the postscript to Colonel Sam's letter will be the classic instance of this idiosyncrasy.

Could we not get a similar letter on the British elections? One which would tell how the whole electorate of the Island went wild over Colonel Sam's eloquent advocacy of the little loaf; how C-B, himself was almost converted, a fact which he intimated privately to Turpin; and how Chamberlain would possibly capture eleventh-tenths of the constituencies, and certainly every one in which Colonel Sam orated. And then would come the postscript, the flower of the whole composition—"I forgot to say that C-B, at the last moment backed out of surrendering and escaped."

Among the humors of the British campaign are amusing political incidents recalled from previous elections Lord Rayleigh, the eminent scientist, wears his hair long. On one occasion he tried the questioning method as a means of interesting a political audience. "If I were to say that Mr. Gladstone so-and-so, what would Mr. Gladstone say to me?" Quick as a flash came from the crowd the disconcerting answer, "Get your hair cut."

It seems that Mr. Balfour, the late prime minister, can trace his descent through his grandmother, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, to King Robert III of Scotland. The fact has been made public by the recent opening of an old despatch box which had remained locked for half a century. It was found to contain the pedigree of Mr. Balfour's father, with marginal authorities for the various steps in the genealogy.

Lord Strathcona has arrived in England after making one hundred and fifty trips across the Atlantic. That, more than ever before, he has left his heart in Canada may be assumed from the fact that his told his old friends in Montreal on the eve of his recent departure he would rather be remembered by them as "Donald Smith" than as Lord Strathcona.

SHEFFIELD.

Jan. 25.—The weather for the past few weeks has been exceptionally mild and the snow has just about all disappeared, leaving the roads in a very bad condition.

We are glad to learn that the telephone operators have succeeded in getting their wires in operation. We trust that it will be a great benefit to the country.

Fred Colter of Fredericton, was in Sheffield this week.

Miss Maud Upton, daughter of Mr. Robert Upton, of Lakeville Corner, who has been confined to her home with measles, is able to be about again.

Miss Margaret Whyte is attending the Burton school preparatory to entering Normal school at the beginning of the next session.

Mr. Green, of New Zion, was in Sheffield this week.

The Mungerville and Sheffield Baptist sewing circle met at the home of Mrs. Dr. Camp on Wednesday afternoon.

Elphlet Banks purchased a fine three year old colt one day this week. Clarence Upton is confined to his home with measles. Dr. Camp is in attendance.

The many friends of Miss Helen Ferguson will be pleased to know she is in Sheffield again. Miss Ferguson has been in Fredericton for the last two months.

Manley London and crew, who have been working in the woods back of Upper Gagetown, have arrived home having to abandon work on account of the scarcity of snow in that section of the country.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION.

Jan. 24.—The snow has entirely vanished. Lumbermen to the south of us on Queens Lake and Lepreaux waters are out of commission. This morning the ice in the north Branch of Oromocto went out with a terrific rush. For one awful moment it looked as if the Hartt's Mill bridge would go out before the resistless rush of ice and water. As it is two pieces of the bridge are badly shattered and the sub-structure requires immediate attention, as it is unsafe for heavy loads.

Mrs. Robert Walters who has been very ill is at date somewhat improved.

Col. Hanbury Williams, on behalf of the governor general, has addressed a letter to the mayor at Ottawa respecting the forthcoming visit of His R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Prince, who is returning from Japan after conferring the Order of the Garter on the emperor, is to arrive at Vancouver on March 28. His Royal Highness is to be the guest of the Dominion government, but the journey is to be private as far as possible. In consequence the number of addresses will be limited, and it is proposed to

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