

FAMILIES OF MEN WHO DRINK MAY GET PRACTICAL AID

Protective League for Families Try to Stop Habit by Appealing to Men's Better Nature.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 20.—Christmas day, 1910, a woman, poorly clad and with face swollen with weeping, came to the home of Mrs. Stella Masters, in the fashionable east end district of Pittsburgh.

"I saw your name in the paper and how you were working to help people made poor by drink," she said between sobs. "I didn't go to my pastor because he couldn't do anything. I'm afraid my husband wouldn't listen to him. My husband makes \$6 a day in the mills, but he spends it all for drink and today—Christmas day, just think of it—he drove our six children out on the street and beat me. He was drunk. Is there anybody who will do something for drunkard's wives? Can you help me?" She grew hysterical.

Mrs. Masters, W. C. T. U. and church worker, club woman and suffragist, said she was taken aback by the woman's appeal and she realized that the 14 years of her work along charitable lines, had somehow failed to hit the mark. Right then and there she made the resolve, "I'll do something for drunkard's wives and children."

A short time later the Protective League for the Families of Drunkards, the most unique organization of its kind in the country, was formed.

"Pledges Are Jokes."

Mrs. Masters laughed when she was asked whether the league, of which she is president, had secured any "swearing off" pledges.

"We don't do things that way," she said. "Most pledges are jokes. They're made only to be broken. First, we appeal to the saloonkeeper and then to the erring one himself. If neither of these two appeals does any good we go to the courts. Our work is broad in scope. We have monthly meetings, but we have no paid treasurer or secretary. Our dues are only 25 cents a year. We banded ourselves together like the Crusaders of old and aim to do just what our name implies—'protect drunkards' families.' During the year we have helped 50 families. That is, we were successful in that many instances in weaning away supporters of families from the curse of strong drink.

Work With Saloonkeepers.

"We are the saloonkeepers' friends and they are our friends. We work together. They know now that we realize they have a legal right, at least, to make their living as they do, and the better class of saloonkeepers welcome our aid in conducting respectable houses.

"Most saloon keepers aren't bad at heart and then we always have the law to back us up in our demands. Licenses are hard and expensive to get if protests are filed in license court. But we make no threats. We talk it over with the saloonkeeper and give him a chance to mend his ways. A second offense means more drastic methods. Here is how the league goes about its work, quietly and unassumingly.

A drunkard's wife or mother or some woman of the family writes to the league, asking for help.

Doing Practical Work.

One of the members looks into the case. This woman detective gets the names and addresses of the places where the husband or son spends his money for drink. Then she goes to the saloonkeeper and talks the matter over with him.

If he refuses to act at the first appeal—which usually falls on deaf ears—the league member tries a talk with the drinker himself. If this fails a printed notice is given the saloonkeeper, warning him not to sell to "John Doe" who is a person of intemperate habits.

A copy of the liquor laws of Pennsylvania goes with the notice and the saloonkeeper has learned by this time that failure to comply with the notice means trouble getting a new license next year.

A particularly hard fight was put up on Christmas and New Year's day last year to close all places where strong drink is sold.

The court refused Mrs. Master's request on the ground that it could take no action within the bounds of law.

Looking After Drug Stores.

Nothing daunted, Mrs. Masters and her colleagues carried the matter to the liquor dealers' association. The dealers were ready to promise to sell all the "speak easies and one-man clubs closed also."

But the women haven't given up the fight and mean to accomplish their aim before another year.

While Mrs. Masters reluctantly admits it's rather utopian, she is pushing a fight to have women bared at all times from all places where strong drink is dispensed. The work is beginning to attract country-wide attention and letters are pouring in asking for information relative to organizing leagues in other cities.

CONGRESS MAY PASS STRINGENT GAS LAWS

(Washington Bureau of The Journal.) Washington, Jan. 20.—How many lives are sacrificed every year to pay dividends to holders of gas company stocks can not be determined by a statistician. Only a day or two ago a beautiful young girl was smothered in her bath in this city, and the announcement was made that she was one of the many victims to carbon monoxide, the deadly but cheap ingredient in illuminating gas. In 1909 Congressman Smith of Michigan introduced a bill regulating the proportion of carbon monoxide that might lawfully be a constituent of illuminating gas sold in the district, and limiting it to 10 per cent. This was after Dr. H. W. Wiley, at the request of the president, had conducted experiments which determined the quantity of carbon monoxide in the gas used in Washington at 20 to 30 per cent, while ordinary coal gas contains but 6 per cent of the poison. The chemists reported that carbon monoxide is "one of the most poisonous gaseous products known." Many known cases of suicide are probably the result of

involuntary inhalation of this poison. Congressman Payne of New York, Gardner of Texas, and Austin of Tennessee said they intend to take steps to pass a law to prevent the sale in the District of Columbia of the kind of heater which is supposed to be especially dangerous in connection with this gas.

WORK ON HIGH SCHOOL BEGINS AT PENDLETON

(Special to The Journal.) Pendleton, Or., Jan. 20.—Monday morning will see the high school students of this city housed in their temporary quarters in the old Pendleton academy building. At the same time the work of demolishing the structure which has served as a high school for so many years will begin. Since the contract for the high school building was let last week to the Advance Construction company of Portland, haste is being made to get the site ready for operations.

The Portland company has requested that the ground be cleared by February 10 and a large force of the unemployed men in the city will be set to work at once to tear down the old building. By its contract with the school board, the company must have the new high school ready for occupancy by October 1.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE THAT ARE TOLD IN NEW YORK

(United Press Leased Wire.) New York, Jan. 20.—Mrs. Petra Sorensen, "boss" of the steamship Catherine Cuneo, according to the understanding of the Cuneo's crew, is in port again on the voyage that completed her 500,000 miles at sea.

Mrs. Sorensen is the wife and constant companion of Captain S. P. Sorensen, nominally commander of the Cuneo. She has been his wife longer than she has been his constant companion for the first five or six years of their married life, 30 years ago, Mrs. Sorensen kept away from the sea. But after trying shore life that long Mrs. Sorensen "shipped" with her husband, and since that time he has never gone faring forth upon the high seas that she was not on board his ship. She has made her home on two sailing vessels and two steamships with her sea-faring husband.

"But we are getting tired of the sea," said Mrs. Sorensen. "At least, I am getting tired of it, and that means that my husband will have to quit when I do. Four years more will wind us up. I have been all over the world with my husband. I do not believe there has been a port which we have not visited. I like St. Petersburg best,

and we probably will make our home there."

Mrs. Sorensen, during her years at sea, has become an efficient mariner and could navigate a sailing vessel around the world.

rests, there is some question about what will happen when women serve as jurors, listen to the evidence and settle the fate of prisoners arrested by women deputies.

"Why should not women make good jurors?" demanded Dr. Emma V. Sanders, distinguished young lawyer and writer from Holland, who is lecturing in New York. "Of course, the responsibility of deciding a human being's guilt or innocence, life or death, is an extremely heavy one. But who can deny that a woman is just as capable of deciding fairly as a man?"

"Women—so they say—will be more apt than men to be guided by emotion than by the naked truth. But women are not so 'soft' as men believe. You must realize that if women abhor violence, physical suffering and pain more than men, they will just for that reason, be found severer than men in punishing criminals who have been guilty of these acts.

"Do not men give way to tears when a lawyer is pleading before them for the life of his client—and do not these same men convict that same prisoner to death? Women might be moved to tears, too, and they would be just as severe if the evidence warranted a conviction."

The Canadian farmer who started out to crowd 390 words on a single grain of wheat is not accomplishing a very difficult task, according to New Yorkers. The art of crowding, they say, is best known here.

Why, in this man's town, there are

chorus girls who can crowd \$4 worth of rice into their faces in an afternoon. There are many bibulous persons in our midst who can crowd half a dozen bottles of wine into their interior departments in one sitting. Some of the girls, believe us, can crowd in their half a dozen lobsters after the theatre. One man claims his wife can crowd a 7500 word "curtain lecture" into three and a half minutes. Another is sure his wife provides a 40 inch figure into a 26 inch corset and a No. 12 foot into a No. 2 shoe—short vamp, at that.

Some actresses here can crowd their entire costumes into a small pill box—and there isn't a family in an apartment house in Gotham who cannot show the Canadian farmer something in the crowding line. And more than that, and perhaps the acme of it all, the high, polite and delicately gentle subway guards can crowd about 6000 persons—more or less—into a ten car train during the rush hours—which is crowding some.

The New York police force is willing to admit that it can go M. Bertillon one better on his finger print identification system, which, by the way, was invented by the Chinese a few thousand years before M. Bertillon became a terror to the French rogues.

On the strength of the finger print, they have arrested a man they know was guilty of a crime, but whose face no person ever saw.

There was a swell gambling house uptown in which the proprietor was more effectually hidden than "the Man in

the Iron Mask." He remained in a little room, which he entered from another house. No one ever saw him; not even his employees. All business was transacted through a little wicket, through which his voice might be heard but his face never seen. When a player wanted to buy cards or chips, he passed his money through the wicket and got his cards and chips—but never saw the proprietor. When he wanted to "cash in," he passed his chips through the wicket and got his money—but never saw the proprietor.

The nimble wits of the police department wanted to "pinch" that man, but they couldn't "get the goods on him." Finally, however, Detective Charles Steiner gained entrance to the place, pushed his money through the wicket and secured a lot of chips and cards. He put them in his pocket and took them to police headquarters. From them he took innumerable "finger prints," left there by the unsuspecting gambling house keeper. These he compared with the finger prints in the rogue's gallery.

That evening he arrested a man on the streets and charged him with conducting a gambling house. And the queer part of it all is that the police are sure they will convict him, though no person can be found who ever actually "saw" the man in the gambling house. His finger prints, however, are ready evidence against him.

A method of planting eyelashes and eyebrows has been developed by a French surgeon.

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