

for one instant was he in a panic; his mind worked with clock-like sureness. It would have indeed been well for the king that day, had he leaned from his window and called the young man in.

It was after the September massacres, which matched in violence this fateful August night, that Napoleon escorted his sister, Marianne Elise, from the school at St.-Cyr, made his way to Marseilles, thence by boat home.

The sister and brother did not have much to say to each other on the way down. He was absorbed; and for escort she might easily have preferred another young man. Still

she was ready enough to rave over her best hat which Napoleon had snatched from her head and crushed under his heel. But his ruthlessness was only a ruse, for that white plume had been like a red rag to the mob in Marseilles. None the less it was her *only* good hat; and she would not let him hear the end of it until he silenced her with a look that even the headstrong Marianne must heed.

Letizia was, of course, glad to see them; but she was not altogether happy.

"Only five months away," she said, gazing at Napoleon with her fine dark eyes; "yet you are changed, my son."

(To be continued)

WASTED HOURS

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Folks say that I have wasted many hours
 In loitering along a lilac lane,
 In sprawling on a hilltop sweet with flowers,
 In wandering through mists of summer rain.

Long since they sighed and left me to my dreaming;
 He will not plow who walks to meet the moon,
 Who whispers to the wan stars softly gleaming
 And harkens to the songs the fairies croon.

Folks shake their heads, but oh, they are not knowing,
 As in the beaten paths they trudge and plod,
 That in these wasted hours I am going
 With Beauty in the ways that lead to God.

BISHOP'S BEER

A Temperance Experiment and Its Bearing on Prohibition

ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS

BACK IN the mid-nineties, when automobiles were as rare as horses are now, and no man made a bar-room of his hip-pocket because he could step into a saloon on almost any corner, put his foot on the rail, have his liquor served over the counter, and get a free lunch as well—back in those almost mythical nineties a Chicago bishop said: "We are drinking animals. Any attempt to ignore it is a fatal attempt."

Eight years ago we nailed a prohibition plank into the Constitution on which our republic stands and thought we had settled the liquor question. We were ready to sing a special doxology the day the government closed the saloons and smashed the breweries and distilleries. We realized the benefits of the new order whenever we walked safely the streets that had menaced us before. During the first year after prohibition became mandatory, 1920, the rate of drunken persons arrested daily in Los Angeles fell from 45 to 10, in New York from 48 to 16, in Boston from 200 to 59, to select only three typical cities from the list. Crime lessened. Poverty decreased. "Yes," said we, in our ignorance, "we have killed the liquor question by law and buried it, and given it the Volstead Act for an epitaph."

Now in this year of 1927 the drink problem is the liveliest ghost that ever trod a national stage. Not since the first man sipped fermented grape-juice from a gourd has there been more discussion about it than in the United States to-day. This settled question has developed into the greatest national issue since slavery threatened to tear the Union asunder. It is as full of potential dynamite as the Civil War in 1860.

No one with ears to hear, eyes to see, and a mind to make up can ignore prohibition. But opinions about it are as contradictory as the witnesses at a murder trial.

Last November five States representing one fifth of the nation's population, through referendums, indorsed changes in prohibition enforcement by a decisive vote—New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Montana, and Nevada. In these States are 20,000,000 souls. Two States, New York and Illinois, with a population of 17,000,000, represent about twenty per cent of the national wealth and include large masses of industrial workers. In some of the other States farmers, ranchers, and fruit-growers predominate. The election results, therefore, by no means represented merely the sentiment of a single class or section.