

A REMONSTRANCE AGAINST THE INTEMPERATE USE OF ALCOHOL BY YOUNG MEN.

BY PROF. J. N. FRASER.

THE appeal of the editor of this magazine did not fall quite idly on the ears of a brother editor. It has been one of my own troubles that no one in this country will write about anything if he can possibly help it. Education especially suffers from this fixed aversion; no one with any real experience (and such there are) will give others the benefit of it. And possibly the business of nursing is no better able to find pens or voices.

It is clear I cannot send the editor anything really professional. The nearest I could come to that would be some fragment of sickbed experience. But fate has been kind to me. I have seen little yet of the sickbed and I should be presumptuous if I tried to advise those whose lives are spent in daily contact with it. Perhaps the editor may find some real invalid and extract his views; it is interesting to the ruler to hear the views of his subjects, to the schoolmaster to hear the views of boys, to the nurse peradventure the views of patients may be amusing or even sometimes novel.

For myself I have decided to say a word about the DRUNKARD. I do not mean the drunkard of romance, the drunkard who beats his wife and starves his children and comes to a bad end; this sort of drunkard has been well looked after in fiction, and every one knows what to think of him. The drunkard I have in view is the young immature drunkard of the English middle classes. He may be found in the East and the Far East almost anywhere as a planter, an engineer, or a commercial gentleman of any sort. He is a product of the English Public School, and often he belongs to that class of unfortunates whose friends vaguely decide that having no aptitude for books, he must be relegated to an "open-air" life. They have not the imagination to perceive that this life is a life of loneliness, of anxious problems, and often of pecuniary care; that the boy who has failed at his books—because his schoolmasters were incompetent—is not likely to make much of it: the choice is a plausible one, the young fellow is shipped off to his fate.

Well, what I am going to complain is that in so many cases he takes to the bottle. Whenever he meets his friends for an evening's relaxation that auxiliary appears on the scene. It does not follow that anyone gets incapable or even disorderly in the policeman's sense of the word. But everyone is at least slightly unhinged. There is no sensible conversation, not even any pleasant conversation, for people in the maudlin state of which I am speaking do not enjoy themselves, their tone is always approaching that of a quarrel. They are for the most part tediously egoistic and if any member of the company is sober he finds everything that falls from his companions most wearisome. If one of them goes so far as to need a friend to help him home this task falls on the sober member and a thankless one it is, *experto crede*. I have stood by a drunken friend before now.

I have often wondered why this folly is so common among young men. A first indiscretion one could understand, one could pardon and forget. But

the young men I am thinking of got drunk in this way regularly all through their bachelor days. I believe they reform—sometimes—when they get married, but it is impossible not to think some traces of the past cling to them. And some of them never get married and all their lives it continues to be their idea of an evening's enjoyment to get fuddled.

I am not an abstainer but the sight of these people always makes me contemplate the step. Strong drink must indeed be a deceiver if it can make these people think they are sensible and manly (as they probably think when they are young) or jolly good fellows (as they probably think when they are old). And the PUBLIC SCHOOLS have yet to find the secret of education (if there be one), in order that they may send out young men who will not think it the first glorious action of their lives to trample on the lessons their schoolmasters imagine they have taught them.

The men I am thinking of will never read these lines. If one of them did he might for a moment see that I am right, but he wouldn't turn from his ways. The only person who could pull him up would be a respectable young female, and that may be what the sex is intended for. If any of *them* read these lines they may meditate on the suggestion.

A TRAMP ON THE THIBET ROAD

(Continued.)

BY MISS M. R. HAWKINS.

TO go over Hattu is well worth the climb, or if climbing such steep mountain-sides is too hard—it is even worth while to be hoisted in the air by chair-dandies—an experience we found at first very trying. Our chairs were not strong. The poles attached looked hardly fit for the strain on them and when we were first hoisted up on coolies' shoulders the creaks and cracks were rather alarming, nor was the alarm lessened by the coolies, who in answer to our grave enquiry as to the strength of our chairs, replied, "who knows—if the chairs are to break—they will break."

If the coolies had been of one height, the chairs might have kept somewhat level, but with short and tall coolies in front, who seemed to choose slippery places for "changing shoulders," we went up Hattu at queer angles.

It was delightful when the top was reached (a height of 10,460 ft.) and a beautiful view of the snow range was visible from the summit.

After a stay of a few days at Narkanda, there is the tramp back again to Simla. It is always pleasant to have company, though sometimes one realizes that it is good to be alone. Nature cannot always woo us to listen when we have the joys of companionship, but when alone we are quiet enough to hear her speak. The walk from Narkanda to Mateona (a distance of 11 miles) was through clouds and rain, and perhaps affected by the atmosphere. The greyer side of life seemed uppermost and one missed the bright mountains completely hidden by mist. The following day with the "greyness" still lingering in one's mind, the next stage is started, but the mist has cleared, and