

It was a matter of great regret to all when the "White Ribbon" work became too much for her. Her life was an inspiration and she has been widely missed; but her reward is to be with her Lord and Master.

Mrs. K. W. Sheppard (later Mrs. Lovell-Smith).

Through the years we look back on this Memorial Day and recall again the story of the great work of God's great women. Mrs. Sheppard's work as Franchise Superintendent in the fight for Women's Franchise in New Zealand over 50 years ago will always be remembered and continue to remain an inspiration to all W.C.T.U. members throughout the years to come.

What a work of endurance she started in 1887, when she set out to obtain signatures for petitions to be presented to Parliament! Women canvassed from door to door with prayers in their hearts, and the courage of their convictions to uphold them in their day-to-day trudging along country roads or busy streets—not once, but again and again, until victory was achieved. Only a born leader, such as Mrs. Sheppard was, could have inspired these women to "keep on, keeping on," until the work was completed.

What a glow of achievement must have filled

Mrs. Sheppard's heart when word came at last that the Governor's signature had been affixed and the vote was won.

When it was decided that the W.C.T.U. should have a monthly paper, Mrs. Sheppard was appointed Editor with two Associates, and the first copy of the "White Ribbon" was published at their hands in 1895.

The chief mover in the formation of the National Council of Women in New Zealand was Mrs. Sheppard who, with others, felt the need for the women of the various organisations to be linked up together.

Her life was one of service for others, mainly in the betterment of the status of women. Her home life was one of quiet, Christian service to all in the home.

These stalwart women of the W.C.T.U. served their Master to the uttermost. No obstacle was too great for their courage to tackle. Their influence remains and we must take up the torch and keep it burning. We thank God for them and with renewed zeal, we would stand steadfast and loyal in the fight for "God, Home and Humanity."

—By V. A. Chesswas, Wanganui.

DISEASE OR DISGRACE?

I bring no news. You have read it in the papers. You have heard it on the radio. You have seen it in the movies. You have been told it from the platform. "Alcoholism is no longer a disgrace; it's a disease. Drunkenness is no longer a sin; it's a sickness." . . . Alcoholics no longer call for judges and jails, but for hospitals, white sheets, angel-clad nurses, bouquets and dainties.

I hold this truth to be self-evident. A theory that isn't workable isn't a workable theory. The theory that alcoholism is wholly and solely a sickness and not a sin, is as leaky as a sieve. In some particulars alcoholism has much the appearance of a sickness. A toadstool has much the appearance of a mushroom, too. But eat the first for the second and the undertaker will speedily advertise the difference. Likewise, a monkey has much the appearance of a man. But the circus manager sells a ticket to go in and see the capers of the monkey—and not vice versa. Nothing is more misleading than appearances. Moreover, the most dangerous teacher is he who mistakes fiction for fact. And that is exactly what is being done by many Doctors of Learning in reference to this all-important fact of alcoholism. Who am I, a mere nobody, to challenge the giants of knowledge? David with his little sling and pebble challenged the giant Goliath. How the crowd boo-ed. But when David pulled out his little sling and the pebble went crashing into Goliath's skull, the instant silence could be felt. By the way, that was the first time such a thing had entered Goliath's head.

But mine is not entirely "a lone voice crying in the wilderness." Edward J. McGoldrick, J.P., director of the New York City Bureau of Alcoholic Therapy, 41 years old, formerly a brilliant lawyer, an alcoholic nine years ago, says: "As a former alcoholic I feel, despite their sincerity, those who advocate the 'disease' doctrine, open a Pandora

box for my fellow alcoholics and give them a valid excuse for their excessive drinking. They seize upon what the medical profession has thrown into their lap as a crutch, and say 'Don't blame me. I am a sick fellow.' This makes the alcoholic problem more confused and difficult."

I agree that many who hold the "sickness v. sin theory" are sincere. But observers at the national liquor interests conventions report that the liquor people in executive session laugh over the disease theory, though passing out millions to publicise it. Sin is not wiped out by calling it sickness, nor changed in character by calling it a complex.

Warning! With alcoholism a disease, how long will it be till murder and whoremongering are diseases? God puts all these in the same group and class and He spells it SIN.

If alcoholism is a disease, it stands alone and apart and different from all other diseases in its cause, actions, operation and effects.

Smallpox, influenza, polio, angina pectoris, and the almost endless number of diseases seek out their victims in the dark, and stealthily creep and leap upon them unawares. But the alcohol disease germ has to be, and always is, self sought, self chosen, self wanted, self imposed, self selected. Were a man to enter a chemist's shop and say to the druggist, "Put me up 20 ounces of tuberculosis germs and 16 ounces of cancer germs . . ." the supplier of pills would rush to the phone and call for the wagon and a strait jacket. When one is exposed to mumps, measles, or any one of many other diseases, it is days before the germ takes effect. Recently a man was exposed to the alcohol germ and in less than two hours he didn't know who he was, where he was, or what he was. He thought he was a polar bear. And he tried to hug everybody and everything in sight.

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