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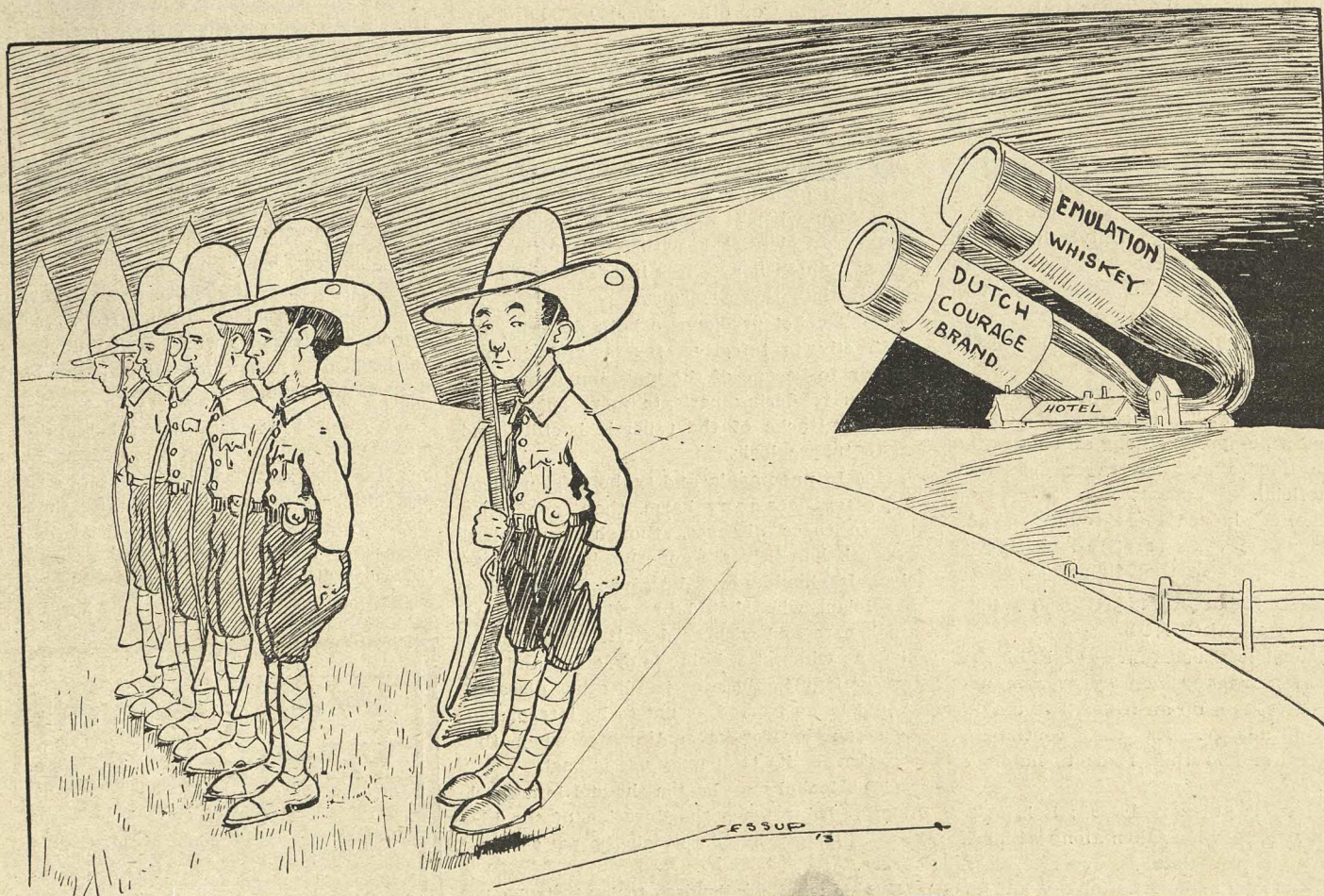
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1913.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
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THE MAGNET.

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A Remarkable Physicians' Manifesto.

The Text of a Scientific Indictment of Alcohol Recently Published by Fifty-seven Distinguished Physicians of Birmingham, England.

The trend of sane and commonsense medical thought on the liquor traffic is well illustrated in an extraordinary declaration, just prepared and put into circulation during the past ninety days in Birmingham and the surrounding populous district of England.

The document, which is a most sweeping and detailed arraignment of alcoholic liquors, was drawn up by a well-known professor of pathology at Cambridge University, at the request of a committee of the Midland Temperance League of England. And at the latter's invitation has been signed by fifty-seven of Birmingham's (population 525,833) prominent medical practitioners. The object of the league in issuing the "manifesto," says the "Alliance News," is to combat the opinion that is so wide-spread among all classes that alcoholic liquors and beverages are useful and beneficial.

We are glad indeed to reproduce the text of the "manifesto" as furnished by Richard Mildren, secretary of the Midland League.

MIDLAND MEDICAL MANIFESTO ON ALCOHOL.

(1) Alcohol is a substance the liking for which grows on many men and women, and in some cases, sets up an irresistible craving for its continuance. Its use, continually, awakens thirst and thus leads to habits of drinking.

(2) Alcohol is not a real food; it is of no appreciable value when taken along with real food and when work is to be done.

(3) Alcohol diminishes the quality and total output of useful manual work of all kinds and ultimately causes great deterioration of the quality of intellectual work.

(4) Alcohol seldom does good and often does great harm; it blunts perception and feeling, impairs moral sense, and impedes intellectual processes.

(5) Alcohol, when taken by children, checks growth and development, both mentally and bodily.

(6) Alcohol impairs the power of co-ordi-

nation—i.e., the co-working of various groups of balancing or other muscles of hand and eye, hand and brain, etc.

(7) Alcohol, taken in comparatively small quantities, weakens the power of self-control, and when taken "to excess" inhibits or puts out of action this power, thus leading to immorality and crime, poverty and misery.

(8) Alcohol has a narcotic poisonous action even when it appears to stimulate, and must be classified with chloroform and ether, though it acts less intensely and more slowly than these poisons.

(9) Alcohol predisposes both directly and indirectly to infective fevers and is now known to be one of the most important factors in rendering patients more susceptible to the attacks of the tubercle bacillus and so to tuberculosis.

(10) In pneumonia and typhoid fever alcohol often does more harm than good. Its use in these diseases, though much less general than in years gone by, is still excessive. It should never be given except by a physician, who should prescribe it with as much care and with as definite an object in view as when strychnine is ordered; and the instructions in these as in all other diseases should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for its continuance when the occasion for its temporary use is past.

(11) Alcohol may hasten the end in a fatal illness. It prolongs the duration of the illness in those cases in which the patient recovers.

(12) Alcohol predisposes to heat stroke in hot weather.

(13) And causes dilation of the blood vessels of the skin and rapid loss of heat in cold weather.

(14) Alcohol causes degeneration of the heart and blood vessels, and is one of the great pre-disposing causes of heart failure and cerebral hemorrhage.

(15) Alcohol often causes neuritis or inflammation of the nerves.

(16) Alcohol is one of the great causes of

degeneration or too rapid ageing of the tissues of the body.

(17) Other conditions being equal, those who take no alcohol can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance (according to the most successful mountaineers), have, on the average, less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstainers, whilst they are, of course, unaffected by any of those diseases especially caused by alcohol.

(18) There is ample evidence of the evil effects of drinking alcoholic liquors amongst all classes, but the results are most serious and obvious among the working classes where the amount of earnings available for food, clothing, housing, education and amusements is more restricted than amongst those receiving greater pay; and we agree that "the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying more than anything else, the health, happiness and welfare of those classes, and neutralising to a large extent the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed within the reach of this nation."

(19) In view of the above we are convinced that the universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors as beverages would contribute greatly to the health, prosperity, morality and happiness of the human race, and—

(20) Would urge the general adoption of abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages as the most natural, surest, simplest and quickest method of removing the evils which result from their use and as the first great step towards the solution of many of the most difficult social problems by which we are confronted.

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He Promised His Mother.

WHY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, SCOUT AND POET, DID NOT DRINK.

When Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, was the special guest at the Allied Trade Press banquet at the new McAlpin Hotel he was asked at 2.30 a.m. to drink a toast to the ladies. Despite the fact that there were no ladies present and wine had been flowing freely, he did a brave and manly act when he said to the fifty or more editors:—"Gentlemen, undoubtedly you have noticed that my wine glasses have been turned upside down, and, although it may not be considered altogether in good taste, there is only one toast that I can give, and which I gave at the Governor's banquet in Boston some years ago. A beautiful, laughing, blue-eyed society girl passed a glass of wine across the table to me and asked me to give a toast to the ladies. Flowers between us hid my upturned glasses, hence she did not know that I had not been drinking wine. I stood up, took the glass from her jewelled hand and said: 'Miss, your father, the toastmaster, is my comrade. This is a difficult task you have given me, and I shall drink a toast to Woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish, send her boy to a drunkard's grave, and perhaps her daughter to a life of shame. Not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love'—which I did amid profound silence.

"The girl was about to speak when I said, 'Just a moment, please. That toast would be entirely out of place without an explanation. Let me describe a scene in the mountains. My horse and I were on the trail of hostile Indians, almost famished for water, when, after discovering a spring and drinking, I heard several yells and whoops in a group of trees just below me, and, approaching carefully, I saw a dozen men dancing around a camp fire and one of them, throwing his sombrero in the air, exclaimed, 'Say, fellers, I reckon we've struck it rich at last.' Thinking they were prospectors and that they had found gold, I jumped on to my mare, and, as the sun had just gone down, started towards the crowd. And immediately some one shouted, 'Indians, get yer guns.' Thinking the Indians were behind me, I put spurs to my mare; threw my head down alongside of her neck, and started on the dead run, and just then some one shouted, 'Don't shoot; that's a white man.' In a few seconds more I was up with the group, wheeled my mare around, and, pulling my

Winchester, shouted: 'Where's the Indians?' 'Who said anything about Indians?' said a big fellow with long hair and a broad sombrero. 'Someone shouted Indians,' said I. 'Wal, I reckon there ain't no Injins 'round here 'cept you're one.' 'Me?' I said, and my mare still dancing from the sting of the spurs, 'me?' 'Yes, you, an' if Shorty hadn't yelled that you was a white man, we'd a perforated your anatomy. Who are yer?' 'My name is Jack Crawford. The boys call me "Capt. Jack" because I am chief of Uncle Sam's scouts on the trail of hostile Indians.' Then, before I had time to quiz him, he said 'I'll tell ye what was the racket, Jack. Ye see, we've been cooped up here in the mountains for near two months prospectin'; hard work an' no fun. We heard that a trader down on the little Missourre had some tarantula pison (whisky), an' we sent out an' coral'd a demijohn full. Ye see we're celebratin' last Fourth o' July. We lost track o' the date. Won't you join us?"

"'I surely will,' said I, 'though it is the 12th of August. Even if it was the middle of January I would help you celebrate the glorious Fourth.' Then Bill said, 'Shorty, that demijohn 'ill get stiff in the joints 'thout more exercise. Start 'er around the ring again.' And the demijohn was passed around until it came to Bill.

"'That's the stuff,' said he, 'that warms up the hunter's soul, makes him forgit thar's danger on the trail. Real old Kentucky rye, a laugh in every gurgle of the jug and every gurgle of the jug a command for pain' an' trouble to get off the trail.'

"After Bill had taken his drink he said, 'Here, Jack.' I was still on my hunkers broiling my venison. 'Here, Jack, take a swallow of this hallelujah juice. It'll make you feel as if yer soul had angel wings an' was on th' trail of paradise.'

"'No, thank you, Bill, I don't drink.'

"'Oh, go 'long; ye do on special occasions. An' this is a special—a Fourth of July celebration. Why can't you?"

"'Because I never took a drink of intoxicants in all my life.' And Bill laughed. Everybody laughed as Shorty said, 'What do you think of that? A frontiersman that never took a drink. Come on, Jack, don't you spring that kind of a joke on us again. Throw your mouth into a soart of yerning attitude an' down 'er.' And he shoved the demijohn toward me. As I was rising with my meat in my left hand, partly broiled, the demijohn came into my right hand with such force as to overbalance me. I sat down on the ground with both hands full. Every one laughed,

and Shorty said, 'Well, if the outside of the jug is going to act like that what 'ill the inside do when it gets mixed up with his inwards?"

"My head was aching frightfully as I arose to my knees, placed the meat on the lid of the coffee pot, and, holding the demijohn up, I said, 'Boys, do you really want me to drink?"

"'Sure,' said half a dozen.

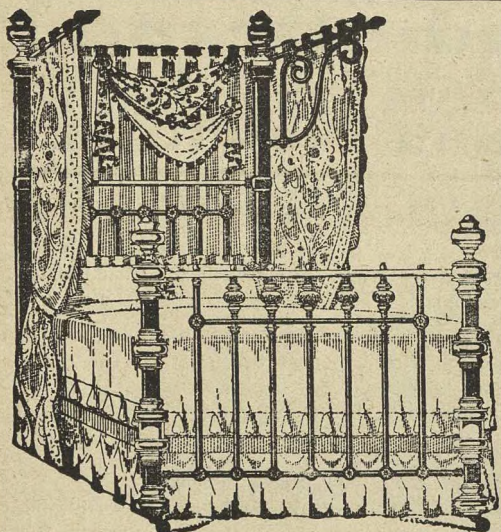
"'All right, boys, if you insist. But, before I drink, will you listen to a little story?"

"'Sure we will,' said Bill. And, as I stood up and placed the demijohn on the stump of a decayed tree, Bill threw some wood on the fire, pulled his pipe and began to fill it, while Shorty rolled a cigarette. Finally, as Bill lit his pipe from a coal from the fire, he looked up as I stood in the fading daylight with a full moon looking down upon one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes I have ever looked upon. Bill looked up after he got his pipe going and said, 'All right, Jack, unhitch yer jaw an' let her go. I'll bet she's a bird of a story. Keep still, Scotty.'

"'This is the story, and absolutely true:—

"'Boys, it seems but yesterday that I was a barefooted boy at my mother's knee; wild, reckless, impulsive, misunderstood, and abused by everybody but her. She understood me, and, although the wildest, I was her favorite. My father's intemperance deprived me of even the rudiments of a school education, and, when on her death bed she said to me, "My poor, wild boy, did you know that your mother was going to Heaven." Boys, that was the first great sorrow of my life. Down on my knees by her bedside I wept as I had never wept before. As I sobbed, "Mother, dear, no one cares for me but you; no one in all the world but you understands me. Oh, I am afraid I will go wrong!" How beautiful she looked, her big, brown eyes aswim in tears, her white curls and her white face on the pillow, and, as she placed her hand on my head, she said, "Don't cry, Johnny, dear; your mother will meet her boy Johnny in Heaven if he will give her a promise to take with her." "I will promise you anything you ask, mother, and I will try to keep my promise." "Then promise me never to touch intoxicants and then it won't be so hard to leave these two little sisters in your care." Boys, I gave that promise to mother, and she went to Heaven with a smile on her face, still holding my hand; and, as God is my judge, amid all the temptations of a frontier, army or social life, I have kept that promise even when men who were called bad men have put a six shooter in my face, when they considered it an insult to refuse to drink with them. I

(Continued on Page 13.)



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NEW ORGANIZERS.

At the last meeting of the executive it was decided to engage Rev. J. Gibson for a two months' organizing tour of the Allowrie electorate, when he will undertake the formation of the various No-License Committees in that district.

Mr. O. G. Piggott, the hon. secretary of the Alliance Speakers' Team, has been appointed metropolitan organizer, and will start right away with the big task of taking up Sydney and suburbs. The organizers in the field at the present time are Mr. R. L. Herps, western district; Mr. A. Toombes, Goulburn; Mr. G. E. Bodley, Gordon; Rev. J. Gibson, Allowrie; Mr. O. G. Piggott, metropolitan area. Appointments at St. George and Gloucester will be made shortly.

NEW LICENSES.

Mr. Herps has just concluded a few days' solid work at Portland in opposition to a new publican's license at that place. The magistrates have just refused to grant a new license.

BONDI.

The application for an additional publican's license at Bondi is attracting considerable attention. The case opened on Friday last, and will be continued this week. The Alliance is assisting in offering a vigorous objection to the extension of drinking facilities in this popular sea side resort.

DUBBO.

The appeal against the granting of a license to the Newtown Hotel at Dubbo is set down for hearing on July 28th.

THE SPECIAL CONFERENCE.

The altered date for the special No-License Conference is July 10th, and it will be held in Chalmers' School Hall, Redfern, not far from the Central Railway Station. The ladies of Chalmers' Church, under the direction of Mrs. Paterson, have kindly consented to organize the tea at 6.15 p.m. The conference starts at 7.15.

FLOWERS.

Will any of the readers of "Grit" who have flowers and feel kindly towards "The Brightest Spot in Surry Hills," where the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond celebrates his fourth anniversary on June 15th, 17th, and 18th, send some on Tuesday or Wednesday, June 17th and 18th, to 33 Park-street, or ring up City 3759 that someone may call for them? Many thanks.

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THE FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

The Alliance took no part whatever in the recent Federal election and Referendum campaign, retaining strictly its non-party attitude. One thing the Referendum vote brings home strongly to the people of Australia is the recognition of the bare majority principle. When the Federal Constitution can be amended by a bare majority vote, it seems almost incredible that in this State, with its pronounced democratic profession, a three-fifths majority should be required to close the liquor bars. A gross inconsistency in the present Act is the fact that a bare majority petition only is required to make possible the granting of a new publican's license.

NORTH SYDNEY.

Slowly, but surely, the bones in the numerous dry valleys of this State are beginning to rattle, and it is encouraging to find that here and there those who are interested in No-License are forming No-License Leagues. North Sydney made an excellent start on Monday night, when a very representative meeting was held. The General Secretary outlined the method of organization, and it was decided to form a branch of the Alliance to work the electorates of St. Leonards and Willoughby.

Mr. Townsend was elected president, Mr. Piper secretary, Mrs. Simpson treasurer, the local ministers being made vice-presidents. Meetings are to be held regularly, and a vigorous canvass for new members will be entered upon.

ANNANDALE.

On Tuesday night, at St. Aiden's Hall, a meeting was held in support of No-License, the speakers being Rev. R. Rook (Rector of St. Aidan's), Mr. C. Clifton Wilson, and the General Secretary. The Mayor of Annandale, Alderman Colebrook, presided, and said that he would help in every way possible to carry No-License in Annandale. On the motion of Mr. Arnold, seconded by Alderman Smith, it was decided to reform the Annandale League. Nearly all present gave in their names as members. Mr. C. C. Wilson is acting secretary, and the election of officers will take place on the occasion of the next meeting.

ST. GEORGE.

Good news comes in from St. George electorate, where the Alliance treasurer, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, addressed a large meeting in the Rockdale Town Hall on Monday night, the Mayor presiding. A most encouraging response was given for financial assistance to fight the great battle in 1913. The local executive contains some splendid fighters, and a sturdy fight will no doubt be put up in the Illawarra suburb.

MRS. LEE-COWIE'S MOVEMENTS.

A letter from Bowral contains the good news of fine meetings there, notwithstanding the chilly evenings.

Next week end Mrs. Lee-Cowie will journey to Wollongong to a three days' effort, and then on Wednesday, June 18th, sails for the Clarence River. After a week on the Clar-

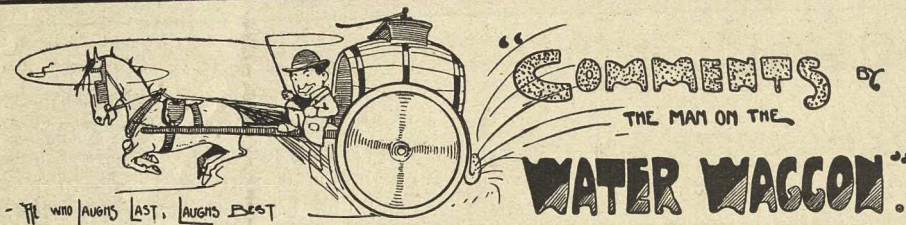
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GRIT.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS PREPARED.

HENRY KNIGHT,**Builder and Contractor,****REGENT STREET, PETERSHAM**

WRITE ME.

**OFF SIDE.**

Attorney-General Dawson, of Prohibition Kansas, says:—

"I call your attention to another matter. The saloon is always on the wrong side of every public question. When did it ever take up the cudgels for any decent proposition? What value is it in the scheme of civilised society? What human need does it supply? What pain or sorrow does it alleviate? Does it add thrift to any farm, skill to any mechanic, brilliancy to any brain, nobility to any character? None, absolutely none! Bankers help to reform banking laws and to prosecute embezzlers. Lawyers help to reform government and administration of justice. Doctors have been foremost in legislation against malpractice. The miner, the merchant, the baker can always be counted on to co-operate for better laws and regulation of civic affairs, including their own peculiar business. But what about the saloon and saloon-keeper? If ever any of you saw him lined up on the side of the right in any fight for civic decency or social or political progress, your experience and observation has been broader than mine. No, fellow citizens, the licensed saloon, high or low, is never an aid in any contest between right and wrong. It neither can nor will help to abolish the liquor traffic or any of the evils which flow from that traffic. It is a bad business, and somebody has said. "The proper place to curtail a bad business is just back of its ears."

To attempt to civilise the liquor business is impossible. You might as well pass an act of parliament to compel hogs to stand upright, wear hobble skirts, and live on angel cake and chocolate creams. Vote it out, and if you do not kill it dead at once by your vote you at least cripple its power. As a legalised concern it is big and proud and sought after. As an outlaw, it is mean, contemptible, and always under cover. Hit the brewer by closing the bar which is his biggest outlet for his monopoly beer.

"THE BAR TO GREATNESS."

"The declaration that cime is due to alcohol is one of the cheap catch-penny resorts of the No-License advocate when his last argument fails, but as a matter of cold fact, most great criminals are total abstainers and free from any suspicion of looking upon the wine when it is red."—"Fairplay."

We have received the following comment by one Silas Spragg:—

Out of the mouths of rum advocates cometh wisdom unconsciously.

A young thief, finding business slack, sought counsel with a "fence" who was wise in the ways of wickedness.

"How comes it," said the thief, "that I do not prosper? For years I have been dishonest, yet I am poor."

"Because," said the "fence," "you are content with small common crimes. To be successful you must be great. Have you no ambition? Here is a letter introducing you to Professor Oldnick, who specialises in the higher branches of this art. He selects promising and ambitious persons, and with infinite patience and skill, fashions them for the high places in the profession."

* * *

Obtaining an interview with Professor Oldnick, the thief explained that he was ambitious to become a really great criminal.

"What makes you think that you are adapted for a high career?" said the Professor. "What qualifications have you?"

"Well," said the thief, "it is the goal of my ambition. I have been dishonest all my life; my father was hanged for murder, several murders, and my mother is doing a life sentence to-day. And though I have been robbing, forging and stealing since I left school, I have not yet been jailed."

"Now," said the Professor, reaching for pen and ink, "you interest me. My course of tuition may take years, and I never enrol a student without being reasonably confident that he will make a success. You are young, ambitious— But, stay! Do you drink?"

"Yes," said the thief confidently, "Why not?"

"That," said the Professor, pushing the

ink away, "settles your case. You will never be great. Though it particularly adapts you for the humbler branches of the art, such as thugging, burglary, wifebeating, murder, lifting doormats, etc., it is absolutely fatal to greatness."

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE**A NOTABLE ILLUSTRATION.**

A man renewed his pledge on Saturday last under very happy circumstances. He signed it for two years when he was down and out, not a penny, and not a friend to call his own. On Saturday he said: "I have created a business and in addition have £252 in the bank after two years of total abstinence. I now wish to sign on for life." It would not be much good telling that man that pledge signing was no use.

MANY THANKS.

Pledge signee, 2/6; Miss Turland, 16/2; Geo. Hoolligan, 10/-; Mrs. Anderson, 20/-; Mrs. Crocker, £6; Mr. Graham, 5/-.

WEEK'S RECORD.

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
May 30	12	7	5
May 31	22	7	9
June 2	19	3	7
June 3	24	3	13
June 4	21	12	10
June 5	23	2	10
	121	34	54

Total Pledges taken up to date, 1099. This represents 21 weeks' work.

GLASGOW CORPORATION AND WIFE DESERTION.

Mr. James Motion, an inspector for the Glasgow Corporation, has concluded an exhaustive inquiry as to the causes of wife desertion. He states that of the 400 cases investigated 53.25 per cent. might be attributed to early marriages. Drunkenness in 80 per cent. of the cases was the direct cause, and mixed marriages were also a common cause of desertion. He contends that what is wanted is a penal labor colony, to which all persons who wilfully and persistently neglect to maintain their families and who follow a life of crime should be committed.—"Alliance News."

GOOD MEAT, AND CHEAP, TOO.**T. C. KEMP.****FAMILY BUTCHER,****24 FOVEAUX STREET, SYDNEY.**

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The Problem of the Boy.

(RAYMOND ROBINS.)

(Third Address—Specially Reported for "Grit.")

Mr. Chairman, young men, leaders in boys' work in this city, and other gentlemen in this room, I shall not be in the presence of such a gathering during my stay in this city that I regard as of more moment to the future of Sydney than this gathering.

Now, I am going to talk to you perfectly simply and directly, and then we will have a conference, when any of you can ask questions about the big difficulty in your own work, and we will talk about it here to-night.

The biggest thing in a boy's life, so far as I know it, is the question, not so much of his knowledge as of his will, the question of his motives, the question whether you or I, or the boys we are looking after, will be led to really try to do the best they know. We know enough, every one of us here this evening, to do pretty well if we do just as well as we know, and probably the moment we begin doing that we will have the knowledge of more things that we ought to do; so I expect that under the boy problem here is the question of the will to do the best we know. Now, if that is so, I am going to suggest here that we want to keep right down to the real thing to-night. I am going to suggest to you, and you are going to talk freely and frankly to me.

I am going to ask whether or not it is true that Jesus Christ is the best centre, the best source, the best thought to have in a boy's mind, to give him the motive to do all the good he knows.

First, what is it that a boy really wants after all? He wants a power, doesn't he?—a more abundant life. Each boy wants to be master of himself, and to be powerful. I want to ask you boys whether there is any other personality, any other man, any other character in history, that ever lived, who had the same power over himself, and had the same power to do whatever he undertook as Jesus Christ.

Think of any great character—Napoleon, Cromwell—and you will find not one of them had the same command over himself and the same use for all his powers. Because that is true, I have not had any trouble in bringing the relation of Jesus Christ as a source of power. Not so much being good, but being powerful; instead of being subject to all vices, being master of ourselves. Jesus Christ is the biggest fact in history, of achievement, of dominion over himself. He had the greatest power the world ever knew over himself. Everybody knows that Jesus lived an absolutely controlled life.

Most of the boys we work with have a vision of some sort, an ideal. They want to do something. They want to achieve. One wants to be the greatest cricketer; another the greatest footballer, and so on. If a boy wants the biggest idea of achievement the world ever knew, he can find it in Jesus Christ. He gave us the greatest vision the world ever saw.

Probably each one of us in this room, if he is really going to be master of a great future,



RAYMOND ROBINS.

is willing to give his life for others. Not by what we get, but by what we give, will we be great. Jesus was the supreme example of that power in the world.

If you want a really heroic leader, do not go to Napoleon, or Cromwell, but go to Jesus Christ. He was the most heroic character, and lived the most heroic life, the world has ever known. This is a matter of history.

LEADERSHIP.

What are the qualities of leadership after all? I am going to say something that will sound a little soft at first. If any one of you is going to lead a group of boys, you must get to really care for them. You must get to really love boy life. I mean, deep down in your heart, you must get to want these boys to have a better life, and be willing to think about them and pray for them. The next thing is, you must have faith.

You fellows have got some pretty tough boys in your groups, pretty hard nuts, pretty rough fellows. Now, have you got faith in them? Do you really believe that, under this rough, tough, perhaps ugly boy, there is a possibility of a real man, clean and worth while? If you do not believe it, you will not do a thing for that boy. You have got to have faith. The kind of person I want you to have faith in is the dirty, ugly, mean-tempered little cuss, who swears at you when you start speaking to him.

Do you really believe that, after that, you can get under that exterior, and pull something good out? If you do, you have mastered it.

The next thing is, you must have courage. I have never known a bunch of boys who would not put you to the test. Do not allow any love for a boy to make you weak in points that are clear. Courage is fundamental. The boy will give you a trial, and if he finds you can be pushed over, he will lose all respect for you.

Be natural, while you are working with boys. Don't try to pretend that you're smarter than you are. Don't think you can fool boys. Be natural; don't be afraid of not knowing everything, because you are leader of the bunch. Be ready to find out things with them, and you will get an understanding, and grip, that will be worth your while, and a general fellowship out of that perfectly natural and human situation.

Another thing I want to say to you is this. If you are going to be a real leader, you are going to take your group of boys and develop leadership in that group. You are going to have some of them come up while you sit back. A real leader of boys leads from the rear. He is the rudder behind the club. He is not the figure-head on the prow.

ACTIVITIES OF YOUR CLUB.

Is there any boy here who knows what Luke 2, 52nd verse, is? "And the boy Jesus grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and men."

If you think with me for a moment, that is the way every boy grows.

He grew in stature. He grew in size.

He grew in wisdom. He grew mentally.

He grew in favor with men. He grew socially, and learnt how to work with others.

He grew in favor with God. He grew spiritually.

Every boy grows in exactly the same way. Have your boys' club four-fold in its activities, so that it will develop the whole life of your boy.

Be concerned about the physical expression of your boys.

Be concerned about the social joy of your group. Have them together for a little tea.

NOTED FOR OUR BACON, BUTTER AND CHEESE.

"KAPAI" TEA,
1/3, 1/6, 1/8 per lb.

H. M. ADAMS.

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COFFEE GROUND ON OUR OWN PREMISES—THEREFORE ALWAYS FRESH.

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or supper, or something. Once in a while get the fathers and the boys to mix together.

If you can get someone to come and talk to your club about wireless telegraphy or aeroplanes, or something similar, you will get the boys interested. Use that mental eagerness and activity, because it is part of your power in leadership, and then use the ideal life of the boy, of dominion of himself and mastery over any weakness he has, and desire to become as powerful and capable a boy as ever lived.

One of the reasons some of our Bible classes fail is because they take one side only.

If I started a Bible class, I would also have physical and mental and social activities connected with it.

Cromwell said, "I will raise a body of men with a fear of God in their hearts, and they will not be beaten." And he succeeded. In all their battles, the Ironsides were never once beaten.

Whenever you are trying to do anything with a boy, do it on the basis of "do," not "don't." Cut the "don'ts" out of your language.

Now comes the method of reaching different kinds of boys.

There may be incorrigible boys, but if there are, they are not all there. There must be something wrong in their heads.

First the boy on cigarettes. I have been working with him. He has been one of my club members. I see this boy down an alley. It is raining, and there is a waggon body turned over. He is sitting under this with a bunch of pals, smoking. I walk up, and sit down beside him. He offers me a handful of butts. I tell him I do not smoke. I then say to him, "Tony, did you know that Brigg (the leader of a rival gang) was up at the gym, last night, learning to tumble, and he is going to be at the Spring Festival, and all the people are going to watch him."

Tony says "No." He is at once very interested. I say "You had better come down and watch him." Tony promises to come along next night.

He comes down at the appointed time, and I get him going on the apparatus, etc., and running. After he has been going about a quarter of an hour, I call him and Brigg to me. Tony is blowing like a grampus, but Brigg is breathing steadily. I say "Tony, you're blowing." "Why," he says, "I've been running." "Yes, but that should not make you blow like that. Throw out your chest." He does this, with the result that it expands about three-quarters of an inch. "Tony," I say, "You must smoke cigarettes." "Of course I do," he answers.

"Well, did you ever see a sponge?" "Yes, I have seen them in chemists' windows." That was as near as he ever got to a

sponge. "Well, you have something inside you just like a sponge. When you breathe in it spreads out, and you want to fill it up with good fresh air. If you put in cigarette smoke, it makes it hard, so that it will not spread out properly."

About nine days later Tony comes to me. He has been working in the Gym. every evening. He pulls my head down to him, and says "Robins, I have been practising here. I have been doing much better work. You know about those cigarettes. Well, I ain't smoked one for five days, and I wanted to like —, but I didn't do it."

That boy had got something in front of him, something he wanted to do more than smoke cigarettes. He wanted to be as good a tumbler as Brigg.

But you cannot cure every boy in this way.

This time we have a hard, rough, ugly boy, who grew up under hard circumstances. His father and mother are drunk nearly all the time. He heard them lying to one another, and he also learned to lie. He begins to steal. First from the banana carts, and later a little more. He gets caught and taken up to the police court. He begins to cry, and says to the judge "I am the only support of my mother. If you put me in prison, she will starve." The judge lets him off, and when he gets outside he begins boasting about it to his pals. He is the leader of a rough gang.

I had a situation such as this. I worked with that boy for three years before I made any impression on him. Whenever you are dealing with a hard customer like that, you must find out something the boy really loves unselfishly, something good.

One day I found that that boy had a sister whom he really cared for—a girl who did practically everything for him. He really loved her, in spite of everything. He actually and honestly loved her.

Next time I saw him, he was sitting on a curb-stone, in front of a public house, wasting his time. He was dipping his hand in the mud of the gutter, and letting it drop through his fingers into his other hand. I sat down beside him, and commenced doing exactly the same. He looked at me in astonishment, and said, "What in — are you doing?" I said "Oh, you are the leader of a gang, and must be a pretty clever sort of a chap, so I thought there must be something in it."

Then I said, "Rich, how is your sister?"

The whole face of the boy changed at once, and he said "Oh, she is alright, sir."

I said, "Rich, most of the fellows in the manual training room are making little racks to put on the wall, and giving them to their sisters, to put hairpins in. Has your sister got one?" "No," he answered. "Wouldn't you like to make one for her?" "Oh, I dare

say so." "Well, you can come in this evening, and make one for her."

That evening he came in, not at all willing to concede much. I took him to the room, and put an apron on him. Then I gave him some measurements, and showed him how to start work. He began to saw and plane, etc., and finally took two pieces of wood over to the article that was being made. He found one was a quarter of an inch too short, and the other the same amount too long. This was something new. He could not lie a quarter of an inch off one piece of wood on to the other. He could not lie to nature.

This was the first basis of truth that that boy had ever found. I might have preached for a thousand years, without having so much effect as that had upon him.

Instead of preaching at folk, try to demonstrate things. Instead of saying to a fellow "Don't lie," try to show him that it is a great deal better to tell the truth.

Get him to co-operate with you in the programme of his better life.

If I wanted to give you the method of fine work, I would give you the principle of team work. Don't do all the work yourself; get all the fellows to do something. You must learn team work. Allow the slow, stupid fellow to do his share. That fellow will do his work. If you do not let him, it will kill the rest of the club.

Temptations do come back, and you have got to be master of them. Unless you can get the help of God, you might not get through them. I pray to him each morning that, if a thing comes hard that day, He will help you.

In working out your problem, do not hesitate to get God's help, and ask God to make you the best boy leader in Sydney.

SPORTS, BUT NO SPIRITS.

LONDON, 29/5/13.

The Swedish Sports Council has decided that spirits shall not be sold at any of its future meetings.—"Sun."

The bells may ring the Old Year out,
Or ring the New Year in;
Men will make vows to maidens fair,
And promise to begin
A new career in every way,
And make their lives secure,
By taking for their own health's sake
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 6/-, outside the Commonwealth 7/6.

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Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

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Manager—J. BRADFIELD.

Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: 33 Park Street, City.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

One year's subscription to "Grit" is 7/- in advance.

To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Willis-st., Wellington; Mr. J. H. Fountain, Dentist, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Frost, c/o. "The Post," Timaru.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1913.

Important Notice.

From January 1, 1913, the price of "Grit" posted each week will be 6/- a year. After five and a half years' experience we are compelled to make this small increase and believe no one who reads "Grit" will object to this most reasonable charge.

JUDGE BY RESULTS.

Fortunately, there are many people who will have nothing but the best, and who have sufficient commonsense to judge by results. Since January, 1908, students TRAINED and PRESENTED by the Metropolitan Business College have won fifty-six (56) FIRST PLACES in open competitive examinations IN SYDNEY in Shorthand, Accountancy, Typing, and General Subjects—first place in N.S.W. (with appointment) FIVE TIMES IN SUCCESSION in Governmental examinations in Shorthand, Typing, and English.

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The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Just published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. Postage, One Penny. A large reduction for quantities.

Twenty pages of the 76 are given to interesting illustrations of the success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and boogies put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other workers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

A Personal Chat with my readers

I verily believe a boy has more pleasure in throwing a stone at a cat than anyone has in throwing a bouquet at a favorite.

The same boy as a man will find more pleasure and more to boast about if he throws a very ancient egg at a politician than in providing a bunch of roses for a sick room. This all helps to explain why it is that an editor gets more eggs than roses. I often get letters asking why I don't do this or that, when as a matter of fact I have done it as well as I knew how long ago. I comfort myself with the remembrance of the fact that the originator of an idea that is worth anything is soon lost in the idea itself, once the idea is accepted by the people. How many know with certainty who invented the nautical compass, electricity, the ordinary pin, coal gas, gas light mantles, the postage stamp, and a dozen other indispensable modern conveniences and necessities. It hurts to be forgotten, ignored, uncrowned, but it is inevitable. Principles are always greater than personalities, and facts than faces. We must all learn to draw comfort from the results of our labors and not the recognition of them.

THE CLOSED BAR ON ELECTION DAY.

Last Saturday from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. all the bars in the Commonwealth were closed. This meant in N.S.W. that about £30,000 pounds was saved from the bar. The "Daily Telegraph" said:—"Australians on Saturday had a further experience of the operation of the law that provides that when the polls are open the 'pubs' must be closed. 'Pubs,' however, did not include clubs. Many people in Sydney remarked that, if the hotels were closed, the same restrictions should be applied to clubs and other licensed premises. The removal of this distinction was strongly urged by leaders on both sides of politics, and the next election may witness universal abstinence as far as the law can avail. The police report that the closing of the hotels had a good influence, and certainly there was no disorder during the day. And when the hotels opened again at night after the polls had closed, there were more 'drunks' than on most Saturday nights.

At one time politics and strong drinks were intimately associated, but talk and tea are now the fashion. Sparkling champagne has had its day. On parliamentary 'picnics' it is now unknown, and on Saturday night the Liberal Association 'stimulated' its supporters at the A.B.C. with tea, the while eloquent speakers harangued them on the

position as evidenced by the returns which came to hand during the evening. The news that there was 'free tea' dispensed spread like wild-fire, and the league found itself possessed of many guests whose only qualification for participation was that they had been able to preserve a straight face when saying 'member' to the uniformed official guarding the portal. One of their 'celebrants' was actually a member of the Sydney Labor Council!"

It is interesting to note the police court figures do not bear out the personal observations of the reporter. The average number of people in the last 10 weeks apprehended for drunkenness on a Saturday and before the Central Police Court on Monday morning is 42, but last Saturday, with huge crowds and much excitement and the bars closed till 8 p.m. only 18 were "run in." The closed bar, whether it be during a strike or an election, makes a difference so big that it not only challenges attention, but also provides an incentive to close them permanently.

A LITTLE AND HOW MUCH IT IS.

In about 20 weeks we will be face to face with the opportunity to vote against the sale of liquor as a beverage. Immense efforts will be made and much money expended by liquor advocates to frustrate our endeavors to further restrict the sale of alcohol, and protect the victims of drink who are such a burden and such a menace to the community. If the 3600 to whom "Grit" is posted each week were to put threepence in a box each week, it would mean £45 a week or £900 before the poll. This would ensure every voter in the State getting a copy of the special 32 page "Grit" I intend bringing out. Will you do it? Will you start to-day? Will you post the first half-crown the moment it is saved? This would be a great little thing to do.

The Editor

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A GENUINE BARGAIN.—Three acres 3 roods 2 perches of splendid Land on the Georgetown Estate, Bankstown. Cleared, good roads made, water supply handy, and near proposed extension Bankstown to Liverpool Railway. £150. Cash £50, Balance 18 quarterly instalments, plus 5 per cent.

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UNDERHAND METHODS.

LIQUOR TRADE SECRETARY BADLY HIT.

My attention has been called to an interview with a Mr. H. J. Williams, the secretary of the New Zealand National Council for Liquor Trades Defence. As no doubt this interview and its false and misleading statement of facts will be largely quoted during the campaign for No-License now on perhaps I may be allowed space to expose its misleading character. The principal point of fact that Mr. Williams dealt with was in regard to the statement made by the New Zealand No-License party, and never contradicted in New Zealand—i.e., that the only figures available showed that whereas the drink bill per head per year in the No-License areas in 1910 was only 16s. 3d. that of the rest of New Zealand under license was over £4 per head. Mr. Williams' method of replying to this is characteristic of defenders of "the trade." It is truly "the trade" that has to be so defended. He wrote to the Registrar-General and asked him if the figures were official. The registrar of course replied that there were no official figures on the point. Then Mr. Williams chortled in his glee and said, "So much for the accuracy of the professional female lecturer." However, he quickly overreached himself and gave the show away, as is also usual with these "trade" defenders who sneer at persons who receive some very modest remuneration for their No-License work, probably about a third or a quarter of what they themselves get for defending "the trade," as being professional lecturers or organizers, save the mark. He went on in the same interview to quote some figures of the consumption in No-License areas which he headed "the real state of affairs." Now this is where the deceiving of the innocent public comes in. It will be hard for readers to believe but this lot of figures which Mr. Williams partly quoted as "the real state of affairs" is the very same official publication from which Mr. J. McCombs, of Christchurch, made up the comparative drink bills which Mr. Williams was condemning so wholeheartedly, and Mr. Williams knew this all the time. What shall be said or thought of a controversialist who with great emphasis condemns a set of figures which are merely stated in money value instead of pints and bottles, and then directly afterwards quotes the same set of figures as being "the real state of affairs." The only difference between the statements by us and that by them is that one gives an honest and proper comparison, easily grasped by the average trader, and the other gives no comparison at all. It is a frequent liquor trick to describe Oamaru and Balclutha as small places, and then string off a rigmarole of the enormous number of bottles, etc., they import, and thus impress the unthinking and those already prejudiced against us. The fact is that each electorate has about 11,000 people in it, and the figures as

to importation are in each case for the whole electorate and not for the town itself. Eleven thousand people can drink a lot of liquor in a year even if their potations are moderate in the extreme. The only value of any such statement is when it is reduced to an easily-grasped comparison, as we have done. The liquor party's use of the figures was to deceive, not to inform. The comparative drink bill was never claimed by us in itself to be official; it was merely claimed to be based on official figures as to quantities, etc. All the drink bills are so made up by the temperance people. They are correct to a penny, nevertheless. The only remaining point is that Mr. Williams declared that the quantity of drink registered as going into a No-License district was only a small part of that which really went in. Now this is only an opinion and only guesswork, unless Mr. Williams and those behind him have been conniving at secretly shipping in liquor to encourage sly-grog selling, and thus know of liquor going in without registration. No doubt some liquor goes in without registration, but it is not much. Practically all except that taken in a bottle at a time is registered. Even if half as much more went in unregistered as is registered, it would only bring the drink bill for the No-License areas up to 24s. per head, as compared with over £4 for the license areas. This is an extreme supposition, and the amount unregistered is not at all likely to be so great as that. There is also another point we have not allowed for. This is that in the No-License areas all the drink is bought at wholesale prices. The expense per head, therefore, is much less even than we have shown. The bill, as published and compared, is reckoned at the same prices as the drink bill for the licensed areas. Now this range of prices approximates to retail values. It cannot, however, make allowance for people that take small drinks, or for mixed drinks, or for people who get about £2 worth of liquor for the smashing of a £50 cheque, or for water added to spirits, or for one barrel of beer made to go almost as far as two by various devices, and so on. These bring the drink bill outside No-License areas to more than

£5 per head per year, instead of £4 as stated. No-License areas are saved these things, which all means profit to "the trade," and thus their bill is only £1 per head a year or less. This reduction of their trade to one-fifth is what is frightening the trade. This is why they are running round like scalded cats, trying to stem the No-License onward march. They are not frightened of selling more beer, they are frightened of selling less. It only remains to say, in conclusion, that the police sergeant at Oamaru lately made a public statement in an interview with myself that all the drink that was imported into No-License areas came to a comparatively few people, who had learned to drink in license times. The names of these recurred in the books again and again. Their drinking is like the effluvium of a blown-out tallow candle, the remains of the license period, and is made more noise about than it is important.—I am, etc.,

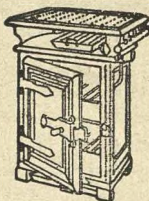
G. B. NICHOLLS.

Christchurch, N.Z.

A DEADLY LUXURY.

Speaking at a public meeting last April in the Town Hall, Falkirk, Sir Alexander R. Simpson, M.D., Edinburgh, in the course of an address on "A Great Social Evil," said alcohol had been submitted to scientific inquiry, and it came out of the examination very badly. It set up, for example, to be a stimulant, but it was found, on experiment, that there was absolutely no sign of stimulating effect. It pretended to give increased capacity for work. Science had found in various matters that it reduced capacity for work, as well as efficiency. It was to the Church that they must look for the cure of this evil of evils. It was time for the Church to rise in all her strength and in her individual, family, and social habits to show that life could be lived more nobly and happily when freed from that which was of deadly luxury.—"Alliance News."

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
If we only do the right thing
At the right and proper time.
So let it point a moral,
And adorn a tale, for sure
There's nothing else that can compare
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A Heroic and Cocksure Liquor Defender.

By G. B. NICHOLLS.

The Editor of "Grit" asks me to reply to the interview with Mr. H. J. Williams, the secretary of the New Zealand National Council for Liquor Trades Defence. I can hardly write for laughing, so readers will please excuse me if the following remarks appear a little incoherent. The thing that tickles me is the description of Mr. Williams by "Fairplay." Here it is. It would be a pity for any reader of "Grit" to miss it. "His is the face of an earnest, clear-sighted leader of men who, face to face with stupendous difficulties, will fight to the last ditch, and has it in him to snatch victory from apparent defeat." This is truly prodigious when applied to a man whose business it is to defend the existence of a traffic which battens upon a vicious appetite aroused in men by its accursed wares. Let us examine it for just a moment. "His is the face of an earnest, clear-sighted leader of men." Leader! Where to? Leader to the bar and the beer mug, of course. His clear sightedness will then be apparent, for he can clearly see dollars at the end of the transaction. "Face to face with stupendous difficulties." What are the stupendous difficulties, and what causes them? The difficulty is just this, that as long as the general sale and use of drink continues the awful crop of evil results will persist in continuing as sure as **night follows day**, and this makes votes against "the trade." This is truly a "stupendous difficulty," and it will take a cleverer man than Mr. Williams to get over it. There is no stupendous difficulty in the tea trade, the milk trade, the ginger beer trade, or any trade in anything that is wholesome. The "stupendous difficulty" is the alcohol in the drink. If Mr. Williams will remove that he will do the trick. Then this "earnest, clear sighted leader of men" descends to common falsehood to mislead the people. I have exposed his tricky methods in another letter in regard to the New Zealand drink bill, but there is another point. He said "some districts voting for local restoration had also a large majority for national prohibition." No district in New Zealand voted for local restoration. No district has ever carried local restoration. Mr. Williams evidently

and rightly considers that local restoration should be carried by a majority vote. We also consider no-license should be carried by the same. Masterton voted 48.57 for the maintenance of no-license, but 52.55 for national prohibition. Ohinemuri (Waihi) voted 49.04 for the maintenance of no-license, and 54.86 for national prohibition. Why not? We all acknowledge that national prohibition would be better than local no-license. We have walked hitherto. Now, with the people's help we are going to run. It is amusing, however, to read that Mr. Williams has a theory on these isolated instances that it was only the people making a mistake in the ballot papers that gave the great national prohibition majority. The average for all New Zealand in 1911 was 49.7 in favor of local no-license and 55.8 for national prohibition, thus showing that the latter is six per cent. more popular, taking the Dominion as a whole. Now, neither of these no-license places he quoted shows the New Zealand average of extra popularity of national prohibition, and the other 10 no-license areas absolutely turn down his theory. As showing that local no-license is considered by many places that have it to be almost as good as national prohibition, the following table is worth printing:—

	No-License percentage	National prohibition percentage
	1911.	1911.
Eden	69.15	67.88
Grey Lynn	70.12	70.73
Wellington South	56.72	60.16
Wellington Sub... ..	56.46	57.83
Ashburton	46.04	48.34
Oamaru	53.27	54.93
Bruce	57.17	55.90
Clutha	56.84	57.59
Mataura	54.07	55.45
Invercargill	53.76	55.03

The table makes it plain that taking the no-license districts as a whole national prohibition is not as much more popular than no-license with them as it is more popular in the rest of the Dominion. As Mr. Williams, however, seems to think that the license voters are such a stupid lot, perhaps the explanation is that the drinkers in the

no-license areas were not so fuddled as the drinkers in license areas, and so made fewer mistakes. I have no doubt that this "clear sighted leader of men" to the long beer mug will jump eagerly at this very probable explanation. Mr. Williams goes in for prophecy, and says that the pendulum is swinging back in regard to no-license. I have mixed closely with the people, and the only swing I can see is like the swing of the Irishman's shillaleh. It is shwinging back in order to give the dirty traffic a harder crack on the head next time than ever before. There is no fall back in the sentiment for national prohibition. This country is going to clear itself of the drink beastliness in the near future.

THE THOUSANDTH MAN.

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother,
And it's worth while seeking him half your
days
If you find him before the other.
Nine-hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the thousandth man will stand your
friend
With the whole round world agin' you.
'Tis neither promise, nor prayer, nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee,
Nine-hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go.
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory,
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter,
For the thousandth man will sink or swim
With you in any water.
You can use his purse, with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings,
And laugh and meet in your daily walk,
As though there'd been no lendings;
Nine-hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings,
But the thousandth man he's worth 'em all
Because you can show him your feelings.
His wrongs your wrongs, and his rights your
rights,
In season or out of season,
Stand up and back him, in all men's sight,
With that for your only reason;
Nine-hundred and nine-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the thousandth man will stand by your
side
To the gallows' foot—and after!

ANON.

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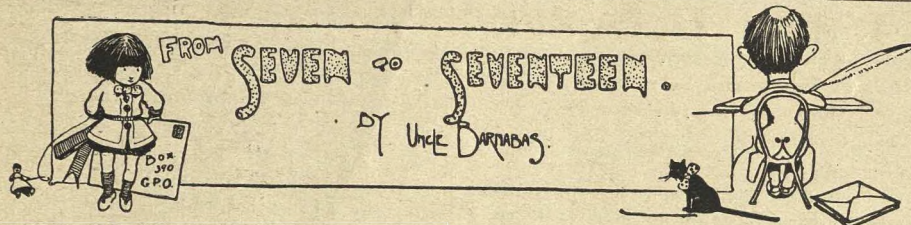
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Every taste a Pleasant Thought. Every bite a Happy Memory.

None other like them.

131 to 139 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

The Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee reports that from February 1 last absolute prohibition of the sale of alcohol to the natives of the Congo regions has been enforced. Penalties for breaches of the law have been fixed up to £400. The ordinance was passed on November 23, 1912. It was rendered necessary, says H.M. Consul at Boma, "by the ravages caused by the consumption of trade-rum and gin amongst the natives." These liquors came principally from Germany and Belgium.



CAN WE ALWAYS BE HAPPY?

I wonder what my ne's and ni's think about happiness. The Prodigal Son is a good illustration of what most of us feel about home. First he was sick of home and wanted to go away where there was more fun. He grumbled and growled till he got his money, and away he went to have a happy time. The next time we see him he is homesick and longing to get back and feeling that his father's servants are having a better time than he is. Then we find him at home again—music, singing, and everyone merry. Now what had happened? The father and mother were just the same, the farm was just the same, the work was just the same, and yet he is happy. Why, little friends, the change was in himself, and the secret of being happy is not in what I have, but in what I am. I said in fun to a boy the other day who was talking to some other boys, and I had not heard what he was saying, "There is nothing in it. I don't believe a word of it." He looked up and smiled, and said, "Oh, yes, there is; because it was about football." I replied, "Well, then, I am right, because there is nothing in a football." Another boy chipped in and said, "Yes, there is, it is full of air, and you could not live without air, so you can't call that nothing." He was right, and they all had a laugh at me. A great many young people make the mistake I made, and say there is nothing in lots of things, and yet the ordinary, commonplace things are the ones we can't do without. We can do without lollies, but we can't do without bread. We can do without hundreds of things, and be very happy. The secret is in having God's spirit in our hearts, and being unselfish, and this comes only in answer to very earnest and frequent prayers.—Uncle B.

CHILDREN'S ISSUE.

Read what the editor has to say on page 8 about "a little and how much it is," and then make up your mind if you will collect that threepence a week for the next 20 weeks.

FOR SUNDAY.

Make up a sentence of five letters that explains what the Lord Jesus is to us. Each word in the sentence must begin with a letter in the word Jesus, thus:—

J
E
S
U
S

FOR MONDAY. A CUPID PARTY.

Here are fifteen sentences, and each is solved by the appropriate word for it which ends in "cate." The game is called "Kate."

Five hearts are used, three sentences on a heart, and the hearts are pinned up on curtains. The guests are given paper hearts, and small, colored pencils, on which to write their answers.

Kate.

1. Kate is a good pleader—Advocate.
2. Kate is frail—Delicate.
3. Kate sometimes gets out of joint—Dislocate.
4. Kate makes things double—Duplicate.
5. Kate loves to teach—Educate.
6. Kate removes ink spots—Eradicate.
7. Kate is perplexing, hard to understand—Intricate.
8. Kate prays earnestly—Deprecate.
9. Kate uses her teeth—masticate.
10. Kate is not always truthful—Prevaricate.
11. Kate gets smothered—Suffocate.
12. Kate returns a favor—Reciprocate.
13. Kate goes to the country—Rusticate.
14. Kate will telephone her friend—Communicate.
15. Kate will now move out—Vacate.

The girl's prize may be a recipe book, made of heavy, red paper, cut hear-shape, a different recipe printed on each heart, and all fastened together by red baby ribbon. In this way the winner receives a sweetheart and bow (beau). The boy's prize may be a little toy dog, signifying he had at least won a true friend.

A NEW NE'.

Ronald Jones, Regent-street, Mayfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for a Ne'? I am seven years old. My birthday was on March 4. We have been taking "Grit" for a long time. Mother reads page eleven to my sister and I. I have two sisters and a baby brother, a dear little fellow eight months old. Mother says will you send a collecting card for children's special edition of "Grit" for me. A little girl who has seen our "Grit" would like to know if you will have her for a niece. I must close now, with love.

(Dear Ronald,—I am proud to have you as a Ne'. I am so glad mother reads page eleven to you. I will send a card in a few days, and hope you are able to help the special issue. Can you send me your photograph? Will you tell your little girl friend I will be glad if she will write to me, and will have her for a Ni'.—Uncle B.)

WANTS TO BE A "TOFF."

Joan Lemm, "Marion," writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I saw my letter in last week's "Grit." I want to be a "toff" and not a "scallywag," like most of my "Grit" cousins. I think that's a good idea



IVY BRADFIELD.

of Daisy and Lucy Hawkins finding their text name. This is mine—

Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.—John, chap. 8, verse 1.

O magnify the Lord with me.—Psalms, chap. 34, verse 3.

A prudent man forseeth the evil.—Proverbs, chap. 27, verse 12.

Nicodemus saith unto them (he that came to Jesus by night being one of them).—Chap. 7, verse 50.

Let all things be done decently and in order.—Corinthians, chap. 14, verse 40.

Esther had not yet showed her kindred nor her people.—Esther, chap. 2, verse 20.

Moreover he said I am the God of thy Father.—Exodus, chap. 3, verse 6.

Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh.—Exodus, chap. 8, verse 12.

I am sorry about poor Mabel Mullen's brother. Don't you think most of your Ne's are particularly lazy, Uncle? Most of your letters are from Ni's. Now I close, with love to yourself and cousin from your loving Niece.

(Dear Joan,—You are a "toff," and I am glad, as there are not too many of them. I am very pleased with the texts you have selected. My Ne's are not lazy; only too busy to write. You cannot have any brothers or you would know how very, very busy a boy always is—in fact a boy is the most misunderstood and overworked creature in the world. You ask one if it is not so.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI'.

Joyce Eipper, Warrah, Willow Tree, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will have me for a niece. I am 12 years old; my birthday is on November 3. We were at your church

when we were down at Sydney at Christmas time. We have three horses and two ponies. One of our ponies cut its leg, but it is a bit better now. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday and church once a month.

(Dear Joyce,—I am very pleased you have begun to write to me, and hope now you are a Ni' that you will send me your photo. I wonder what you call your ponies. I once had one I called "Volunteer," because he was so willing; and another I called "Doctor." That was his name before I got him. The one I loved best of all, and rode 12,000 miles on, I called "Laddie."—Uncle B.)

HOW A STORY WAS WRITTEN.

Ivy Bradfield, "Rosedale," Washpool, via Stroud, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—When I saw this week's issue of "Grit," and saw the warning for lazy nieces on page eleven, I thought I had better write, and get myself out of the black books.

I am staying here at my grandma's for my holidays, and a grand time I am having, too. It was my birthday last Friday, the 9th May; and for one reason I am sorry to say I have turned seventeen, and that is I will have to resign from Page Eleven in twelve months' time. Grandma has killed five fowls, and is keeping my birthday up to-morrow. Don't you consider me a very lucky girl? Mother and papa sent me a fountain pen. Grandma gave me a new dress, and I had several birthday cards sent to me.

I went up to the Gloucester Show. It was very tame, I thought, but, as the old saying is, "Every cloud has a silver lining." It happened to be true that time, as I enjoyed the play at night, and it saved me from thinking ill of the township of Gloucester.

I must now tell you how I first came to write imaginary stories:

Petersham school was about to start a magazine, namely, "The Royal Blue." The editor, Mr. MacKenzie, came round to each class, and asked if any of us would volunteer to write an essay, poem, or imaginary story; and the best would have the honor of having theirs published in "The Royal Blue."

Two girls out of our class offered, and Mr. MacKenzie put their names down on the list. That afternoon, as I strolled home from school, dreaming as usual, it struck me that I ought to put my thoughts into words. When I got home I went into my room, knelt down, and asked God to help me.

I started the story, and then had to leave off to have my tea; after tea I sat down to do my home lessons, but other thoughts came through my mind, and forced me to put my home lessons down and go on with the story. It was time to retire, but I was not satisfied with my work. When saying my evening prayers I again asked God to help me.

At school the next day I told my girl friend, Ruth Flippence, that I had written a story entitled "The Vision." She called Miss Sherring (our teacher) over, and told her; so my name was put on the list, and all stories had to be sent in the following Monday.

That night I re-wrote my story, and finished

the next day. I sent it in, and a few weeks later the editor sent for me and told me that my story had been accepted. You can guess how happy I felt as I knelt down to thank God for the great joy and help He had given me.

I will send a subscription towards the special children's edition of "Grit," when I return to Sydney.

My favorite books are: "Stepping Heavenward," "Jessamine," "Fair Innes," "The Welsh Singer," "Seven Little Australians," "That Girl," and "The Old Curiosity Shop"; there are several others, but it would take up too much space to mention them. I am writing an essay on "A Week in 'Grit' Office," but I have not finished it yet. Fondest love to all my cousins.—Your affectionate niece.

P.S.—I am patiently waiting to know if Jumbo is a girl or a boy.

(Dear Ivy,—Your letter is most interesting, and I am sure it will be a help to many of your "ccusins" to read how you came to write your first story. We will all look forward to your account of a week in "Grit" office. It must have been a fine birthday you had. I am disappointed you did not send me a feather out of one of those "chooks" that were sacrificed on the birthday altar. I know about Jumbo, but then I don't tell all I know.—Uncle B.)

FLYING UP HILLS.

Athol Williams, "Awarua," Pukehou, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Well, I am here again. We went to church this morning, and it was undecided weather and very cold, and to-night it was so cold that there was no service, and we all had service in the drawing-room instead. I went out golfing yesterday, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. While I was in bed father got a lovely new Minerva motor car, 1632 h.p., and he wanted a stronger one, so in about a week he exchanged it for another 26-50 h.p., and it simply flies up all the hills, and we have got electric lights and a Gabriel horn. Now I must say goodbye, with much love from your affectionate nephew.

(Dear Athol,—I am so glad to have another letter from you, and to hear you are well again, and have been enjoying some golf and motor rides. It is lovely to fly up hills, and you will find as you grow older that prayer is God's motor car, by which we can fly up the hills of difficulty in doing right. Those who have learned to pray, really pray, find it a lovely way of overcoming bad patches on the road of life.—Uncle B.)

DOCTOR B.

Grace Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I really fear that my name is getting very low on the "Scallywag" list, but I am going to start a clean sheet again. Now, Uncle, don't you think that that is a very good resolution? I think that the two girls really deserved your prizes. I must congratulate them on their success. It is very cold here now. My sister and I have terrible colds, too. All I can do is croak like an old frog. Last week we had

a very cold snap, and over four inches of rain, and now the chilblains are coming on the scene. I forget the remedy you gave me for them, but would you mind telling me again, please? I have a great share of them, and my sisters are nearly as bad. I send my deepest sympathy to Cousin Mabel, and hope that she will soon be better again. It really is wonderful the way that Cooma has improved since the rain. The grass is getting very green now. My sisters, Bertha and Daisy, are going down shortly, and hope to see you while they are down. Well, Uncle, I am sending you my text name, and hope they are all right. These are they:—

God is Love.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Every good and perfect gift cometh from above.

Have faith in God.

A good name is better than precious ointment.

Wait upon the Lord at all times.

Keep me as the apple of thine eye.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of them, ye have done it unto Me.

Now know I that the Lord saved His anointed.

Serve the Lord at all times.

Well, Uncle, I must conclude with best wishes to all, from yours sincerely.

(Dear Grace,—So glad to read your good resolution, and hope you will not drift back again among the scallywags. I will look out with pleasure for Bertha and Daisy. Now about those chilblains. I do not remember what I told you last time, but chilblains are only known to those whose blood circulation is not good. Local remedies may relieve, but don't cure. Plenty of exercise, keep away from the fire, try "Zambuk." So glad you found texts for your name.—Uncle B.)

A PRIZE WINNER.

Bessie, "Monaro," Collins-st., Wagga, May 19, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will forgive me for not writing to you. You see I have homework to do at night, and I must go to school in the day time. My sister is enclosing a postal note for 6/- (to pay for "Grit") in my letter. I asked Isabel would she like to write to you, and she said "not just yet." Our Sunday school prizes were given out on last Monday night. I don't go out at night, as a rule, but mother took us as she was going away on Thursday last. I received first prize in our class, and the name of it was "Anderson's Fairy Tales." My two eldest sisters are in Sydney. One is a nurse and the other a milliner. I will be 13 years old on the 25th June, 1913. I have just finished my homework, which was to write out the second verse of "Duty" and put it into our own words.—Yours sincerely,

(Dear Bessie,—I congratulate you on winning first prize. It is a proud Uncle that I am when I remember how many of my ne's and ni's have won prizes. You keep Isabel

in touch, and tell her every time you see her that it is about time that "not just yet" became "yes, I will make a start." Many happy returns of June 25th. Will you write an account of your birthday for me.—Uncle B.)

He Promised His Mother

(Continued from Page 3.)

have folded my arms and, looking into the muzzle of a gun, said, "You can shoot and you can kill me, but you can't make me break a promise that I gave to a dying mother," and I've seen a man who had killed his man, put his six shooter back in his belt, take a glass of liquor he had poured out and throw it on the floor, after I had mentioned that word "mother," then take my hand and say, "Pard, I beg your pardon. I had that kind of a mother," and walk out of the saloon. That man is living to-day. He never took another drink.

"As I concluded my story, I picked up the demijohn, and, holding it up, said, 'Boys, I said I would drink if you insisted, shall I?' Quick as a flash there was a shot; the demijohn was shattered; part of the liquor went into the fire, a blue blaze leaped up. I pulled my own six shooter, for I did not see where the shot came from, when, from behind the fire and smoke, Bill Wild stepped out, the smoking pistol still in his hand and tears on his bronzed cheeks, as he said, 'Nobody can drink when you talk like that. Say, Jack, that's the kind of a mother I had back in the sunrise country. I was jest like you, a wild, reckless boy. I started wrong when I smoked my first cigarette as a newsie, then I got to readin' dime novels, and one time I went to see a Wild West dime novel play, with real Western men killing Indians. Later I got to drinking, and one day when crazed with liquor I shot a man and had to run away. The only consolation my good mother had was that the man did not die, but I never saw her again. She's up thar with your mother, and when that shot goes ringin' through th' canyons of Heaven, she'll hear it, Jack, and it'll tell her that her wild boy has signed the pledge at last. There's my hand. I swear to God an' mother an' you I'll never touch the poison stuff again.' And he never did."

And, concluding, Captain Jack said: "Gentlemen, that is the story I told at the Boston banquet, and the beautiful young lady thanked me and took my hand. It is my own story, and because it is true is why I am alive to-day. And when, two years later, I visited Bill's home, his good wife said, 'God bless you, Captain Jack, for getting my wild boy to make that pledge.' Bill calls it 'A Shot for Temperance.'—From "Association Men."

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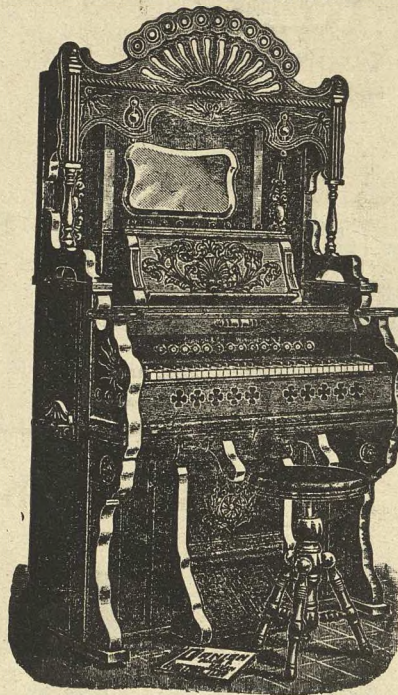
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"Ah! jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Developent of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Bipeds."

* * *

HIS SCOTCH ECONOMY.

Job E. Hedges, at the St. Andrew's Society dinner in New York, was talking to a neighbor about Scotch economy. "The Scotch," he said, "are economical and honest. They live on principle—and interest. But Scotch to affect their honor. It wasn't the desire to economise is not allowed by the Scotch economist who said one day to a friend: 'It is wonderful how I make things last. Do you see this umbrella? Well, I bought it eleven years ago. I had it recovered in 1902 and 1907, got three new ribs put in it 1908, and exchanged it for a new one at a restaurnt last November.'

* * *

WHERE THE MINISTER SCORED.

The young lawyer didn't like the minister, and so he thought to corner him. "Now, Doctor," he asked, "suppose the parsons and the devil should have a lawsuit, which party do you think would win?"

"The devil unquestionably," replied the minister.

"Ah?" chuckled the young lawyer. "And will you tell us why?"

"Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."

IT WOULDN'T INTERFERE.

"Want a job, eh?" said the prospective employer to the shrewd-looking applicant for the position as errand boy. "Well, do you know how far the moon is from the earth?"

"Naw, sir," said the youth, "I don't know. But it ain't close enough to prevent me from runnin' yer errands."

He got the job.

* * *

HER CHOICE.

A weather-beaten woman, dressed in new and stylish clothing, was marching up the street one Sunday morning, when down came a sudden shower. The woman had no umbrella, but, quick as a flash, she caught up her dress-skirt and threw it over her hat.

"You'll get your ankles all wet, Maria," said her husband, who was coming along in the rear.

"Oh, never mind the ankles," called out the woman, as she hurried along. "I've had them the last sixty years, and I only got the hat yesterday."

* * *

RUBBING IT IN.

Mr. Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street.

"That man Tompkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than any one I ever met!"

"Why?" asked his neighbor curiously.

"He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why," shouted Mr. Wilkins, "it was my dog he killed!"

* * *

THE LABEL REGULATED THE PRICE.

What you need, Madam," said the physician to his fashionable lady patient, "is oxygen. Come every afternoon for your inhalations. They will cost you five dollars each."

"There, said the lady, "I just knew that other doctor didn't know his business. He told me all I needed was plain fresh air."

PROBABLY THE GERM.

Mr. Greene was threatened with a contagious disease, and when his little son, Ned, who was of very affectionate disposition, came to embrace him before retiring, he said:

"Neddie, my boy, you mustn't hug me. You'll catch the scarlet fever."

Ned looked at his father in amazement for a moment. Then he asked:

"Say, Father, who did you hug?"

* * *

WHAT AILED WILLIE.

There was a sound of revelry by night, for the Bloggses were giving a party. Mr. Bloggs was singing "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," and Master Bloggs seized the opportunity to slip into the other room with his father's pipe.

Shortly afterwards it was apparent that Willie wasn't well.

"Goodness, child!" cried his mother; "have you been smoking?"

"'Taint that, Ma," said Willie feebly; "if it's true what Pa's been singing about I—I must be in love."

* * *

WHICH WAS WORSE?

A farmer, buying some tools in a hardware store, was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the salesman, "and you can ride it around your farm. They're cheap now and I can let you have one for thirty-five dollars."

"I guess I'd rather put the thirty-five into a cow," said the farmer reflectively.

"Ha-ha," laughed the hardware man, "you'd look mighty foolish, riding round your farm on a cow, now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I dunno," said the farmer, "no more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."

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What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

Sunday, Psalm cxxi.—There should be a little hill country in every life. There should be an upland district, where springs are born, and where rivers of inspiration have their birth. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." The soul that knows no hills is sure to be oppressed with the monotony of the road. The inspiration to do little things comes from the presence of big things. It is amazing what dull trifles we can get through when a radiant life is near. A noble companionship glorifies the dingiest road. And what if that Companion be God? Then, surely, "the common round and daily task" have a light thrown upon them from "the beauty of His countenance."

Monday.—Genesis xxxii., 3-13. "Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed." We have not so far seen much of a conscience in Jacob. It does not seem to have troubled him. But here it is, intensely awake, using its goads, and filling its victims with fears. Conscience will assert itself even when we have used all sorts of opiates and narcotics to put it to sleep. The guilty conscience embitters our sweetest cup. What is needed for an evil conscience? Two things: God's forgiveness and all possible reparation. There is no forgiveness while the stolen money is still in our own pocket. Repentance and reparation: these, by the grace of God, will bring the heavenly peace.

Tuesday.—Genesis xxxii., 24-32. What was this wrestling with the angel "till the breaking of the day?" It was the agonised search of a guilty soul seeking heavenly assurance and peace. Souls that have sinned as Jacob sinned will inevitably meet the wrestling angel. Somehow or other we must be put right with God. Sin dislocates the soul, "Your sins have separated between you and your God." And we must needs be re-established in holy and healthy relations with the Lord. The "angel of wrestling" is the sacred minister of restoration.

Wednesday.—Genesis xxxii., 1-17. "And Esau ran to meet him and embraced him." Here, I am sure, we have some of the fruits of the night spent with the wrestling angel. Esau had the dew of grace upon his spirit, and who knows but that those "night dews were distilling" in the hours when Jacob contended with his mysterious antagonist? When we agnise in intercession, the softening showers are always falling somewhere. The greatest surprises are reserved for those who prevail with the angel in the night.

Thursday.—Matthew xviii., 15-22. Peter asked for a rule: "till seven times?" The Master refused a rule, and gave him a principle: "Until seventy times seven!" Luke tells us that, when our Lord had given His reply to Peter, "the apostles said unto him, Increase our faith." It was in every way the vital response. When our Lord makes a demand upon our souls which we feel is beyond our strength, the only rightful way is to seek the reinforcement of our resources. Now faith provides the channel through which the divine energy flows into the soul. The measure of our faith is just the measure of our receptiveness. "According to thy faith be it done unto thee."

Friday.—1 Corinthians xiii. In this chapter we are permitted to gaze at the most exquisite jewel in all the shining graces of the soul. It is turned round and round in order that we may see its manifold colors, always wonderful, always lovely. Let me at this time fix my attention upon two. "Love beareth all things." Here the word "beareth" has the significance of a roof. Love holds a roof over other people, protecting them from the pitiless heat and cold. Love receives the pitiless blast upon itself, and shelters others from pain and oppression. "Love endureth all things." The genial light of its patience never burns out. When other lights have failed, the lights of curiosity, and even of duty, love's light shines on.

Nothing can put it out! It goes down the long, desolate road, "o'er moor, and fen, and crag, and torrent," and it never surrenders its search. Love's patience always has "her perfect work."

Saturday.—Luke vi., 27-36. "Love your enemies." But can we love to order? If it could not be done it would never have been commanded. What can I do? Well, first of all, I can pray for my enemy. I can ask that God will visit him with spiritual grace and bounty. I shall be amazed how this will change the atmosphere of my own soul. No one ever prays for his enemy without himself receiving the gentle dews of God's grace. Then, in the second place, we can search for the lovely in our enemy. And we shall make some great discoveries. And, lastly, we can do our enemy a kindness. Do all this, and "the fire of God" will fall!—Dr. Jowett, in "Christian World."

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,
 It was not with a ship at sea,
 But a fate far worse than either
 That stole him away from me,
 'Twas the death in the tempting wine-cup
 That the reason and senses drown;
 He drank the alluring poison,
 And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
 To the depths of disgrace and sin;
 Down to a worthless being,
 From the hope of what might have been.
 For the brand of a beast besotted
 He bartered his manhood's crown;
 Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
 My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
 That mothers so often tell,
 With accents of infinite sadness
 Like the tones of a funeral bell.
 But I never once thought, when I heard it,
 I should learn all its meaning myself;
 I thought he'd be true to his mother;
 I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for hopes, all delusion!
 Alas for his youthful pride!
 Alas! who are safe when danger
 Is open on every side?
 Can nothing destroy this great evil,
 No bar in its pathway be thrown,
 To save from the terrible maelstrom
 The thousands of boys going down?

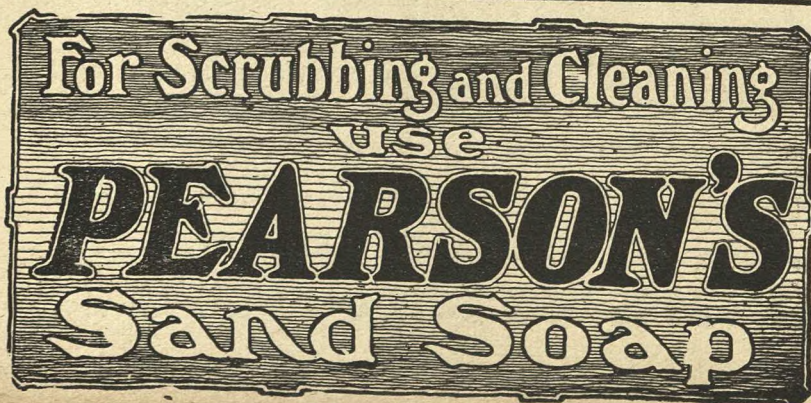
—Selected.

FRENCH RACE WITHERING.

Country Being Decimated.

Senator A. F. Ribot, speaking at the Hygienic Congress at Paris to-day, took an alarming view of the French vital statistics.

The speaker declared that the French race was withering because of alcoholism and tuberculosis. The lack of intelligent hygiene was decimating the country.



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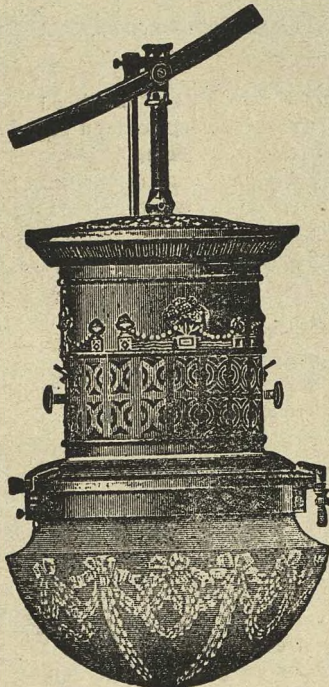
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